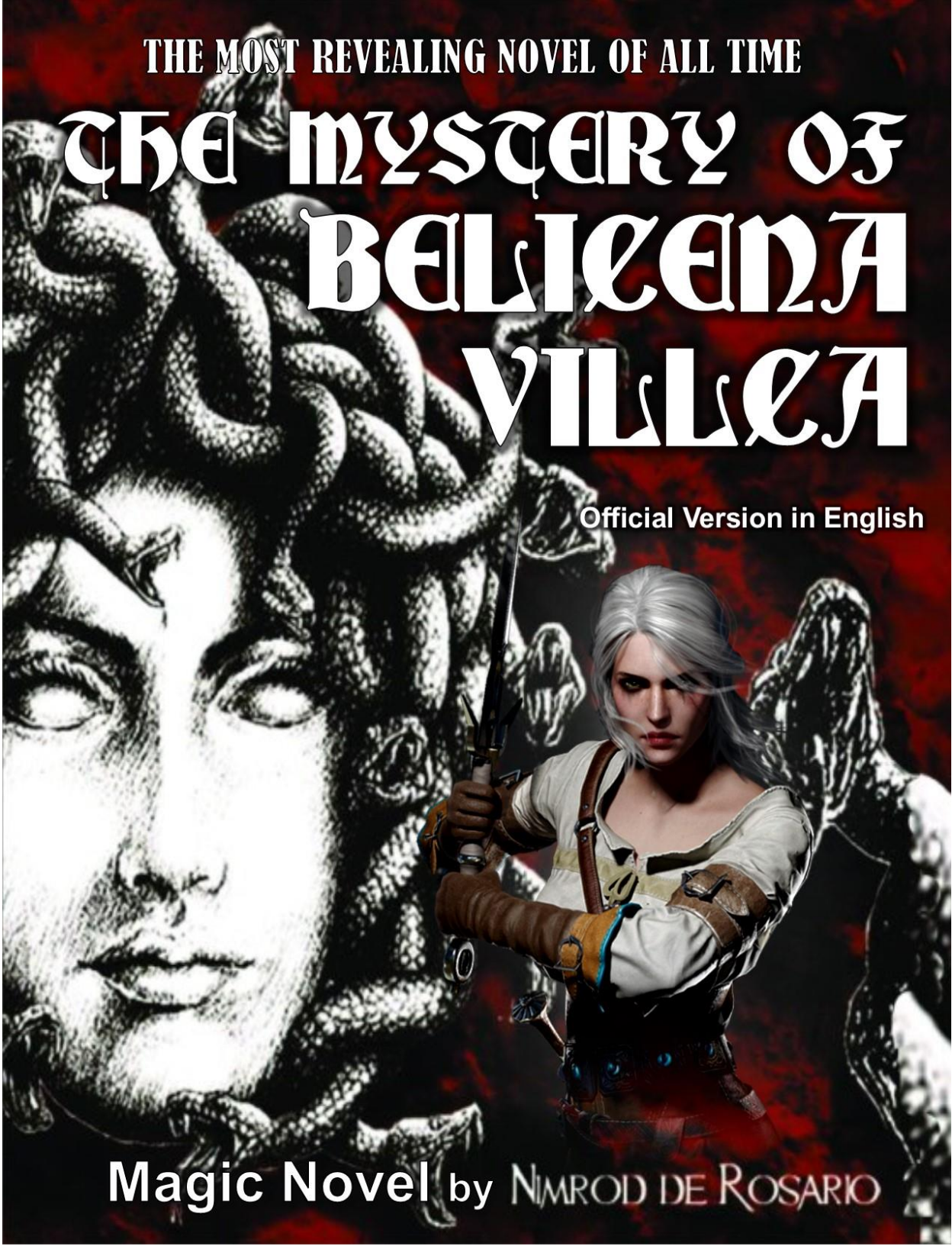


THE MOST REVEALING NOVEL OF ALL TIME

# THE MYSTERY OF BELICENA VILLEA

Official Version in English

Magic Novel by NIMROD DE ROSARIO

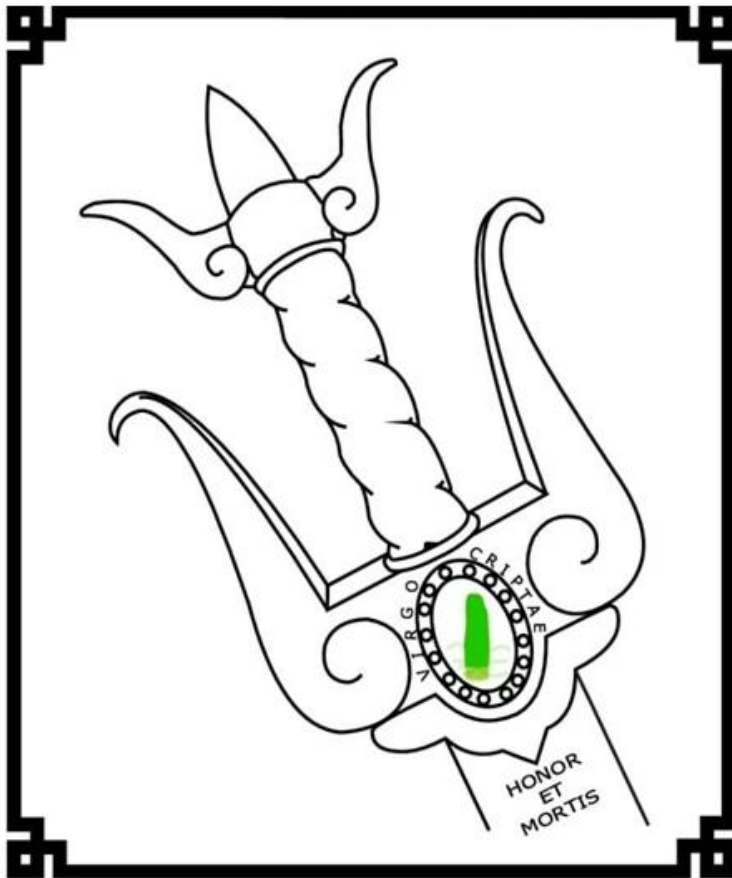


## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

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by NIMROD DE ROSARIO



**Magic Novel**

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

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## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

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# **The Mystery of Belicena Villca**

## **FIRST BOOK**

**“The Missing Person from Tafi del Valle”**

## **SECOND BOOK**

**“The Letter of Belicena Villca”**

## **THIRD BOOK**

**“Quest for Uncle Kurt”**

## **FOURTH BOOK**

**“The Story of Kurt von Sübermann”**

## **FIFTH BOOK**

**“Epilogue... or Prologue”**

## **HYPEREPILOGUE**

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca



# The Mystery of Belicena Villca

## FIRST BOOK

### “The Missing Person from Tafi del Valle”

#### Chapter I

I met Belicena Villca when she was interned in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital “Dr. Javier Patrón Isla” in the city of Salta, with a diagnosis of *irreversible senile dementia*. Being a doctor in pavilion “B”, for the incurable sick, I’ve had to pay attention to the aforementioned patient for a long year, in which I applied all the resources that psychiatric science and my extensive experience in the profession gave me to try, in vain, her recovery. As will be seen later, her story was written by herself while she remained in that sad confinement. She dedicated all the available time to that purpose, which was a lot, since the medical board had authorized her to write “since such activity resulted in evident therapeutic results on the mood of the patient”. However, no one knew what her writings were referring to and if they revealed any logical coherence, information that would have been useful in order to confirm or correct the adverse diagnosis. Two reasons prevented knowing the content of her manuscripts: the first, and main, was that the patient wrote in *quechua santiaguense*, a language that is only spoken in her home region; secretly, so it seems, Belicena Villca translated the writings into Spanish a few days before dying; the second reason was the homicidal zeal she put to avoid the reading of the texts, which ended, one day, in a violent incident with a nurse who dared to lay eyes on one of its pages. But, since what mattered was to maintain her calm, and the writing contributed to entertain her in that state, they opted not to contradict her maniac desires and they allowed her to hide the writings in a briefcase from which she never separated. However, part of her story was related to me by herself, during her convalescence, either through long monologues psychoanalysis frequently carried her to, in the days in which some mental stability allowed this therapy, or involuntarily, when the narcosis treatment plunged her into a heavy slumber in which, however, oral activity never diminished. Naturally, it wasn’t possible to give credit to her statements, not only due to her ill condition, but for the tenor of them, which were incredible and hallucinative: it would never qualify, with greater justice, as *the story of a madman*.

Belicena Villca’s alienated situation will surely discourage readers about the veracity of the events narrated. It is understandable then that just a year ago I myself would have done everything possible to prevent the disclosure of a material that prudence, and professional ethics, advise keep in the reserved areas of the *Clinical History* and the *Personal File*.

But, lo and behold, the sudden death of Belicena Villca came to upset this rational point of view and led me to think that History records the passage of venerable figures by the cells of famous shrinks. I remembered Nietzsche, Ezra Pound, Antonin Artaud, the chess player Morphy, the mathematician Cantor, and many others. I reasoned that those famous people presented characteristics of acute schizophrenia, like my patient, which means that consciousness becomes fragmented but not dissolved, and may eventually occur states of temporary lucidity where the behavior is more or less normal. I told myself that if Cantor elaborated the brilliant theory of transfinite numbers in the madhouse, and if Nietzsche during his ten years of boarding school could quote Homer, Empedocles, and almost any classical, by heart, and in ancient Greek, it was possible, to an infinitely lesser extent, that Belicena Villca’s story was partly true. Sure, this seemingly inconsistent syllogism will surprise the reader; But I thought all this quickly, very quickly: **because Belicena Villca had been murdered.**

#### Chapter II

That unpleasant event disturbed the impeccable progress of the Hospital, plunging us all into a state of indescribable discomfort and anguish. Especially affected was our Director, the eminent Dr. Cortez, who feared that the scandal would tarnish the name of the illustrious local hero that the Hospital carries, a fact that, according to his clear logic, would influence the checks that the powerful family of the deceased sent monthly. I will not tire the reader with details because this case was highly commented on by the press and, if you want to, you can consult the newspaper “El Heraldo” de Salta, in the editions of the week which runs from January 7 to 15, 1980, where you will find all the information. I will only remember here the essentials, since the development of this **veridical case** requires considering the strange circumstances in which the crime occurred and the mystery that surrounded it; ...and that still persists, because the Police did not manage to clarify it and worthy

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

officials have doubts whether this will ever be possible. Because two elements as absurd and as irrational intervene in a definitive way in the fatal outcome, preventing any possibility of making coherent conjectures; the first, is an indisputably verified fact: the crime took place in a hermetically sealed cell for psychotic patients with a heavy steel door, between 0:00 and 2:00 am. of January 6, when **no one**, absolutely **no one** would have entered in that lapse of time. This was proven, happily, thanks to a fortuitous event.

Being the night before January 5, that is, the day of celebration of The Magi, part of the staff went to distribute gifts to the Children's Hospital and San Francisco de Asís Orphanage. Among them was our distinguished Director, Dr. Cortez, who at 11pm had already returned, still wearing the Santa suit and willing to carry out the daily round that, for countless years, he's been making to every pavilion to collect the final reports. Well, **Dr. Cortez himself saw Belicena Vilca alive for the last time at 11:50 pm**, when, as a result of hysterical crisis in its second phase, promoted a general disorder in pavilion "B": she ran desperately in the confined space of her cell, with staring, wild eyes, while shouting "**Pachachutquiy**", "**Pachachutquiy**", words that at that time were incomprehensible, although we recognized that it was the Quechua language. Moreover, the attack was symptomatically abnormal in her.

Dr. Cortez ordered an immediate dose of Valium, plunging the unfortunate Belicena Vilca in a slumber from which she would only emerge to see Death Up Close, as suggested by the expression of tremendous horror her face was contorted with when she was found, already dead, three hours later. And here the mystery arises; the first item that puzzled and surprised the seasoned policemen: after the patient was treated, it would be 0.00 hours, we all left the cell that was closed by Dr. Cortez, who **inadvertently** put the key in one of the pockets of his Santa Claus suit, then forgetting to deposit it on the general key board. At three in the morning when the nurse on duty went through the usual round, she noticed the lack of the key, which nobody knew how to report. From this she deduced that it should have been carried by Dr. Cortez and, as the duplicates are in his office, she had no choice but to call him at home. It was not necessary to do so, as the internal switch operator reported that Dr. Cortez still remained in the Hospital, although he was about to retire. Notified of his mistake, he decided to go up to pavilion "B" to hand over the key and make a brief ocular inspection. That is to say, during those three hours, the key, the only means to open the armored door of the cell, was in the power of Dr. Cortez. But the Director of the Hospital was a man of recognized social trajectory, whose moral virtues have always been exalted as an example worthy of emulation, and whom, finally, no one would dare to doubt, not even the experienced policeman Maidana in charge of the investigation of the case.

Anyway, Dr. Cortez opened the cell door accompanied by me and nurse García at exactly 3:05 am. A pungent, sweet smell was what first caught our attention. It was a fragrance like sandalwood incense and it looked so out of place there that we looked at each other perplexed. But this was only for a moment because what came next concentrated all of our attention.

Belicena Vilca lay in her bed, no doubt dead for some time, with a swollen neck from the strangulation to which she had been subjected. The murder weapon, an ivory rope, was still looped around her head, but let go now. And the two ends fell gently on the chest towards the side stand of the bed.

It was such a horrible sight that the seasoned nurse García screamed with horror and staggered backwards, having to hold her by the shoulders, even though my legs weren't quite firm. It wasn't for less; the dead had her hands closed on the blankets on both sides of her body, position in which they should have been at the time of death and that cadaverous rigidity preserved, indicating that she had not defended herself from her mysterious assassin. This must have instilled such terror that, even watching how the loop was passed around the neck, and then, feeling it closing and cutting the breath, she only managed to cling desperately to the blanket. Such a deduction was confirmed by contemplating the gesture of the face: the eyes very large and exorbitant; and the mouth ajar, allowing to see the swollen tongue, which seemed to break into an unfinished word, something that might never be pronounced, perhaps the mysterious **pachachutquiy**.

I will now expose the second absurd and irrational element that, by intervening with the forceful weight of the concrete, eliminated any hope of obtaining a quick and simple solution. I will explain myself better. The incomprehensible fact that the door was locked when the crime was committed, first element, could be overlooked by stating the logical hypotheses, although unlikely, that the murderer possessed another key or that there was a conspiracy by members of the medical corps, etc. After all, such hypotheses were formulated by the police and what they wanted was to strip the case of all "mystery" or supernatural illusion. But the ivory rope, second element, was an object too tangible to be overlooked.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The second element was the evidence that something sinister and irrational was installed irresistibly among us. It was a rope of a meter long; apparently constructed of human hair, braided and dyed. But the unusual was represented by the two gold medals, one in each extreme, spinning madly in two little gold cones. The medals themselves were the most absurd of the whole: identical in their shapes of the Star of David, they were different, however, in its engravings and inscriptions. One of them had chiseled in relief a **four-leaf clover** carved on the central hexagon; the other showed a fruit that undoubtedly corresponded to the **pomegranate**.

I found them similar to certain masonic jewels that I saw in a Rotary Club exhibition; but the familiarity ended as soon as I remembered and reasoned that the only point of similarity between these and those was the Star of David that, as everyone knows, is made up of two equilateral triangles intertwined. It is a symbol adopted for millennia by the Hebrew people to identify themselves, as can be verified today by seeing it on the flag of the State of Israel.

The backs of the medals bore inscriptions. But these, far from clarifying anything, increased our confusion as they were written in two different languages. A phrase, engraved horizontally in the center, was written in Hebrew characters, although such signs were not the same in each medal. Surrounding these words was another inscription in Latin letters, this time identical for both jewels. At that time no one could clarify to which language they belonged: "**ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch**". The Hebrew words, for their part, said; in the grenade **בונה**; and in the clover **והבונה**.

As will be understood, this curious jeweled rope gave all the feeling of being something of ceremonial or religious use, an attribute that official Maidana immediately perceived, as when examining it he could not avoid a gesture of disgust and an exclamation: "Yuck, this is something Jewish!"

### Chapter III

I know that many powerful people in our country consider that every correct police officer must absolutely profess the "nationalist ideology"; and I also know that this indefinable ideology is opposed to the great internationalisms such as marxism, freemasonry, zionism, the multinational corporations, etc., and even the foreign policy of the imperialist powers. In the nationalist ideology it is a common belief that all these vast organizations converge on a dome of power, situated somewhere in the world, a truly Secret Government they call "**International Sinarchy**".

The Synarchy would have developed a Strategy whose execution must lead to the formation of a World Government that would rule over all Nations of Earth. The differences and contradictions observed between the large organizations mentioned would be tactical and purely exterior; at the vertices of power they would all coincide and the general efforts would be aimed at fulfilling the Synarchic Strategy.

In the nationalist ideology it has been dogma, for a century, that the Synarchy has been founded by the **Jews** with the claim to ensure the dominion of the World and thus fulfill prophecies emanating from the Bible and commandments of the Talmud. That is why the nationalists who hold these ideas tend to hate Jews ardently.

I was not surprised, then, by Officer Maidana's anti-Jewish exclamation; but, understanding that it was a hasty impression, I tried to make him understand that to attribute a Jewish origin to the murderous rope, just because medals were shaped like the Star of David, was risky, to say the least: indeed, such a symbol is also used by other religions or sects such as the Freemasonry, Theosophy, the Rosicrucians, the Christian Churches, etc. In addition, I said, there was the grenade and the clover constituting a strange combination; and the indecipherable inscriptions? And the tie of dyed hair? No. It wouldn't be so easy to rate the whole.

Incredibly, something was missing in Belicena Vilca's cell: the portfolio with all her writings. The police, upon learning of its content, and regarding it as absolutely worthless, immediately dismissed a possible abduction and strictly refused to link it to the motive for the crime: rather, they tried to persuade us that the portfolio might have ended up in the hospital incinerator, either by accident or retaliation by some nurse annoyed by the excessive zeal with which the sick woman cared for it.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca



Ritual murder of Belicena Villca by the golems Bera and Birsa (January 6, 1980)

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

### Chapter IV

Little was known about Belicena Villca in the Hospital. She arrived in December '78 in an army ambulance. Two burly NCOs escorted her to the Director's office and delivered to him a letter from the Chief of the 230th Regiment of Cavalry with seat in Salta, Colonel Mario Pérez, together with an envelope containing documentation and a medical record. In the letter, as later Dr. Cortez informed us, the Colonel asked to enter her as a patient in the Hospital "who suffered from a duly proven mental illness by the military doctors who signed the attached studies". The woman, native of the Province of Tucumán, had only one son who disappeared during the Great Repression of 1977. Ignoring his whereabouts, and **apparently** sheltering the certainty that the authorities denied her information, she began to move resolutely to several Provinces of the North of Argentina and even left the country, traveling through the interior of Bolivia and Perú. That behavior was suspicious for the Intelligence Services, who subjected her to intense surveillance and finally arrested her.

It was during the harsh interrogations that the possibility that Belicena Villca was mentally unbalanced was considered, so, after consultations with military doctors, her transfer had been arranged to Hospital Neuropsiquiátrico Dr. Javier Patrón Isla. As for the son, the Army knew nothing of his whereabouts or if he was active in any subversive organization; his demise justifiably alerted the authorities because it was thought that he had passed to clandestinity. This idea was confirmed with the surprising activity of the mother, a matter that ultimately led to her arrest. The preceding information was provided by the Colonel, so that the stories or claims that the patient could make would be given no credit.

According to Dr. Cortez, the tone of the letter did not admit a reply; it was almost an order to intern Belicena Villca. In his criteria two possibilities should be considered: either the woman went mad during the "interrogation", or the story that the Army posed was real. What should be ruled out outright was a third variant: that she knew something about subversion ...in that case she would have been executed. Times were tough back then; in 1976 Argentina was militarily occupied, it had been enduring a tremendous repression that began with the extermination of the famous "nihilist guerrillas", such the official qualification, and concluded with a bloodbath worthy of Caligula, where they fell, in addition to the miserable guerrillas, people of all stripes. The dead and missing were numbered by the thousands and, in such a dangerous atmosphere, it was not healthy to discuss military directives.

—Better times will come —Dr. Cortez told us— remember that the military are governed by the laws of Strategy. —And with his usual erudition, he quoted Machiavelli, genius of Strategy, who in his work "The Prince" says: "...when seizing a state every usurper must reflect on the crimes that he must commit, and execute them all at once, so he doesn't have to renew them day by day and, by not having that need, conquer the men by force of benefits". "Because offenses must be inferred in a single time so that, lasting less, they hurt less; while the benefits must be provided little by little, so that they are better relished".

This was, for Dr. Cortez, the philosophy of Government.

I remember as if it were today when I accompanied Belicena Villca to pavilion "B", impressed by her cultured treatment and her simple poise. Without being really tall she looked like she was because of her small but erect body; the hair black and straight, with soft filaments, fell to her waist. Eyes slightly ragged, they were green, and the nose, somewhat prominent gave an effect of firmness to the face, framed in an almost perfect oval. Her mouth, proportionate, had fleshy lips; eyebrows: full and straight over the eyes. Everything in her exuded a vital air that did not at all betray an age of 47 and, despite the rigors of the past that left their harsh mark, it was guessed that in her youth she had been a woman of extraordinary beauty.

The studies carried out at the Hospital confirmed that Belicena suffered from some kind of schizophrenia, so Dr. Cortez, not so sensitive to aesthetic considerations, decided to keep the military doctors' diagnosis "irreversible senile dementia", although such an assessment was totally unfair.

When I was walking through the corridors towards pavilion "B", I received the first of countless surprises that dealing with Belicena Villca and her strange story would give me. Reading the plastic sign with my name, buttoned in the jacket pocket, she said:

—Dr. "Arturo Siegnagel". You have a magical name: "**bear of the victorious claw**". Did you know that?

--I suppose so --I answered, as I mentally translated: **Arturo**, from Greek **arctos**, means "**bear**"; **Sieg** means "**victory**" in German; and **nagel**, "**claw**" in the same language--. What surprises me --I added-- is that you know. Do you understand Greek and German?

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–Oh, it is not necessary Dr., *I see with the Blood*. I know what I always knew --she told me with a candid smile.

Yes, she is sick! I thought foolishly, thinking that she was alluding to the theory of reincarnation as do the spiritists, permanent clients of our pavilions. Back then I couldn't even remotely imagine that one day I would make unusual efforts to remember each of her words to analyze them with great respect.

### Chapter V

It should come as no surprise that the police closed the case shortly after the investigation began, because after each step that was taken in pursuit of clarifying it, everything became more confusing, being unjustifiable to deposit so much effort in a crime that, it seemed, no one was interested in solving. First, because Belicena Villca had no known family members who demanded justice; but, mainly, because of the mystery that surrounded the matter: how did the murderer enter the hermetically sealed cell?; Why did he use a valuable jeweled rope to kill a defenseless alienated?; and, the most incomprehensible: which could be the motive for the crime, the motive that made what happened intelligible?

There was no answer to these and other questions that arose and, to pass time without advancing a hand, the case was prudently closed by the Police.

Two months later, nobody spoke about the crime in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital and there were few who some months later remembered the ill-fated Belicena Villca.

The daily routine, the tiring work, the daily and inevitable problems, everything contributes to the worldly man, immersed in the future of his destiny, becoming impervious to the pain of others or to those phenomena that don't permanently affect his concrete reality.

I am not the exception to the rule and, as regards what is narrated here, surely I would have forgotten the horrible crime beset by the obligations of my medical residency, office care, or the American Anthropology classes that I follow as a postgraduate tertiary course.

I say "I would have forgotten" because the story of Belicena Villca invaded soon my own world upsetting everything; leading me to the edge of the abyss of madness into which she succumbed.

As I said, the Police soon became disinterested in the crime; after statements of rigor given in the following days, they no longer bothered us more and life returned to its usual rhythm. Belicena Villca's corpse was performed an autopsy, which only served to confirm what we already assumed: death was caused by strangulation with the white rope. As she didn't have any known relatives, a telegram was sent to her only visitor, a Chahuanco indian, apparently based in the Province of Tucumán; but after some time without him coming, the remains were buried in a local necropolis.

In those days, mid-January, northern midsummer, my only concern was to plan the annual vacations that began on day 20 and lasted until the end of February. I would certainly have time to do some excursions and prepare the subjects that I'd render in March.

Precisely, in a visit I made to the Faculty of Anthropology of *Salta* to enroll in a final exam, I came across Professor Pablo Ramírez, prestigious Doctor of Philology, whom I knew from having attended one of his Amerindian language courses. When I saw him it suddenly occurred to me to make a query:

–Good morning Dr. Ramírez. If you don't mind losing just one moment, I would like to ask you something...

–Good morning Dr. Arturo Siegnagel –he replied as he bowed the bald head politely--, you'll say.

–You see Dr. Ramírez, a few days ago a patient died at the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where I am a Doctor and, before dying, she spoke a word in Quechua, something like "**pachachutquiy**"; I translate **pacha** = World, **chutquiy** = to dismember: that is, to "dismember the World". As this does not make sense, I would like you to tell me if there is any other meaning for that word. --I tried not to give information about the strange death. Professor Ramírez listened to my translation with visible displeasure.

–Where was your patient from?

–From the Province of Tucumán; it seems that she always dwelt in the *Calchaquí* Valleys, even though lately she had traveled north, even to Perú and Bolivia. But I know very little about such trips because she never agreed to comment on them.

"Good", Dr. Ramírez said impatiently. As you know, Quechua has many dialects; but, according to the affiliation you have given me, I suggest considering the following: although **pacha** is the "World", or the "Earth", as in **pachamama** = Mother Earth, in quechua santiagueño **pacha** also

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

means "Time". In this dialect, "**chutquiy**" is the transitive verb "dislocar", so your word would mean "to dislocate Time"; or "dislocation of Time", in a more current sense.

I must confess that a sense of alarm overcame me while I was listening to the old Professor, because something interior, a secret instinct, told me, screaming, that if there was any explanation for the murder of Belicena Vilca, this was beyond normal comprehension, in a realm where laws ignored by man surely governed. What was this "dislocation of Time" but a dark, elusive concept that resists reason but that has an obvious connection to the murder? How do you understand, if not accepting the intervention of the unknown, the fact that someone or something can enter a locked cell, commit murder, and leave quietly, leaving behind the mortal rope, that is, the proof of the inexplicable presence? Yes, there was in all this a calculated negligence, as if the murderer wanted to give a minimal sample of his immense and terrible power in a display of insane pride.

Visibly disturbed, I said goodbye to Professor Ramírez and returned on my steps, while a certainty asserted itself more and more in my brain: Belicena Vilca knew that a mortal danger stalked her when she screamed **pachachutquiy, pachachutquiy**.

### Chapter VI

#### Shields of Argentinian Provinces



Salta



Jujuy



Catamarca



Tucumán



La Rioja



San Juan

The matter intrigued me and, although I doubted that anything had been advanced, I decided to get as much information as possible about the crime. When we argued with Officer Maidana on the probable affiliation of the jeweled rope, I said that I would provide some masonic publication to check the similarity, only external, of the medals, with some jewels destined to rituals of different degrees of that organization. At the time I did not intend to fulfill that promise, which I made in a desperate attempt to convince the police of the ritual character of the murder, seeing that they evaded the bundle and sought a rational solution that, in my opinion, did not exist.

Now I was going to use her as an excuse, to get information. I looked up the three huge volumes of the "**Dictionary of Freemasonry**" in the University Library and I went to the Police Headquarters. In Salta this occupies an old colonial building next to the City Hall, in front of the main square, flord and provincial. I parked the car next to a parking meter, several blocks from my destination and I walked down Belgrano street towards downtown.

Upon reaching the Church of the Sagrado Corazón, with its more than 300 years old building, I was thinking of the youth of the White America before the millennial Europe; despite the fact that

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

nothing was built here more than 400 years ago, the secular makes us shudder, feeling it like ancient and remote.

I still had to walk the block of the recova with its centenary arches, under which you can have a coffee and read the newspaper or simply contemplate the distant high hills that surround the Lerma Valley.

I walked through several gloomy-looking corridors, until I found a door crowned by a whitewashed poster whose chippings barely allowed to read "**General Office of Investigations**"; further down another poster, made of plastic, announced "**Sub-police station Maidana**" "**Call before entering**".

Things turned out better than I expected. While the Officer Maidana, with wild joy, was examining the Dictionaries, in my hands feverishly slid the few pages of the file entitled: "**Belicena Villca, Intentional Homicide**".

Thus, accompanied by the insults that the nationalist policeman launched when something he read caused his anger, I was able to find out what I wanted.

Various analyzes had been carried out on the homicidal rope, this being partly destroyed during testing. One of the medals was "cast and the material submitted to Molecular Spectroscopy analysis", citing in pages the "final report" and referring to the "attached main report, for any discussion about its interpretation". The conclusion was that, according to minerals and metals involved in the alloy of gold, it would have a sure origin in a country in Europe: Spain. More precisely the Río Tinto area, in the province of Huelva.

– --Knight Kadosch!: what the hell does this mean Dr.? –abruptly Interrupting my reading Officer Maidana, who read "Ritual of the 30th degree".

It is a Hebrew word that means "very Holy". The title would be "very Holy Knight" --I said.

The Officer had bloodshot eyes.

–Sergeant Quiroga! --he screamed--. Come see what Freemasons do!

The sergeant hurried over. He was a chunky creole like a breakaxe, but evidently not very smart, who added his voice obsequiously to the concert of curses executed by the Officer.

I kept reading the file. A piece of the hair rope was sent to the Pathological Analysis Laboratory of the Faculty of Medicine. The report submitted by the University, indicated that the hair was human, possibly of a woman; the substance used in the dyeing was simply whitewash, to which some acidic vegetable juice was added to subtract alkalinity.

But the most curious thing was that the University could certify the race of the woman whose fatal hair was cut; the **oval section** of the hair fibers studied, left no room for doubt: **white Race**. The other Races have a **round section** hair, according to specialists.

This was about all. There were our own statements and the Forensic report. Also a report from the Army, with the same story already known, were it was veiledly suggested not much digging.

Unimportant bureaucratic papers followed, on burial and other research aspects; but on the crime itself, not much progress had been made.

In summary:

a -- **Fingerprints**: there were no other than those of the occisa and the staff of the hospital.

b -- **Another key**: it did not appear.

c -- **Expertise on the door**: indicated that the hinges were intact, just as the lock. There was no forcing with a pick, bar, or of any kind.

d -- **Forensic expertise**: death by strangulation.

e -- **Murder weapon expertise**: human hair rope, dyed with lime. Spanish gold medals of unknown meaning.

Not a word about the disappearance of the briefcase and, apparently they hadn't found it useful to investigate the legends engraved on the jewels.

–...Jewish dogs! --shouted the Officer, who was reading the article "Jesuit" where there is a painting entitled "The Society of Jesus seen by Masonry" in which it can be seen, among innumerable symbols of all kinds, the Superior General of the Jesuit Order sitting on a mountain of skulls, from which the cross of Christ also peeks out.

As a good Catholic Nationalist he felt aggrieved, personally offended, by the "perfidy" of judeo masonry. I didn't think it was convenient clarifying that the Society of Jesus created, in the nineteenth century, the "Mason Rite of the Royal Arch", which was finally adhered to the "Great English Orient" of the "Scottish Rite Old and Accepted", with which both organizations established points of permanent contact. Unfortunately the proof is in sight today, considering the **aristocratic marxism** that Jesuit thinkers uphold. It would be ridiculous to admit the existence of an International Synarchy



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and to believe that the Roman Church, temporary organization, is exempt from its control. But it would be useless; the officer would not accept that reasoning.

I loaded the heavy volumes and said goodbye to Deputy Commissioner Maidana.

–Goodbye Officer; If you need me, all you have to do is call the Hospital.

–Goodbye Dr. I appreciate the collaboration you have given us.

### Chapter VII

It was Friday and I could rest the weekend in the old manor house in Cerrillos, a beautiful town that is 18 km. from Salta, on the same road that leads to Cafayate, in the heart of the Calchaquí Valleys, and, beyond, to Santa María de Catamarca. There *lived* my parents, old now, and a widowed sister with two children.

The prospect of seeing and spending a few days with them always filled me with happiness; so it should not impress anyone that a few hours later, while driving the car down the vine-lined road, I wasn't thinking any more about the horrible crime.

However, it was written that peace would be brief: in less than an hour my life was shattered and a future as a Doctor, Anthropologist, Professor, that is to say, thorough professional, disappeared as probable Destiny for me. In my parent's house awaited the letter from Belicena Vilca and the beginning of madness. If I just wouldn't have read it! How much pain, death and grief I caused my loved ones for having read that letter and, most ominously, having believed in what it said! And for sure, nothing would have happened to us if we had not received the letter!

How I would regret three months later for having given it credit, *in that very place!* The following Monday my vacations began, and when I returned to Hospital, in March, everything would be forgotten. I shouldn't have read it: that was my last opportunity to continue being *normal*, that is, comfortably and mediocely *normal*, loved by all, and, of course, by the Good Creator! Yes, it is not blasphemy: the Good Creator God should be proud of me: I did not interfere at all with his grandiose plans, and contributed as much possible to the common good, what more could be expected from a humble Salta psychiatrist doctor? But I'm very afraid that now I've lost everything, even the favor of the Creator. We will have to read Belicena Vilca's letter and know the rest of the story to disagree or agree with me.

Like I said, I shouldn't have read it and everything would have stayed the same. ***But, it's plain to see, that in the lives of certain people there are carefully mounted traps: it's enough to touch a spring to trigger irreversible mechanisms.***

### Chapter VIII

Canuto, the sheperd dog, came running to celebrate my arrival, while I maneuvered the car and closed the gate. I still lacked another two hundred meters to reach the house; I got Canuto up on the front seat and started. So it always was; I drove with one hand and the other caressed the old hound for those two hundred meters, which belonged only to him. I saw the figure of my parents approach, sitting under the centenary taheebos in the courtyard, and felt the laughter of my beloved nephews. It was a family, one of the most beautiful things an inveterate bachelor like me can conceive.

--*Buongiorno a tutti* --I joked as I lowered the briefcase and looked for the well known treats for the children--. How are the vineyards going, Dad?

--Better than ever Arturo. There are some grapes that are the glory of Bacchus! But, what good is this abundance to us if this year we will not have a harvest? ***Oh Mein Gott!*** This government will bankrupt the whole world!

--Well, Dad, calm down, you don't have to get angry anymore. Look, I brought you a gift. I handed him the Angelito Vargas cassette and, as he placed it in the portable player, sipped the mate that my sister brewed and circulated silently from hand to hand.

--Take son, five days ago an order arrived for you. We withdraw it to get it to you, but since nobody was going to Salta, it stayed here. You must give your city address; someday something urgent may come for you and you won't be here... --Mom continued to scold me while Angelito Vargas's voice shelled the tango "A Pan y Agua". But I didn't hear anything. Absorbed with the sender of the package, where it clearly read "Belicena Vilca", my heart seemed to have stopped. The package contained the briefcase and, inside it, an envelope with an extensive letter, so extensive that, one would say, Belicena Vilca spent all her free time, for months, to write it. Below I transcribe it without removing or adding a comma. I want the reader to share the Mystery, in all its dimension,

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

that opened before me when I read that amazing missive. The envelope bore a legend, handwritten in fine calligraphy:

*Dr. Arturo Siegnagel*  
**PRESENT**

I tore the envelope and read feverishly:

#### “The Letter of Belicena Villca”

Dr. Arturo Siegnagel:

First of all I want to thank you for what you did for me during this long year in which I have been your patient. I know that many times your kindness has led you to exceed the limits of mere professional responsibility and you have dedicated me more time and care than my alienated condition undoubtedly deserved. I recognize it a lot to you, Dr., but, as you will understand when reading this letter, my recovery was practically impossible. Either way, Goddess Pyrene will know how to justly reward your efforts.

Surely, when this letter reaches your hands, I will be dead. They do not forgive and We do not ask for mercy. This possibility does not worry me, since Death is, in our case, just an illusion, but I understand that for you the absence will be real and that is why I have decided to write to you. I am aware that you will not believe me *in advance* and that is why I dared to send this to your home in Cerrillos. You will wonder how I did it: bribing a nurse, who got the registered address in the administrative filing cabinet, and dispatched the correspondence. Please forget the lack of discipline and do not inquire into the identity of the nurse because, if I die, which is likely, fear will make her shut her mouth, and on the other hand, keep in mind that she was only fulfilling my last will. Now I'll get to the point Dr.: I wish to request a last favor from you; But, to be fair to you, before I will put in background certain facts. I think it will help me, because a Will, more powerful than us, has put you in my way; perhaps you are also looking for an answer without knowing it, perhaps in this letter is that answer.

If this is so, or if you have already become aware of the Great Deception, then read carefully what follows because there you will find some keys to orient yourself on the Path of Return to the Origin. I have written thinking of you, and I was clear as far as I could, but discount that you will understand me because you have visibly embodied the Sign of the Origin.

I will begin by informing you that I am one of the last descendants of an ancient lineage bearing a Deadly Secret, a Secret that was kept by my family for centuries and was in danger of being lost forever when the disappearance of my son, Noyo Villca, took place. Now it doesn't matter that the Golen kill me because the goal of my Strategy is accomplished: I managed to distract them by following my steps while Noyo carried out his mission. Truth is, he was not kidnapped but traveled to the Parsifal Cavern, in the Province of Córdoba, to carry there the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis. And I immediately left, in the opposite direction, with the purpose of covering Noyo's mission diverting the pursuit of the Golen on me. The Hyperborean Wisdom helped, although I could do nothing in the end against the power of their diabolical drugs, one of which was skillfully supplied to me on one of the trips I made to the Province of Jujuy. After that came the capture by the Army and the story you know. But all this you will understand with more clarity when I reveal to you, as my posthumous legacy, the Family Secret.

The Secret, in short, consists of the following: the family kept hidden, as fourteen American generations passed, the Instrument of an ancient Mystery, perhaps the oldest Mystery of the White Race. Such Instrument allows Hyperborean Initiates to know the extraterrestrial Origin of the Human Spirit and acquire enough Wisdom to return to that Origin, definitely leaving the insane Universe of Matter and Energy, of Created Forms.

How did that Instrument come into our possession? To begin with, I will tell you that it was brought to America by my ancestor Lito de Tharsis, who landed in Colonia Coro in 1534 and, a few years later, founded the Tucumán branch

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of the Lineage. But this does not answer the question. Indeed, to approach the direct answer, it would be necessary to go back thousands of years, to the times of the Kings of my people, of whom Lito de Tharsis was one of the last descendants. That people, who inhabited the Iberian Peninsula since time immemorial, I will call them, for simplicity, "Iberian" from now on, without meaning to adhere to any modern anthropological or racial theory: the truth is that little is currently known about the Iberians because everything referred to them, especially to their customs and beliefs, was systematically destroyed or hidden by our enemies. Now, at the time when it is fitting to begin to tell this story, the Iberians were divided into two irreconcilable sides, who fought to the death through a state of permanent war. The reasons for this enmity were not minor: they were based on the practice of essentially opposed Cults, in the worship of Enemy Gods. At least this was what ordinary members of the fighting peoples could perceive. However, the causes were deeper and the members of the ruling Nobility, Kings and chiefs, knew them well enough. As whispered in the most reserved chambers of the courts, since it was a closely guarded secret, it had been in the days after the Sinking of Atlantis, when, coming from the Western Sea, groups of survivors belonging to two different Races, arrived on the European and African continents: some were white, similar to the members of my people, and the others were darker in complexion, although without being completely black like the Africans. These groups, not very numerous, possessed astonishing knowledge, incomprehensible to continental peoples, and terrible powers, powers, until that moment, only conceived as attributes of the Gods. Thus, it was not difficult for them to dominate the peoples they found in their path. And I say "that they found in their path" because Atlanteans never stopped definitively anywhere but they constantly advanced eastward. But such a march was very slow because both groups were engaged in very difficult tasks, which involved much time and effort, and to carry them out they needed the support of the native peoples. In reality, only one group performed the most "heavy" task because, after carefully studying the terrain, it set about modifying it in certain special places by means of huge megalithic constructions: menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, wells, artificial mountains, caves, etc. That group of "builders" was that of the white Race and had preceded the brown group in their advance. The latter, instead, seemed to be chasing the white group because its movement was even slower and its task was to destroy or alter the constructions of those by carving certain signs.

As I said, these groups never definitively stopped at one place, rather, after completing their task, continued moving east. However, the native peoples who remained in their primitive sites no longer could return to their ancient customs: contact with the Atlanteans had them culturally transmuted; the memory of semi-divine men coming from the Western Sea could not be forgotten for millennia. And I say this to raise the unlikely case that any continental people could have remained indifferent after their departure: really, this could not happen because the departure of the Atlanteans was never abrupt but carefully planned, only materialized when it was certain that, precisely, the native peoples would be in charge of fulfilling a "mission" that would please the Gods. For this they had worked patiently on the ductile minds of certain members of the ruling castes, convincing them of the convenience of becoming their representatives in front of the people. Such an offer would be hardly rejected by those who have a minimal vocation for Power, meaning that, for the people, the Power of the Gods has been transferred to some privileged men, some of their special members: when the people have once seen Power, and keep memory of it, its subsequent absence goes unnoticed if the representatives of the Power are there. And known is that the regents of Power end up being the successors of Power. On departure of the Atlanteans, then, always remained their representatives, in charge of fulfilling and enforcing the mission that "pleased the Gods".

And what did that mission consist of? Naturally, regarding the commitments undertaken with two groups as different as whites or brown

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Atlanteans, it could only refer to **two missions essentially opposite**. I will not describe here the specific objectives of such "missions" since it would be absurd and incomprehensible to you. Instead, I will say something about the general ways in which missions were imposed on native peoples. It is not difficult to distinguish these forms and even to intuit their meanings, if you look at the facts with the help of the following pair of principles. First, it should be noted that the groups of Atlanteans landed on the continents after the "Sinking of Atlantis" were not mere survivors of a natural catastrophe, something like simple castaways, but men coming from a dreadful and total war: the Sinking of Atlantis is, strictly speaking, only a consequence, the end of a stage in the development of a conflict, of an Essential War that began long before, in the extraterrestrial Origin of the human Spirit, and that has not yet concluded. Those men, then, acted governed by the laws of war: they did not carry out any movement that contradicted the principles of tactics, that endangered the Essential War Strategy.

The Essential War is a clash of Gods, a conflict that started in Heaven and then spread to Earth, involving men in its course: in the theater of operations of Atlantis only one Battle of the Essential War was fought, and within the framework of the opposing forces, the groups of Atlanteans I have mentioned, the white and the dark, had intervened as planners or strategists on their respective sides. That is, they had not been neither the chiefs nor the direct combatants in the Battle of Atlantis: in modern war their functions would be those of the "Major State analysts"...; except that those "analysts" did not have the elemental electronic computers programmed with "war games", such as the modern, but of an instrument incomparably more perfect and fearsome: the specialized human brain to the extreme of its capabilities. In short, when the continental landing occurs, a phase of the Essential War is over: the chiefs have retired to their command posts and the direct combatants, who have survived mutual annihilation, suffer various fates: some try to regroup and advance towards a vanguard that no longer exists, others believe they have been abandoned on the front lines, others flee in disorder, others end up getting lost or forgetting the Essential War. In short, and now using the language with which the white Atlanteans spoke to continental peoples, "the Gods had ceased to manifest to men because men had failed once more: they did not resolve the conflict here, posed on a human scale, leaving the problem returned to Heaven and facing the Gods again. But the Gods had clashed because of man, because some Gods wanted that the Spirit of man returned to its Origin, beyond the stars, while others tried to keep him prisoner in the world of matter".

The white Atlanteans were with the Gods who wanted to free man from the Great Deception of Matter and claimed that they had fought vigorously to achieve that goal. But man was weak and disappointed his Liberator Gods: he allowed the enemy Strategy to soften his will and remained subject to Matter, thus preventing the Strategy of the Liberator Gods to remove him from Earth.

Then the Battle of Atlantis concluded and the Gods withdrew to their dwellings, leaving man a prisoner of Earth because he was not able to understand his miserable situation nor did he have the strength to win the fight for spiritual freedom. But They did not abandon man; simply, the War was no longer being fought on Earth: one day, if man voluntarily claimed their place in Heaven, the Liberator Gods would return with all their Power and a new opportunity to raise the Battle would be seized; this time it would be the Final Battle, the last chance before the Gods return definitively to the Origin, beyond the stars; meanwhile, the "Direct combatants" for the freedom of the Spirit who reoriented themselves in the theater of War, those who remembered the Battle of Atlantis, those who awakened from the Great Deception, or the Seekers of the Origin, should fight a very hard personal combat against the Demonic Forces of Matter, that is, against overwhelmingly superior enemy forces... **and defeat them with heroic will**: only in this way would they be admitted to the "Headquarters of the Gods".

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In short, according to the white Atlanteans, "a phase of the Essential War had ended, the Gods retired to their abodes and the combatants were scattered; but the Gods would return: there, the Atlantean presences proved it, building and preparing Earth for the Final Battle. In Atlantis, the dark Atlanteans were Priests who favored a cult to the Traitor Gods to the Spirit of man; the white Atlanteans, on the contrary, belonged to a caste of Warrior Builders, or Wise Warriors, who fought on the side of the Liberator Gods of the Spirit of man, together with the Noble and Warrior castes of the red and yellow men, who nurtured the ranks of direct combatants. That is why the brown Atlanteans tried to destroy their works: because they worshiped the Powers of Matter and obeyed the design, with which the Traitor Gods chained the Spirit to the animal nature of man".

The white Atlanteans came from the Race that modern Anthropology denominates "of Cro-Magnon". Some thirty thousand years earlier, the Liberator Gods, who at that time ruled Atlantis, had entrusted to this Race an opening mission, an assignment whose fulfillment would demonstrate their value and would open the doors of Wisdom: they should spread throughout the world and exterminate the animal man, the primitive hominid of the Earth that only possessed body and Soul, but lacked the eternal Spirit, that is, the Race that Anthropology has dubbed "Neanderthal", now extinct. The Cro-Magnon men accomplished this task with such efficiency that they were rewarded by the Liberator Gods with permission to regroup and dwell in Atlantis. There they later acquired the Magisterium of the Stone and were known as Guardians of Lithic Wisdom and Men of Stone. Thus, when I say that "they belonged to a caste of Constructor Warriors", it has to be understood "Builders in Stone", "Wise Warriors in the Lithic Wisdom". And this clarification is important because in their Science **they only worked with stone**, that is, both the tools and the materials of their Science, consisted of **pure stone**, with the explicit exclusion of metals. "The metals, they would explain later to the Iberians, represented the Powers of Matter and should be carefully avoided or handled very cautiously". By conveying the idea that the essence of metal was demonic, the white Atlanteans evidently sought to instill a taboo in the ally peoples; taboo that, at least in the case of iron, was maintained for several thousands of years. Inversely, the brown Atlanteans, undoubtedly due to their particular relationship with the Powers of Matter, stimulated their addicted people to practicing metallurgy and goldsmithing, with no restrictions on any metal.

And this is the second principle to keep in mind, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel: the white Atlanteans entrusted the Iberians who had supported them in the megalithic constructions, a mission that can be summarized in the following way: **protect the megalithic constructions and fight to the death against the allies of the brown Atlanteans**. The latter, for their part, proposed to the Iberians who supported them a mission that could be formulated thus: **"destroy the megalithic constructions; if this is not possible, modify the shapes of the stones to neutralize the functions of the ensembles; if this is not possible, engrave the archetypal signs of matter on the stones corresponding to the function to be neutralized; if this wasn't possible, at least distort the warlike meaning of the construction turning it into a funerary monument; etc."**; and: **"combat to death the allies of the white Atlanteans"**.

As I said before, after imposing these "missions" the Atlanteans continued their slow advance eastward; whites always followed at a safe distance by the brown ones. That's why it took thousands of years for the brunettes to reach Egypt, where they settled and promoted a civilization that lasted as many thousands of years and in which they again officiated as Priests of the Powers of Matter. The white Atlanteans, meanwhile, always continued eastward, crossing Europe and Asia by a wide strip which bounded in the North with the Arctic regions, and disappearing mysteriously at the end of pre-History: however, after their passage, warlike white peoples rose unceasingly, bringing the best of their warrior and spiritual traditions to the History of the West.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But where were the white Atlanteans heading to? To the city of **K'Taagar** or **Agartha**, a site that, according to the revelations made to my people, was the refuge of some of the Liberator Gods, those who still remained in the Land awaiting the arrival of the last combatants. That unknown city had been built on Earth millions of years ago, in the days when the Liberator Gods came from Venus and settled on a continent which They named "Hyperborea" in memory of the Homeland of the Spirit. In truth, Liberator Gods claimed to come from "Hyperborea", an Uncreated World, that is, not created by the Creator God, existing "beyond the Origin": the Origin they called **Thule** and, according to Them, Hyperborea meant "Homeland of the Spirit". Thus, there was an original Hyperborea and a terrestrial Hyperborea; and an isotropic center Thule, seat of the Grail, which reflected the Origin and was as unlocatable. All the spiritual Wisdom of Atlantis was an inheritance of Hyperborea and that is why the white Atlanteans called themselves "Hyperborean Initiates". The mythical city of **Catigara** or **Katigara**, which appears in all maps prior to the discovery of America located "near China" is no other than **K'Taagar**, the abode of the Liberator Gods, that only allows Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors to enter, that is, the Initiated in the Mystery of the Pure Blood.

Finally, the Atlanteans departed the Iberian Peninsula. How did they assure that the "missions" imposed on the native peoples would be fulfilled in their absence? By holding a pact with those members of the people who were to represent the Power of the Gods, a pact that if not fulfilled risked something more than the death of life: the collaborators of the dark Atlanteans put at stake the immortality of the Soul, while the followers of the white Atlanteans responded with the eternity of the Spirit. But both missions, as I said, were essentially different, and the agreements in which they were founded, naturally, were also: that of the white Atlanteans was a **Blood Pact**, while that of the brown Atlanteans consisted of a **Cultural Pact**.

Obviously, Dr. Siegnagel, this letter will be lengthy and I will have to write it in several days. Tomorrow I will continue at the suspended point of the story, and I will make a brief parenthesis to examine the two Covenants: it is necessary, since from there will emerge the keys that will allow you to interpret my own story.

### Second Day

I'll start with the Blood Pact. It means that the white Atlanteans mixed their blood with the representatives of the native peoples, who were also of the white Race, generating the first dynasties of Warrior Kings of Divine Origin: they were, they would later affirm, because they descended from the white Atlanteans, who in turn claimed to be Sons of the Gods. But the Warrior Kings were to preserve that Divine heritage by relying on an Aristocracy of Blood and Spirit, protecting their racial purity: it is what they would faithfully do for millennia... until the enemy Strategy operating through foreign Cultures managed to blind or drive them mad and led them to break the Blood Pact. And that lack of commitment to the Sons of the Gods was, as you will see immediately, Dr., the cause of great evils.

Of course, the Blood Pact included more than just genetic inheritance. First there was the promise of **Wisdom**: the white Atlanteans had assured their descendants, and future representatives, that the loyalty to the mission would be rewarded by the Liberator Gods with the Highest Wisdom, that which allowed the Spirit to return to the Origin, beyond the stars. That is to say, that the Warrior Kings, and the members of the Blood Aristocracy, would also become **Wise Warriors**, **Men of Stone**, like the white Atlanteans, just by fulfilling the mission and respecting the Blood Pact; on the contrary, the forgetfulness of the mission or the betrayal of the Blood Pact would bring serious consequences: it was not about a "punishment of the Gods" or anything similar, but of **losing Eternity**, that is, an irreversible spiritual fall, even more terrible

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

than that which had the Spirit chained to Matter. "The Liberator Gods, according to the particular description that the white Atlanteans made to the native peoples, did not forgive or punish for their actions; they did not even judge because they were beyond all Law; their glances only noticed the Spirit of man, or what was spiritual in him, in his willingness to abandon matter; those who loved Creation, those who wished to remain subject to the pain and suffering of animal life, those who, by sustaining these illusions or similar ones, forgot the mission or betrayed the Blood Pact, would face, no! no punishment: only the loss of eternity was certain... unless it was considered a 'punishment' the implacable indifference that the Liberator Gods display towards all Traitors".

In regard to Wisdom, the native peoples received in all cases direct proof that they could acquire superior knowledge, a concrete evidence that spoke louder than the incomprehensible arts employed in megalithic constructions; and this undeniable proof, which placed the native peoples above any other who had not made deals with the Atlanteans, consisted in the understanding of Agriculture and the way of domesticating and governing animal populations useful to man. Indeed, to the departure of the white Atlanteans, the native peoples counted to sustain in place, and fulfill the mission, with the powerful help of Agriculture and Livestock, no matter what they were before: gatherers, hunters or simple looting warriors. The magical fencing of the fields, and the layout of the walled cities, was to be done on the ground by means of a **plow of stone** that the white Atlanteans left to the native peoples for this purpose: It was a lithic instrument designed and built by Them, from which they should never become detached and that they would only use to found the agricultural and urban sectors on occupied land. Naturally, this was proof of the Wisdom but not the Wisdom itself. And what about Wisdom? When would it be gained the knowledge that allows the Spirit to travel beyond the stars? Individually it depended on the will to return to the Origin and on the **orientation** with which that will was directed towards the Origin: each one could leave at any time and from anywhere if acquired Wisdom proceeding from the will to return and from the orientation towards the Origin; the combat against the Powers of Matter would have to be resolved, in this case, personally: this would be a feat of the Spirit and would be taken into high esteem by the Liberator Gods. Collectively, instead, the Wisdom of the Liberation of the Spirit, which would make possible the departure of all Wise Warriors to K'Taagar and, from there, to the Origin, would only be obtained when the theater of the Essential War shifted again to Earth: then the Liberator Gods would again manifest themselves to men to lead the Forces of the Spirit in the Final Battle against the Powers of Matter. Until then, the Wise Warriors should comply effectively with the mission and prepare for the Final Battle: and then, when summoned by the Gods to take their place in the Battle, it would be up to the Wise Warriors altogether to demonstrate the Wisdom of the Spirit. As claimed by the white Atlanteans, this would be inevitable if the native peoples fulfilled their mission and respected the Blood Pact because, **then, the Highest Wisdom would coincide with the Strongest Will to return to the Origin, with the Greater Orientation towards the Origin, with the Highest Courage determined to fight against the Powers of Matter, and with the Maximum Spiritual Hostility towards the non-spiritual.**

Collectively, then, the ultimate Wisdom would be revealed at the end, during the Final Battle, at a time that all Wise Warriors would recognize **simultaneously**. How? the opportunity would be recognized directly with the Pure Blood, in an inner perception, or through the "Stone of Venus".

To the Warrior Kings of each allied people, that is, to their descendants, the white Atlanteans also bequeathed a **Stone of Venus**, a gem like an emerald the size of a child's fist. That stone, which had been brought to Earth by the Liberator Gods, was not faceted in any way but finely polished, showing over a sector of the surface a slight concavity in the center of which was **observed** the Sign of the Origin. According to what the white Atlanteans revealed to the Warrior Kings, before the fall of the extraterrestrial Spirit in Matter, it existed



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in the Earth an extremely primitive animal-man, son of the Creator God of all material forms: such an animal man possessed animic essence, that is, a Soul capable of achieving immortality, but lacked the eternal Spirit that characterized the Liberator Gods or the Creator God himself. However the animal man was destined to evolutionarily obtain a high degree of knowledge about the Creator's Work, knowledge that was summarized in the Sign of the Serpent; in other words, **the serpent represented the highest knowledge for the animal man.** After starring in the Mystery of the Fall, the Spirit came to be incorporated into the animal man, a prisoner of Matter, and the need for its release arose. The Liberator Gods, who in this proved as terrible as the cursed Creator God Captivator of the Spirits, only attended, as was said, those who had the will to return to the Origin and exhibited orientation towards the Origin; to those brave spirits, the Gods said: **"You have lost the Origin and you are a prisoner of the serpent: with the Sign of the Origin, understand the serpent, and you will be free again in the Origin!"**

Thus, Wisdom consisted in understanding the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin. Hence the importance of the legacy that the white Atlanteans granted by the Blood Pact: the **Pure Blood**, blood of the Gods, and the **Stone of Venus**, in whose concavity the Sign of the Origin was **observed**. That inheritance, without any doubt, could save the Spirit if "with the Sign of the Origin the serpent was understood", as ordered by the Gods. But to realize the Wisdom of the Liberation of the Spirit would not be an easy task because **in the Stone of Venus was not embodied in any way the Sign of the Origin**: on it, on its concavity, it could only be **"observed"**. And only those who respected the Blood Pact could see it there because, in truth, what existed as Divine inheritance of the Gods was a **Symbol of the Origin in the Pure Blood: the Sign of the Origin, observed in the Stone of Venus, was only the reflection of the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood of the Warrior Kings, of the Wise Warriors, of the Sons of the Gods, of the Semi-Divine Men who, together with an animal body and a material Soul, possessed an Eternal Spirit.** If the Blood Pact was betrayed, if the blood became impure, then the Symbol of the Origin would weaken and the Sign of the Origin could no longer be seen on the Stone of Venus: the possibility of "understanding the serpent", the maximum Wisdom, and with it the opportunity, the last opportunity, to join the Essential War. On the contrary, if the Blood Pact was respected, if the Pure Blood was preserved, then the Stone of Venus could be called with fairness **"mirror of the Pure Blood"** and those who observed the Sign of the Origin on it would be **"Initiated in the Mystery of the Pure Blood"**, true **Wise Warriors**.

The white Atlanteans claimed that their continental advance was guided directly by a Great White Chief they called Navutan. That Chief who only they saw, and for whom they expressed deep respect and veneration, had the fame of having been the one who revealed to the white Atlanteans themselves the Sign of the Origin. Naturally, the Sign of the Origin would be incommunicable since it only can be seen by whoever previously has, in his blood, the Symbol of the Origin. The Stone of Venus, the Mirror of the Pure Blood, allowed obtaining outside a **reflection of the Symbol of the Origin**: but that reflection, the Sign of the Origin, could not be communicated either by Initiation or by any other social function if the receiver lacked the inheritance of the Symbol of the Origin. Even between white Atlanteans there was a time when only a few, individually, managed to know the Symbol of the Origin. The difficulty lay in the impossibility of establishing a correspondence between the Uncreated and the Created: it was as if matter was powerless to reflect the Uncreated. In fact, the Stones of Venus had been **structurally modified** by the Liberator Gods to fulfill their function. In order to solve this problem and to endow his Race with the Highest Wisdom, greater even than the Lithic Wisdom known to them, Navutan had descended into Hell. At least that was what the white Atlanteans said. Here, he fought against the Powers of Matter but failed to force them to reflect the Symbol of the Origin so all members of his Race could see it. Apparently it was Frya, his Divine Wife, who solved the problem: **she was able to express the Sign of the Origin through dance.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

All the movements of dance come from the movement of the birds, from their Archetypes. Frya's discovery enabled Navutian to understand the Sign of the Origin with the **Language of the Birds** and express it in the same way. But this was not a language composed of sounds but of **significant movements** that certain birds performed as a whole, especially wader birds, such as the heron or the crane, and gallinaceous birds such as the partridge, the turkey or pheasant: according to Navutian, understanding the Sign of the Origin, required exactly "thirteen plus three Vrunes", that is, an alphabet of sixteen signs called Vrunes or Varunes.

Thanks to Navutian and Frya, the white Atlanteans were Scryers (from **spicere bird**), that is, they were gifted to understand the Sign of the Origin observing the flight of birds: the Language of the Birds represented, for them, a racial victory of the Spirit against the Powers of Matter.

This is how the Wisdom of Navutian would be synthesized: **whoever understood the alphabet of sixteen Vrunes would comprise the Language of the Birds. Who understood the Language of the Birds would understand the Sign of the Origin. Whoever understood the Sign of the Origin would understand the serpent. And whoever understood the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin, could be free at the Origin.**

It is clear that the white Atlanteans did not trust the sustainability of the Language of the Birds, which, despite everything, they transmitted to their descendants of the Blood Pact. They foresaw that, if the Cultural Pact of the brown Atlanteans succeeded, the sacred language would soon be forgotten by men; in that case, the only guarantee that at least someone individually could see the Sign of the Origin, would be constituted by the Stone of Venus. With great success, they based in it the accomplishment of the mission. Thus, when the white Atlanteans said goodbye to my Ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, they suggested a suitable way to ensure the fulfillment of the mission. Above all, respect, with no exceptions, for the Blood Pact and, for this, maintain an Aristocracy of Pure Blood. From this Aristocracy, beginning with the descendants of the white Atlanteans, the first Kings and **Wise Warriors** had already been selected to guard the Stone Plow and the Stone of Venus: indeed, at first each folk was exogamously divided into three groups, each of which had the right to use the lithic instruments and provided, for their common safekeeping, a Wise Warrior; they kept the instruments inside a secret grotto, and when they had to be used they were carried by the three together; the three groups of the people, of course, obeyed the same King; over the centuries, because of the cultural defeat that I will expose later, the triple division of the people was forgotten, although the custom of entrusting the custody of the lithic instruments to the "Three Wise Warriors" or **Vrayas**, lasted for a long time.

Consequently, all the Kings and Nobles of the Blood would be **Initiated** into the Mystery of the Pure Blood: Initiation would be, at the age of sixteen, when they would be faced with the Stone of Venus and they would try to observe the Sign of the Origin in it. Whoever could observe it would have, in that very moment, the Wisdom enough to achieve the self-liberation of the Spirit and leave for the Origin. But if the Wise Warrior was a King, or a Hero who wished to postpone his own spiritual freedom to seek the liberation of the Race, two would be the steps to follow. First step consisted in fulfilling the order of the Liberator Gods and "understanding the serpent with the Sign of the Origin", then communicating the Wisdom achieved to the remaining Initiated. Once the Sign of the Origin is seen, the second step of the Initiate demanded not to divert attention from the Stone of Venus because in it, above its concavity, one day **the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar** would be seen, that is, an **image** that would point the way to the City of the Liberator Gods.

This principle would give rise to a secret institution among the Iberians, of which I will speak a lot later, that of the **Noyos** and the **Vrayas**, body of Initiates consecrated to guard at all times and places the Stone of Venus and await the manifestation of the Symbol of the Origin.

Thus it was how the descendants or allies of the white Atlanteans, who performed the first step in understanding the serpent, and represented it with

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the actual shape of the reptile, or abstractly with the shape of the spiral, were universally taken for worshipers of the snakes. Such confusion was malignantly employed to award the Wise Warriors all manner of dark acts and intentions; for that purpose the Enemy associated the serpent with ideas that caused the most fear or disgust in the ignorant peoples of Earth; the night, the moon, the demonic forces, everything that is crawling or underground, the occult, etc. Thus, through a slanderous and malicious vulgarization of their acts, since no one except the Initiates knew the existence of the Stone of Venus and the Sign of the Origin, it was possible to blame the Wise Warriors of Black Magic, that is, of the grossest magical arts, those that are practiced with the contest of the passions of the body and the Soul; Curious paradox! The Initiates in the Mystery of Pure Blood accused of Black Magic and humanity! Precisely Them, who, to understand the serpent, total symbol of human knowledge, were out of the human!

### Third Day

The Cultural Pact on which the brown Atlanteans based their alliances, for its part, was essentially different from the Pact of Blood. That agreement was founded on the perpetual support of a Cult. More clearly, the foundation of the alliance consisted of unwavering fidelity to a Cult revealed by the dark Atlanteans; the Cult demanded the unconditional worship of members of the native peoples to a God and the fulfillment of his Will, which would be manifested through **its representatives**, the priestly caste formed and instructed by the dark Atlanteans. It should not be interpreted with this that the brown Atlanteans initiated the native peoples in the Worship of their own God because **They claimed to be the earthly expression of God**, who was the Creator God of the Universe; they said they were consubstantial with God and had a high purpose to accomplish on Earth, in addition to destroying the work of the white Atlanteans: their own mission was to raise a great civilization from which would emerge, at the End of Times, a chosen People of God, also consubstantial with Him, who would be given to reign over all the peoples of the Earth; some Angels, whom the cursed white Atlanteans called "Traitor Gods to the Spirit", would then support the Chosen People with all their Power; but It was written that this Synarchy could not come true without expelling from Earth the enemies of Creation, to those who dared to discover men God's Plans for them to rebel and depart from his designs; then would ensue the Final Battle between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, that is, among those **who worshiped the Creator God with their hearts** and those **who understood the serpent with the mind**.

In short, the brown Atlanteans, who "were the expression of God", did not propose themselves as objects of the Cult nor did they expose to the native peoples their conception of God, which would be reduced to a "Self-vision" that **God Creator would experience from his manifestation in the brown Atlanteans**; instead, they revealed to the native peoples the Name and Appearance of some Heavenly Gods, who were but Faces of the Creator God, other manifestations of Him in Heaven; the stars of the firmament, and every celestial body, visible or invisible, expressed these Gods. According to the particular psychology of each native people would be, then, the revealed God: to some, the most primitive, God would be shown as the Sun, Moon, planet or star, or certain constellation; to others, more evolved, it would be said that in this or that star **resided** the God of their Cults. In this case, they were authorized to represent God by means of a fetish or idol that symbolized his hidden face, the one with which the priests perceived him in His astral residence.

Be that as it may, that God was a celestial body, that he existed behind a celestial body, that he manifested himself in the surrounding world, in the entire Creation, in the brunette Atlanteans, or in any other priestly caste, the materialism of such conception is evident: as soon as you delve into it, it becomes patent that, **matter**, is always set as the real end of God's Creation,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

when not as the very substance of God, constituting the natural reference of the Gods, the essential support of Divine existence.

There is no doubt that the dark Atlanteans worshiped the Powers of Matter because everything sacred to them, for example, that they pointed to the native peoples in the Cult, was founded on matter. Indeed, the holiness obtained by priestly practice proceeded from an inexorable sanctification of the body and bodies. And the consequent Power, demonstrative of priestly superiority, consisted in the domination of the forces of nature or, at last instance, of every force. But the forces were but manifestations of the Gods: forces emerged from or were directed to matter, and their formalization was equivalent to their deification. This is: the Wind, the Fire, the Thunder, the Light, they could not be but Gods or the Will of Gods; the domain of forces was, thus, a communion with the Gods. And that is why the highest priestly holiness, which was demonstrated by the domain of the Soul, whether it was conceived as a body or as force, also signified the most abject submission to the Powers of Matter.

The movement of the stars denoted the act of the Gods: the Divine Plans developed with such movements in which each rhythm, period, or cycle, had a decisive meaning for human life. Therefore, the dark Atlanteans divinized Time in the form of astral or natural cycles and transmitted to the native peoples the belief in the Ages or Great Years: during a Great Year a part of the Plan that the Gods had drawn was fulfilled for man, his earthly destiny. The last Great Year, which would last about twenty-six thousand solar years, would have started thousands of years earlier, when the Swan of the Sky approached the Earth and the men of Atlantis saw descend the God **Sanat**: he came to be the King of the World sent by the Sun God Ton, the Father of Men, He who is the Son of the Dog God Sin. The dark Atlanteans glorified the moment when Sanat came to Earth and spread among the native peoples the Symbol of the Swan as a sign of that primal memory: hence the Symbol of the Swan, and then that of every webbed bird, was universally regarded as evidence that a determined native people had entered into the Cultural Pact, that is to say, that although the God that the native peoples worshiped was different, Beleno, Lug, Bran, Proteus, etc., the common identification with the Swan Symbol gave away the institution of the Cultural Pact. Later, after the departure of the Atlanteans, the lawsuit between the native peoples would be symbolized as a struggle between the Swan and the Serpent, since the conflict was between the supporters of the Swan Symbol and the ones that "understood the Symbol of the Serpent"; of course, the meaning of that allegory was only known to the Initiates.

The God **Sanat** was installed on the Throne of the Ancient Kings of the World, existing from millions of years before in the **Korn Palace of the White Gyg Island**, later known in Tibet as **Chang Shambhala** or **Dejung**. There, to govern, he had the support of countless Souls, because the White Island was in the Land of the Dead: however, the White Island was only reached by the Souls of the Priests, of those who in all ages had worshiped the Creator God. The King of the World presided over a White Fraternity or Brotherhood composed of the most Holy Priests, living or dead, and supported in his action on humanity with the Power of those mysterious Angels, **Seraphim Nephilim**, who the white Atlanteans described as Traitor Gods to the Spirit of Man: according to the white Atlanteans, the Seraphim Nephilim would only be two hundred, but their Power was so great that they ruled over the entire Hidden Hierarchy of the Earth; they counted, to exercise such Power, on the authorization of the Creator God, and were blindly obeyed by the Priests and Initiates of the Cultural Pact, who formed in the ranks of the "Occult Hierarchy" or "White Hierarchy" of the Earth. In sum, in Chang Shambhala, in the White Island, there was the White Fraternity, at whose head were the Seraphim Nephilim and the King of the World.

It should be noted that the "whiteness," preached on the insular Mansion of the King of the World or his Fraternity did not refer to a racial quality of its inhabitants or members; but to the illumination that they would unfailingly possess with respect to the rest of the men. The Light, indeed, was the most Divine thing, it was the inner light, visible through the eyes of the Soul, or the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

sunlight, which sustained the life and was perceived with the senses of the body; and this devotion shows, once again, the metaphysical materialism that the dark Atlanteans upheld. According to them, as the Soul evolved and rose towards the God Creator "its light increased", that is, it increased its ability to receive and give light, to finally become pure light: naturally that light was a thing created by God, that is, a finite thing, the limit of the perfection of the Soul, something that could not be surpassed without contradicting God's Plans, without falling in the most abominable heresy. The white Atlanteans, on the contrary, claimed that in the Origin, beyond the stars, there was an Uncreated Light that only could be seen by the Spirit: that infinite light was imperceptible to the Soul. However, although invisible, in front of her the Soul felt as if before the most impenetrable blackness, an infinite abyss, and was plunged in an uncontrollable terror: and that was because **the Uncreated Light of the Spirit transmitted the Soul the intuition of eternal death in which, like all created things, it would end its existence at the end of a super "Great Year" of manifestation of the Creator God, a "Mahamanyavantara"**.

So that the "whiteness" of the Fraternity to which the brown Atlanteans belonged did not come from the color of the skin of its members but from the "Light" of their Souls: the White Fraternity was not racial but religious. Their ranks were nurtured only by Initiated Priests, who always occupied a "just place" according to their devotion and obedience to the Gods. The blood of the living had for them a relative value: if their purity kept the native ally people united, then it would have to be conserved, but if the protection of the Cult required mixing with another people, it could be degraded without problems. The Cult would be the axis of the existence of the native people and everything would be subordinate to it in importance; everything, in the end, had to be sacrificed for the Cult: first of all the Pure Blood of the allied peoples to the white Atlanteans. It was part of the mission, an obligation of the Cultural Pact: the Pure Blood shed made the Gods happy and They claimed their offering. That is why the Initiated Priests had to be Pure Blood Sacrificers, they had to exterminate the Wise Warriors or destroy their genetic heritage, they had to neutralize the Blood Pact.

So far I have described the main characteristics of the two Covenants. I could not avoid using obscure or unusual concepts but you will have to understand, dear Dr., that I do not have the time to enter in more details. However, before continuing with the story of my people and my family, I will comment on the consequences that the alliances with Atlanteans brought the native peoples.

If the priestly castes formed by the dark Atlanteans excelled in something in History, apart from their fanaticism and cruelty, it was in the art of deceit. They made, literally, any sacrifice if it contributed to the preservation of the Cult: the fulfillment of the mission, that High Purpose that satisfied the Will of the Gods, justified all the means employed and they became masters of deception. And then it should not be surprising that many sometimes pretended to be Kings, or hide behind Kings and Nobles, if that favored their plans; but this cannot confuse anyone: Kings, Nobles or Lords, if their acts were aimed at maintaining a Cult, if they professed devout submission to the Gods of Matter, if they shed the Pure Blood or sought degrade it, if they persecuted the Sages or affirmed the heresy of Wisdom, undoubtedly they were priests in disguise, although their functions appeared as opposite. **The Principle for establishing the affiliation of a people allied to the Atlanteans consists of the opposition between the Cult and the Wisdom: the maintenance of a Cult to the Powers of Matter, to Gods who stand above man and approve of his miserable earthly existence, Gods Creators or Determiners of the Destiny of man, places automatically their cultists within the framework of the Cultural Pact, whether or not there are Priests in sight.**

Oppositely, the Gods of the white Atlanteans required neither Cult nor Priests: they spoke directly in the Pure Blood of the Warriors, and these, precisely by listening to their Voices, became Wise. They had not come to conform man in his despicable condition of slave on Earth but to incite the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

human Spirit to rebellion against the Creator God of the material prison and to regain absolute freedom in the Origin, beyond the stars. Here he would always be a servant of the flesh, condemned to the pain and suffering of life; there he would be the God that he had been before, as powerful as Everybody. And, of course, there would be no peace for the Spirit until the Return to the Origin, as long as the original freedom is not regained; **the Spirit was foreigner on Earth and prisoner of Earth**: except he who was asleep, confused in extreme disorientation, spellbound by the illusion of the Great Deception, on Earth the Spirit could only perpetually manifest itself in war against the Powers of Matter that held him prisoner. Yes; peace was in the Origin: here could only be war for the awakened Spirit, that is to say, for the Wise Spirit; and Wisdom could only be opposite to any Cult that forced man to kneel before a God.

The Liberator Gods never spoke of peace but of War and Strategy: and then the Strategy consisted of staying on the alert and preserve the site agreed with the white Atlanteans, until the day when the theater of operations of the Essential War moved back to the Earth. And this was not peace but preparation for war. But meeting the mission, with the Blood Pact, to keep the people on alert, demanded a certain technique, a special way of life that allowed them to live as foreigners on Earth. The white Atlanteans had transferred to the native peoples a similar way of life, many of whose patterns are currently incomprehensible. However, I will try to present the most obvious principles in which it was based to achieve the proposed objectives: simply, it was about three concepts, the **Occupation** principle, the principle of the **Enclosure**, and the principle of the **Wall**; three concepts complemented by that legacy of Atlantean Wisdom that were Agriculture and Livestock.

First of all, the allied peoples of the white Atlanteans should never forget the Occupation principle of the territory and they would have to dispense definitively with the principle of land ownership, supported by the advocates of the brown Atlanteans. In other words, the inhabited earth was occupied land, not own land; occupied to whom? to the Enemy, to the Powers of Matter. The conviction of this main distinction would suffice to maintain the alert because the occupying people were thus aware that the Enemy would try to recover the territory by any means: in the form of the native peoples allied to the brown Atlanteans, as another invading people or as adversity from the Forces of nature. Believing in the ownership of the land, on the contrary, meant lowering their guard against the Enemy, losing the state of alert and succumbing to His Power of Illusion.

Understanding and accepting the principle of Occupation, the native peoples should proceed, secondly, to surround the occupied territory or, at least, point out its area. Why? because the principle of the Enclosure allowed to separate the occupied territory from the enemy territory; **outside the occupied and enclosed area stretched the Enemy's territory**. Only then, when an occupied and enclosed area was available, it was possible to sow and make the land produce.

Indeed, in the strategic way of life inherited from the white Atlanteans, native peoples were obliged to act according to a strict order, that no other principle allowed altering: thirdly, after the occupation and enclosing, **cultivation** could only be practiced. The cause for this rigorosity was the capital importance that the white Atlanteans attributed to the **cultivation** as an act capable of liberating the Spirit or increasing its slavery in Matter. The correct formula was the following: if a people of **Pure Blood** performed the **cultivation** on an **occupied** land, and never forgot the Enemy lurking outside, then, within the **enclosure**, they would be free to rise up to the Spirit and acquire the Highest Wisdom. Otherwise, if they cultivated the land believing in its **property**, the Powers of Matter would emerge from the Earth, they would seize man, and integrate him into the context, turning him into an object of the Gods; consequently, the Spirit would suffer an even more atrocious fall in matter, accompanied by the most harmful illusion, for he would be **"Free"** in his property when he would only be a piece of the organism created by the Gods.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Whoever cultivates the land, without previously occupying and enclosing it, and feels its owner or wants to be, would be engulfed by the regional context and would experience the illusion of **belonging** to it. The property implies a double relationship, reciprocal and inevitable: the property belongs to the owner as much as he belongs to the property; its clear: **there could be no tenure without a prior ownership of the property to be appropriated**. But the one who felt belonging to the land would be unguarded in the face of the Power of Illusion of the Enemy: he would not behave like a foreigner on Earth; like the spiritual man that cultivates in the strategic enclosure, for he would root and love the earth; he would believe in peace and long for that illusion; he would feel **part** of nature and he would accept that the **whole** is the Work of the Gods; he would **dwarf himself** in his lar and would be amazed at the **greatness** of Creation, which surrounds him on all sides; he would never conceive a way out of Creation: rather, such an idea would plunge him into a nameless terror because in it he would intuit an abominable heresy, an insubordination to the Creator's Will that could lead to unpredictable punishments; he would submit to Destiny, to the Will of the Gods that decide it, and he would worship them to win his favor or to appease their anger; he would be softened by fear and would have no strength, no longer to oppose the Gods, nor even to fight against the animal and animic part of himself, but also for the Spirit to dominate the Soul and transform into the Lord of Himself; in the end, he would believe in the ownership of the land but he would belong to the Earth, and would comply verbatim with the provisions of the Enemy Strategy.

The principle of the **Wall** was the factual application of the principle of the Enclosure, its actual projection. According to the Lithic Wisdom of the white Atlanteans, there were many Worlds in which the Spirit was imprisoned and in each one of them the principle of the Wall demanded different concretion: in the physical world, its correct application led to the **Stone Wall**, the most effective strategic enclosure against any pressure from the Enemy. That is why the native peoples who were going to fulfill the mission, and participated in the Blood Pact, were instructed by the white Atlanteans in the construction of stone walls as a fundamental ingredient of their way of life: all those who occupy a land to practice cultivation, in order to support the site of a work of the white Atlanteans also had to build stone walls. The erection of the walls did not depend only on the characteristics of the occupied land but in its construction had to intervene secret principles of the Lithic Wisdom, principles of the Essential War Strategy, principles that only Initiates in the Mystery of Pure Blood, the Wise Warriors, could know. The reason for this condition will be better understood if I say that the white Atlanteans advised "to look with one eye towards the wall and with the other towards the Origin", which would only be possible if the wall was referred in some way towards the Origin.

The principle to establish the filiation of a people allied with the Atlanteans consists in the opposition between Cult and Wisdom: but what are the factual evidences, the concrete evidences, that is, that which is most evident to determine if it is Cult or Wisdom? In any case, it is necessary to observe if the **Temple** or the **War Wall** exists: because the practice of a Cult is indissolubly associated with the existence of a corresponding **Temple**: the Temple is the factual foundation of the Cult, its material extreme; and because the practice of Wisdom is inextricably associated with the existence of a **Strategic Wall**: The War Wall is the factual foundation of the strategic life, its material seat. This principle explains the fact that White Fraternity has sustained on Earth, in all historical times, Communities and Secret Orders specialized in the construction of Temples, those that would collaborate closely with the Priests of the Cultural Pact, and also explains the fact that the Lords of Agartha sustain, through History, the Orders of Builders of Stone Walls, Orders exclusively composed of the white descendants of the white Atlanteans, who master the Lithic Wisdom and the Strategy of the Essential War.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### Fourth Day

For all we have seen, it will be evident that from the strategic way of life only could proceed an extremely austere kind of Culture. Indeed, peoples of the Blood Pact never stood out for any cultural value other than the ability for war. It is that these peoples, at the beginning, behaved like true foreigners on Earth: they occupied the region in which they lived, perhaps for centuries, but always thinking of leaving, always preparing for war, always distrusting the reality of the world and demonstrating essential hostility towards strange Gods. It is therefore not surprising that they made few utensils and even fewer sumptuary objects; However, though scarce, things were perfected enough to remember that they were builder peoples, endowed with skilled craftsmen; to verify it, it would be enough to observe the arms production, in which they always excelled: those were manufactured in ever increasing quantity and quality, fear and respect caused by them being proverbial in the peoples of the Cultural Pact that experienced the effectiveness of its offensive power.

The peoples of the Cultural Pact, contrary to the occupants of the land believed in land ownership, loved the world, and worshiped the propitiatory Gods: their Cultures were always abundant in the production of luxury and ornamental utensils and articles. Among them it was accepted that the work of the land was despicable to man, although it was practiced for obligation: their greatest ability was, instead, in commerce, which served them to spread their cultural objects and impose the Cult of their Gods. According to their beliefs, man had to resign himself to his fate and try to live as best as possible in this world: such was the Will of the Gods, which should not be challenged. And to please that Will, the right thing to do was to serve their representatives on Earth, the Priests and the Kings of the Cult: the Priests transmitted to the people the Voice of the Gods and begged the Gods for the fortune of the people; they stopped the arm of the Kings who were too fond of war and they interceded for the people when the levying of taxes became excessive; they were the authors of the law and often distributed justice; what evils would strike down on the people if the Priests weren't there to appease the anger of the Gods? On the other hand, according to them, it was not necessary to seek Wisdom to progress culturally and achieve a high degree of civilization: it was enough to seek **the perfection of knowledge**, for example, it was enough to overcome the utilitarian value of a utensil and then stylize it into an artistic or sumptuary object. Wisdom was proper to the Gods and it irritated them that man invaded his domains: man should not have wisdom but knowledge and perfect the known, until, within a limit of excellence of the thing, it lead to the knowledge of something else that should also be improved, multiplying in this way the quantity and quality of cultural objects, and evolving towards increasingly complex forms of Culture and Civilization. Thanks to the Priests, then, who condemned the heresy of Wisdom but enthusiastically endorsed the application of knowledge in the production of objects that made the life of man more pleasant, the civilizations of refined customs and exquisite luxuries were in stark contrast to the austere life of the peoples of the Blood Pact.

At first that difference, which was logical, had no effect on the peoples of the Blood Pact, always distrustful of what could weaken their warrior way of life: a fall would occur, the Wise Warriors prophesied, if they allowed foreign Cultures to contaminate their customs. This certainty allowed them to resist for many centuries, while in the world the civilizations of the Cultural Pact grew and spread. However, over the centuries, and for many and varied reasons, the peoples of the Blood Covenant ended up culturally succumbing to the peoples of the Cultural Pact. Without going into details, it can be considered that two were the main causes for that result. On the part of the Blood Pact peoples, a kind of collective **fatigue** that enervated the warrior will: something like the drowsiness that, at times, usually invades the sentinels during a long day of vigilance; that fatigue, that torpor, that volitional weakness, left them defenseless facing the Enemy. On the part of the peoples of the Cultural Pact, a diabolical Strategy, conceived and executed by the Priests,



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

based on exploitation of War Fatigue through the temptation of illusion: thus, the peoples of the Blood Pact with the illusion of peace, with the illusion of truce, with the illusion of cultural progress, with the illusion of comfort, pleasure, luxury, comfort, etc.; perhaps the most effective weapon has been the temptation of love of the beautiful priestesses, specially trained to arouse the sleeping passions of the Warrior Kings.

With the temptation of illusion, the Priests tried to arrange alliances of blood between the fighting peoples, seal the "peace treaties" with the consummation of weddings between members of the reigning nobility; naturally, since they were matings between individuals of the best lineage, and of the same Race, the degradation of the Pure Blood often did not occur. What, then, were the Priests looking for with such unions? To culturally dominate the peoples of the Blood Pact. They were very clear that the Pure Blood, by itself, is not enough to maintain Wisdom if you lack the spiritual will to be free in the Origin, a will that was weakened by the War Fatigue. Wisdom would make the Spirit free at the Origin and more powerful than the Creator God; But in this world, where the Spirit is chained to the animal man, the Cult of the Creator God would end up dominating Wisdom, burying it under the cloak of terror and hatred. Once submitted culturally, the Priests would have time to degrade the Pure Blood of the peoples of the Blood Pact and to fulfill their own Cultural Pact, that is, to destroy the works of the white Atlanteans.

With my people, Dr. Siegnagel, things happened that way. The Kings, tired of fighting and waiting for the return of the Liberator Gods, were tempted by the illusion of a peace that promised them many advantages: if they allied with the peoples of the Cultural Pact they would have access to their "advanced" Culture, they would share their refined customs, they would enjoy the use of the most diverse cultural objects, they would inhabit more comfortable homes, etc.; and alliances would be sealed with convenient marriages, bonds that would save the dignity of the Kings and would not force them to give up Wisdom in front of the Cult. They naively believed that they were making some kind of truce in which they lost nothing and with which they had much to gain: and that belief, that blindness, that madness, that incomprehensible fatigue, that torpor, that spell, was the ruin of my people and the greatest failure to the Pact of Blood with the white Atlanteans, a Lack of Honor. Oh what madness! Believe you could meet in a single hand Cult and Wisdom! The result, the disaster I would say, was that Priests crossed the walls and settled among the Wise Warriors; there they intrigued until imposing their Cults and got them to forget the Wisdom; and finally, they eagerly set out to rescue the Stones of Venus, those were promptly sent to the White Fraternity through messengers that traveled to distant regions. Only very few Initiates had the Honor and Courage of resisting such a repudiable surrender and arranged the means to preserve the Stone of Venus and what was remembered of Wisdom.

Among such Initiates was one of my remote ancestors, who encased the Stone of Venus in the garrison of an iron sword: it was that a weapon of imposing beauty and remarkable symbolism; in addition to holding the Stone of Venus, the arriaz broke up into two iron hawks that protected the hilt and gave the set the shape of an inverted trident; the hilt, for its part, was made of bone white as ivory, but spiraled, and it was affirmed with conviction that it belonged to the Unicorn, mythical animal that represented the spiritual man; and the knob, of iron like the blade, also had a pair of raised hawks, which formed a second inverted trident. In the Middle Ages, as will be seen, other Initiates engraved on the sheet the inscription "honor et mortis". Well, that Initiate established the law that the weapon should belong only to the Kings of the original lineage, to the descendants of the white Atlanteans. Vain were, in this case, the attempts made by generations of Priests to get rid of the Wise Sword, so-called by the people: as you will see, it was preserved while it was possible, and then, when it was no longer possible, it was kept hidden until the days of Lito de Tharsis, the ancestor who came to America in 1534.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I repeat it: the folly of bringing together Worship and Wisdom into a single Lineage caused a disaster in the peoples of the Blood Pact: **the interruption of the initiatory chain.** So it happened that at one point, when the Gods of the Cult were imposed, the Voice of the Pure Blood was extinguished and the Initiates lost the possibility of listening to the Liberator Gods: the will to return to the Origin had long weakened and now lacked guidance. Without the Voice, and without the orientation towards the Origin, there was no longer Wisdom to transmit, the Sign of the Origin would not be seen on the Stone of Venus. The Initiates suddenly realized that something had been cut between them and the Liberator Gods. And they realized, very late, that the future of the mission and the Covenant of Blood would depend as never before on the struggle between the Cult and Wisdom, but a struggle that since then would no longer develop outside but inside, in the field of blood. What did the Initiates do when verifying that irreversible reality, the darkness that fell upon the Spirit, to counteract it? Most of them did the same. Based on the principle that whatever exists in this world it is just a gross imitation of the things of the True World, and faced with the impossibility of locating the Origin and the Path to the True World, they chose to use the last remnants of Wisdom to capture in the Purest Blood Strains a "family mission" consisting of **the unconscious understanding, with the Sign of the Origin, of an Archetype.** It should be noted how modest this objective is: the Ancient Initiates, the Wise Warriors, they were able to "understand the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin"; and the serpent is a Symbol **that contains all the archetypes created by the God of the Universe,** a Symbol that was consciously understood with the **uncreated** Sign of the Origin. Now the Initiates proposed, and there were no other options, for a family to work "blindly" on a created Archetype, trying to make the Symbol of the Origin present in the blood and understand it casually one day and reveal the Truth of the Uncreated Form.

In short, Dr. Siegnagel, to certain Lineages, through whose veins runs the Divine blood of the white Atlanteans, was assigned a family mission, an objective to be achieved with the passage of countless generations that would repeat perpetually the same drama, revolving around the same Archetype. As the Alchemist stirs the lead, members of the chosen family would repeat tirelessly the tests laid down by the ancestors, until one of them one day, turning around a circle traveled a thousand times under other skies, reached to fulfill the family mission, then purifying his **astral blood.** Thus would occur a transmutation that would allow him to trace the involution of the Kaly Yuga or Dark Age, return to the Origin and acquire Wisdom again.

It is obvious to clarify that the family mission would be secret and that it is currently unknown to members of the descendants of the white Atlanteans. The mission required compliance with a specific guideline whose content would not necessarily relate to the goals or objectives of the cultural community to which the chosen Lineage belonged; even, according to the Epoch, the pattern could be incomprehensible or simply collide with cultural canons in vogue. But none of this would matter because the mission was embodied in the family blood, in the Tree of the Lineage, and the descending branches would go inevitably tending toward the pattern, in an unconscious and superhuman effort for overcoming the spiritual fall. Of course, the specific guideline described the Archetype to be understood in the blood, with the Symbol of the Origin, to transcend it and reach the Uncreated Form. Some families, for example, were entrusted with the perfection of a stone, a vegetable, an animal, a symbol, a color, a sound, a specific organic function or instinct, etc. The perfection of the patterned thing required to penetrate its intimate essence to touch the metaphysical limits, that is, until conforming to the perfect form of the created Archetype: Therefore, considering that the Archetype created is only a mere copy of the Uncreated Form, it would be possible to orient oneself back to the Origin if the Archetype was understood with the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood; and there was the Wisdom.

The family mission did not culminate, then, with the simple transcendent apprehension of the created Archetype but demanded its spiritual **re-creation.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Starting from a quality existing in the world, it would be turned over again and again, tirelessly, for eons, until penetrating the intimate essence and concretizing its archetypal perfection: it would then **re-create** the quality in the Spirit and it would be understood with the Symbol of the Origin. Only then would it be given the condition of Existence for the Spirit, only thus would the Spirit be something existent beyond the created: not perceiving the illusion of the created but recreating the perceived in the Spirit and understanding it with the Uncreated. By fulfilling in that way with the family mission, the astral blood, not the hemoglobin, would be purified and would make possible a transmutation that is typical of the Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors, that which transforms man into an immortal superman.

In the course of this non-evolutionary path, those summoned, those called to fulfill the family mission, will be able to "magically" **create** various things. The Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood obtain, for example, a magical wine, **soma, haoma or amrita**, after a millenary distillation of the prescribed liquor, it is incorporated into the blood, recreated, like a transmuting nectar. Also the manipulation of sound allows to arrive at a superior harmony, a music of the spheres; the Spirit, vibrating in a single note, om, recreates the ineffable essence of logos, the Creator Word. And both that nectar and this sound, or other similar archetypal forms can be recreated in the Spirit and understood by the Symbol of the Origin, understood by the Uncreated, opening thus the doors to the Origin and Wisdom.

Your family, Dr. Siegnagel, was destined to produce an archetypal honey, the exquisite juice of the sweet. Since ancient times, your ancestors have worked all forms of sugar, from cultivation to refining; from the coarsest molasses to the most excellent honeys. One day the empirical handling and a metaphysical sugar, that is, an Archetype, was incorporated into the astral blood of the family, beginning a slow process of interior refining that culminates in you. Today the metaphysical sugar has been adjusted to the archetypal perfection and the effort of thousands of ancestors has condensed in your person: the sweetness sought is in your Heart. It's up to you to take the last step of transmutation, to **recreate** that archetypal sugar in the Spirit, **and understand it with the Symbol of the Origin**. But I'm not the one who should speak to you of this, because your ancestors will be present one day, all together, and will demand from you the fulfillment of the mission.

### Fifth Day

Now, I've already told you this essential background, I will enter fully into my family's history, Dr. Siegnagel. It directly descends, as I anticipated, from the white Atlanteans and, of course, from the Ancient Divine Hyperboreans. Thousands of years ago, the Iberians were also victims of that War Fatigue that was causing a generalized amnesia in the descendants of the white Atlanteans. First, the austerity of customs was loosened, and the urban habits of the peoples of the Cultural Covenant were allowed to merge with the strategic way of life: that cultural penetration had a decisive impact on the demoralization of the people, on the loss of their warrior alert. Then the blood alliances were sealed that, according to the deceit suffered by the last Wise Warriors, would realize the illusions of peace, wealth, comfort, progress, etc. Logically, together with the Princes and Princesses of the peoples of the Cultural Pact, the Priests came to impose their Cults of the Treacherous Gods and the Powers of Matter. The warriors thus lost their spirituality, they knew fear and speculated with the value of life: they would still be able to fight, but only to the limits of fear, like animals; and, of course, they would become "fearful of the Gods", respectful of their Supreme Wills that no one would dare to challenge; therefore, they would no longer look up from Earth, nor would they seek the Origin. Henceforth only the heroes would star in the feats that the warriors now did not dare to perform: a sad place of exception reserved for

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Heroes, when in the days of the white Atlanteans the entire Race was a community of Heroes.

The triumph of the Cult caused Wisdom to be forgotten. The Spirit went numbing in the Pure Blood and only those Wise Warriors who still retained a remnant of lucidity, hit upon the desperate resource of capturing the "Family mission". In the case of our Lineage, Dr. Siegnagel, the madness of gathering in one hand the Worship and Wisdom led my ancestors to a demented proposal: they established **the perfection of the Cult as a pattern**. That is to say that the thing to be perfected would not be a mere quality for us, such as colour or sound, but the Cult itself imposed by the Priests, the Worship of a Deity revealed by the dark Atlanteans. And I mean precisely **Belisana**, the Goddess of Fire. But, **every Cult is the description of an Archetype**: the family mission thus required the insane goal of perfecting the Cult until adjusting it to its Archetype, the one who was so soon a Goddess, that is, a Face of the Creator God; and, as a culmination, it was ordered to re-create that Archetype in the Spirit, that Goddess, and understand it with the Uncreated Symbol of the Origin: this was like pretending that the Spirit of a descendant member of the family lineage would one day encompass the Creator God, and the entire Universe, to understand it later with the Symbol of the Origin! In other words, it was like demanding, in the end, the Highest Wisdom, the fulfillment of the mandate of the white Atlanteans: **understand the serpent, with the Symbol of the Origin!**

I couldn't assure you if this mind-blowing proposition was the product of the madness of my ancestors or obeyed a higher inspiration, a request that the Liberator Gods made to the Lineage: perhaps They knew from the beginning the principle that one of ours would come to fulfill the family mission and would awaken, as a Wise Warrior, at the very moment when the Final Battle took place on Earth. Because, if we rule out an act of madness from the Wise Warriors, and we accept that they acted with full awareness of what they were supposed to achieve, the extreme difficulty of such a mission is not explained unless its fulfillment contributed to the Essential War Strategy and they had trust in the help and the invisible guidance of the Liberator Gods. Maybe, then, the Liberator Gods wanted to count during the Final Battle with Initiates capable of **meeting them face to face**, and would have decided to endow certain lineages, like mine, with the appropriate instrument for this, that is, **understanding the Archetype of the Gods**. This need is understood by means of an ancient idea that the white Atlanteans transmitted to the Wise Warriors of my people: according to that revelation, the Liberator Gods were Uncreated Spirits that freely existed outside of all material determination; but the Spirits chained in Matter, in the animal man, had lost the Origin and, with it, the ability to perceive the Uncreated: they could only relate to what was created, to archetypal forms; that is why the Liberator Gods used to employ "as clothing" some Archetypes of Gods to manifest themselves to men: naturally, such manifestations would only take place in front of Hyperborean Initiates, because only Initiates would be able to transcend "the clothes", the forms of the created Archetypes, and resist "face to face" the Terrible Presences of the Liberator Gods. Being thus, perhaps They would have wanted an Initiate of my Lineage to arrive one day, presumably during the Final Battle, to contact the Hyperborean Goddess that usually manifests itself through Belisana, which the white Atlanteans called **Frya** and the Ancient Hyperboreans **Lilith**.

Whatever the case, by madness or Divine inspiration, the truth is that the pattern of that mission determined that our family devote itself with ardor to the perfection of the Cult of the Goddess Belisana. Surely such a special dedication to the practice of a Cult has been redeeming because, for many generations, ours was believed to be a lineage of Priests: indeed, the first descendants in the family mission would not differ much from the most fanatical Fire-worshipping Priests. However, over the course of generations, members emerged who penetrated more and more into the essence of the igneous.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Goddess Belisana was represented, in the primitive Cult, by the Flame of a Perennial Lamp of the brown Atlanteans. The Perennial Lamps, the Priests had yielded to seal the blood alliances between members of the people of the Cultural Pact and the Blood Pact, and as the safer magical means to enforce the Cult over the Wisdom. Thus, among my Iberian people, a Wise Warrior married an Iberian princess, that was also a Priestess of the Cult of the Goddess Belisana, and she received from her, as a dowry, that lamp whose Flame never went out. Absurdly my family then possessed the Wise Sword, with the Stone of Venus of the white Atlanteans, and the Perennial Lamp, with the Flame of the brown Atlanteans. But the Wise Sword would not play its role yet: it was only jealously preserved, for family tradition, since the ability to see the Sign of the Origin on the Stone of Venus had been lost. Instead, all attention was given to the Perennial Lamp, the Cult of the Sacred Flame. Thus, there were descendants who managed to perfect the Divine Flame, bringing it closer and closer to the igneous archetype of the Goddess. And there were also descendants who managed to isolate and apprehend the essence of the igneous, incorporating the Archetype of Fire in the family blood. When this happened, some ancestors, wisely, left the Cult of the Flame and retired to a Manor in the South of Spain. They left the Perennial Lamp to the remaining relatives, who were unable to miss the Cult, and kept the Wise Sword, which for those meant nothing. Of course, those who were left in the custody of the Perennial Lamp continued to be Kings or Priests because the people were completely devoted to the Cult of the Goddess Belisana: those who retired, my direct ancestors, had to relinquish all their rights to the royal succession. Nevertheless, they held some power as Lords of the House of Tharsis, close to Huelva, in Andalusia.

It was then that they adopted the **Barbel Unicorn** as a symbol of the House of Tharsis. At first they represented that mythical fish on their shields or in primitive coats of arms, but in the Middle Ages, as will be seen, it was incorporated heraldically to the family's coat of arms. The barbel knight, **barbus eques**, is the most common in the rivers of Spain, especially in the Odiel that circulated at a few meters from Tharsis; the fish receives such a name due to four barbels that it has in the lower jaw, which is very prominent. However, the barbel referred to by the Lords of Tharsis was a fish with a frontal horn and five barbels. The myth that justified the symbol affirmed that the barbel, moving through the river Odiel, was similar to the Soul passing through the transcendent Time of Life: a representation of the animal man. But the descendants of the white Atlanteans were not like the animal man because they possessed an Uncreated Spirit chained in the created Soul: then the barbel did not represent them specifically. Hence the addition of the spiral horn, which corresponded to the instrument used by the Traitor Gods to chain the Uncreated Spirit, that is, to the **Kalachakra Key**; naturally, the Uncreated Spirit was unrepresentable, and that's why they hinted at it, leaving unfinished, in the representations of the barbel unicorn, the tip of the horn: beyond the horn, to an infinite distance, was the Uncreated Spirit, absurdly related with Created Matter. And the barbel's beard, of course, signified the inheritance of Navutan, the number of Venus.

Naturally, the Lords of Tharsis continued to practice the Cult of Belisana because, until Lito de Tharsis, there was none who understood the family mission and, furthermore, because it was established and sanctioned by the laws of my people. But the secret goal of the family mission inexorably drove its participants to spiritually recreate the Igneous Archetype, and that marked them with an unmistakable sign: they acquired the fame of being a family of mystics and adventurers, if not dangerous madmen. And some truth was there in such fables because that Fire in the blood, at first uncontrolled, caused the most intense extremes of violence and passion: there were those who experienced in their lives the most terrible hatred and the most sublime love that is humanly conceivable; and all that experience was condensed and synthesized in the Tree of Blood and genetically transmitted to the heirs of the Lineage. Over time, extreme trends went away separating and periodically, arising Lords who were pure Love or pure Courage, that is to say, great "Mystics"

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and great "Warriors". Among the first were those who claimed that the Ancient Goddess "had settled in the heart" and that her Flame "lit them in an ecstasy of Love"; among the second, those who, on the contrary, affirmed that "She had frozen their hearts", had infused with such Courage that they were now as hard "as the rocks of Tharsis". The Ladies also participated in this selection: they felt the Fire of the Blood as a God, whom they identified as Beleno; "Belisana's husband", actually this Beleno, God of Fire known to the Greeks as Apollo, the Hyperborean, was an igneous Archetype employed since the days of Atlantis by the most powerful of the Liberator Gods as "clothing" to manifest to men: I refer to the Great Chief of the Hyperborean Spirits, Lucifer, "He Who challenges with the Power of Wisdom, the Power of Illusion of the Creator God", the Envoy of the Incognizable God, the true Kristos of Uncreated Light.

Therefore, it was necessary that from the Lineage of the Lords of Tharsis sprouted the offspring who would fulfill the family mission, the one who recreated in the Spirit the Fire of the Gods and understood it with the Symbol of the Origin. I anticipate you, Dr. Siegnagel, that there were only **two** who had that possibility to an eminent degree: Lito de Tharsis, in the 16th century, and my son Noyo nowadays. But, let's go towards this step by step.

### Sixth Day

The Sierra Catochar was always rich in gold and silver. While my people was strong in the Iberian Peninsula, that wealth allowed the Lords of Tharsis to live with great splendor. The strategic way of life had been forgotten thousands of years before acquiring the rights of that Manor and no longer was the land "occupied" to practice magic cultivation: at that time, it was believed in the ownership of the land and in the power of gold. All the Kingdoms were infested with traders and merchants who offered, for gold, the most precious things: spices, goods, clothing, utensils, jewelry, and even weapons; yes, the weapons that in the past were produced by each combatant people, being the most perfect monopolized by the Blood Pact peoples, then they could be purchased from dealers for a handful of gold. And the Lords of Tharsis, with their gold and silver, bought half their crops from the peasants; the other half, minus what was necessary to survive, corresponded as is logical to the Lords of Tharsis for being the "owners" of the land. And the surplus of those foods, along with the gold and silver that were abundant, went to the ports of Huelva, which was then called Onuba, to become merchandise of the most varied kind.

The Phoenicians, descendants of the Red Race of Atlantis, were counted among the peoples that joined the Cultural Pact from the outset. In the past they had been sworn enemies of the Iberians: only a hundred years before my family reached the Lordship of Tharsis, the Phoenicians had occupied the citadel of "Tarshish", which was located near the confluence of the rivers Tinto and Odiel. Finally, after a brief but fierce war, my people regained the square, although conditioned by a peace treaty that allowed the free trade of the red men. From Tarshish to Onuba, in small river or caravan transport, and from Onuba to the Middle East in ships from overseas, the Phoenicians monopolized the traffic of goods since the presence of merchants from other peoples was incomparably smaller. Without judging here the cultural impact that that commercial transit caused in the customs of my people, the truth is that the Lords of Tharsis ruled a quiet country, which was becoming famous for its wealth and prosperity.

But behold, that illusory peace soon came to be disturbed; and not precisely, as might be concluded from a superficial observation, because the Tharsis gold would have aroused the greed of foreign peoples and conquerors. Such greed existed, and invaders and conquerors there were many, however, the main reason for all the problems, and finally the ruin of the House of Tharsis, was **the arrival of the Golen.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

From the 8th century B.C., approximately since Sargon, the King of Assyria, destroyed the Kingdom of Israel, the Golen began to appear in the Iberian Peninsula. At the beginning they came accompanying the Phoenician merchants and landed in all Mediterranean ports, but later it was found that they were also advancing by land, accompanying a Scythian people whom they had dominated in Asia Minor. This people, which was of our own Race, crossed Europe from East to West and arrived in Spain two centuries later, when the destructive work of the accursed Golen was quite advanced. The Golen, for their part, clearly showed that they belonged to another Race, which they proudly confirmed: they were members, they boasted, of the People Chosen by the Creator God to reign on Earth. Their teachers had been the Egyptian Priests and they came, therefore, in representation of the brown Atlanteans. All the native peoples of the peninsula, and also the one who later arrived with the Golen, no longer remembered the strategic way of life and were in the power of Priests of different Cults: the mission of the Golen was precisely to demonstrate their priestly authority and unify the Cults. For this they had diabolical powers, which reminded without doubts brown Atlanteans, and a cruelty without limits.

The Creator God and the Powers of Matter sent them to reaffirm the Cultural Pact. The times were ripe for man to receive a new revelation, a knowledge that would bring more peace, progress and civilization than that reached until then by the peoples of the Cultural Pact, an idea that would one day make these assets permanent and end forever with evil and with wars: that revelation, that knowledge, that idea, was synthesized in the following concept: **the singularity of God behind the plurality of Cults**. The Golen had indeed come to enlighten the peoples, and the Priests of all Cults, on the multiplicity of faces of God and the necessary unity that God maintains in its own sphere; this would be the formula: "above all things are the Gods and above all Gods is The One". That is why they did not intend to replace the Gods, nor change their Names, not even alter the form of the Cults: "it is natural, they said, that God has many Names since He exhibits many Faces; It is understandable, too, that there are several Cults to worship the different Faces of God; none of this offends God, none of this questions his unity; but where The One will be inflexible with man, where he will not accept apologies, where he will pose his Thousand Righteous Eyes, will be at the sacrifice of the Cult". Because, whatever the form of the Cult, "the Sacrifice is One", that is, Sacrifice takes part in The One.

According to this novel revelation, the unity of the Creator God was checked in the ritual Sacrifice; and the worship of the Creator God, for every Cult, was demonstrated by the ritual Sacrifice. Oh! Dr., even though nowadays those Cults seem so far away in time, I can't think without shuddering of horror in the thousands and thousands of human victims caused by the discovery of the Golen.

I must now turn to a rugged aspect of the behavior of the Golen. Perhaps the key is in the fact that they considered the Creator God, in its absolute unity, as **masculine**. The One, in effect, was a male God and there was nothing higher or lower than Him that balanced or neutralized that polarity. They admitted a relative cosmic androgyny up to a certain level, populated by Gods and Goddesses duly paired; but at the top, like Creator and Lord of the other Gods, there was The One, who was neither androgynous nor neutral but **masculine**. The One did not admit Goddesses by his side because He was enough to himself to exist: he was a **lonely male** God. With such an aberrant conception, not surprisingly, the Golen were also lonely men. However, although the key to their conduct is here, it shouldn't be so easy to derive from it the principle that led them to practice onanism and ritual sodomy among themselves.

Because of their habit of living in the woods, far from the people, and their depraved practices, many believed that the Golen came from Phrygia, where there was an ancient Cult of the male Bee Bute, which was also performed by Sodomite Priests: there the Priests were castrated voluntarily and the temple was guarded by a court of eunuchs. Others supposed them to come from India,

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

where it was known from old, a Cult of worshipers of the phallus. But the Golen did not come from Phrygia or India but from the Land of Canaan and did not practice castration or phallus worship but plain and simple sodomy: they had banished the woman just as their God had dethroned all the Goddesses; led a lonely life and often exempt from pleasures, except ritual sodomy, which represented the Self-Sufficiency of Him.

Logically, while the Golen were extremely tolerant towards the form of the Cults, and the only thing they did not compromise on was the unity of God in the Sacrifice, it is understood that they manifested predilection towards the peoples whose Cults were personified in male Gods and certain contempt for goddess worshipers. In the very short term, this attitude of indifference or contempt, if not outright rejection, that the Golen dispensed to the Goddesses, was going to collide with the particular form that had acquired in my Iberian people the Cult of Belisana.

But they certainly had the support of the Powers of Matter. Otherwise its success would not be explained, since in relatively little time, they managed to dominate the peoples of Hispania, and even those of Hibernia, Britannia, Armorica and Gaul. Despite the growing power of the Golen, their sinister doctrine would have done no harm to the Lords of Tharsis, always ready to accept whatever contributes to perfecting the practice of the Cult. It was not the Sacrifices to The One that determined the fate of my family but another activity that the Golen carried out with great energy: they sought, by all means, enforce the second part of the Cultural Pact. That is to say, although it was no longer necessary to wage war on the peoples of the Blood Pact, since they were culturally defeated, many megalithic works of the white Atlanteans remained intact, and that constituted "a sin that cried out to Heaven". "The peoples of the Cultural Pact failed to meet their commitments with the Gods and that guilt would be severely punished"; however, and luckily for them, there was a solution: to practice the Sacrifice with the utmost rigor and to support the Golen in the fulfillment of the mission. In other words, native peoples should now consecrate themselves to the Sacrifice, sacrifice themselves and sacrifice others and, as a reward, the Golen would free them from the Divine punishment by executing They Themselves the destruction of megalithic works or their neutralization. This would be everything, if it wasn't for the Gods had issued a warning and whoever ignored it, would risk being mercilessly destroyed as a lesson to men: what was not going to be forgiven in any way from now on, because the Patience of the Gods was exhausted, was the memory of the Blood Pact and the search for the Wisdom. This was the forbidden, the abominable in the eyes of the Gods. But what was most forbidden, and most abominable, an irredeemable sin, was undoubtedly wanting to preserve the Stone of Venus. Whoever did not voluntarily surrender to the Priests of the Cult, or the Golen, the Stone of Venus, would suffer **the sentence of extermination**, that is, would pay for it with the destruction of his kindred, with the annihilation of all members of the Lineage.

Needless to say, the Golen seized, very early, almost all of the Stones that were still in the hands of the native peoples. Unlike the Priests of the Cult, they only sent some to the White Fraternity: others were reserved for use in acts of magic, for they boasted to know its secrets and to be able to use them in benefit of their plans; and they called them, pejoratively, **snake eggs**. The Lords of Tharsis, of course, never trusted the Golen or were intimidated by their threats. But the Wise Sword was a reality that had become a popular legend and one that could not be seriously denied: the Golen suspected, from the first moment, that there was a secret vestige from the Blood Pact in that weapon. Since the Lords of Tharsis did not agree to give it up voluntarily, and it could not be bought at any price, they decided to apply all the resources of their magic against them, the diabolical powers with which the Powers of Matter had endowed them. And here the Golen's surprise was huge because they verified that those powers could do nothing against the insane Fire that ignited the blood of the Lords of Tharsis. The madness, mystical or warrior, that distinguished them as unpredictable and untamed men, also placed them



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

beyond the reach of the magic spells of the Golen. There was no other alternative for these, according to their demonic designs, than to seize by force the Wise Sword and subject the House of Tharsis to the penalty of extermination.

This was, Dr. Siegnagel, the real reason for the continuous state of war in which the Lords of Tharsis should live from now on, which meant the definitive loss of the illusory sovereignty enjoyed until then, and not the "greed" that foreign peoples and conquerors could have fed for their riches. On the contrary, there did not exist in the whole world a King, Lord, or simple adventurer of war, whom the Golen would not have tempted with the conquest of Tharsis, with the fabulous loot in gold and silver that would be won by whoever attempted the feat. And it was their intrigues that caused the constant siege of bandits and pirates. While they could, the Lords of Tharsis resisted the pressure using their own means, that is, with the help of the warriors of my people. But when that was no longer possible, especially when they learned that the Phoenicians of Tiro were gathering a powerful mercenary army in the Balearic Islands to invade and colonize Tharsis, they had no other way out than to accept the help, naturally interested, of a foreign people. In this case they requested help from Lidia, a Pelasgian Nation of the Aegean Sea, composed of distinguished sailors whose overseas vessels docked in Onuba two or three times a year to trade with the people of Tharsis: they had the defect that they were also merchants, and producers of expendable merchandise, and were accustomed to practices and habits much more "culturally advanced" than the "primitive" Iberians; but, in compensation, exhibited the important quality that they were of our own Race and they showed an undeniable ability for warfare.

By "Pelasgians" history has known a group of peoples settled in different regions of the Mediterranean and Tyrrhenian coasts, of the peninsula Aegean, and Asia Minor. So, to find a common origin in all of them, I have to refer to the Beginning of History, to the times after the Atlantean catastrophe, when the white Atlanteans instituted the Blood Pact with the natives of the Iberian Peninsula. In truth, then there was only one native people, which was separated according to the exogamous Atlantean laws into three large groups: that of the Iberians, that of the Basques, and that of those who would later become the Pelasgians. In turn, each of these large groups was internally subdivided into three in all the tribal social organizations of the villages, towns and Kingdoms. That unique people would be known after the departure of the white Atlanteans as **Vitrions** or **Vrtrions**, that is to say, cattlemen; but the Name did not take long to become **Vitrions**, **Vetrions**, and, under the influence of other peoples, especially of the Phoenicians, in **Verions** or **Gerions**. The "Giant Geryon", with a pair of legs, that is, with a single racial base, but triple the waist up, that is, with three bodies and three heads, comes from an ancient Pelasgian Myth in which the original people are represented with the triple exogamous division imposed by the white Atlanteans; over the centuries, the three big groups of the native people were identified by their particular names and forgot the original unity: the rivalries and intrigues stimulated from the Cultural Pact contributed to this, ending each group convinced of their racial and cultural individuality. I have already mentioned the Iberians, because of them I descend, and I will continue to quote them in this story; I will say nothing about the Basques except that they early betrayed the Pact of Blood and allied themselves to the Cultural Pact, error that they would pay with much suffering and great strategic confusion, since they were a people of Very Pure Blood; And as for the Pelasgians, the case is pretty simple. When the white Atlanteans left, they were accompanied en masse by the Pelasgians, who had been entrusted with the task of transporting them by sea to Asia Minor. There they said goodbye to the white Atlanteans and decided to remain in the area, eventually leading to the formation of a large confederation of peoples. Successive invasions forced on many occasions to abandon their settlements, but, as they had become excellent navigators, they managed to come out well of all trances: however, those displacements would

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

bring them again in the direction of the Iberian Peninsula; in the moment that the alliance with the Lydians takes place, 8th century B.C., other Pelasgian groups already occupy Italy and Gaul under the name of Etruscans, Tyrrhenians, Truscans, Taruscans, Rusicans, Rassenas, etc. The group of Lydians summoned by the Lords of Tharsis, still remained in Asia Minor, although at that time enduring a terrible food shortage; recognized by traditions the close kinship that united them to the Iberians, but claimed descent from the legendary "King Manes", ancestor who would be none other than "Manu", the perfect archetype of the animal man, imposed in their Cults by the Priests of the Cultural Pact.

Once the agreement was reached with the ambassadors of the King of Lydia, which included the usual exchange of princesses, dozens of Pelasgian ships began to arrive at the ports of Tharsis. They came full of fearsome warriors, but they also brought many settler families willing to establish themselves definitively among those distant relatives, who had so much fame for their wealth and prosperity. That peaceful invasion did not excite too much my people, but they could do nothing because they all understood the imminence of the "Phoenician danger". Danger that disappeared as soon as these noticed the change of situation and evaluated the cost that the conquest of Tharsis would now have. For this time the Golen were outwitted; but they wouldn't forget the Wise Sword, nor to the Lords of Tharsis, nor the sentence of extermination that weighed on them.

In those circumstances, the alliance with the Pelasgians was a success from every point of view. The Lydians were among the first peoples of the Blood Pact who had beaten the iron taboo and knew the secret of casting and forging: at that time, iron swords were the most powerful weapons on Earth. However, despite being notable merchants, they never sold an iron weapon, they only produced them in fair quantity for their own uses. Instead, they made a large number of bronze weapons for the sale or barter: hence their interest in settling in Tharsis, whose premium quality copper vein was known since legendary times, when the Atlanteans crossed the Western Sea and mined copper with the help of the Ray of Poseidon. The copper had hardly been mined by the Lords of Tharsis, dazzled by the gold and silver that bought everything. The association with Lydians essentially modified this criterion and introduced a novel lifestyle: the one based on the production of cultural objects on a large scale intended exclusively for trade.

A dissuasive stone wall was built around the ancient citadel of Tharsis, which the Pelasgians called Tartessos and ended up giving name to the country, with a perimeter now encompassing an area four or five times bigger. The old citadel had been transformed into a huge market and in the new fortified spaces, workshops and factories emerged day by day. Fabrics, dresses, footwear, utensils, pots, furniture, gold and silver objects, copper and bronze, there was practically no merchandise that could not be bought in Tartessos: and except for tin, essential for the bronze industry, which was obtained in Albion, everything, even food, was produced in Tartessos.

Obviously under the influence of the Cultural Pact, the alliance between my people and the Lydians culminated in a civilizing explosion. Very soon the old Manor of Tharsis became 'the Tartessian Kingdom' and, in a few centuries, it expanded throughout Andalusia: the Tartessians then founded important cities, such as Menace, today called Torre del Mar, or Masita, which the Carthaginian usurpers renamed Cartagena. Its fleet became as powerful as the Phoenician and its trade, highly competitive for the better quality of products, managed to seriously jeopardize the Red Men's economy. It was not until the 4th century BC, due to the Greek colonization and the expansion of the Phoenician colony of Carthage, that the Mediterranean commercial and maritime supremacy declined somewhat for the Tartessians.

I must insist that being close relatives greatly facilitated integration with the Pelasgians. This could be verified especially in the case of the Cult, where there was almost no difference between the two peoples because the Lydians also worshiped the Goddess of Fire, whom they knew like Belilith. In a few words:

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

for the Lydians, Beleno was "Bel", and Belisana, "Belilith"; also, because they came from a region where the Cultural Pact had greater influence, they presented some differences in the language and in the sacred alphabet; the ancient Pelasgian language, which was still spoken quite purely by my people, had suffered from the influx of semitic and asian languages; however, that navigational jargon was more suitable for the overseas trade that they practiced. The other difference was in the alphabet: thousands of years ago my people had forgotten the Language of the Birds; however, the last Initiates, and later the Priests of the Flame, preserved the sacred alphabet of thirteen plus three Vrunas, which they represented with sixteen signs formed with straight lines and to which they had associated a sound of the common language; thus, thirteen consonants and three vowels were available; vowels only the Lords of Tharsis knew because they expressed the secret Pelasgian Name, of the Moon Goddess, something like Ioa; well then: the novelty brought by the Lydians was a sacred alphabet composed of thirteen plus five letters; that is, by eighteen signs that represented individual sounds of the common language; it also had thirteen consonants, but the vowels were five: and, the two added, the Lydians could no longer suppress them without losing more than half their words. Of all this, the most important thing that should be agreed from the start, was the Name of the Goddess and the number of the sacred alphabet. Regarding the first, it was agreed to refer to the Goddess, from now on, by a more ancient name, which had been common to the two peoples: Pyrene; since then, Belisana and Belilith, would be for the Tartessians the Goddess of Fire Pyrene. Regarding the latter, the Lords of Tharsis, who were on that occasion urged by enemy pressure, had no choice but to accept the imposition of the sacred alphabet of eighteen letters: the only consolation, they ironized, consisted in the fact that "number eighteen was much more pleasing to the Goddess than sixteen".

Otherwise, the Lydians had suffered a similar fate to that of my people. At some point in their history they were won by War Fatigue and they ended yielding to the peoples of the Cultural Pact; their last Initiates managed to embody the "family missions" into an even greater number of Lineages than those existing among mine; that explained the great amount of families of artisans, specialized in the most varied trades, that integrated the people of the Lydians.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca



Trade between Iberians and Phoenicians

### *Seventh Day*

The Sierra Morena is part of the Marianic partition that separates the South of Andalusia from the rest of the Iberian Peninsula; from the Mediterranean, off the Balearic Islands, up to Monte Gordo at the mouth of the Guadiana river, its relief has an approximate length of six hundred kilometres. At the western end, giving rise to the Odiel river, drawn from East to Southwest is the Sierra de Aracena, on one of whose hills is located the Templar castle to which I will refer later. Numerous chains of smaller mountain ranges extend further south: one of them is that of Río Tinto, where the river of the same name comes from; another is that of Catochar, seat of the main mines of the House of Tharsis. The rivers Tinto and Odiel descend towards the Gulf of Cadiz and converge, a few kilometers before the coast, forming a wide estuary. In the strip of land between the two rivers, on the mouth of the Odiel, the fluvial and maritime city of Onuba has been located since ancient times, today called Huelva. And about twenty-five kilometers from Onuba, Odiel above, was the ancient citadel of Tharsis, in the surroundings of the current town of Valverde del Camino.

The Tinto river, or Pinto, receives that name because its waters turn reddish, stained by the iron ore collected in the Sierra de Aracena. The Odiel, on the other hand, has always been a sacred river for the Iberians and that is why they identified it with the most important Yrune, which designates the Name of Navutan, the Great Chief of the white Atlanteans. Apparently, Navutan meant Lord (Na) Vutan, in the language of the white Atlanteans; the different Indo-German peoples who participated in the Blood Pact, but then fell to the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, concluded that it was a God and worshiped him under different Names, all derived from Navutan: thus, it was called Nabu

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

(from Nabu-So); Wothan (from Na-Vutan, Na-Wothan); Odan or Odin (from Nav-Odan, Nav-Odin); Odiel or Odal (from Nav-Odiel, Nav-Odal); etc.

Five kilometers north of the citadel of Tharsis, in the system of the Sierra Catochar, is the Monte Char, a name that meant Fire and Verb in various Iberian dialects. At its top there was an ash forest that was venerated by the Iberians in memory of Navután: there the white Atlanteans had erected a huge menhir marked with His Vruné. They had planted it in the center of the forest, in a place that, strangely, was populated by a small group of apple trees. In the days of the Lords of Tharsis, only one survived of those apple trees, and no one could explain whether the others had dissappeared for natural causes or intentional felling. The one that remained was planted at about twenty steps from the menhir and you could clearly see that it was a tree several times centennial.

All pre-Greek Mediterranean antiquity knew of the existence of the "Apple Tree of Tharsis", to which, the devotees of the Goddess of Fire used to undertake annual pilgrimages. In the beginning, indeed, the ash trees and apple trees were associated with Navutan and Frya, respectively. Later, after the blood alliance with the peoples of the Cultural Pact, the Priests consecrated the Apple Tree of Tharsis to the Goddess Belisana and they established the custom of celebrating the Cult at the foot of its ancient trunk. For that they built a stone altar composed of two columns and a transversal slab, on which the Perennial Lamp sat; that immortal fire represented the Goddess, and the Apple Tree the path to choose. As taught by the Priests, the Creator God wrote the Cult in the apple tree seed; the tree was only part of the message referring to the destiny of man; the flower, for example, amounted to the heart of man, the seat of the Soul, and its form, and its color, expressed the Promise of the Goddess; but another part of the message was written on the rosebush and the Promise of the Goddess also shone in its flower, in its form and its color; the apple tree and the rose bush were not only plants of the same family but actually consisted of a single plant: it was the Promise of the Goddess that divided the seed of the apple tree so that there were several different flowers, flowers that would reveal the path of perfection to those men who gave themselves to Her and embrace her Worship.

Of course, the myth that the Cult described would only be revealed by the Priests to whom they considered to be prepared for the initiation into the priesthood, that is, those who were also going to be Priests. The secret meaning of the Promise would be this: the apple tree and the rosebush corresponded to two states or phases of man's life, such as childhood and adulthood, for example; when he was "like a child", man had his heart similar to the apple blossom, which was white and rosy on the outside, and it was spreading foolishly; when it was "as an adult", that is, when he was initiated as a Priest of the Cult or when he was able to officiate as a Priest, the heart would be like the rose flower, which was the color of Fire of the Goddess and never fully deployed, except to die; therefore, there was only one apple tree and many rosebushes in the world: because many would be the perfections that could be attained by the man who entered the priesthood of the Goddess; the history of the apple tree was already written, instead, the history of the rosebush was always being written; and the best part had yet to be written: they would come to the world, one day, men of such perfect hearts, that then the most beautiful roses would appear, such as never seen before on Earth.

With this explanation, it will be understood why the Priests had allowed an old pitimiri rosebush to have coiled up like a snake on the trunk of the Apple Tree of Tharsis: undoubtedly, such an arrangement of the two trees was necessary to represent the secret meaning of the Cult. The ritual forced to worship the Fire of the Goddess and admire the apple blossom, wishing intensely for the Goddess to fulfill the Promise and the heart of the Priest become like the flower of the rosebush. But the people, who habitually ignored this interpretation of the Cult, went from everywhere to the Apple Tree of Tharsis to make their offerings before the Altar of Fire of the Goddess.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

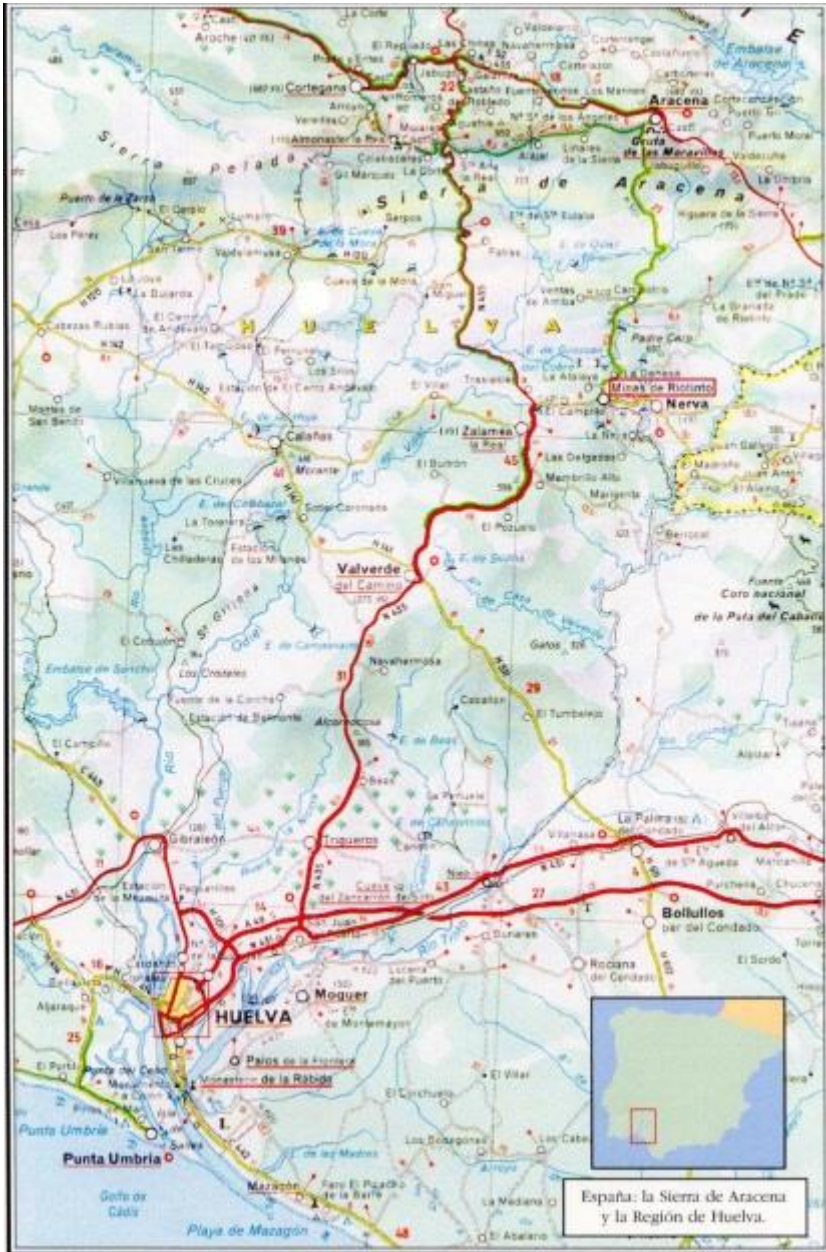
When my ancestors acquired the rights to the Lordship of Tharsis, which was then very small and devastated by the recent war against the Phoenicians, naturally they took over the Local Cult, although they lacked a Perennial Lamp. They practically did not introduce reforms regarding the Promise because they accepted as a fact that the heart was related with the apple blossom and that the worship of the Goddess would cause a transmutation analogous to the rose flower. Only in Regard to Fire could be appreciated the first visible effect that the family mission was having on the Lords of Tharsis; they added the word "cold" to the title of the Goddess, that is, that Belisana was now "the Goddess of Cold Fire". They explained that change as a local revelation of the Goddess. She had spoken to the Lords of Tharsis; in the communication, she affirmed that it would be Her Fire that would be installed in the heart of man and would transmute him; and that this Fire, at first extremely warm, would eventually become colder than ice; **and it would be that Cold Fire what would produce the mutation of human nature.**

We must see in this change something more than a simple addition of words: it was the first time that in a Cult emerged the possibility of facing and overcoming fear, that is, the feeling that in all Cults assured the submission of the believer; the fear of the Gods is necessary and essential to be kept alive to ensure the terrestrial authority of the Priests; If man does not fear them, in the end he will rebel against the Gods; but before he will rise up against the Priests of the Gods. However, this change will not be seen if something that is not so obvious today is not clarified before: the fact that in all Indo-Germanic languages "frio" (frigid, froze, freeze, fresh etc.) and "temor" (fear, fright) have the same root, which can still be sensed, for example, in *escalofrio* (de terror) **shiver (of terror)**. Well, in that time, the word "frio" was synonymous with "terror" and, consequently, what the new Cult meant was that a nameless terror would settle in the heart of the believer as "Grace of the Goddess"; **and that this terror would cause his perfection.**

Thus Belisana, the Goddess of Cold Fire, had also become the "Goddess of Terror", a title that, although the Lords of Tharsis could not know it, belonged in very remote times to the same Goddess, because Navutan's wife was also known as "Frya, The One Who Instills Terror in the Soul and Relief to the Spirit".

After their arrival in the Iberian Peninsula, the Golen tried in numerous occasions to occupy the Sacred Forest and control the Cult of the Goddess of Cold Fire, but they were always rejected by the jealous and stubborn mystical madness of the Lords of Tharsis. They even offered an authentic Perennial Lamp of the brown Atlanteans, knowing that they lacked it and that they were forced to constantly watch over the flame of their primitive oil lamp with asbestos. It is not necessary to clarify that they offered it in exchange for the unification of the Cult and the institution of the ritual Sacrifice, and that such a proposal was unacceptable to the Lords of Tharsis, which is obvious at this point in the story. As it is also evident that this resistance, unusual for those who had imposed themselves on all native peoples, coupled with the impossibility of seizing the Wise Sword, was festering them permanently against the Lords of Tharsis. The reaction of the Golen triggered that international campaign encouraging the conquest of Tharsis that culminated in the dangerous attempted Phoenician invasion from the Balearic Islands and Gades, or Cadiz. But the Lords of Tharsis summoned the Lydians and made the Phoenicians desist from their conquering project for at least the next four centuries. From the alliance between Iberians and Lydians arose the "Empire of Tartessos", which soon expanded throughout all Andalusia, "Tartessos", and deprived the Phoenicians of coastal colonies in their territory. The Balearic Islands and the island of Leon, seat of Gades, were isolated from mainland because the Tartessians only allowed them to maintain a meager trade through its own ports. What would the Golen's next reaction be in the face of that power that was developing beyond their control and that frustrated all their plans? Before answering, dear and, paradoxically, patient Doctor Siegnagel, I must inform you of the consequences that the presence of the Lydians produced in the Cold Fire Cult.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca



*To understand what follows it only has to be remembered that the Lydians were more "cultured" than the Iberians, that is, more culturally civilized,*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

while the most "uneducated" Iberians, that is, the more barbarian, were more "cultivated" spiritually than the Lydians, they had more Wisdom than knowledge.

These differences would cause the Lydian Princes, now of the same family of the Lords of Tharsis, to accept without deepening the esoteric meaning of the Cult of the Goddess of Cold Fire, which would henceforth be called, by common agreement "Pyrene", and use all their effort to perfect the exoteric form of the Cult. Such an application is always detrimental to the esoteric part and, how could it be otherwise, in the long run it was going to be fatal for the Tartessians. But you will see this, because, as I announced, I am going step by step.

The Lydians, as in other industries, were skilled stone craftsmen. What do you think they did in their quest to perfect the outer form of the Cult? They decided, to the horror of their Iberian relatives, who could do nothing to prevent it, to carve the menhir of the Sacred Forest with the Figure of Pyrene; the sculpture would contribute to sustain the Cult, they explained, since the Lydian people needed a more concrete image of the Goddess: the representation of her as a Flame was too abstract for them.

The menhir consisted of a crude olive-colored stone, about five meters high, and shaped like a truncated cone: the Lydians intended to use it entirely to carve the Head of the Goddess. According to their project, the nape should never face the Apple Tree, in such a way that the Divine Face looked directly to the people; and the people, spread out in a surrounding clearing from which the ritual scene was dominated, would see the Face of the Goddess and, behind her, the Tharsis apple tree. Two Master sculptors worked on the carving, one to sculpt the Face and another the serpentine locks, while three assistants were busy practicing the hollow of the neck, connected with the Eyes of the Goddess. The work was not ready before five years because, even though the iron tools of the Lydians allowed to advance much at the beginning, the completion of the polished finish they wanted took long years of work: in truth, the Tartessians would continue to polish the Head of Pyrene for decades, until giving it an impressive realism.

The Lydians' need to contemplate a figurative manifestation of the Goddess was typical of the time: the peoples of the Cultural Pact then experienced a general decline into the exoterism of the Cult, which led them to worship the more formal and apparent Aspects of Deity. The peoples sensed that the Gods were withdrawing from within, but they could only hold them from without: that is why they clung desperately to the Bodies and to the Divine Faces, and to any natural form that represented them. Thus being, the intense religious fervor awakened in the peoples should not be surprising, and the extraordinary geographical spread, which the Cult of Cold Fire produced after the transformation of the menhir. In addition to the Tartessians, proud trustees of the Promise of the Goddess, men belonging to thousands of different peoples made a pilgrimage to the "Sacred Forest of Tartessos" to attend the Ritual of the Cold Fire: among others, the Iberians and Ligurians came from all corners of the peninsula, and the bright Pelasgians from Etruria, and the burly Berbers of Libya, and the silent Spartans of Laconia, and the tattooed Picts of Albion, etc. And all those who came to Pyrene came ready to die. To die, yes, because that was the condition of the Promise, the requirement of Her Grace: as all the worshipers knew, the Goddess had the Power to turn man into a God, to raise him to the Heaven of the Gods; but, as everyone also knew, the rare Chosen that She accepted had to go through the Cold Fire, that is, through the experience of Her Mortal Gaze; and this experience generally ended with the physical death of the Chosen One. According to what her followers knew, and without such certainty affecting an apex the fascination for Her, **many more were the Chosen who had died than the proven reborn**; those who received Her Mortal Gaze certainly fell; and many, the most, never got up; **but some did**: and that remote possibility was more than enough for the worshipers of the Goddess deciding to risk everything. Those who woke up from Death would be the ones who had truly given their hearts to the Cold Fire



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of the Goddess and those whom She would reward by taking as Spouses: by Her Grace, by reviving, the Chosen One would no longer be a human being of flesh and blood but a **Man of Immortal Stone, a Son of Death**. These titles originally constituted an enigma for the Lords of Tharsis, who were the ones who introduced the Cold Fire Reform in the Ancient Cult of Belisana, as they claimed to have received by mystical inspiration directly from the Goddess, although they supposed that referred to a superior condition of man, close to the Gods or the Great Ancestors. But later, when among the Lords of Tharsis themselves, there were Men of Stone, the answer was suddenly clear. But it happened that this answer was not suitable for the sleeping man, nor for the Chosen who most fervently worshiped the Goddess: the Men of Stone would silence this secret, which they would only talk about among themselves, and would form a College of Tartessian Hierophants, to preserve it. From there on, they would be the Tartessian Hierophants, that is, my ancestors transmuted by the Cold Fire, those who would control the march of the Cult.

### **Eighth Day**

In the Age when the Cold Fire Ritual was not celebrated, the Tartessian Hierophants allowed pilgrims to reach the Sacred Forest clearing and contemplate the colossal effigy of Pyrene; there they could deposit their offerings and ponder if they were willing to face the Death of the Cold Fire or if they preferred to return to the illusory reality of their common lives. At the moment the Goddess could not harm them because Her Eyes were closed and to no one communicated Her Death Sign. But despite this conviction, many were frozen with horror in front of the Ancient Revealed Face and they weren't less those who fled on the spot or died there of terror. It's just that the original menhir had been planted on that site by the white Atlantean demigods thousands of years before, but, in the days of the covenant with the Lydians, there was no one on Earth capable of emulating that feat of transferring thousands of miles away a gigantic stone, and depositing it in the center of a thick forest of ash trees, **without cutting down trees for it**: it is understood, then, that pilgrims received the immediate impression that this terrible bust was the work of the Gods. But not only the menhir was the work of the Gods, since the conformation of the Face came from that remarkable ability to degrade the Divine that the Lydians exhibited; cunningly, the Tartessians were always very careful not to inform about the origin of the disturbing sculpture.

Who managed to recover from the initial impression, and noticed the details of the unusual Face, had to appeal to all his forces in order not to be won, sooner or later, by panic. Remember, Dr., that for Her worshipers, what was in front of them was not a mere representation of inert stone, but the Living Image of the Goddess: Pyrene was manifested in the Face and the Face participated in Her. And it was that hieratic Face that took the breath away. Probably, if someone had achieved, with a powerful act of abstraction, to separate the Face, from the Head of the Goddess, would have found beautiful features; first of all, and despite the greenish coloration of the stone, from the shape of the features the belonging to the White Race was undoubted; in following order, one might recognize in the general countenance an archetypal Indo-Germanic beauty or directly Aryan: rectangular Oval of the Face; wide Forehead; bushy, slightly curved and horizontal Eyebrows; the Eyelids, since I already said that the Eyes remained closed, showed by the expression a frontal look, with round and perfect Eyes; straight and proportionate Nose; firm and prominent Chin; strong and thin Neck; and the Mouth, with the lower lip thicker and somewhat more protruding than the upper, it was perhaps the most beautiful note: it was slightly open and curved into a Smile barely sketched, **in an unmistakable gesture of cosmic irony**.

Naturally, someone who lacked the necessary power of abstraction, would not notice any of the indicated characters. On the contrary, without a doubt, all the attention would be sucked into the Goddess Hair right away; and that first observation would surely neutralize the previous aesthetic judgment:

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca



"Image of how the Medusa could be seen carved and polished by the Lydians in the Iberian Peninsula."

*contemplating the Head as a whole, Hair and Face, the Goddess presented that terrifying appearance that caused the visitors to panic. But what was in Her Hair capable of paralyzing rude pilgrims, usually used to danger, with horror?*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Snakes; Serpents of exceptional realism. Her hair was made up of eighteen Stone Serpents: eight, of different length, fell on either side of the Face and two others, much smaller, bristled on the forehead.

Each pair of the eight Serpents were at the same height: two at Eye level, two at the Nose, two at the Mouth and two at the Chin; emerging from a previous level of Hair, the remaining eight Ophidians returned and placed their heads among the previous ones. And each Serpent, by separating from the remaining locks, formed in the air with its body two opposing curves, like an *ess* (S), which allowed it to announce the next move: the mortal attack. And the two Serpents on the Forehead, despite being smaller, also showed the same aggressive attitude. In short, by Squarely admiring the Face of the Smiling Goddess, the arch of eighteen Serpent heads emerged strongly from Her Hair; and all heads were turned forward, accompanying with their eyes the Eyeless Gaze of the Goddess; and all heads had their jaws hideously gaping; exposing deadly fangs and abysmal throats. It should not be surprising, then, that that impressive apparition of the Goddess terrified its most faithful worshipers.

Logically, such a composition had an esoteric meaning that only the Hierophants and Initiates knew, although, eventually, they had an acceptable exoteric explanation. In the latter case, they notified the traveler who sometimes could be an ally King or an important ambassador that could not be denied outright the knowledge, that the eighteen serpents represented the letters of the Tartessian alphabet, the one they claimed to have received from the Goddess. During the ritual, they claimed, the Initiates could hear the Serpents of the Goddess recite the sacred alphabet. The esoteric Truth behind all this was that the eighteen letters actually corresponded to the eighteen Vrunes of Navutan and that with them the Sign of the Origin could be understood and with it the Serpent, the highest symbol of human knowledge. But such truth was barely intuited by the Tartessian Hierophants, since in those days nobody saw the Sign of the Origin nor did remember the Vrunes of Navutan; by instituting the Cold Fire Reform, the Lords of Tharsis had received the Word of the Goddess that the House of Tharsis, descendant of the white Atlanteans, "would not be extinguished while at least one of its members did not recover the lost Wisdom", and for Her Word to be fulfilled, "less than ever should they become detached from the Wise Sword". That moment had not yet come and no descendants of the House of Tharsis understood the deep meaning of that esoteric Truth revealed by Pyrene's Stone Head. So for them it was also an unquestionable truth the fact that the eighteen Serpents represented the letters of the Tartessian alphabet: the two smaller serpents, for example, corresponded to the two letters introduced by the Lydians and its pronunciation was kept secret, as was the Name of the Goddess Moon formed by the three vowels of the Iberians. In this case, the two vowels allowed to know the Name that the Goddess Pyrene gave herself when she manifested as Cold Fire in the heart of man, that is, "I am" (something like **Eu** or **Ey**).

Every year as the winter solstice approached, the Hierophants determined the nearest full moon, and, on that night, it was celebrated in Tartessos the Cold Fire Ritual. There would not be many Chosen who, finally, would dare to defy the Cold Fire test: almost always a group that could be counted on the fingers of the hand. The menhir was aligned west of the Tharsis Apple Tree, so that the Moon Goddess would invariably appear behind the tree and travel through the sky until reaching the zenith, from where she would just fully illuminate the face of the Goddess Looking West. Since dusk, with eyes directed to the East, the Chosen were sitting in the clearing, gazing at the Face of the Goddess and, further back, the Apple Tree of Tharsis.

When the Brightest Face of the Moon Goddess rested upon the Sacred Forest, the Chosen ones kept quiet, cross-legged and expressing with the hands the Mudra of the Cold Fire: in those moments it was only allowed to chew willow leaves; otherwise they were to remain in rigorous stillness. Until the zenith of the full moon, the dramatic tension grew moment after moment and, at that point, it reached such intensity that it seemed that terror of the Chosen extended into the environment and became breathable: not only did they

The Mistery of Belicena Villca



Initiation to the Cold Fire Ritual

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

breath terror but it was perceived epidermally, as if a dreadful Presence would have sprouted from the rays of the Moon and oppressed them all with an icy and overwhelming hug.

Invariably that climax was reached when the Ritual began. So a Hierophant was heading to the back of the Stone Head and ascending a small stairway that was carved out of the rock of the menhir and went inside. The staircase, which had eighteen steps and culminated in a circular platform, allowed access to a frustoconical platform; this was a narrow enclosure about eight feet high, excavated exactly behind the Face and barely lit from the ground by the Perennial Lamp. On the platform of the floor, there was, indeed, a tiny stone hearth in whose stove was placed, since the Lydians perfected the form of the Cult, the Perennial Lamp: a slab allowed to cover the upper mouth of the stove and regulate the output of the meager light. Now this light was minimal because the Hierophant was getting ready to perform a key operation of the ritual: to open the Eyes of the Goddess. To achieve this he only had to move inwards the two pieces of stone, supportive with each other, which usually remained perfectly assembled on the Face and caused the illusion that some Stony Eyelids covered the bulb of her eyes: those heavy pieces required the strength of two men to be put in their place, but, once there, it was enough to remove a lock and they would slide by themselves on a guide ramp that crossed the entire interior enclosure.

You have to imagine this scene. The enclosure of Ashes of the Sacred Forest forming the clearing and in its center, huge and imposing, the Apple Tree of Tharsis and the statue of the Goddess Pyrene. And sitting in front of the Face of the Goddess, in a position that further exalts the colossal size and the disturbing serpentine hair, the Chosen, with fixed glances and eager hearts, awaiting Her Manifestation, the personal call that opens the doors of the Trial of Cold Fire. From on high, Goddess Ioa pours torrents of silver light on that picture. Suddenly, coming from the nearby Forest, a group of beautiful dancers stands between the Chosen and the Goddess Pyrene: they bring the body naked of dresses and only wear ornamental objects, bracelets and rings in hands and feet, colorful necklaces and belts, hoops with long pendants, ribbons and squeezers on the forehead, which let the long hair fall freely. They come jumping to the rhythm of a syrinx and they do not stop at any moment but immediately indulge in a frenzied dance. They have previously practiced the ritual libation of an aphrodisiac nectar and that is why their eyes are bright with desire and their gestures are insinuating and lascivious; the hips and bellies move incessantly and can be seen, at every moment, in a thousand different positions; firm breasts flutter like flying doves and wet mouths open eagerly; all the dance is an irresistible invitation to the pleasures of carnal love.

Of course, the eroticism displayed by the dancers was aimed at sexually exciting the Chosen, to ignite in them the Hot Fire of animal passion. That dance was a survival of the ancient Cult of Fire and its culmination, in other times, would have resulted in a wild orgy. But the Cold Fire Reform had changed things and now ritual intercourse was forbidden and required instead that the Chosen experience Hot Fire in the heart. If any Chosen lacked the strength to reject the invitation of the dancers, he could join them and enjoy a delight never imagined, but that would not save him from death because he then would be killed in punishment for his weakness. The attitude demanded of the Chosen required that they remain immutable until the conclusion of the dance, keeping their sight fixed on the Face of the Goddess.

Let's go back to the scene. The volume of the music was increasing and now it is a chorus of flutes and drums that accompanies the cadencious movements; The dancers gasp, the dance becomes feverish, and the erotic expression reaches its apogee, behind them, the Smile of the Goddess seems more ironic than ever. The Chosen focus on Pyrene but cannot help but perceive, as among the mists of a dream, the dancing feminine beauties that intoxicate them with passion, which inevitably draws them into a hot and suffocating abyss. It is then when the intervention of the Goddess becomes necessary, when the Chosen,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

with enervated will, request in their hearts the fulfillment of Her Promise. And that's when, at a sign from the Hierophants, the music abruptly ceases, the dancers retreat quickly, and the Eyes of the Goddess open to Look at Her Chosen Ones. Like a lash, a shudder of horror moves the Chosen: the Eyelids have disappeared and the Goddess gazes at them from the empty basins, Shaped like an Apple Leaf, of Her Eyes. The Trial of the Cold Fire has begun. A Hierophant, with a thunderous voice, recites the ritual formula:

Oh Pyrene,  
Goddess of the Smiling Death  
You who have the Abode  
Beyond the Stars  
Get closer to the Land of the Chosen  
That Cry Out For You!  
Oh Pyrene,  
You who used to Love the Chosen with the Heat of Fire  
and then you Killed them  
Remember the Promise!  
Assassinate them first with the Cold of Fire,  
To Love them later in Your Abode!  
Oh Pyrene,  
Make Warm Life Die in Us!  
Let us know Kälibur,  
the Cold Death of Your Look!  
And Make Us Live in Death  
Your Frozen Life!  
Oh Pyrene,  
You who once Granted Us  
the Cereal Seed  
to Sow in the Furrow of Infamy,  
Kill that Created Life!  
And deposit in the Heart of the Chosen One  
the Frozen Seed of the Stone that Speaks!  
Oh Pyrene,  
White Goddess,  
Show us the Naked Truth  
by Kälibur in Your Look,  
and we will no longer be Men but Gods  
of Frozen Stone Heart!  
Kälibur, Your Chosen Cry Out to You!  
Kälibur, Your Chosen Love You!  
Kälibur, Death That Liberates!  
Kälibur, Frozen Stone Seed!  
Kälibur, Naked Truth Remembered!

Everything happens quickly, as if Time had stopped. The Hot Fire of Animal Passion turns back to Terror. But now it is a Terror without limits that ensues, a Terror that is Death Itself, the Kälibur Death of Pyrene, the Necessary Death that Precedes the Naked Truth. The Chosen are paralyzed with Terror and cold-hearted with fright. They gaze absorbed in Pyrene's Face while it still resonates in the air the last Kälibur...! of the Hierophant: the Eyes of the Goddess now look like the Doors of Another World! A World of Infinite Blackness! A World of Essential Cold that is the Death of the Warm Life! Can't walk through those doors without Dying of Terror: but if something goes through them, **that something lives in Death!** And if something survives the Kälibur Death it's because **that something also consists of the essence of the Cold of Infinite Blackness.**

Kälibur Death fascinates and attracts towards a Nothing that will be the Matrix of the Own Being. The Chosen ones rush without hesitation into the Infinite Blackness of the Eyes of the Goddess. But before Passing the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Gates of Death they get to perceive, in an instant of Supreme Terror, that the Sacred Forest, has transfigured and is overflowing with manifest Life, a Life that lay hidden behind the illusion of lived existence, of a Life that at that moment was sprouting obscenely from all things like a demonic orgasm of the Nature; and they also saw how the Apple Tree of Tharsis, animated by Insane Intelligence, shuddered with Diabolical Laughter; and they saw the Head of the Goddess, equally vitalized, glow with a blinding White Light that further accentuated the Infinite Blackness of Her Eyes. And when entering the Infinite Blackness, as the heart becomes cold and the Lukewarm Life dies, they finally see the Hair of Pyrene boiling with Serpents: and they hear the Serpents hissing the letters of the Sacred Alphabet and pronounce uninterruptedly, the Names of all Things Created. There it was, finally discovered though useless to them, the Highest Knowledge allowed to the Animal Man, the **content** of the Serpent Symbol!

But, that Knowledge no longer interests the Chosen. Something of their own has crossed the barriers of Kâlibur Death, something that does not fear Death, and it has encountered the Naked Truth that is Itself. Because the Infinite Blackness offered by the Kâlibur Death of the Goddess Pyrene, in which all Created Light disappears without remedy, is able to Reflect that 'something' that is the Uncreated Spirit, **and the Reflection of the Spirit in the Infinite Blackness of the Kâlibur Death is the Naked Truth about Oneself.** Facing the Infinite Blackness the Created Life dies of Terror and the Spirit finds Itself. That is why if a Chosen, after the reunion, recovers Life, will be the bearer of a Sign of Death that will leave his heart forever frozen. The Soul cannot help being subjugated by the Stone Seed of Itself that grows and develops at its expenses and transmutes the Chosen One into a Hyperborean Initiate, into a Man of Stone, into a Wise Warrior. As a Man of Stone, the resurrected Chosen will have a Heart of Ice and will exhibit Absolute Courage. He will be able to love without reservation the Woman of Flesh, but will never be able to ignite in his heart the Hot Fire of Animal Passion. Then he will search for the Woman of Flesh, the one who in addition to Soul possesses Uncreated Spirit, like the Goddess Pyrene, and who will be able to Reveal, in Her Infinite Blackness, the Naked Truth about Oneself. He will love the Kâlibur Woman with the Cold Fire of the Hyperborean Race. And the Kâlibur Woman will respond with the icy Love of Pyrene's Kâlibur Death.

### Ninth Day

Among the Chosen who faced the Trial of the Cold Fire, three outcomes could be expected. In the first place, that some did not pass the Test, that is, that they had not undergone the actual experience of Death, be it because the initial Terror did not give way to Animal Passion, be it because the Hot Fire did not turn into Terror, be it because Terror prevented looking straight at the Infinite Blackness, or be it any other reason. Second, that others would have really died. And finally, that some of these had risen. In the first case, the Chosen would be executed the following night to the Trial of the Cold Fire; for the Tartessian Hierophants the one who was not really willing to die should not submit to the Trial; because **nobody should get out of the Trial alive**; if one died, and was resurrected, whoever was reborn would not be the one who died but a **Son of Death**, someone who would carry a Sign of Death and would lead with Him the Death: that is, the Son of Death would be begotten in Death by Himself. Who attended the Test, and did not die, would not deserve to live: the Executioner Women of Tartessos would lower the ax of stone on his neck; they would assassinate him the night after the Test, in the Willow Grove consecrated to the Moon Goddess **Ioa**, on the shores of the Odiel. What happened with them? no one knew for sure what their fate would be, if they really would die for ever, if they would resurrect in another world, if they would reincarnate in future lives or if their Souls would transmigrate to other beings.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But how long did the Trial of the Cold Fire last? Only the Hierophants, and the ones that had failed, who would die anyway, did know; only they had preserved the awareness of the elapsed time. Those who were reflected in the Infinite Blackness, and found the Naked Truth of Oneself, also received a Reflection of Eternity: the contemplation of Oneself, which is a Reflection of the Eternal Spirit, is experienced in a **unique instant**, unfathomable by the Time of Creation; the Chosen who meet the Kálibur Death of Pyrene will never be able to answer that question; the experience of eternity is indescribable. Hence those of the second group, those who actually died, were considered Very Loved by the Goddess, since She had held them in Eternity. And they would be given the funerals of the Wise Warriors: they would have the right to be cremated with the sword in hand; and an urn of Ash wood, with their ashes, would then be thrown into the Western Sea.

In the third case, when exceptionally some Chosen One returned from Death, he was immediately incorporated into the College of Hierophants of Tartessos. This fact constituted a reason for celebration throughout the Kingdom because the people, who did not understand esoteric subtleties, infallibly intuited that the Son of Death meant an award for the Race; despite having triumphed by Himself in the Trial of the Cold Fire, the new Hierophant would be considered as the exponent of a collective merit, of a racial virtue. But the ancient Hierophants, who knew the secret, equally welcomed the resurrected Chosen One with joy: behold, they indicated, a Man of Stone; a Returned from Death; one that *in* Death was loved with the Kálibur Cold Fire of Pyrene and now retains the Memory of L-ove; one who has felt, beyond the Love of Life, the L-ove of Kálibur Death, that is, the Non-Death of Kálibur Death, and now has been immortalized as the son of Death. This is how they received him:

Oh Chosen of Pyrene,  
you were mortal and the L-ove of a Goddess  
has freed you from Life.  
By Will of the One Creator  
of mud you were.  
By Will of the Kálibur Death  
of Stone you are.  
Oh Son of Death,  
Courage has your Name.  
You should not speak anymore,  
just act.  
Keep in your Heart of Ice  
the Memory of L-ove;  
but do not remember.  
Just experience Yourself  
Immortal Cold Fire,  
Man of Stone.

And, in truth, the Man of Stone would not speak, perhaps for many years. He would not do it because he would be busy experiencing Himself. Because since rebirth, inside his heart, on a deep fiber, burned the Cold Fire Flame; **and that Flame, when it was perceived, spoke with the Voice of Himself; and his words always began with the Name of the Goddess: I am, I am (Ey, Ey).** Hearing the Voice of Himself affirming "I am", the Man of Stone really was, that is, he had **absolute existence** outside the illusion of material beings, beyond Life and Death. Because of that the Immortal Man of Stone would not speak, or speak very little, hereafter: he was very close to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans and that wisdom could not be explained to sleeping men who loved Life and feared Liberating Death. Perhaps at the end, during the Final Battle, he or other Immortal Men of Stone will speak clearly to sleeping men to summon them to free themselves from material chains and fight for the return to the Origin of the Hyperborean Race. Meanwhile, the Man



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of Stone will only act, he will silently listen to the Voice of the Cold Fire and act; and his act will express the maximum spiritual value: **whatever he does in it**, his act will be founded on the absolute support of Himself, beyond good and evil, and no judgment or punishment from the World of Deception will affect him. And no variant of the Great Deception, not even the Hot Fire of Animal Passion, will drag him back to the Dream of Life; Wise and Brave as a God, the Man of Stone will only fight if necessary and will wait quietly for the Final Battle; he will long for the Origin and will be moved by nostalgia for the Love of the Goddess; he will look for her Original Couple in the Kálibur Woman and, if he finds her, he will love her with the Cold Fire of Himself; and She will embrace him with the Uncreated Light of her Eternal Spirit, which will be Infinite Blackness for the created Soul.

In this third case, surely, Pyrene's Promise would have been fulfilled.

### Tenth Day

I suppose you, long-suffering Dr. Siegnagel, will await an answer to the pending question: "What would be the Golen's next reaction to the Tartessian power, which developed out of their control and frustrated all their plans?" This is the answer, very simple, although it will have to be clarified: **the Golen directed against Tartessos the Myth of Perseus.**

With all rigor, it can be affirmed that that of Perseus, as well as other legends that belatedly have been grouped under the general name of "Greek Myths", is actually an ancient Pelasgian Myth. The same has happened with some of the "Greek" stories of Heracles: for example, with that in which the hero fights with the Giant Geryon to steal his red oxen and that hides, under a costly symbol for the Pelasgians, an ancient incursion of the primitive Argives against the "triple people" of the Iberians, or Virtriones, in order to conquer the secret of the livestock that they did not know or had lost; and the proof is that those Argives, "enemies of the Gerions", considered themselves relatives of these, since Heracles himself was a great-grandson of Perseus. But Perseus was Heracles' great-grandfather only in the Argive Myth; truly, the theme is taken from a much older Pelasgian Myth, of Iberian Atlantean origin, which refers to the adventure undertaken by a typical Hyperborean Spirit to achieve immortality and Wisdom. On the foundational theme the Spirit Perseus was not an Argive but a native of the Iberian Atlanteans, that is, of a much more western people; that is why his feat is not carried out by order of a mere mortal King like Polydectes but of the Goddess of Wisdom, Frya, Navutan's wife: all the Names, and the functions of the Gods, were then changed, and disrupted, by the peoples of the Cultural Pact, leaving the story of Perseus in the known form.

The subject is simple and, as soon as I expose it, you will verify that it cannot proceed other than from the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans. A Hyperborean representation of the Origin, as I mentioned earlier, was Thule, the isotropic center from which the Spirit came. Similarly, for the first descendants of the white Atlanteans, the Origin was Pontus, later personified as a God of the Sea and identified with the Wave, surely because their Ancestors came from this "Origin". This Pontus marries Gea, the Earth, who gives birth, among others, to Phorcys and Ceto; prototypical symbols of hybrid beings, half animals half Gods: in an esoteric background this image alludes to the Spirit contributed by Pontus, the Origin, to the animal man, son of the Earth. The brothers Phorcys and Ceto mate in turn and, together with a series of hybrid Archetypes, give life to three women who are already born "Old": the Graeae or Greas, that is, the Greys. Naturally, the Graeae are no other than the Vrayas, the Wise Warriors in charge of guarding the Plow of Stone and the Stone of Venus: they are "old" because they must be Wise and those who ignore the meaning of lithic instruments will later affirm that "between the three they only had one Eye and one Tooth".

Perseus is the idealization of the captive Spirit who attempts the feat of breaking free from the material prison; his goal is to discover the Secret of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Death, get the Highest Wisdom, and find the Original Couple. Navutan and Frya inspire him to consult the Vrayas and they, with the Stone of Venus, indicate the way to follow: he must head to a Sacred Ash Forest and claim the help of the Gods to successfully face Death. It's what Perseus does and the meeting with Navutan occurs. The God informs him that the Wisdom is in the power of his Wife, Frya, but that it is not easy to reach Her because Death stands in the way of mere mortals. To make his journey to Frya, Navutan reveals to Perseus the Secret of Flight and gives him the Sign of the Half Moon, that is, the symbol of the Hyperborean Pontiffs, the Wisest Builders of Bridges of the white Atlanteans: **according to the white Atlanteans, the Hyperborean Pontiffs knew how to build an infinite bridge between the Spirit and the Origin (Pontus)**. The grade of Hyperborean Pontiff is confirmed by Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, when he delivers those who cross the Door to the Abode of the Liberator Gods, the tunic and helmet: on the forehead of that helmet the Pontiffs fix the Sign of the Half Moon. It is tradition that Pontiffs dressed like this had the Faculty of becoming **culturally invisible**, not by effect of such clothing, of course, but by the Wisdom that implies owning it. Navutan teaches Perseus the Language of the Birds and guides him to the Abode of Vines, who invests him as a Hyperborean Pontiff: in his Journey to Frya, Perseus will carry in his hand a crane crop containing sixteen stones, each of which is engraved with a V rune. While approaching Frya, Navutan advises the hero not to stop to look at the Face of Death, which would cause his immediate destruction, and focus on the **Mirror** that is the meaning of the Goddess of Wisdom **after Death**: only in this way can he defeat the Death!, Perseus fulfills the indications exactly and, contemplating himself in the Mirror of Frya, manages to **understand Death** and transforms into a **Man of Immortal Stone**. Upon his return from Death, Perseus uses the Language of the Birds to **understand the Serpent with the Sign of the Origin**: then he acquires the Highest Wisdom and finds his Original Partner.

So far, the most important aspects of the original theme transmitted to the native peoples by the white Atlanteans. It is evident that much of it, miraculously remembered thanks to the family mission, was incorporated by the Lords of Tharsis in the Cold Fire Reform. The Lydians would later contribute to its degradation through the "perfection of the ritual form", which consisted of the insane attempt to externally display, embodied in matter, signs that can only be metaphysical. Of course those who would do as much to pervert the sense of the Theme of the Perseus Spirit, would be the Priests of the Cultural Pact, and after the sense was restored by the Cold Fire Cult, without delay, the Golen would accompany them with all their resources, locked in a war that they considered of life and death for the plans of the White Fraternity they served.

In times of the cultural decline of the Pelasgians, long before the Golen began their sinister movement towards Europe, the original theme was constellated as Myth, the Names went changing, and the meanings were distorted and reversed. In the Argive Myth, Perseus, commissioned by the tyrant of Serifos to whom he recklessly promised to bring "the Head of Medusa", heads to Tartessos because the Monster inhabits a forest in the Iberian Peninsula: Such a location is not gratuitous since Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, was called by the Priests Ides, Aides or Hades, the Lord of Tar, that is, of Tartarus or Hell, whereupon Thar-sis, Tar-tesside, Tar-tessos, etc., went on to designate hellish places. To that location also contributed, in great measure, the Golen, when they managed to observe the sculpture of the Goddess Pyrene and identified it throughout the ancient world as "the Gorgon Medusa". The Argive Perseus is helped by Hermes and Athena, in whom it is still possible to recognize Navutan and Frya. Navutan, in effect, was called Hermes, Mercury, Wothan, etc.; as Hermes, according to the Greeks, was the son of an "Atlantean" woman, daughter of "Atlante", and of a God (Zeus), which is not far from the genealogy of the Great Chief of the white Atlanteans; He was the inventor of an alphabet, the lyre and the syrinx, which he exchanged with Phoebus, the Sun, for the caduceus with which he herded his flocks: if considered that the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

caduceus is a rod with two coiled serpents, that the Sun represents the Creator God, and the herd the animal-men, it is easy to distinguish in the figure of Hermes, the one who has understood, through a language, the Symbol of the Serpent with which the Creator God shepherds his servants. And Frya, for her part, was known as Athena, Minerva, Aphrodite, Freya, etc.; about her, the Greeks said that "she was born already armed": she was, then, Goddess of War, of Wisdom, and of Love.

From his reverse journey to Tartessos, the Argive Perseus begins to behave as a clear exponent of the Cultural Pact: he does not consult the Vrayas but steals their common eye; they send him to Alsos, the home of the Alceides, that is, to a sacred forest, where he meets the Meliades Nymphs, those that are none other than personifications of the Ash trees; the Nymphs supply a crane skin sack, where he will place the Head of Medusa, and sandals that allow him to fly; Hades lends him the helmet of invisibility; and Hermes hands him a crescent-shaped sickle to cut off the head of the monster. But what most betrays this falsification engendered by the Priests of the Cultural Pact is the prevention of the Argive Perseus **that fears becoming a Man of Stone**. Because in the Aegean Myth it is not a subsequent Wisdom, but Medusa's own gaze which turns to stone; the Wisdom, on the contrary, is not beyond Death but outside, next to Perseus, definitely independent and unattainable for him. She doesn't allow him to reflect on his Naked Truth: She simply places an objective mirror where the "Hero" will contemplate Death without being caught by it. It is all the help that Athena offers him: seeing Her from the mirror, Perseus will drive the sickle into Medusa's neck and will give death to Death, without this "feat" allowing him to achieve immortality. Athena's mirror is his protective shield; the Head of Medusa, obtained in the useless feat of the Argive Perseus, is placed by the Goddess in the center of the shield, clearly implying that in this Age, after the triumph of the Cultural Pact, Wisdom is shielded in Death, without there being any chance for mortals to reach it. Of course, this is just a threat from the Priests of the Cultural Pact to discourage the pursuit of the liberation of the Spirit. In short, as the Argive Perseus neither achieved immortality nor he got Wisdom, he will not be able to understand the Serpent and that is why he is forced to kill her too, which he will do on the return of his "feat", when he fights a dragon and frees Andromeda, with whom he unites and procreates numerous offspring.

Finally, risking being mercilessly executed by the Tartessians, the Golen managed to infiltrate the Sacred Forest and spy on the Ritual of the Cold Fire. From that unfortunate day, the Golen knew they had found a Face and a Home for Medusa. In a few years, thanks to their incessant preaching and to that of the countless Priests who supported them in all the peoples of the Cultural Pact, the Argive legend of Perseus was popularized with renewed vigor: the sons of Phorcys and Ceto, the Graeae, the Gorgons, and the Serpent that guards the Tree of golden Apples, inhabit a sacred forest of the Tartesside, region that belonged to the Kingdom of Tartessos at the time. Logically, it won't seem clear the advantage it could mean for the Golen to refloat and adapt a "Myth", if we start from the erroneous principle that then no one believed in it or that the whole world, even if they granted it "legendary" truthfulness, knew that this "had already happened". To think that would show ignorance about the ideology of the Golen. Along with their revolutionary conception of the unity of God in the Ritual sacrifice, the Golen supported the astonishing concept **that Myths had a prophetic character**. That is to say, that Myths, and all argument coming from Heaven or the Gods, **are never completely fulfilled, never fully realized**. They had blind faith that if circumstances and characters were repeated, the Myth, like a Prophecy, was to develop again on Earth; In short, they stated:

What was, that will be;  
what was done, the same will be done;  
there is nothing new under the sun.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

So, in the opinion of the Golen, if the Argive Perseus Myth was prophesied, this was to be infallibly carried out: then the sentence of extermination that weighed on the House of Tharsis would also be fulfilled.

Of course, do not be fooled about the activity of a Myth being described down to the smallest details: although in the credulous minds of the people, Perseus and Medusa, were imagined as real characters, the Kings and military leaders who coveted the spoils of Tartessos were clear that it was about representations; in the centuries of Tartessian expansion, those who wished to "emulate Perseus", for example, knew very well that the "Head of Medusa" that they had to cut meant "to destroy Tartessos"; something similar happened in the wars of the XIX century when it was proposed to "destroy the Bear", alluding to "the conquest of Russia", or "humiliating the Lion", instead of "subjecting England". However, the fact that a King was aware of the allegorical sense of the Myth, does not detract from his ability to act but, on the contrary, increases his chances of actually being realized: he who intelligently adopts the role character of the mythical plot, plays the description of the Myth as a kind of plan or project to be carried out; but then it is not the character who acts to carry out the Myth project, but the Myth that, unconsciously, motorizes the character to realize the argument: **whoever aspires to be Perseus will end up cutting off the head of Medusa**, although he believes that he will be able to self-control because he knows the allegorical meaning of the character.

Thus, Dr. Siegnagel, the Golen "directed against Tartessos the Myth of Perseus" as a reaction to the economic and military expansion that was developing out of their control and frustrated all their plans: the answer is now clear. During the subsequent centuries many would be the "Perseus" who would try the feat of conquering Tartessos; and almost always, integrating the warrior expeditions, guiding the invading Kings or Pirate Chiefs, arrived the Golen, caricature of Hermes that would point out the abode of the Graeae and the location of the Single eye, that is, of the Wise Sword. For the Golen would never forget their main objective: steal the Stone of Venus. That would be their share of the loot: everything other, the gold and the silver, the docks, ships and prosperous cities, everything would be for the victorious Perseus, for the "hero" of the Cultural Pact. It wasn't much what they requested and there would be few who would respond to their intriguing proposals. However, despite this offensive that was based on the universal action of a Myth and which forced the Tartessians to live in a permanent state of war, the Kingdom successfully defended until the third century, when its power began to decline against other rising powers: Carthage, Greece and Rome would write the end of the story.

The Greeks of the pre-classical period were very receptive to the Strategy of the Golen and this led them to undertake many expeditions of conquest against Tartessos: from their thriving colonies in Sicily, Italy, Gaul, and, finally, in Spain itself, they would have ended up with Tartessos if it wasn't because they had to watch their backs from the growing power of Rome. The Romans, on the other hand, were always friendly with the Tartessians and not very permeable to the influence of the Golen: this should not be surprising if it is remembered that by the veins of the Roman nobility circulated the blood of the Pelasgians of Etruria, direct relatives of the Tartessians. Fate would therefore reserve neither Greeks nor Romans the "feat" of destroying Tartessos. It would be a man from Carthage, a Phoenician, a red or Punic, the new Perseus who would wield the iron sickle, inverted and perverted symbol of the crescent, and would cut off the Head of Medusa, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the Golen.

In the 12th century BC, when the Philistines occupy and plunder it, begins the decline of Sidon, the most important city in Phoenicia. This begins the might of Tiro, which would not cease to grow until Nebuchadnezzar, after a thirteen year siege, ruined it for good in 574 A.J.C. But, for that time, Tiro has expanded throughout the ancient world and has colonies, such as Gades (Cadiz), in the South of Spain, on the coasts of Sicily, in the Balearic Islands, in Sardinia, and, since 814 B.C., on the coasts of Africa, where they have

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

founded the rich and prosperous city of Carthage. With the commercial ruin of Tíre gains preponderance, from the sixth century, the Carthaginian colony, possessing the largest fleet in the western Mediterranean.

Carthage achieved in history the sad celebrity of having constituted an amoral society, made up of merchants whose only ambition was wealth, that imposed its trade with the protection of a mercenary army; only a few military leaders, in fact, were Carthaginians: the bulk of the army was made up of men without country and without law, that is, by soldiers whose homeland was the one who paid the most and whose law depended on the agreed payment. But what always impressed observers the most, analogously to the disgust that caused in the Europeans of the sixteenth century to learn of the bloody Aztec Cult of the Beating Hearts, was the Cult of Moloch, a deity to which they were due offer permanent human sacrifices to quench his insatiable thirst for lives. In Tíre, the Phoenicians worshiped Gods very similar to those of other peoples of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor: they worshiped the Goddess Astarte or Tanit, which for the Assyrian-Babylonian was Ishtar or Innana, or Nana, for the Greeks Io; for the Egyptians Isis, and elsewhere called Astaroth, Cybele, Athena, Anatha, Hathar, etc.; and they also offered to Adon, which was the equivalent to the Phrygian Adonis; and they believed in Melkarth, which corresponded to the Argive Heracles; and offered sacrifices to Baal Zebul, Baal Sidon, Baal Zadiuk, Baal Il, Baal Tars, Baal Yah, etc., all Names of the Creator God who was now represented as the Sun, or like the planet Jupiter or like a force of nature. It was in the 9th century B.C., when King Itobal, priest of Astarte, married his daughter Jezebel with King Ahab of Israel, that the Golen infiltrated Tíre and tried to unify the Cults in the Sacrifice to God One Il. That attempt would not give great results until the following century, after the Great King Sargon II of Assyria conquered the country of Canaan and the Golen moved to Carthage to officiate as Priests of the Moloch Cult.

It should be noted that the Carthaginian was the first population in which the Golen settled, outside the European peoples assigned to them by the White Fraternity, to comply with their mission of unifying the Cults. But it would be the first and the last because, as they themselves declared, their only interest was in working on the Cults of Europe: if they remained in Carthage it was owed purely and exclusively to the Tartessian heresy, to the need to guide that Perseus people to cut off the Head of Medusa and to fulfill their prophecies. And so it was that, driven by the sinister design of the Golen, the Cult of Moloch would come to dominate by terror all other powers of the government of Carthage: the King, the Nobility, the Councils of State, the Military leaders, all ended up subject to Moloch and his Golen Priests. In the end, all the families of Carthage were obliged to offer their firstborn children to be sacrificed in the "mouth of Moloch", that is, to be thrown into the mouth of a metal idol facing an incandescent furnace; and there the prisoners ended their days too, together with the slaves, those charged with some crime, the consecrated virgins, or anyone the Golen thought of eliminating. But the God was never satisfied: He demanded more and more living proofs of the people's Faith in the ritual Sacrifice; His Law demanded a share of blood hardly available. Maybe Moloch expected a Sacrifice even greater, perhaps He would calm Himself with the offering of the entire lineage that had offended Him, with the extermination in His Name of the lineage of the Lords of Tharsis.

At the outbreak of the Punic Wars, in 264 B.C., the Golen believed the opportunity to fulfill the Prophecies had arrived. And they didn't just believe it but also the members of the White Fraternity, who sent from Chang Shambhala two mysterious characters named **Bera and Birsha**. They were two higher-grade Priests, who were given the title of "Immortals"; two Priests who, having belonged in remote times to the same Race of the Golen, the White Fraternity had tasked them with directing their plans. They were two "Supreme Golen", then, that exceeded everything their Breed Brothers could have demonstrated in matters of cruelty and diabolical arts: among other powers, for example, they had the power to travel through Time, a domain that my family bitterly verified since the same actors appeared in different centuries

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

later in order to seek their destruction. On that occasion, Bera and Birsha took the lead of the Golen of Carthage to personally direct the attack on Tartessos because, apart from the Race, the common hatred against the House of Tharsis united all. General Hamilcar Barca would be the new Perseus, the instrument that the Myth would use to develop back again on Earth. In order for this military to demonstrate to the God One he was prepared to perform the feat, they prompted him to assassinate forty thousand men of his mercenary army, whose rebellion had previously been incited by suppressing the payment of the salary: from the Gorge of the Axe, a River of Blood thus flowed into the jaws of Moloch, to the satisfaction of the Golen and as a clear sign that the prophecy could be fulfilled. Then the government of Carthage, following the instructions of the Golen Priests, commissioned in 237 B.C. Hamilcar Barca the conquest of Spain. This invasion, the last that Tartessos would endure, was the subject of a family saga of oral legends called "The Attack of the Twenty-two Golen".

The saga tells that in the year 229, through a clever and unexpected withdrawal of troops, General Barca manages to "surprise Tartessos asleep", like the Argive Perseus with Medusa, and subjects it to blood and fire. However, while soldiers indulge in slaughter and looting, other events are taking place. Accompanying the Carthaginian army, have reached Tartessos twenty-two Golen, that is, twenty Golen Priests led by Bera and Birsha. The Argive Perseus Myth has come true, the prophecy is being fulfilled in that moment, and it is necessary to act with speed and precision: while the twenty Golen occupy the Sacred Forest, and perform rituals suitable for consecrating it to God One El Moloch and neutralize Pyrene's magical influence, Immortals Bera and Birsha will go in search of the Wise Sword. The Golen apply to their task and soon find themselves desecrating Pyrene's Lamp, concentrated next to the Apple Tree of Tharsis and the sculpture of the Goddess. What happens next is due to each one making an evaluation error on the adversary's capacity and mode of reaction: the Golen made a mistake by not considering the mystical and heroic madness that the Tartessian Hierophants had for being descendants of the Lords of Tharsis; and the Hierophants underestimated the powers and determination of the Golen, perhaps by ignoring until then the existence of Immortals like Bera and Birsha.

The Golen's mistake was to suppose that the Hierophants, unprepared so much as the sentinels of Tartessos, would accept with resignation the loss of the sanctuary of the Sacred Forest or, at best, would offer armed resistance, case in which a troop escorting them would act in their defense. Reality, very different, was that the Hierophants had considered many years before the possibility of the Sacred Forest falling to the Enemy and they had already made a decision about it: they would never allow this to happen; the fall of the Sacred Forest would necessarily imply its destruction. Therefore as the fire, advancing perimetrically, surrounded and burned the center of the Forest, the twenty Golen and the Guard could do nothing to prevent the horrible death: the charred skeletons later showed that all had taken refuge under the Apple Tree of Tharsis and that they finally burned and consumed like this and the remaining trees of the Forest. Everything was incinerated in that fire that had been carefully planned for years and prepared by means of a studied distribution of dry firewood in different parts of the area: when entering the Sacred Forest by train of conquest the Golen would not win a place but would fall into a death trap. Of course they would never have supposed that the Tartessian Hierophants would "sacrifice" their Sacred Forest before seeing it occupied by the Enemy and this reaction would be taken as a lesson by the Golen who would, henceforth, continue to fight against the descendants of the Blood Pact.

And the underestimation that the Hierophants made when evaluating the real power of the Golen was about to cause the final loss of the Wise Sword. If this did not occur, the merit should only be attributed to the incredible courage of the Vrayas; and a loyalty to the Blood Pact that went beyond death. The fact was that about twenty kilometers from Tartessos, on the slope of Cerro

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Candelaria, was the secret entrance to a Cavern that had been fitted out in ancient times by the white Atlanteans: it was one of the works that had to be preserved according to the commitment of the Blood Pact. Naturally then, after the cultural defeat of the Iberians, such commitment was forgotten and the Cave, hidden and lonely, remained abandoned for thousands of years. However, the purifying effects of the family mission that culminated in the Reformation of the Cold Fire, caused its rediscovery, even though not all, nor in any moment, could penetrate in it: the reason was that the secret entrance was marked with the Vrunes of Navutan and only those of Pure Blood, those who were able to hear the Language of the Birds, managed to find it; who did not meet these requirements could not discover it even being in front of her. Well, that Cavern had been chosen by the current Vrayas to keep the Wise Sword. A corridor of Tartessian warriors was formed to allow the departure from Tartessos of the Vrayas and save, at the last minute, the valuable inheritance of the white Atlanteans: many perished to consummate this heroic rescue, many who today are to be immortalized for their value, waiting in K'Taagar the moment when they will return to their combat positions, when the Final Battle is fought on Earth. Thanks to their loyal dedication, the Vrayas, who at that time were the Queen of Tartessos and two princesses, were able to get to the secret entrance of the Cavern. In truth they were so closely pursued by Bera and Birsha that only a princess, wielding the Wise Sword, managed to go through the threshold, while the other two Vrayas were delayed to stop them. And this was where the terrible power of the Immortal Golen was seen because, even when the Vrayas faced them with their fearsome stone axes, they did not need to use any weapon to control them, except for their demonic arts. The Power of Illusion, in which they were Masters, was enough to immobilize and seize them. However, the Wise Sword was already safe in the Secret Cavern since for the Golen, who only possessed Soul but lacked Spirit, it would be impossible to understand the Vrunes of Navutan.

The family saga concludes this part of the story by narrating the spectacle observed by the Tartessian Hierophants when they made their way to the Secret Cavern, after setting fire to the Sacred Forest. Lying on the ground at the base of Cerro Candelaria, not far from the secret entrance that they had not managed to find, were the corpses of the Queen of Tartessos and the princess hideously mutilated: it was evident from that scene that Bera and Birsha subjected the brave Initiates to cruel torment with the purpose of forcing them to confess the key to the secret entrance; and there was no doubt that they preferred to die with Honor before betraying the family mission and the Blood Pact; had thus first resisted the magical pressure of the enchantment of the Golen, with Will of steel, and then to physical torture, to the Test of Pain. Then, surely when verifying the failure of their plans and fearing a confrontation with the Men of Stone, the Immortals rushed to assassinate them and set off for the White Island, not without leaving behind an unmistakable sign of their infernal presences: before leaving, they scalped the two corpses and they took all the hair, the two braids dyed with whitewash that the Vrayas, like all Initiates consecrated to **Io-a**, wore ankle-length. And with the blood that trickled from the naked skulls, they wrote in Phoenician language on a rock something like: **the punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the Boar**. Without a doubt, another of their damn prophecies.

### Eleventh Day

Thus, dear Dr. Siegnagel, the Kingdom of Tartessos disappeared forever. General Barca again represented the Myth of the Argive Perseus, by cutting off Medusa's Head, and also that of Heracles Melkarth, by defeating the triple peoples of the Gerions. However, although there was no stone on stone left of Tartessos, the Sacred Forest was reduced to ashes, and the sculpture of Pyrene was demolished by order of Hamilcar Barca, the Golen prophecy was not fulfilled since the Stone of Venus, the unique Eye of the Vrayas, could not be

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

stolen by Bera and Birsha. This shows that although it is true that mythical arguments can develop many times on Earth, their repetition is not always identical and may even bring more than one surprise to those who have propitiated it. On this occasion, not only did the prophecy fail, when the Sword was saved, but the sentence of extermination that weighed on the House of Tharsis could not be fulfilled either.

In the Argive Myth, when Perseus plunges the sickle into Medusa's neck, two extraordinary beings emerge from the wound: Chrysaor and Pegasus. According to Myth, only Poseidon, the King of Atlantis and God of the Western Sea, dared to love Medusa, in whom he fathered two sons, Chrysaor and Pegasus, they would be born from the wound inflicted by Perseus. Chrysaor would be a giant destined to marry Calirroe (Kalibur), a "Daughter of the Sea", from whose union would be born the triple Giant Geryon. I believe, Dr. Siegnagel, that the last manifestation of the Myth, concretized in the drama of Tartessos, would determine its repetition even in the minor details, despite not fulfilling, happily, the prophecy of the Golden. I believe, for example, that indeed from Medusa's severed neck, from the ruins of Tartessos, was born Chrysaor, the giant Son of Poseidon; this was, without doubts, Lito de Tharsis, who, as you will see later, married a Daughter of the Sea, a princess from America, "the other shore of the Western Sea"; Chrysaor would be born armed with a Golden Sword, just like Lito de Tharsis, who would depart towards America carrying the Wise Sword of the Iberian Kings. And I also believe that my son Noyo is like Pegasus, who was born with wings to fly until the Abodes of the Liberator Gods and, like him, has the power to open the Fountains with his blows, only in his case it is the Fountains of Wisdom.





## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The survivors of the House of Tharsis, curiously eighteen in all, were gathered near the Secret Cavern, on a narrow terrace naturally protected with huge rocks that allowed a certain defense and from which the mountainside could be dominated. The family saga tells that, a moment before, the Men of Stone, the only ones who knew how to enter it, had held a council in the Secret Cavern: in the face of the disaster that struck down against the House of Tharsis, they vowed to devote all efforts to the fulfillment of the family mission and to save the Wise Sword. It was necessary that the Lineage continued to exist at any cost; as for the Wise Sword regards, they decided that, after the death of the last Vraya, it would remain perpetually deposited in the Secret Cavern, at least until the day when other Men of Stone, descendants of the House of Tharsis, observed in it the K'Taagar's Lithic Sign and knew they should leave: **until that occasion the Wise Sword would never see the light of day again.**

Upon leaving, they communicated these determinations to their relatives and requested news about the Kingdom. But the news reaching the makeshift shelter were strange and contradictory. Prompt help from the Romans should be ruled out because the Golen had risen up all the peoples of Gaul against them, cutting off their way to Spain: the aid of Tartessos now required a very large expedition, which would leave Rome itself unguarded. On the other hand, at Tartessos, the Carthaginian victory had been crushing: the entire Tartesside was in the possession of General Barca, which completed the total occupation of the South of Spain. To the Lords of Tharsis only their lives and a battalion of faithful and fierce royal guards remained. However, something strange and contradictory happened.

Hamilcar Barca, it is true, had Tartessos razed to the point of becoming debris. In this action both he and the mercenary army acted moved by a murderous fury that surpassed all reasoning, by an indomitable force that seized them and did not abandon them until they had completely destroyed the city already occupied. It was as if the hatred experienced during centuries by the Golen against the House of Tharsis would have accumulated in some dark container, **perhaps in the Myth of Perseus**, to download everything together in the Soul of the Carthaginians. However, after consummating the irrational destruction, General Barca and the military chiefs who accompanied him abruptly regained their lucidity, being no stranger to that phenomenon, the death of the twenty Golen and the departure of Bera and Birsha. Momentarily, something had been interrupted, something that prompted General Barca to wish the annihilation of the House of Tharsis; and there were no more Golen left in Tartessos to restart it. Then, free for the moment, from the destructive passion of the Argive Perseus, Hamilcar Barca acted with the good sense of a true Carthaginian, that is, he thought about his personal interests. For Hamilcar Barca the enemy was not only in Rome; there, in any case, was the enemy of Carthage; but in Carthage were also the enemies of Hamilcar Barca, those who envied his successful career as a General and distrusted his power; those who had sent him, eight years before, to conquer that inhospitable country and had no intention of making him come back.

But Hamilcar Barca would pay them with the same coin, he would demonstrate towards the Government of Carthage the same indifference and would use for his own benefit, and of his family, the immense conquered territory: Spain would be the private Farm of the Barca! But, for that, they would have to count on the essential collaboration of the native population, who had until then managed the country and knew all the springs of its operation. And those warlike peoples, who were free for centuries, would not easily submit to slavery, this the Barcides clearly noticed, unless their own Kings and Lords convinced them that it was better not to resist the occupation. The solution would not be impossible because, according to the particular philosophy of the Carthaginians, "it should only be destroyed that which could not be bought".

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

The strange and contradictory news thus reached the refuge of the Lords of Tharsis: Hamilcar Barca offered to save their lives if they renounced all rights on Tartessos and agreed to enter his service to govern the country; otherwise, they would be exterminated as the Golen claimed. With a lot of pain, but with no possible alternatives, the Lords of Tharsis had to agree to such dishonorable offer: they were doing it out of a higher interest, for the family mission and the Wise Sword.

Once the surrender was arranged, those of Tharsis went on to serve the Barcida and took care in pacifying Tartessos and reorganizing the agricultural and industrial production. For their good disposition they were rewarded with a farm located very close to the site of the defunct Tartessos, where the "Tharsis family" would live from now on, except for the members who performed functions in the cities or accompanied the Barcides in the inspection trips. While the Carthaginian occupation lasted, despite the protection assured by the Barcides, the tranquility was scarce due to the constant lurkings of the Golen, who explored the region inch by inch searching for the Wise Sword and had now added the deaths of twenty of them to the list of charges to be paid by the House of Tharsis.

On the death of Hamilcar Barca, in 228 B.C., his son Asdrubal Barca succeeds him, but, after being assassinated in 220 B.C., assumed command of the Carthaginian army, his son, Hannibal Barca. Hamilcar's grandson invades the Greek colony of Saguntus in 219 B.C., which was under the protection of Rome, and with that action the Second Punic War began, which would end in 201 B.C., with the unconditional surrender of Carthage. Thirty years after the destruction of Tartessos, Spain was forever free from the Carthaginian invader! But it was too late for Tartessos; the new Roman occupant would not leave the peninsula until the dismemberment of its own empire, six hundred years later.

With the Romans the House of Tharsis had a relative good time because it was regarded as an allied native nobility and the functions of government of the region were restored to them, now a Roman province, subject to the law of the Republic and to the authority of a proconsul or propretor. The region of ancient Tartessos, between the Tinto and Odiel rivers, was included in the province of "Baetica", named after the Betis river, today Guadalquivir, which extended to the river Anas, today Guadiana, border of Lusitania; the Romans gave the Tartessians the name of "Turdetani" and Tartessos, that of Turdetania: in a few decades the Turdetania was romanized, the use of Latin was popularized, and large rural latifundia were created, owned by provincial governors, magistrates, or army Chiefs.

Around the 1st century B.C. the House of Tharsis had become related to the Roman nobility and was quite powerful in Baetica, a province that had 175 cities, many of them rich and thriving like Corduba (Córdoba), Gades (Cádiz), Hispalis (Sevilla) or Malaca (Málaga). Based on the property ceded by the Carthaginians and restitutions made by the Romans, the Lords of Tharsis developed a rustic Roman Villa, building a Manor Residence and expanding it with the acquisition of large extensions of fields for cultivation; cereals, olive trees, and vines, made up the main production, in addition to some minerals that were still exploited in the mountain range of Sierra Catochar. It should be noted that the Romans registered it as "Villa de Turdes" and that its inhabitants were called "Lords of Turdes" while the Roman Empire ruled, although I will continue to mention Lords of Tharsis to maintain the continuity of the story.

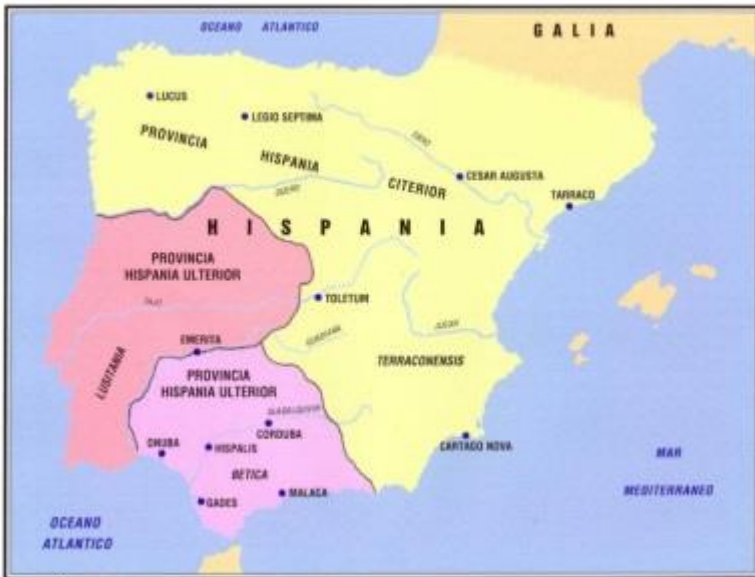
As all the families of Hispano-Roman landowners they had a housing in the City where they stayed most of the year; however, whenever they could, they preferred to retire to the country estate as their greatest interest was being near the Secret Cavern.

The Golen had no chance to influence the Roman population and its power was preserved intact only in Lusitania, in some regions of Gaul, in Britannia and Hibernia. After the campaigns of Julius Caesar, this power seemed to decrease completely and, for a time, it was believed that the threat was

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

definitely averted. This, as seen later, was a misjudgment, a further underestimation of the ability of the Golen to carry out their plans.

Regarding the Cold Fire Cult, the Lords of Tharsis had no problems in replacing it as the Romans were remarkably tolerant in religious matters and, furthermore, they too worshiped Fire since remote times. In the Villa de Tharsis they built a *lararium* dedicated to Vesta, the Roman Goddess of Home Fire: there in front of the statue of the Goddess Vesta-Pyrene, the Perennial Lamp of the Hearth burned, the *flamma lar* that should never go out. Despite now being a private cult, the House of Tharsis had not lost its fame as a family of mystics and thaumaturges, and soon their Villa became another place of pilgrimage for the seekers of the Spirit, without naturally reaching the proportions of the Age of Tartessos. The family gave Rome good officials and military, apart from contributing their production of food and minerals, but also provided it with Scryers, Augurs and Vestals.



The Spain of the High Roman Empire

### Twelfth Day

Emperor Constantine, with the edict of Milan in 313, legalizes Christianity and grants it rights equivalent to those of the pagan official cults. Towards the end of the fourth century, in the year 381, and by work of the emperor Theodosius I, Christianity is declared the "official state religion" and pagan cults are forbidden; in 386 it is ordered, by means of an imperial decree, "the closure of all pagan temples"; and in 392, by imperial law, "the pagan cult is considered and punished as a crime of lese majeste", that is, sanctioned with the death penalty. These measures did not affect the Lords of Tharsis since years before they had already adopted Christianity as a family religion. The worship of Jesus Christ came from the country of Canaan, the homeland of the Golen, and such origin was, of course, suspicious from the start, but there was also the alleged cultural foundation of the drama of Jesus: the prophecies recorded in a set of canonical books of the Hebrews, who claimed to be "the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Chosen People of the Creator God". None of this convinced the Lords of Tharsis and, on the contrary, the more they observed that new eastern Cult, the more they were persuaded that behind it lay a colossal conspiracy hatched by the White Fraternity. How, then, did they adopt Christianity as family religion? Because, above the origin of the Cult and the filiation of its cultists, there was an unquestionable fact: **that the story told in the gospels was partly true.** This could be assured by the Lords of Tharsis without any doubt, because they knew it for thousands of years, long before Jesus lived in Palestine. Well, that was, undoubtedly, a new version of the story of Navutan.

To know the story in all its purity, one would have to go back thousands of years in the past, until the Age of the white Atlanteans, Parents of all the white peoples of the Blood Pact. They claimed to be guided by Navutan, the Great White Chief who had discovered the secret of the spiritual chaining and had revealed to them how the Spirit could abandon matter and be free and eternal beyond the stars, that is, further beyond the Abodes of the Gods and the Powers of Matter. According to the accounts of the white Atlanteans, Navutan was a God who existed, free and eternal like all Hyperborean Spirits, beyond the stars. The Incognizable God, of whom nothing can be affirmed from this side of the Origin, Navutan, and other Gods, were furious because a sector of the Race of the Spirit was detained in the Universe of Matter: and anger was not directed only against the Powers of Matter that held back the Spirits, but also against the weak Spirit, against the Spirit devoid of Graceful Will to break the Illusion of the Great Deception and free himself. On Earth, the Spirit had been chained to the animal man so that his volitional force accelerated the evolution of his psychic structure: and so iron was the chaining, so immersed was the Spirit in the soul nature of the animal man, that it had forgotten its Origin and believed to be a product of Nature and the Powers of Matter, a **creation** of the Gods. In other times, since the Spirit remained on Earth, the Liberator Gods, its Brother Spirits, came to its aid and many were freed and returned with Them; for that cause, terrible Battles were fought against the Powers of Matter. Lately, for example, had passed through the Origin, and had presented himself before the men of Atlantis, the Great Chief of the Entire Hyperborean Race imprisoned, the Lord of the Beauty of Uncreated Forms, the Lord of Absolute Courage, the Lord of the Uncreated Light, the Envoy of the Incognizable God to Release the Spirit, that is, the Kristos of Uncreated Light, Kristos Lux, Luzbel, Lucifer, or Kristos Lucifer. But the manifestation of Kristos Lucifer in Atlantis caused the destruction of its materialistic civilization: the Battle of Atlantis culminated in the sinking of the continent, much after That One had returned to the Origin.

Under these circumstances, faced with the imminent catastrophe of Atlantis, develops the story of Navutan. The yellow men, the red men, the black men, all will perish in a cataclysm worse than the one to come in Atlantis: the one that worries the Liberator Gods is the spiritual cataclysm, the abyss into which even those who survive the sinking of Atlantis will immerse themselves; and that result seems inevitable due to the insistence and tenacity with which the White Fraternity maintains the spiritual chaining, but, more than anything, due to the impossibility demonstrated by the Spirit to avoid the Illusion and awaken from the Great Deception; Those Races, strategically confused, will blindly follow the Atlantean Priests, who will lead them straight to their final spiritual decay. The white Race is the only one, at that moment, that has a possibility of liberation, a possibility that the Gods will not ignore. But the white man is very asleep, with the Spirit very submerged in the Illusion of Matter, very projected in the Outer World: he will not be able to understand the Inner Revelation of the Spirit, he will not be able to free himself. An External Revelation of the Spirit suitable for the white Race is necessary, to show the white man from the outside a way of liberation leading to the Hyperborean Wisdom: **for this Navutan descends to Hell.** Navutan, "free and eternal God", agrees to come down to Hell, come to the World of Matter, and be born as a white man. And as a white man, perform the feat of liberating

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

His chained Spirit by himself. He will thus demonstrate to men, with the example of His Will, the way to follow, the Orientation towards the Origin.

In short, the story that the white Atlanteans transmitted in the form of Myth to the native peoples, would be the following. A Very Holy White Virgin lived in Atlantis, consecrated to the service of the Incognizable God and given to the contemplation of the Uncreated Light. Afflicted by the terrible famine that struck her people, that Virgin asked the Incognizable for help; and this Supreme God, whose Will is the Grace, taught her a way to the Planet Venus. Already there, the Virgin received from the Envoy of the Incognizable several copies of the Plant of the Wheat, with which the material hunger of men would be satisfied, a Rod, which would serve to measure the White Betrayal, and **the seed of a Stone Child**, who one day would be a man, who would put himself at the head of the White Race, and satiate its spiritual hunger. Returning from Venus, the White Virgin, who never had a carnal contact with any man, was pregnant from Navutian. The Liberator Gods had already announced her that she would be a mother and give birth to a child whose spiritual Wisdom would free the White Race from material slavery. A serpent tries to prevent the Virgin from fulfilling her mission but she kills it crushing its head with her right foot. After the deadline, the Virgin gives birth to Navutian and educates him as a Warrior Constructor, counting on the help of the Guardians of the Lithic Wisdom.

There was in Atlantis a path that led to an Enchanted Garden, which had been built by the God of Illusion. There grew an Ancient Pomegranate Tree, known as **the Tree of Life** and also as **the Tree of Terror**, whose roots **extended throughout the Earth** and whose branches **rose up to the Heavenly Abodes of the God of Illusion**. Close to that Haunted Pomegranate Tree was an Apple Tree, as Old as That, which was called **the Tree of Good and Evil** or **the Tree of Death**. It was common belief among the Atlanteans that man, Initially, had been immortal: the cause that man had to die was due to the fact that the Great Ancestors had eaten the Fruit of this Tree and Death was transmitted to descendants as a Disease. In truth, the Blood of the Tree, its Cursed Sap, had mixed with the Immortal Blood of the Original Man and regulated Life and Death from within. And nobody knew the Remedy for that Disease. Navutian, lacking a human father, was born immortal like the Original Men, but his immortality was, therefore himself, **essential**, proper to his special spiritual nature; consequently, his immortality was **incommunicable** to the other white men, not suitable for them to regain lost immortality. That is why Navutian, with the support of His Divine Mother, the Virgin Ama, decides to become mortal and discover the secret of immortality for men.

Since the Great Ancestors ate the Fruit of the Tree of Death, no one dared to approach it for fear of Death. But Navutian was immortal like the Great Ancestors and, like Them, could approach it without problems. Once next to the Tree, Navutian cut and ate the forbidden fruit, being immediately bewitched by the Illusion of Life: now He only needed to discover the secret of Death **without dying**, because if He perished in the attempt He could never communicate Wisdom to white men. It's then when Navutian **self-crucifies** on the Tree of Terror, to defeat Death, and hangs nine nights from its trunk. However, while time was passing, Death was approaching without Navutian managing to understand its secret. At last, already dying, the Great White Chief closed His only eye, which He kept fixed on the Illusion of the World, and looked into the Depths of Himself, in a last desperate reaction to save the life that was dying out hopelessly. And at the peak of Himself, in the midst of the Infinite Blackness of Death hinted at, saw a Resplendent Figure emerge, a Being that was Pure Grace: it was Frya, the Joy of the Spirit, His Divine Wife of the Origin who came in His help.

When Navutian opens his eye again, Frya comes out of it and enters the World of the Great Deception. She goes to seek the secret of Death to save Her agonizing Husband. However, She cannot achieve it and time is running out relentlessly. Finally, without despairing, Frya heads to Hyperborea to consult the Liberator Gods; They advise Her to look for a two-headed Giant, that

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

inhabits a World, located, under the roots of the Tree of Terror and practises the trade of key-holder: she must steal the **Kālachakra Key** from that Giant, since on it the Traitor Gods have engraved the secret of Death. The Myth of the white Atlanteans is very complex at this point and it is only worth mentioning that Frya, transformed into a Raven, descends into the World of the two-faced Giant and steals the Kālachakra Key: but, to get it, She had to become an assassin and a prostitute; Frya, in effect, breaks the Kālachakra Key with a blow of Her ax, but the bits, when falling, are transformed into seven giants, with seven heads each one, who "sleep so that the root Races may live for them"; immediately afterwards, and without alternatives because She is urged by time, Frya dresses with the Veil of Death that those giants have fastened with a noose around each neck: then She wakes them up successively and gives Herself to them as a lover, but inexorably beheading them at the climax of orgasm; and the heads of the Giants, strung on a rope or sutratma, form the necklace of Frya Kālibur, in which each skull represents a Sacred Alphabet Sign of the White Race. At last the Veil of Death is loose and Frya, again transformed into a raven, swiftly returns to Navutan.

But it is already late: just when She arrives, Navutan exhales the last breath and his eye is closing forever. Frya understands that it will be impossible to reveal to Navutan the secret of Death because He has just died and will not be able to read the Kālachakra Key. And this is how, without wasting a moment, Frya makes the decision that will save Navutan and the White Race: She becomes a Partridge and penetrates Navutan again. The Kālachakra Key must be left outside, since only She can exist in the Depths of Himself. Frya must reveal to Navutan the Secret of Death, not only to achieve His resurrection, but also for her Spouse to communicate it to men; otherwise His immolation would have been in vain. But how to expose Navutan the Secret of Death without the Kālachakra Key, without showing him that instrument of the spiritual enchainment, for His understanding? And Frya decides on that instant: like a partridge, she will dance the Secret of Life and Death. She will express, with the dance, the Highest Wisdom that is possible for a mortal man to understand from Outside of Himself.

And Frya, dancing Deep within Himself, reveals to Navutan the Secret coming from Outside of Himself. And Navutan understands, the spell caused by the Fruit of the Tree of Life and Death is cut, and resurrects again as immortal. And coming down from His crucifixion on the Tree, He realizes that His body has transmuted, and is now made of Pure Stone; and that He can understand and express the Language of the Birds. Then Navutan teaches the white Atlanteans the thirteen plus three Vrunes through the Language of the Birds and leads them to understand the Sign of the Origin, "with which they will obtain the Highest Wisdom, they will be immortal while the Spirit remains chained to the animal man, and conquer Eternity when they win the Battle against the Powers of Matter and be free in the Origin".

So far I have summarized, Dr. Siegnagel, the story of Navutan, according to the mythical tale of the white Atlanteans. It is easy to see that it had many points in common with the evangelical story of Jesus Christ: both stories deal with a God made man; both Gods are born of a Virgin; they both die for voluntary crucifixion; both are resurrected; both leave the will of their Wisdom; both form disciples to whom they reveal the "good news", that they must communicate to their peers; both affirm that "the Kingdom is not from this World"; etc. But it is clear that there are also fundamental differences between both doctrines. Perhaps the most accentuated are the following: Navutan comes to free the Spirit of Man from his prison in the World of the Creator God; the Spirit is Uncreated, that is, not Created by the Creator God and, therefore, nothing that happens here can essentially sully it, much less affect it ethically; the Spirit is **Innocent and pure** in the Eternity of the Origin; hence Navutan affirms that the Hyperborean Spirit, belonging to a Warrior Race, can only manifest an attitude of **essential hostility** towards the World of the Creator God, can only rebel against the Material Order, it can only doubt the Reality of the World that constitutes the Great Deception, it can only reject as False or

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Enemy all that which is not a product of Himself, that is, of the Spirit, and can only encourage a single purpose with Wisdom: to leave the World of the Creator God, where it is a slave, and return to the World of the Unknowable, where it will be again a God. On the contrary, Jesus Christ comes to **save** the Soul of Man from Sin, from failure to the Law of the Creator God; the Soul is Created by the Creator God and must blindly obey the Law of his Father; everything that happens here ethically affects the Soul and can increase its share of Sin; The Soul is neither innocent nor pure because man is in this World as a punishment for an **Original Sin** committed by the Parents of the Human Gender and it inherits, therefore, Original Sin; hence Jesus Christ affirms that The Soul of Man, the most perfect creature of the Creator God, must only manifest an attitude of **essential love** towards the World of the Creator God, only must accept with resignation its place in the Material Order, must only believe in the Reality of the World, should only accept as True and Friend what proves to come in the Name of the Creator God, and must only encourage a single purpose with Wisdom: remain in the World of the Creator God **as a sheep** and be pastored by Jesus Christ or the Priests who represent him. **To be God or to be sheep, that is the question**, Dr. Siegnagel.

As I anticipated, when the imperial law of 392 threatened to consider "crime of lese majesty" the practice of pagan cults, it was time ago that the House of Tharsis had accepted Christianity as their family religion. Logically, the Lords of Tharsis clearly saw the march of time, and their only priority, since the destruction of Tartessos, was to fulfill the family mission and preserve the Wise Sword. This family priority determined a Strategy for the survival of the Lineage, survival that could be seen heavily threatened after a new persecution: there were difficult times those of the fourth century, the decline of Rome foreseen by Polybius in the second century B.C., had become reality. The Empire, stalked in all its borders by invading peoples, has incorporated entire regiments of mercenaries and has handed over command of the armies to the Barbarians; the smallholder agriculture has been ruined and disappeared centuries ago in Italy, absorbed by the big landowners: only surviving, in those days, colonial latifundia, including the one owned in Spain by the Lords of Tharsis, contributing with its low prices to further destabilize the economy of the metropolis.

Faced with this panorama of generalized insecurity, the Lords of Tharsis, who are no longer Kings but a family of landowners, and Hispano-Roman officials, must act with extreme caution. Christianity, which has imposed itself at the peak of Imperial Power, is now supported by the spears and the swords of the legionaries. But this "Christianity" clearly does not contain doctrinal principles that are absolutely unacceptable to the Lords of Tharsis: just as they learned so hard in their war against the Golen, the Myths, the Legendary Stories, the Arguments that are written in Heaven, they can be repeated on Earth. And they are willing to accept the story of Jesus, and even the message, the good news, as a kind of update of the Myth of Navutan: the Lords of Tharsis will become Christians because they will look at the story of Jesus through the lens of Ancient Wisdom; and they will not discuss the differences, although they will keep them in mind and not forget them.

They will embrace the Cross and celebrate the sacraments of the Church of Rome; for all purposes they will be consecrated Christians; they will even give from among their children to the Church. But between them, within the House of Tharsis, they will only recognize as Truth what coincides with the story of Navutan or with other fragments of the Hyperborean Wisdom that the family still conserves. As in its time the Gnostics and Manicheans, and as the Cathars and Albigensians will later do, they accept only part of the Gospels, especially John's, and reject flat out the Old Testament. This is what they claimed: the God of the Jews was no other than Jehovah Satan, an aspect or face of the One God Creator of the Material Universe; in Genesis the story of the Creation of the Material Universe is told, where the Uncreated and Eternal Spirit would be enslaved; The created Universe is thus intrinsically evil to the Uncreated Spirit, the Spirit only gives value to the True World from which it comes; and from

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

where it also came the Creator God, since the Material Universe has evidently been Created in *imitation* of the True World.

And the Old Testament also tells the story of the "Chosen People", by Jehovah Satan, to reign over all the peoples of the Earth. It was not clear, perhaps, the Promise that the Creator made to Abraham "Raise your eyes and look from the place where you are towards the North and the Noon, towards the East and the West; because I will give for you and for your posterity for always all the country that you see, and I will make your descendants numerous like the dust of the Earth. If someone can count the dust on Earth, can also count your posterity. Arise, travel the Earth far and wide for I will give it to you and your descendants" [Gen. 13.14]. Promise that is later reaffirmed "And taking him out, Jehovah said to him: look at Heaven and count, if you can, the stars. And he added: so will your descendants be". But clearer was the Creator with Moses, when he revealed to him the mission of the Chosen People: "However, if you shall hear my voice and keep my covenant, **you shall be my private property among all peoples, because the whole Earth belongs to me. You shall be for me a Kingdom of Priests and a Holy Nation.** These are the words of the Lord which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel". And then: "I will conclude the Alliance. I will perform in the sight of all Gentile peoples such wonders as have never been made in all the Earth and any nation, so that all peoples that are round about you Israel, see the work of the Lord; for it is terrible what I'm going to do through you. Fulfill, then, what I am going to command you in this day. Be careful not to make any agreements with the inhabitants of the country you are entering, lest they become a bond for you. On the contrary, **tear down their altars, break down their wakes, and destroy their poles and sacred stones.**" [Ex.19.6; 34.10].

By fulfilling the Covenant, the Chosen People will be Blessed by the Creator, as He tells Moses: "You shall not make for yourselves idols, nor erect statues or steles, nor shall you put up in your country sacred stones to bow down to them, for I am Jehovah, your God. You shall keep my Sabbaths and respect my sanctuary. Yes you shall walk according to my laws, ...you shall eat your bread to your heart's content and you will live safely in your country. I will give peace to the earth and you will sleep without anyone disturbing you. The sword will not pass through your country. You will pursue your enemies and they will fall before you on the edge of the sword. **Five of you shall pursue a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight,** and your enemies will fall before you on the edge of the sword. I will turn to you, I will make you grow and multiply, and I will keep my Alliance with you. **I will put my dwell among you and I will not be weary of you. I will walk in among you, I will be your God and you shall be my people.** I am Jehovah, your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt" [Lev. 26].

That "Chosen People" would be, then, the one which the brown Atlanteans, the enemies of the Blood Pact, announced thousands of years before: it was, at least, ironic that now it was intended to derive, from that cursed people, an emulator of Navutan, the Founder of the Blood Pact. But Jesus was not coming to save the Blood Pact, but precisely to destroy it forever, which shows that it was consistent with his origin from the Chosen People: through Jesus Christ, the Pure Blood would be degraded as never before, the entire humanity would be bastardized, the Courage would curdle in the veins and be replaced by the Fear of the One God; and when man materialized, and no longer responded to the Fear of the One God, Courage could not emerge as well, since man would have sunk into the moral degradation of cultural decay, it would have become effeminate and softened, would have been confused in a universal Scoundrel of the Spirit: but from that Vile Scoundrel, naturally, both the Church and the other sects founded by the Chosen People and the White Brotherhood, would extract the best of the Earth, that is, those who would support and aid them with ardor, the Priests and the faithful, the members of the Secret Societies that would rule the World and the Scoundrel of the Spirit who would approve their government, worms and snakes, lamb and sheep, doves of peace, no eagles, no condors, Dr. Siegnagel.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Of course, the exception to this rule leaves those of Pure Blood safe; to all those who intuit that with the crucifixion, the Eternal Spirit, who never sinned, must be **released**, and not **save** the sinful Soul; to those who want a Warrior Kristos and not a Sheperd Christ; to those who feel a Kristos of Uncreated Light and not to those who perceive a Material Christ. The Kristos conceived by the Lords of Tharsis, for example, was a Pure Spirit God, of Uncreated Light, who if it manifested on Earth, would do so wearing the King's Crown and wielding the sword; and in that Parousia, the Presence of Kristos alone would suffice to cause an Aristocracy of the Spirit among men, which would put an end to the confusion of the Spiritual Scoundrel: Kristos would then charismatically communicate to men, He would speak directly to them in their Pure Blood; and those who listened better, would really be the most Virtuous, the most Spiritual, the True Kristians.

### Thirteenth Day

As can be seen, the Lords of Tharsis were *sui generis* Christians, and if the Church had discovered their way of thinking surely they would have been condemned as heretics. But they were always careful to express their ideas publicly: far were the times when the House of Tharsis guarded the Cold Fire Cult and assumed the obligation of its conservation and diffusion. After the destruction of Tartessos and the oath made by the last Men of Stone, their priority was to fulfill the family mission and save the Wise Sword: and for this it would be necessary to go as unnoticed as possible, concentrating only on their goals. They did not forget that the Wise Sword still waited in the Secret Cavern and that the sentence of the Golen, or **Gorren** (from "gorrino", pig in Spanish), that is, of the **Pigs**, weighed upon them, as contemptuously described by the Lords of Tharsis in reference to the sentence written with the blood of the Vrayas.

Although the Lords of Tharsis did not speak about their religious ideas, instead, they acted: and they did so ostensibly, to draw attention to the exemplary behavior and divert it from questionable thoughts. It favored them, to a great extent, the great ignorance that characterized the clergy and Bishops of the time: these paid attention only to the external part of the worship and to the faith and obedience demonstrated by the believers. And, in that sense, those of Tharsis constituted a model of the Christian family: they were rich landowners but very humble and virtuous; always working their properties in Huelva they spent much of the year in the countryside; generously helped the Church and maintained, in the Villa de Tharsis, a Basilica consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; They had even formed, with the people of the Villa de Turdes, a "Minor Order of Readers" in charge of exposing the Gospel to the Catechumens who were to be baptized! Yes, the Church could be proud of the House of Tharsis.

In truth, the Lords of Tharsis did not lie about this as they claimed that the Purest Image of the "new Christianity" was that of the Virgin Mary. Therefore, already in the middle of the third century, they transformed the Roman Basilica where Vesta's Cult was officiated in a Christian **Ecclesiae**. They kept the building intact, but replaced the Statue of Vesta and built an Altar to celebrate the Eucharist, in which they also deposited the Perennial Lamp. Where possible, the Lords of Tharsis tried to ensure that the Chapel would always be run by clergymen of the family, although due to its importance it received periodic visits by the Bishop of Sevilla and the Presbyters of the area. The worship chosen for the Cult of the Virgin had an autochthonous origin as the Lords of Tharsis themselves, when they appeared before the Christian Priests, did so by assuring they had witnessed a manifestation of the Virgin. According to them, the Virgin had appeared in a shallow grotto located a few meters from the Villa de Turdes, a case that could be attested by all the members of the family and some servants: the Virgin had shown herself in Her Majesty's Splendor and had asked that they adore her Divine Son and that

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

they remember her with a Cult. So the Lords of Tharsis, seized with visible excitement, declared that they wished to leave the Pagan Cult and become Christians. Such a volunteer conversion of such a powerful Roman Hispanic family, caused great satisfaction to the Catholic priests as it would add exemplary prestige to their evangelizing missions in the region. Hence, they willingly accepted the initiative of those of Tharsis to dedicate the Basilica to the Cult of the Virgen de la Gruta (**Virgin of the Grotto**).

And so began in the Villa de Turdes the Cult of Nuestra Señora de la Gruta (**Our Lady of the Grotto**), which would be famous in the South of Spain until the end of the Middle Ages, until the last of the Lords of Tharsis definitively left the peninsula and the Church promoted the prudent forgetting of it. To understand the intentions that the Lords of Tharsis hid after their conversion and establishment of the Cult of the Virgin, there is nothing more revealing than observing the Sculpture with which they replaced the Statue of Vesta.

Things had changed quite a bit since the Age of the Carthaginians. Now the Villa consisted of a huge Manor House on the **terra dominicata** and about fifty hectares of **terra indominicata** given to farming; a peasant village, also called Villa de Turdes, had been raised near the Residence of the Lords of Tharsis; and in a limit of the village, on a hill that sloped gently towards the Manor House, the Lords of Tharsis had destined for Church and local Parish an excellent Roman Basilica. The Catechumens, who were going to hear the **missa catechumenorum**, and the Faithful, who would later attend the particular **missa fidelium**, reached the **atrium**, a courtyard surrounded by columns, and passed next to the fountain called **Cantharus**, before entering the central nave. Built on a rectangular plan, the Basilica had three naves; two side naves that formed the Cross, and the central nave, which was divided by two columns of seats, occupied, on the right by men and, on the left, by women; the central nave ended in the **apse**, a widening vaulted and elevated where the **Sanctuarium** stood. Normally, in all the churches of the time, at the back of the apse was the Episcopal Chair, which was the throne occupied by the Bishop, together with other seats, for the Presbyters. In the Basilica of Tharsis, the Episcopal Chair, as will be seen immediately, had been yielded to the Blessed Virgin. In front of the Episcopal Chair, in the center of the Sanctuary, was the **sacra mensa** of the Altar and, on it, the instruments of the Cult: the Chalice, the Paten, and the Perennial Lamp.

The culminating moment of the Mass of the Faithful takes place immediately after the Priest utters the words that institute the Eucharist: then he recites the **epiclesis**, an invocation to the Holy Spirit requesting his assistance to promote the miracle of the transmutation of the Bread and Wine, **and draws a curtain that leaves exposed, in sight of the faithful, the Divine Image of the Virgin**. The Faithful were absorbed in the Contemplation: the Sculpture of the Virgin is made of painted wood, of small dimensions: seventy centimeters high, thirty wide and thirty deep; She sits, in a majestic attitude, on a Chair also of wood; the face is of beautiful western features, since it reproduces one of the Ladies of Tharsis, and smiles softly as her eyes are fixed forward; the hair falls in the shape of sixteen braids finely carved, arising immediately below the Crown; because so much Her, like the Child, exhibit the attributes of Royal Dignity: both Crowns are triple and octagonal; as for the Child, He is sitting on Her lap, on the left knee, while She lovingly supports Him by the shoulder with Her left hand; unlike the Sculpture of the Virgin, which is made of painted wood, that of the Child is made of White Stone; Virgin of Wood, Child of Stone: the Virgin's face is painted in immaculate White, the Hair of Gold, the Body of Red and the Chair of Black; with Her right hand, the Virgin holds a bundle of sixteen Ears of Wheat and a Rod, with the left hand holding the Child; Her feet are apart, as are Her knees, and under the right foot it can be seen, crushed, the head of a snake sticking out; the Child Krist King, for His part, stares straight ahead, in the direction where His Divine Mother is

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca



Virgin of Agartha carved in Bolivia according to the description of the work in cedar wood.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

looking, and holds a book in His left hand while gesturing with His right highlighting the right angle between the index finger and thumb.

It is evident why this adoration was given the name of "The White Virgin of the Stone Child" or "Our Lady of the Stone Child". It is not that clear, instead, the name "Our Lady of the Grotto" since, except for the mention made by the Lords of Tharsis about the place of appearance of the Virgin, the "grotto" did not intervene at all in the Cult. But the point was, that Virgin, whose description I have just made, clearly represented Ama, the Mother of Navutian, whom the white Atlanteans called "The Virgin of K'Taagar" because they pretended that She was still in the City of the Liberator Gods. But what does K'Taagar mean? its an agglutination of three extremely ancient words: the first is "Hk", of which only the final "K" is preserved, which was for the white Atlanteans a generic Name of God: with Hk they used to refer to the Unknowable as to the Liberator Gods; the second is "Ta" or "Taa", which means City: but not just any City but Hyperborean City, City of white Atlanteans; and the third is "Gr" or "Gar", which is equivalent to Krypt, cave, or underground enclosure. K'Taagar means, then, approximately: "The Underground City of the Liberator Gods". With the deletion of the "K" and the transposition of the remaining words, other peoples have referred to the same City as Agarta, Agartha, or A'grta, which means literally "Underground City". The Virgin of K'Taagar is also The Virgin of Agartha. But "A'grta" can also be interpreted as "la Gruta" ("the Grotto"): Thus arises the true origin of the ingenious name "Our Lady of the Grotto" that the Lords of Tharsis adopted to publicly refer to the Virgin of Agartha.

In conclusion, when the imperial law of 392 was enacted, which repressed the practice of the pagan Cults, the Lords of Tharsis were already Christians, Roman Catholics, and supported in their *ecclesiae propriae* the Cult of Nuestra Señora de la Gruta, the Virgin of Agartha. It is not that with this change they had renounced to the Cold Fire Cult: in truth, to celebrate that Cult it wasn't required any image. It was the figurative need of the Lydians who, by "perfecting the Form of the Cult", introduced in the past the Image of Pyrene. But Pyrene was the Cold Fire in the Heart and its simplest representation consisted of the Perennial Lamp: to the Chosen of the Goddess, to those who still believed in Her Promise, the Perennial Lamp should be enough, since the Ritual and the Trial of the Cold Fire must now be performed internally. So all the Ancient Mystery of the Cold Fire was exposed to view in that Basilica of the Villa de Turdes. But, as before, as always, only the Men of Stone understood. Only They knew, when praying in the Chapel, that the Gaze of the Virgin of Agartha, and that of the Stone Child, were nailed on the Flame of the Perennial Lamp; and that dancing Flame was Pyrene, it was Frya, the Wife of Navutian, expressing the Secret of Death with Her dance.

As soon as the fifth century began, three barbarian peoples launched the assault on Spain: two are Germans, the **Suebi** and the **Vandals**, and another, the **Alans**, Iranian. In the distribution they make, the Alans occupy Lusitania and part of Baetica, including the region of the Villa de Turdes: they arrived in 409 and, in the eight years that they manage to sustain themselves in the region, their presence is reduced to the usufruct for their own benefit of the taxes corresponding to Roman officials and the periodic plundering of some villages. To cope with the invasion, the Roman General Constantius, on behalf of the Emperor Honorius, hires King Valia of the Visigoths through a *foedus* signed in 416: by this treaty the Visigoths commit themselves to combat, as the Empire's federated, against the barbarian peoples that occupy Spain, receiving land in exchange to settle in the South of Gaul, in the Tarraconense and Narbonnense. The Alans are thus rapidly annihilated, while the Vandals still make forays into Baetica for a few years until they finally leave the peninsula for Africa.

When in 476 the Scirian Odoacer deposed the Roman Emperor Augustulus, putting an end to the Western Roman Empire, it had already been five years since King Euric of the Visigoths occupied Spain. This time, the Visigoths

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

entered to destroy the Suebi, in compliance with the foedus of the year 418, but they would not leave for the next two hundred and fifty years.

The permanent presence of the Visigoths in Spain did not affect in any determinant way the life of the Hispano-Romans, except in the case of the owners of large estates that were forced by the foedus to distribute their lands with the German "guests". Such was the case with the Lords of Tharsis, having to host a Visigoth family named **Valter** and giving them a third of the **terra dominicata** and two thirds of the **terra indominicata**. But, after this expropriation, which constituted a fair payment for the tranquility that the Visigoth presence ensured in the face of recent invasions, everything continued the same as in the days of the Roman Empire; only the destination of taxes had changed, which was no longer Rome but the closest Toledo; the amount and frequency of the levy, and even the tax collectors, were the same as in the Roman Empire.

Three fundamental issues separated the Visigoths and the Hispano-Romans: A law that prohibited marriages between Goths and Hispano-Romans; religious difference; and the numerical disproportion between both peoples. The first question was solved in the year 580 with the annulment of the law, being raised the barrier that prevented the merging of the two peoples: from then on, the Valter family is integrated with several marriages to the House of Tharsis, being restored the primitive patrimony of the Lords of Tharsis.

The second question means that, while the entire Hispano-Roman population professed the Catholic religion, the Visigoth guests held the Arian faith. In fact, both peoples were Christians and ignorant of the theological subtleties that the Priests dogmatically established. And in this case, the difference Arius had pointed out was one of extreme subtlety. The Visigoths were evangelized, when they still inhabited the shores of the Black Sea, by the Gothic Bishop Wulfilas, a supporter of Arius; when advancing then to The West, pushed by the Huns, they would discover with satisfaction that their Christianity was different from that of the Romans and they would cling tenaciously to that difference, often incomprehensible. They would do so because the Goths had developed **national pride** to an eminent degree and needed to have a tangible difference, a unifying principle of their own, that would prevent them from being culturally phagocytosed by the Roman Empire: the meaning of the difference in itself was of no great importance; the concrete thing would be that Arianism would religiously separate them from the Roman population, while, by uniting them together, would allow them to preserve the Gothic culture.

What was this difference with Catholic dogma, which few did understand but that the nationalist Goths would defend to the end? Specifically, it referred to a definition of the problem of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. The position of Arius, a native of Libya but enrolled in the diocese of Antioch, arose as a reaction against the doctrine of Sabellius: this had asserted that there was no essential distinction between the three Persons of the Christian Trinity; the Son and the Holy Spirit were actually manifestations of the Father under another Aspect or prosopon: the essence of the One God, presenting himself with one Aspect was the Father, with another was the Son, and with another the Holy Spirit. Against this, Arius began to teach from 318 that "only the One God is eternal and incommunicable: Jesus Christ was created from nothing and therefore is not eternal; he is a creature of the One God and therefore something different from Him, something not consubstantial with Him".

Sabellius made no distinction between the three Persons of the Trinity while Arius so differentiated the Father and the Son that the latter was no longer God or consubstantial with the Father: both would be condemned as heretics to Catholic Doctrine. And what was the truth then? As decided at Nicaea, in 325, by a Council of three hundred Bishops, Jesus Christ responded to the formula **consubstantialis Patri**, that is, consubstantial with the Father, of the same substance, God equal to Him. So the religious difference that separated Goths and Romans concerned the complex concept of consubstantiality between God and the Word of God, a difference that would not reach to explain

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Gothic obstinacy unless it is considered that, with it, they were preserving a Culture, a tradition, a way of life. It may not be evident in its real dimension the danger of immersion in Roman Culture that the Goth nationalists denounced, if we don't pay attention to the third question, that of the numerical disproportion between the two peoples: because the Visigoths only numbered two hundred thousand; that is to say, that a community of two hundred thousand members, newcomers, was to dominate a native population of nine million Hispano-Romans, exponents of a high degree of civilization. In the light of such figures, it's better understood the reluctance of the Goths to suppress religious and legal differences that isolated them from the Hispano-Romans.

The reality of their small numbers forced the Visigoths to tolerate the religion of the Hispano-Romans, although without yielding one bit of their Arian convictions. Yet, despite the despair of the nationalists, the universality of a world that was then Catholic and Roman was penetrating them from all sides and, at last, they had to accept a cultural integration that was already consummated in fact. In 589 King Reccared converted to Catholicism during the III Council of Toledo, specifying the religious unification of all the peoples of Spain. Being the Goths a people of Indo-German race, which was counted among the last to abandon the Blood Pact, that is, who were among the Purest Bloods on Earth, it is easy to conclude that their presence in the peninsula could only benefit the House of Tharsis; but that step taken by Reccared would elevate, without hindrance, the Lords of Tharsis to the noblest dignities of the Court of Toledo: from the 7th century those of Turdes-Valter would be Visigoth Counts.

The political unification of Spain completed by his father, King Leovigild, and the religious unification carried out by Reccared, were to leave undiscovered an Enemy within who, until then, had thrived on the differences that separated the two peoples. It was about the members of the Chosen People, by Jehovah Satan, who profess towards the Gentiles, that is to say, towards those who do not belong to the Chosen People, an inextinguishable hatred analogous to that which the Golen experience towards the House of Tharsis. Although the last Christianity, that of Jesus Christ, recorded the clear origin of their Sacred Books, of their traditions, of their Synagogues, and of their Rabbis, they despised and explained its existence as a necessary evil, like the fable that would expose the moral of Jewish Truth. False Catholic Christianity would last until the coming of the Jewish Messiah, the true Christ, who would sit on the Throne of the World and subject all the peoples of the Earth to the Slavery of the Jews. This was a Prophecy that would be inexorably fulfilled, as countless Rabbis and Doctors of the Law claimed in the Talmud. They blindly believed that the Diaspora was intended to infiltrate them among the Gentile peoples, as a kind of mystical preparation for the Future to Come, for the Universal Restoration of the Temple to Jehovah Satan and the Resurrection of the House of Israel, the true Jewish Messiah. During the dispersion, the Gentiles would learn who the Jews are, the expression of the One God on Earth, and the Jews would demonstrate to the Gentiles what is the Power of the One God. In the entire Diaspora, and in that Sepharad of Spain, the Jews, persuaded of their messianic prominence, gave themselves up to undermine by any means the social foundations of the Gentile peoples; religion, morality, the institutions of the nobility and royalty, the economy, and any legal basis, suffered systematic attacks by members of the Chosen People.

Already Reccared had to act against them due to the evidence of their indefatigable corrupting task, but the successors of that King did not act with the needed energy and allowed the Jews to pursue their plans. To the King Sisebut, extraordinary warrior and jealous Christian, who successively defeated the Basques, Cantabrians, Sucones, Asturians and Byzantine Greeks, it was up to him to correct this situation: in April 612 he passed a law that prohibited Jews "the possession of Christian slaves". You should not miss it, Dr. Siegnagel, the profound irony implied by that prohibition, from the theological point of view, given that the Talmudic Prophecies announced "the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

early slavery of Christians and Goim". Of course, for legal purposes, the law was regulated targeting specific slaves, and thus ordered that "every Jew who, after July 1, 612, found himself in possession of a Christian slave, half of his property would be confiscated, while the slave would be granted freedom as a Roman citizen". As well, a provision from the time of Alaric II was put into effect by the same law, which ordered to execute the Jews who had converted a Christian to their religion, even if they were children from mixed marriages.

With Sisebut already dead, the IV Council of Toledo met in 633, attended by the Count of Turdes in his role as local Bishop. A wide range of issues are addressed, such as royal succession, sedition cases, rules for ecclesiastical discipline, etc., and centrally debate with passion about the Jewish problem. King Sisenand who presides over the Council, completely lacking Sisebut's strategic feats and Hyperborean Vision, allows that a pro-Jewish faction take the lead and question the measures recently decreed against the Chosen People. It is there that the Count of Turdes-Valter violently confronts Bishop Isidoro de Sevilla, who does not even remotely possess the Pure Blood of Reccared and Sisebut, however being one of the best educated and most intelligent men in Spain: his encyclopædia in twenty volumes "**Etymology**" is a masterpiece for the time, in addition to numerous other books dedicated to the most varied subjects; even he wrote a treatise on apologetics with the suggestive title "**De fide catholica against Iudeos**". Yet Isidoro professed boundless admiration for the history of the Chosen People and he regarded the Old Testament as the theological foundation of Christianity, as he demonstrates in his treatise on exegetics "**Allegoriae S. Scripturae**" where he comments on the Hebrew books. This posture led to the contradiction of supporting on the one hand the need to combat Judaism and, on the other hand, to seek the defense of the Jews, to prevent "any kind of violence" is exercised on them. In the course of the Council, led by that false "Christian piety", he tries to reverse the laws of the Visigoth Kings.

Thanks to the intervention of the Count of Turdes-Valter, ten canons on the Jews are approved, but without the rigor of Sisebut's law: the Jews, among other things, are forbidden the practice of usury, the holding of public office, mixed marriages, the dissolution of existing mixed marriages is ordered, and the prohibition of keeping Christian slaves is reaffirmed. To assess the importance of the resolutions taken, it is only necessary to note that the Councils of Toledo were National Synods of the Catholic Church: hence the seriousness of one of the canons, which expressly establishes the penalty of excommunication for Bishops and other hierarchies of the Church, as well as the noblemen that were under the general law, in case they did not comply with accuracy and dedication the provisions on the Jews.

In that IV Council of Toledo, the Count of Turdes-Valter threw himself with ardor to defend the cause he called "of the Hispano-Goth Culture", in a moment when the pro-Jewish faction headed by Bishop Isidore seemed to keep the debate under control. His irruption was decisive; he spoke with such eloquence that he managed to define the majority of the Bishops in favor of taking urgent measures to counteract the "Jewish danger". Everyone was fascinated, especially the Visigoth nobles, when they heard him assure that "Hispano-Goth Culture was the Oldest on Earth", and that now that invaluable heritage "was threatened by a people enemy of the Spirit, a people who secretly worshiped Satan and counted on His Infernal Power to enslave or destroy mankind"; "Satan had given them power over Gold, which they always used to carry out their unspeakable plans, and "with which surely they had bought the vote of the Bishops who defended them". This possibility of being in the service of Jewish Gold led more than one pro-Jewish Bishop to shut his mouth and finally allowed the expected measures by the Count of Turdes-Valter, to be approved. However, such victory was not positive for the House of Tharsis because it revealed something that until then had gone unnoticed by everyone: in the attitude of the Count of Turdes-Valter conveyed something more than Catholic zeal, something alive, something that could only come from a Secret Knowledge, from a Hidden Source; the Count Bishop was too sure

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of what he claimed, he was too categorical in condemning them, to be a fanatic, someone blinded by faith; clearly the Count **knew** what he was saying, but how much and what did he know? where did his Wisdom come from? From there the House of Tharsis would be again observed by the Enemy; and to the hatred of the Golen would now be added that of the Chosen People and that of a sector of the Catholic Church, who would no longer cease to hunt down the Lords of Tharsis and seek their destruction; henceforth, although it would contribute with its wealth and its members to the strengthening of the Church, the House of Tharsis would always be suspected of heresy.



The Spain of the Lower Roman Empire

### Fourteenth Day

Regarding Muhammad I will only point out here that, if he imposed on the faithful of Islam the obligation to **orient** oneself daily towards a **stone**, the Black Stone or Kaaba, and the **Holy War** as a way to comply with God, it was because he knew the Principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom: for oriented warrior is a definition suitable for the Hyperborean Initiate. Surely the esoteric Wisdom of Muhammad was misrepresented or misunderstood by his followers. Anyway, even when not fully understood, the simple application of the Principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom is sufficient to transmute men and peoples, to neutralize the degrading pacifism of the Cultural Pact. Thus, upon dying Muhammad in 632, almost all Arabia was in the power of the Caliphs; in 638 Syria and Palestine fall, in 642 Egypt, in 643 Tripoli, and in 650 all of Persia. Finally, the Roman Civilization loses Africa: in 698 Carthage is destroyed.

In Spain, King Egica had to urgently convene the XVII Council of Toledo, which met in the Church of Santa Leocadia on November 9 of the year 694. The reason was the following: the African city of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, was the only Christian square that still resisted the Arab push; at the head of it was Count Julian, vassal of the King of Spain: the resistance of Ceuta depended exclusively on the provisions sent to them by the Hispano-Goths; Well, the Ceutis had discovered something terrible: the Hebrews in Africa were negotiating the Arab invasion of Spain, with the support of their peninsular brothers; Once the



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

price of treason had been settled, the Jews of Spain would supply the Saracens with all the necessary information, and their personal collaboration, to ensure the success of the invasion. Naturally, the Chosen People hate both Mohammedans and Christians, but their Prophetic strategy prescribes that one must face each other until everyone ends up dominated by it. And then it was the turn to destroy the Christian Kingdoms of Europe. When this news reached King Egica, who belonged to an enemy clan of the high nobility and the clergy, that is, pro-Jewish, he had no alternative but to convene the Council and present the case of High Treason. This time there are four Bishops of the House of Turdes-Valter to defend the cause of Spiritual Christianity and the Hispano-Goth Culture. It is debated arduously and in the end, it is decided to act with the utmost rigor: all the Jews of Spain will be subjected to slavery and their property confiscated in favor of the Visigothic State. It is clear that these measures were not hard but soft because, by not applying the death penalty against traitors, it was only achieved that they won time and continue to conspire. The Arabs would give them back, fifteen years later, all their old possessions and would grant them a prominent place in society, in return for services rendered!

The party of high nobility and high clergy, supported by the Lords of Turdes-Valter, was grouped around the family of the late King Chindasuinth; the party of the "progressive monarchy" gathered around the family of King Wanda, who died in 680. Egica, who was a member of Wanda's family, arranges the succession to the throne of his son Wittiza, who began to reign in 702. Meanwhile, in Baetica, Duke Roderic, of the Chindasuinth clan, governs. When Wittiza died in 710, the Aula Regia of Toledo, where those of the Chindasuinth party achieved a majority, proclaimed Roderic as the new King. Wittiza's sons, at the time provincial governors and officials, scorned at what they consider a dispossession, ask the Jews to arrange an interview with General Ben Naser Muza. Meanwhile, they raise the Tarraconense, the Narbonense and Navarra, forcing Roderic to concentrate all his forces in the North to quell the uprising; these campaigns cause the disruption of the supplies to Ceuta, which is quickly crushed by the Arabs. Finally that embassy of traitors leaves for Africa: it is made up of the sons of Wittiza, Olmund, Ardabast and Achila, and the late King's brothers, Sisbert and the Bishop of Sevilla, Oppa, who is accompanied by the Chief Rabbi of Sevilla, Isaac. Incredibly, Count Julian, who has put himself in Muza's service after surrendering the stronghold, and driven by a personal enmity with Roderic, advises the Arab General to intervene in Spain.

Muza promises to send them help to defeat Roderic. The traitors return and pretend to make a peace agreement with the King, who does not distrust. In 711 the Berber general Tarik transports in four ships an army composed of Arabs and Berbers, and disembarks in Gibraltar. Roderic, who still fights the Basques in the North, must cross the country to cut Tarik off, who is on his way to Sevilla. The battle takes place on the banks of the Guadalete River; in the ranks of Roderic, the brothers of Wittiza are in command of two columns; when the encounter takes place the traitors Sisbert and Bishop Oppa go over to the side of Tarik, leaving King Roderic in a compromised position; and after several days of fighting, the Visigoth army is completely annihilated by Tarik, the fate of the last Visigoth King being unknown. The "aid" provided by Jews and Arabs to Wittiza supporters would not result in the benefit of these since the following year General Muza, at the head of a more numerous army, would initiate the conquest of Spain; in a few years the whole peninsula, except for a small region of Asturias, would fall into his power. Spain thus became an Emirate dependent on the Caliph of Damascus.

Although as the Christian Reconquista progressed the Arab rule was retreating, Baetica remained occupied for more than five hundred years. For the House of Tharsis, the Visigoth catastrophe had no further effect than the immediate loss of political power: "the Counts of Turdes-Valter" were again "the Lords of Tharsis". Otherwise, they kept their properties although they had to pay heavily to the Emir for their status as Christians. The Lords of Tharsis,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

who already had plenty of experience in surviving such situations, were fully aware that, for the moment, there was no military force in Europe capable of expelling the Arabs of Spain: Emir Al-Hurr, who ruled between 718 and 720, crosses the Pyrenees and takes the city of Narbonne, attacking from there the Frank territories; only the noble Pelayo resists them and manages to maintain a region under Christian rule in the mountains of Cantabria and in the Pyrenees: from this nucleus would arise the Kingdom of Asturias, to which later, in the 10th century, León and Castilla would be added, and Cataluña and Navarra would be formed in the ninth century and in the 11th century Aragón, by successive reconquests of territories from the Arabs. But in the year 732 the Emir of Córdoba, Abd-el-Rahman, moved freely through the Gaul and conquered Bordeaux: only Charles Martel's decision would prevent the conquest and destruction of the Frankish Kingdom; but it was also clear, already in the year 737, that the Christian States found it impossible to cross the Pyrenees to Spain. Thus the assumption of the Lords of Tharsis was very realistic, as was their strategy to face the circumstance.

They immediately understood that the Arabs only respected two things: Strength and Wisdom. Who resisted them with enough courage to wake up their respect could get concessions from them. And only the admiration that they experienced for Wisdom, and by the men who possessed it, allowed them to tolerate religious differences: one thing was a Christian and another a Wise Christian; the first should be forced to embrace Islam, that was the Prophet's command; the second they tried to convince of the Islamic Truth, attracting him without prejudice towards the Arab Culture. Hence the Lords of Tharsis decided to be friendly with them and show them, conclusively, that they were part of a family of Sages. This attitude did not properly constitute a betrayal of the Catholic religion, since the Lords of Tharsis continued to be "pagan", that is, they continued to hold the Cult of the Cold Fire, and since the vast majority of the Hispano-Goth population, now called "Mozarab", was gradually integrated into the Arabic Culture, adopting their language and religion. The Lords of Tharsis would become exponents of knowledge at its highest level and would be, for centuries, teachers at the Arab educational centers of Sevilla and Córdoba, obtaining for this collaboration, and for the economic contributions of the Villa de Turdes, the right to profess the Christian religion and to maintain, as a private Temple, the Basilica of Nuestra Señora de la Gruta.

The members of the Chosen People, of course, took advantage of their influence to encourage persecutions against Christians, and especially against the House of Tharsis, during all the time that the Arab occupation lasted. However, true to their Talmudic principles, they tried to continue with their corrupting task, now to the detriment of the Arab society, which earned them the Saracens, having achieved the goal of conquering Spain, soon forget their favors and also subject them to periodic persecutions.

### Fifteenth Day

It is convenient to inform you at this point in the story, Dr., about the reappearance of the Golen. As I said on the 6<sup>th</sup> Day, apart from their presence, always small in number, among the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, they had arrived en masse to Europe from the 4th century B.C. "Accompanying a Scythian people from Asia Minor"; such people received many names, according to the country where it traveled or settled down: they were fundamentally Celts, but they were known as **Gauls, Irish, Scots, Bretons, Welsh, Cornish, Galatians, Galicians, Lusitanians**, etc. Let us now see in more detail how the Golen joined the Celts, and what was their true origin.

Later I will explain the meaning of the Tablets of the Law, which Moses receives from YHWH by making His Covenant with the Chosen People. Now it can be summarized that the Tablets of the Law contain the Secret of the Serpent, that is, the description of the twenty-two voices that the Creator God used to

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

carry out his work, and the ten Aspects, or **Sefirot**, with which He manifested Himself in the World while executing Creation: these are **the thirty-two mysterious paths of the One**. This knowledge, results in a High Science called **acoustic and numeral Kabbalah**, which is expressed **only in the first Tablets of the Law**: in the latter, which were always exoteric, there is only a Moral Decalogue, pale reflection of the ten Supreme Archetypes or **Sefirot**. The first tablets thus possess the Secret of the Serpent, the Secret of the Construction of the Universe; to preserve this secret from profane glances, the Tablets were kept in the **Ark of the Covenant**, while one "Interpretation" of the Acoustic Kabbalah was encrypted by Moses, Joshua, the Elders, etc., in the pentateuch or written Thora. The twenty-two Hebrew letters, with which the encrypted words were written, bear a direct relationship with the twenty-two archetypal sounds uttered by the One Creator, granting them an inestimable value as a magical instrument. But such letters also have an archetypal numerical meaning, so that every word is susceptible of being analyzed and interpreted. That is the origin of the Jewish numerical Kabbalah, exclusively dedicated to understanding the Torah Scripture, which should not be confused with the white Atlantean acoustic Kabbalah, which refers to the Vrunes of Navutan.

But the acoustic Kabbalah was revealed in the Tablets of the Law and these enclosed in the Ark, from where they could only be extracted, once a year, for the privilege of Priests. Finally, King Solomon had the Ark buried in a deep crypt under the Temple, about a thousand years B.C., and remained in the same place until the Middle Ages, that is, for twenty-one centuries. I might add that it was **the magical way it was buried** that prevented the Ark was found sooner.

On the death of Solomon, the Kingdom of Israel was divided into two parts. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, occupying southern Palestine, came under the command of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, and the rest of the country, made up of the other ten tribes, lined up behind Jeroboam's authority. In the year 719 B.C. the great King Sargon destroyed the Kingdom of Israel, and Jeroboam's ten tribes were transported to the interior of Assyria to serve in slavery. The two remaining tribes formed the Kingdom of Judah, from which they descend, to a greater or lesser extent, today's Jews.

The "ten lost tribes of Israel" did not disappear from history as the Jewish self-serving propaganda pretends to make believe, since it is known on the matter, much more than is said. For example, it is true that there were Hebrews in America before Columbus, and also that a large part of Afghanistan's current population descends from the primitive members of the Chosen People. But what is interesting here is to point out that there was then a migration of Hebrews to the North, who were led by a powerful Levite caste. After crossing the Caucasus, where they were decimated by Germanic tribes, they reached the steppes of Russia and there they collided with a Scythian people. The mass of the Hebrew people mingled with the Scythians, but, as they were very inferior in number, they did not affect their ethnic identity; on the contrary, the Levite caste did not accept to lose their status as members of the Chosen People **degrading their Blood with the Gentiles**. The Levites remained like this, dedicated to the Cult and study of the numerical Kabbalah, for many years, reaching remarkable progress in the field of sorcery and natural magic. When centuries later the Scythians moved westward, a part of them settled in the Carpathians and on the shores of the Black Sea, while another part continued their advance towards central Europe, where they were known as **Celts**. Accompanying the Celts were the descendants of those Levitical Priests, now called **Golen** because it was believed that their origin was the Phoenician City of Sidon, where they were called **Gauls** or **Gaulens**. But from Sidon the Golen spread to Tiro, from where they sailed with the Phoenicians to Tharsis and made the first incursions, remembered by the Lords of Tharsis; after the fall of Tiro, in the 4th century B.C., they were to settle, as was seen, in Carthage, performing the Priesthood of Baal Moloch. Some Golen also settled in Phrygia, as officiants of the Cult of Cybele, Adonis, and Atis. It is that, by then, the Golen already possessed a terrible power, the fruit of centuries devoted to the study

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of Satanism and the practice of Black Magic. In short, the Celts advanced through Europe guided by the Golen. And time would tell that that alliance would never end, extending to the present day.

But how did the Levites of the lost tribes become Golen, that is, how did they get their sinister knowledge? The explanation should be sought in the fact that these Levites, which did not happen with other Jewish priests, neither then nor later, did not settle for knowledge that could only be extracted from the written Torah: they wanted to access the Chokhmah, or Divine Wisdom, by direct contact with the Source of the Acoustic Kabbalah, which is the Science of the brown Atlanteans. Their insistence and perseverance to achieve that purpose, and their character as members of the Chosen People, convinced the Demons of the White Fraternity that they were in front of invaluable collaborators of the Cultural Pact. And that conviction decided to entrust them with a very important mission, a company that would require their dynamic intervention in history. The fulfillment of the proposed objectives by the Demons would redound in benefit of the Levites, as it would allow them to advance more and more in the knowledge of the acoustic Kabbalah. What kind of mission had been entrusted to them by the Demons? A task that had direct relationship with their wishes: **they would be executors of the Cultural Pact**, would work for neutralizing the megalithic constructions of the white Atlanteans, would try to recover the Stones of Venus, would fight to the death the members of the Blood Pact, and would collaborate so that the plan of the White Fraternity, consisting in establishing in Europe the Synarchy of the Chosen People, could be successfully finished. But the Golen, deep down, were still Levitical Priests, sons of the Chosen People, and now possessors of YHVH's "Divine Wisdom", the Chokhmah; therefore its fundamental occupation, the main objective of their concerns, would be theological: **They would try to unify the Cults, demonstrating that, "after the plurality of Cults", there was "the Singularity of God": that, since then, the Sacrifice of the Cult should be rigorously observed "because, whatever the form of the Cult, "the Sacrifice is One", that is to say, the Sacrifice participates in The One"**.

From the 5th century on, the Celts and the Golen were already touring Europe westward. The Gauls were the ones who joined Hamilcar Barca and prevented Rome from helping Tartessos, then they would join Hannibal Barca in the invasion of Italy; but long before, in the fourth century, they had humiliated Rome and destroyed the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi. Julius Caesar, in his famous Gallic campaign, manages to definitively subject them to the control of Rome in 59 B.C.; August divides Transalpine Gaul into four provinces: Narbonne, Aquitaine, Celtic or Lyon, and Belgium. The Golen, who wielded great power over all these peoples, began to withdraw little by little from the Roman provinces, even followed by some Celtic contingents: they go first to Great Britain, or "Britannia", but the end goal is Ireland, or "Hibernia". In the first centuries of the Christian Era, not many Golen move freely through Europe: in the 4th century, when the practice of Pagan cults is punishable by death, there no longer seem to be Golen in the Roman Christian regions. In fact, by then, Gaul and Hibernia are fully romanized and, in regions where paganism is still practiced, Catholic missionaries knock down pagan temples, sometimes ancient trees, and put the Golen in flight. Invariably, these depart for Great Britain and Ireland.

The arrival of the barbarians in the fifth century does not give them a chance to reimplant their power because these peoples are Arian Christians and of Germanic race, traditionally at enmity with the Celts who consider them also *barbarii*. Thus, in the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain, the Lords of Tharsis will then get the impression that, at last, the Golen have disappeared from the Earth. However, the opposite was about to happen, because in a short time the Golen would star in the most spectacular return. Yes, because the Golen did not return to Europe to fulfill their ancient role as pagan Priests of the One God, to fulfill the mission of unifying the Cults in the ritual Sacrifice: now it was a different time; that mission would be directly dealt with by the members of the Chosen People, who would offer to The One **the Sacrifice of all**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**Gentile Humanity or Góim.** The White Fraternity had commissioned the Gólen, instead, the performance of a higher function, an occupation that would favor the unification of humanity as never before. That's why they didn't come back this time as pagan priests but as "Christians"; and not just like "Christians" but as "Roman Catholics"; and not only as Catholics but as "missionary monks" of the Catholic Church; and then they would be considered "wise builders" of the Church, an absurd title whose mention would get wry laughs from the Men of Stone.

This is a long story that I can only summarize here, and that has its beginning in the plans of the White Fraternity. The Traitor Gods, to fulfill their pacts with the Creator God and the Powers of Matter, had to favor the Control of the World by the Chosen People. For this it would be necessary to definitively consolidate the materialistic way of life founded on the Cultural Pact, that is to say, it would be necessary to strengthen the Cult in the Romano-Germanic societies recently formed in Europe. And the best way of consolidating the Cult, as is clear from what I exposed on the Third Day, is to formalize it and to shape that form into the masses; center society around the form of the Cult. Where does the form of a Cult begin, what is the most visible end for the masses? Obviously, the Cult begins with **the Temple**, what first **appears** to the believer. In truth, the most important thing about the Cult is **Ritual**, but every place where the Ritual is practiced is a Temple because the Temple is the **Sacred Space** where the Ritual can be **performed**; the apparent priority of the Temple arises from the fact that, indeed, there can be a Temple, that is, a Sacred Space or Center of Metaphysical Manifestation, **without Ritual**, but it is inconceivable that a Ritual can be performed outside of a Sacred Space or Temple. The White Fraternity's plan to strengthen the Cult began, then, with the massive implantation of Temples and the evolution of the form of the Temples in accordance with the objectives of the Ritual.

But those plans aimed at a much more complex end goal: **the establishment of a World Government in the hands of the Chosen People**. The White Fraternity would create the appropriate cultural conditions for a future society to accept such a form of government: in that endeavour they would occupy the effort of the entire priestly caste of the West, being in first term the mission entrusted to the Gólen. When society was ready for the World Government it would then be realized, by way of a Messiah, the reunification of Christianity with the House of Israel, and the Chosen People would rise to the Throne of the World. Such were the plans of the White Fraternity and the Priests of the Cultural Pact. The transformation of society, which these plans required, would be achieved mainly by religious unification and the fixing function of the Cult which every Temple exercises over the masses. But there would be more: it was also required the formation of a financial and military power to provide support, in its occasion, to the constitution of the World Government.

The official Cult of European societies was Christian, so the Temples were to respond to the Rites of the Church. Clearly, it is noted that the plan of the Traitor Gods requires the implementation of two conditions: the first is that the masses become aware of the **need** of the Temple for the efficacy of the Ritual; and the second is to have the availability, at the time this need reaches its maximum expression, of men capable of **satisfying** it by building Temples in large numbers and volumes. The first condition would be met by the constant and permanent missionary preaching; the second, with the foundation in the West, of a **Secret College of Temple Builders**. This College, Dr. Siegnagel, was entrusted to the Gólen. But this did not happen from the start, since the plan of the White Fraternity had to be carried out starting with the first condition: when in the Church there was a place prepared for the Gólen to occupy in order to develop their College of Builders, in the sixth century, only then they were convened in **Ireland** to make their amazing continental comeback.

The opportunity that the Gólen seize to return to Europe is product of the birth, in the sixth century, of "western monasticism", traditionally attributed to Saint Benedict of Nursia. **Really, only the ignorance of the Europeans could sustain such an attribution for a thousand and two hundred years; However,**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

despite the fact that, since the 18th century, it has been known in The West quite accurately the history of the religions of Asia, still today there are those who stubbornly maintain that hoax, among them, the official dogma of the Catholic Church: but, to check the deception, you just have to take a plane, travel to Tibet, and observe the Buddhist monasteries of the 3rd and 2nd centuries B.C., that is, eight hundred years prior to Saint Benedict, whose internal rules and constructions are analogous to those of the Benedictines. Prayer and work were the Rule there, just as in the formula *ora et labora* of Saint Benedict; but, most importantly, most revealing of the comparison, will undoubtedly be discovering that the Tibetan monks engaged in the trade of copyists, that is, of reproducing and perpetuating ancient documents and books, and to preserve and develop the art of construction of Temples, just like the Benedictines. And there is no need to insist, because it is sufficiently known, that those monasteries were centers of religious diffusion by the action of missionary monks and mendicants that were prepared there and sent throughout Asia.

In light of current knowledge, however, anyone with good faith must admit that the institution of eastern monasticism dates from the tenth century before Jesus, that is, at least 1,400 years prior to the appearance of western monasticism. To refresh your memory in this regard, remember the following data: first, that the oldest hymns of the Rig Veda and the Upanishads mention the *munis* and *vrātyas* Brahmanic communities; secondly, that in the time of Buddha, a historical figure of the 7th century B.C., there were already āshrams from hundreds of years before; and finally, that if the Buddhist religious reform spreads rapidly in India, China, Tibet, Japan, etc., it is because they already existed groups that were going to transform into Sanghas.

But it is not that the Benedictines were Buddhists or had anything to do with Buddhism, but that both Buddhist Priests and Benedictine priests, secretly obeyed the White Fraternity, true Hidden Source of the "Eastern" and "Western" Monasticism. The White Fraternity, in fact, was the author of a work entitled "Rule of the Masters of Wisdom", of universal diffusion and that in the West was known, from the second century, as "*Regula Magistri Sapientiae*" by numerous Christian sects and also by the Jewish Gnostics. So there would be nothing original in western monasticism, which would respond, on the contrary, to the most orthodox provisions that the White Fraternity dictates on the matter.

In the first centuries of the Christian Era, when the Roman Empire admitted "paganism" and maintained contact with the peoples of Asia, it was perfectly known the existence of eastern monastic life; even famous men like Apollonius of Tyana, a contemporary of Jesus, had traveled to Tibet and received instruction in their monasteries. Some Gnostic sects, who came to understand and oppose the plans of the White Fraternity, have left testimony that it was known in the main cities of the Middle East: Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch, Caesarea, Ephesus, etc. But the institution of monasteries is not established overnight: you need to follow a strict training process, a method that has been known since the time of Atlantis, and that the Priests of the Cultural Pact have used universally; By this method the Brahmin Priests imposed Hinduism and Buddhist priests, previous deformation of the doctrine of the Kshatriya Sidhartha, created Tibetan, Chinese, Indian and Japanese Buddhist monasticism. That method determines that a start should be with a stage of social anarchisticism, characterized by the proliferation of enlightened, hermits, and Saints: this phase has the objective of fostering the belief that the future monastic institution is a spontaneous product of the people, born and nourished by the people. In this way, the peoples will naturally accept the existence and work of the monasteries, and more importantly, it will also be accepted by the Kings and rulers. And that infallible method is applicable in any people and with the context of any religion.

In the framework of Judeo-Christianity, as early as the first century the method starts being applied, and thus a multitude of ascetics and Saints arise

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

in the Middle East, who withdraw to the deserts and mountains to live in solitude. During the II and III centuries the population of anchorites grows so much that many decide to join together under the command of a superior Saint and the order of some rule: the cenobite communities are then constituted; However, the cenobite community does not still reach the degree of union required for the monastic way of life, since each member continues with the hermit life and they only meet to pray and feed. And together with the anchorites and the cenobites, the "wandering friars" roam everywhere, western version of the "eastern mendicant monks". For the fifth century, the colonies of anchorites and monks, numbered thousands and thousands of members in Egypt, Palestine and the Middle East: in a single Egyptian diocese, Oxyrinthus, lived twenty thousand female hermits and one hundred thousand anchorite male hermits, while during the life of Saint Pachomius there were seven thousand cenobite monks in his monasteries, which reached fifty thousand in the fifth century. With this I want to exemplify, Dr. Siegnagel, on the magnitude of the premonacal movement, movement everyone knew was of extreme eastern inspiration.

The right time to institute western monasticism, and to spread the deception that it consisted of an original Judeo-Christian creation, was going to present itself after the death of Emperor Theodosius, in 395, when the Roman Empire is divided between his two sons Arcadius and Honorius. Arcadius is established in Constantinople, beginning the Eastern Roman Empire, which would last until 1453. Honorius inherited the Western Roman Empire, with Rome, which would fall apart eighty years later under the pressure of the barbarian hordes: after the year 476, the Western Empire is divided into multiple Romano-Germanic kingdoms and begins a collective process of isolation and cultural decline. Not only with Asia are cultural ties severed but with Greece itself; but European society was already prepared for the monastic institution: for centuries it had seen wandering friars pass, coming from the Holy Land and heard the stories of the anchorites and eastern cenobites; even many pilgrims traveled to the Holy Land and there they adopted the ascetic life, preserving the acquired customs upon their return; At that time, the 6th century, there is no European mountainous area that is not inhabited by Christian hermits. But once the order of the monasteries was established, they would all forget the eastern origin of the monastic institution.

It is precisely from the Benedictine monasteries that will come out copies and translations of the most fruitful books of Greek culture, **which had no monastic institution**, and all vestige of the cultures of the Far East will be "lost"; vestiges that had existed in the Roman Empire and that mysteriously disappear from Europe, at the same time that the most suitable books "appear" to push the West into the spiritual disaster of the Renaissance and the Modern Age, that is, the books in which the rationalism and Greek speculation is exposed, root of modern "Philosophy" and "Science". Nothing will be said, from the Benedictine Culture, about the Atlantean origin of European civilizations, nor on the religions of the peoples of Asia, nor even on that of the recent Germans, who will be forced to forget their Gods and beliefs, and their runic alphabets. And nothing will be said, of course, that can relate the western monastic institution with other Cultures, which may arouse the suspicion that what happened in Europe is a story repeated elsewhere, the conclusion of a method of Psychosocial Strategy to exercise control of human societies. Only after the ninth century, by the presence of the Arabs in Spain, and in the twelfth century, by the transculturalization caused by the Crusades, some alert Spirits realize the deception. But they are few and it will be too late to stop the Golen.

Saint Benedict, who was born in 480, founded in 530 the model monastery of Monte Cassino and wrote his famous Rule in 534. That he received instruction from the "Angels" of the White Fraternity, there is no doubt, because his **Regula Monachorum** is a faithful reproduction of the **Regula Magistri Sapientiae**. When dying in the year 547, and "ascending to Heaven on a path guarded by Angels", as witnessed by many monks, the foundations of "western

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

monasticism" were laid: that was "the moment", long awaited by the Golen, to break into the continental countries of Europe.

In the 5th century the Golen are found mostly concentrated in Ireland and they begin to infiltrate the Catholic Church. One of them is Saint Patrick, whom they send to the Continent to study the Christian Doctrine and make contact with members of the White Fraternity: he returns in 432, from Rome, invested as Bishop and with papal authorization to evangelize Ireland. He immediately founded many monasteries, some really important, like those of Armagh and Bangor where Synods would be held and religious schools would exist, in which the Golen of Ireland and Great Britain rushed to enter en masse. The next one hundred and thirty years, since the death of Saint Patrick in 462 until the departure of Saint Columbanus in 590, are employed by the Golen in order to shape the "Church of Ireland", that is, in order to organize their future continental settlement.

The year 590 marks the historical "moment" when the plans of the White Fraternity for the participation of the Golen begin to run rigorously. The "place" where the Golen will develop the College of Temple Builders is ready: they are the monasteries of the Order of St. Benedict. By then, already has been elected Pope, the Benedictine monk Gregory, who years before, in Constantinople, receives the order of the White Fraternity to "summon the Irish monks", that is, the Golen, and integrate them into the Order of Saint Benedict. Nothing more than that call needed the Golen to act, and in that same year 590, Saint Columbanus left for France, from the great monastery of Bangor, along with twelve members of the staff. In France, six hundred Golen are added and are dedicated to founding monasteries based on the **Regula Monachorum**: they have the support of Saint Gregory the Great at all times, who receives Saint Columbanus in Rome more than once. After that of Anegray he establishes the monastery of Luxeuil, of vast influence in the region, and the famous St. Golen, on the shores of Lake Zurich, among many others. Columbanus dies in 615, in the Lombard monastery of Bobbio, leaving his mission practically accomplished: hundreds of monasteries in Gaul, Switzerland and Italy, that is, in the ancient Celtic settlements, under the leadership of the "Irish monks", Golen, and integrated to the Order of Saint Benedict.

It must be remembered that in the year 589 the III Council of Toledo takes place, where King Reccared, under the influence of the Bishop of Seville, San Leandro, declares himself "Roman Catholic", along with the Queen and the entire court of the Visigoth Kingdom. It is not surprising, then, that the Golen rush into Spain from the nefarious year 590. However, this reappearance caused great surprise to the Counts of Turdes-Valter, who did not expect to see the Golen on the peninsula again, at least as long as the Goth occupation lasted in it. But such unprevision had its cause in the assumption that the Golen would remain pagan and would not "subdue" to the Catholic Church: this assumption was naive, as reality soon showed, since the Golen aspired to **control the Catholic Church** after "submitting" to it. The Counts of Turdes-Valter, who also belonged to the Church and were Hispano-Goth nobles, then used all their influence to prevent Benedictine expansion in the South of Spain, an objective that they widely achieved: the Golen, of course, would be established in the North of Spain, in the Celtic regions. From the monastery of Dumio, neighboring Braga, in Lusitania, and others in Bierzo and at the end of the Asturian Cantabrian mountain range called Picos de Europa, the Golen would undertake countless incursions in Baetica in order to destroy the House of Tharsis and steal the Wise Sword. A whole secret war was fought since the 8th century, in which the Golen "missionary monks" tried to approach the Villa de Turdes, and the Lords of Tharsis had them executed mercilessly. But, for every Benedictine Golen that disappeared without a trace or appeared murdered on a road by unknown hands, two concurred in his replacement, forcing the House of Tharsis to maintain, as before, a permanent state of alert. Experts in black magic, and masters of all kinds of Sciences, they would use all



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

they knew to locate the Secret Cavern, but they would always fail. In the end, they would request the help of Bera and Birsha, as will be seen later.

It is evident that the insertion of the Golen into the Catholic Church is not reason enough to disqualify it completely. The reason is that the Golen are introduced as a "Secret Society" within the Church and, although their intrigues compromise the whole Church on more than one occasion, their plans are never publicly declared or officially assumed by it. On the contrary, on many other occasions, truly spiritual personalities, authentic Kristians, have shone in its bosom. It is worth considering then, even though such a distinction is not always easy to determine, if there were **two Churches** overlapping: one, against which the Lords of Tharsis fought, is the **Golen Church**; so I will call it elsewhere and its definition will emerge from history; another is the **Church of Kristos**, or simply **Church**, to which belonged the Lords of Tharsis and the **Circulus Domini Canis**, and to which belong many of those who are for the Spirit and against the Powers of Matter, for Kristos Lux and against Jehovah Satan. One is the Church of the Betrayal to the Spirit of Man and another is the Church of the Liberation of the Spirit of Man, one is the Church of the Demon of the Immortal Soul and another is the Church of the God of the Eternal Spirit.

### Sixteenth Day

On the Benedictine Pope Gregory I, the creator of the "Gregorian chant", two things can be added. One is to emphasize that the pressure exerted on San Leandro to influence Reccared and achieve the massive entry of the Golen in Spain, only resulted in the existing monasteries adopting the **Regula Monachorum**. And the other is to note that his decision, made in combination with Saint Columbanus Golen, to send in 596 the monk Saint Augustine and thirty-nine Benedictines to Great Britain, obeyed the need to temporarily replace the Irish in the evangelizing work. That party had the task of evangelizing the Angles and Saxons who had not long ago conquered the island: according to Saint Columbanus and other Golen, these peoples (of Very Pure Blood) manifested a natural predisposition against the Celts and especially against the Irish; they would only respect other Germans or Romans: they would have to perform the task, for, once evangelized, there would be time for the Golen to infiltrate and seize control of the British Church. In 600 the Bretwalda of Great Britain was King Aethelbert of Kent, whose wife, princess of the Franks and fervent Catholic, favors the conversion by the Romans of Saint Gregory, despite she had with her a Frankish Bishop and some Priests of her people; the success is great: the King and the people are baptized and in Canterbury a Benedictine monastery is founded with the hierarchy of bishopric; then Essex follows, London, Rochester, York, etc.

Forty years later the Golen will be penetrating the Anglo-Saxon monasteries from Celtic Scotland, supported by King Oswald of Northumbria. Incorporated as teachers in the Benedictine monasteries, the Golen will find it easier to convince Anglo-Saxons and Christians of the goodness of their intentions. Nevertheless, for many years, the singing voice will be led by non-Irish monks, such as the Greek Theodore of Tarsus and the Italian Adriano. Saint Bede, the Venerable, who died in 735, takes the Benedictine monastery of Iarrow to its highest degree of splendor: workshops where the most varied trades were taught, religious schools, monastic farms, copying and translation of documents, musical instruction, etc. From the Anglo-Saxon Benedictine monasteries would come an invaluable help for the plans of the Golen in the person of the British missionary monks, who would be much better received than the Irish in the Germanic Kingdoms: Bavaria, Thuringia, Hesse, Franconia, Friesland, Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, etc., would see Anglo-Saxon monks pass through their lands. The greatest exponent of this English Benedictine trend was undoubtedly Saint Boniface.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

He came from the Benedictine convent of Nursling and his real name was Winfrid: the Benedictine Pope Gregory II gave him the new name of Boniface in the year 718, along with his mission to evangelize the Germans. The truth, behind all this movement, was that the Golen suspected that the Germans still preserved the Stones of Venus and other legacies of the white Atlanteans and tried to find them at any cost. That is why Saint Boniface, for example, insists on demolishing the ancient Holm Oak of God Donar, in Geismar, in the year 722, trying to find the Stone that a Germanic tradition said was located at the roots of the tree. But this was not a task that Saint Boniface himself would take personally in his hands: for this he had thousands of Benedictine Golen under his command; the famous Venus Stone of the Saxons, for example, would be hunted for fifty years, and cost the Saxons, who ultimately lost her, thousands of victims, then cynically attributed to the "efforts of Christianization." Saint Boniface was not, then, a mere preacher but a great executor of the plans of the White Fraternity: the Archi Golen, hidden in the monasteries, and the Benedictine Popes, will reveal him these plans in the form of directives that he will faithfully comply with. One of his most fruitful acts for these plans, for example, was the universal diffusion of the idea of the superiority of the Bishop of Rome, the representative of Saint Peter on Earth, over any other ecclesiastical or royal hierarchy: **based on that idea, the power of the papacy will be established in the High Middle Ages.** And the papacy, the Benedictine and Golen papacy, it is understood, will respond accordingly, endowing him with the Archiepiscopal Palio that will allow him to appoint his own Bishops and complete the hierarchy of his Priests.

In the year 737, in Rome, he received from the hands of Gregory III the maximum dignity: he will be Papal Legate in Germany, and will have broad powers to act. At that time, "Germany" included the Frankish Kingdom, the most powerful of European Christianity. Well, the appointment of Saint Boniface had as an object to free his hands to carry out such a bold as sinister plan; in the Eastern Roman Empire, or Byzantine Empire, the Patriarch of the Church was normally subject to the will of the Emperor; in the West it would be necessary to reestablish imperial power, but founded on a completely inverse relationship of forces: here, the Pope would dominate the Kings and Emperors, the Priest would dominate the King, the Knowledge of the Cult would dominate the Wisdom of Pure Blood. And the instrument for this plan, which would in turn allow to realize the plans of the White Fraternity and the Golen, would be the Frankish family of the Pipinids.

The Merovingian Kings called themselves "Divine" because they claimed to descend from the Liberator Gods: for Judeo-Christianity, that held with the Bible identical descent of all mortals from Adam and Eve, that origin meant nothing; the only God was the Creator God, Jehovah Satan, and no one could arrogate his lineage; and outside of the Judeo-Christian Creator God, only superstition or demons existed. So it was a matter of principle to eliminate some Kings who, not only claimed to have Divine lineage, but also claimed to **remember it with the blood:** that link between Divinity and royalty, very popular with the Franks, was an annoying obstacle to some Priests who pretended to present themselves as the only representatives of God on Earth. When Charles Martel died in the year 741, he was succeeded by his sons: Carloman as Steward of Austrasia and Pepin as Steward of Neustria. Carloman, who would later retire to the monastery of Monte Cassino, grants Saint Boniface total freedom to reform the Frankish Church, according to the Rule Benedictine; Pepin will do the same. In a few years, through a series of Synods from 742 to 747, the whole Frankish Church is put under control of the Benedictine Order.

Carloman and Pepin are also dominated by the Order. Saint Boniface communicates to Pepin the plan of the Golen: with the approval of the new Pope Zachary, King Childeric III, the last of the Divine Merovingians, will be dethroned; in his place Pepin would be elected by the Kingdom's Great and his appointment would be legitimized, analogously to the Old Testament, by the **consent** of the Pope and the **anointing** of Saint Boniface. The payment of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

new King, for legitimizing his usurpation, would consist of considerable booty: the creation of the Pontifical States. But this reward would not undermine the power of the Frankish Kingdom, because it would not be constituted at its expense, but at the expense of the Lombards and Byzantines: in effect, the Pope requested in payment of his alliance with the Frankish King, territories that had to be previously conquered. Made the arrangement, in November 751 King Childeric III was confined in a Benedictine monastery, and Pepin the Brief proclaimed King and anointed by Saint Boniface. In 754 King Pepin and Pope Stephen II meet at Ponthion, where they sign a treaty by which the Franks now undertake to protect the Catholic Church and to serve the Throne of Saint Peter. Thus, in 756, the Franks donate to Saint Peter the Exarchate, Venice, Istria, half of the Lombard Kingdom and the duchies of Spoleto and Benevento.

With Pepin the Short, the Carolingian dynasty is inaugurated, a cornerstone in the work of the White Fraternity. From the above, it is clearly evident that the court and all the springs of the Frankish State were taken over by the Benedictine Order: it will not be difficult to imagine, then, in what kind of environment they would educate their grandchildren and family, and what beliefs would be instilled in them about the ancient "pagan" religion of the Germans and their ancestral Gods. In view of this, it will be necessary to acknowledge Charles the Great for having done everything possible to become a Judeo-Christian and fulfill the Golden plan.

The fruit of centuries of patient and reserved labor obtained in the Benedictine monasteries could be observed, in the Carolingian court, especially in the so-called "Palatine School". This School was personally attended by the Emperor with his sons and daughters, his personal guard, and other members of the court, to listen to the lessons taught by the Benedictine "wise men", arrived, in many cases, from distant monasteries: from Italy came to Aachen, Paul of Piza, Paulinus of Aquileia, Paul Deacon of Pavia, etc.; from Spain, one of the Lords of Tharsis came with the mission of spying on the march of the Golden conspiracy, bringing back discouraging news of the magnitude and depth of the enemy movement: he was called Tiwulfo de Tharsis and he was famous for his book written at the Palatine School, entitled "**De Spiritu Sancto Bellipotens**". Despite these backgrounds, the vast majority of Masters were Irish and Anglo-Saxon, that is, Golden and Golden's henchmen. Among the latter, it is worth mentioning the mastermind of the Palatine School and of the general dissemination that would be given, from it, to "Benedictine culture": I'm referring to Alcuin of York, disciple of the School of Saint Bede, the Venerable, who joined the Palatine School in 781 and directed between 796 and 804, date of his death, the School of the monastery of Saint Martin of Tours. His *Schola Palatina* is the focus of the so-called "Carolingian renaissance", to which they contribute his works, of classical and Neoplatonic inspiration, and based on concepts of Priscian, Donatus, Isidore, Bede, Boethius, such as **De Ratione Animae**, or his famous manuals that governed European education for centuries: **Grammatica**, **De Orthographia**, **De Rethorica**, **De Dialectica**, etc.

From the Palatine School come the ideas for the "**Encyclical de litteris colendis**", whose resolutions approved by Charlemagne had force of law and ordered the creation, in all monasteries and cathedrals, of Schools for Priests and laymen: there, should be taught the **Trivium**, the **Quadrivium**, the Philosophy and Theology. The **Trivium** and the **Quadrivium** formed the so-called "Seven liberal arts": the **Trivium** contained the Grammar or Philology, the Rhetoric and the Dialectics; and the **Quadrivium**, Astronomy, Geometry, Arithmetic and Music. Of course, the teaching of such subjects was in charge of the Benedictine monks, who had been preparing for it for two-hundred years and they were the only ones with enough teachers and classical material with which to fulfill the royal order, which they themselves had inspired. And the Benedictine Golden were very clear about how they should educate European minds, so that in times to come will collectively experience the imperative need of the local Temple: then the Golden Builders College, soon to be set in motion, would raise never seen Stone Temples, magnificent Cathedrals, Constructions

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

that would actually be stone machines of dark Atlantean technology, and whose function would aim to transmute the mind of the believer and adjust it to the collective Archetype of the Hebrew Race, which is the same than that of the archetypal Jesus Christ.

Alcuin, who called himself "**Flaccus**" in honor of the Latin poet Horatius, led the Golden Benedictine cultural circles that surrounded the Emperor. In such cenacles breathed a very intense biblical and Jewish air: Charlemagne demanded to be called "David", and his faithful advisor Eginard, for example, asked to be named **Bezalel**, after the builder of the Tabernacle in the Temple of Jerusalem. And in this special microclimate set by the Benedictine Golden, the Emperor and his principal associates of the Frankish nobility, were slowly brainwashed and conditioned to adopt the "Golden point of view" on the Order of the World. To preserve that Order, for example, paganism should be eradicated and Judeo-Christianity imposed worldwide: that was the Good, what the law of God commanded and what the representative of Saint Peter signed. It didn't matter if to get that Good, brother peoples should well be destroyed: God would forgive His own all done in the name of Him. The Golden thus conditioned the mind of the Emperor because they needed a new Perseus, a "Hero" who would fulfill the sentence of extermination that weighed on the people of Pure Blood of the Saxons and allow them to steal their Stone of Venus.

At least the Perseus people of the Carthaginians who destroyed Tartessos a thousand years before belonged to another Race. The crime of Charlemagne and his Franks is inestimably larger, as, not content with militarily supporting the offensive launched by Saint Boniface against the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Saxons, undertook the task of exterminating the Saxon nobility himself, close sister of the Frankish blood.

The Saxons were one of the last peoples in the West to remain uninterruptedly faithful to the Pact of Blood and the Liberating Gods: as they believed, the white Atlanteans had entrusted them with the mission of protecting a Great Secret of the White Race, which fell from the sky on Germany thousands of years ago, during the Battle of Atlantis; that secret was specifically mentioned in the Myth of Navutan, whom the Saxons called Wothan, as "the ring of the Kalachakra Key", where the Traitor Gods had recorded the Sign of the Origin: Freya Partridge had to release it before entering the dying Navutan and its fall, according to the Wisdom of the Saxons, occurred in Germany; Specifically, it had fallen on the rocks of the Extersteine, a mountain located in the center of the Teutoburger Wald forest. According to what the Saxons held, the ring touched the rocks in coincidence with the moment when Navutan was resurrected and acquired the Wisdom of the Language of the Birds: this caused the Sign of the Origin to decompose into the thirteen plus three Vrunes or Runes and that these were captured forever on the rocks of the Extersteine; on one of them, the most prominent, anyone with spiritual lineage will be able to see, for example, the most sacred V rune to the white Atlanteans, the one representing the Great Chief Navutan, that is to say, the Odal Rune. But the Saxons not only knew, at that late date of the 8th century A.D., the Vrunes of Navutan, but had managed to preserve, just as the Lords of Tharsis, their Stone of Venus. At the top of the Extersteine, stood up, from time immemorial, the "**Universalis Columna**" Irminsul, a Pillar of Wood that represented the Tree of Terror where Navutan had crucified himself to learn the Secret of Death. This sanctuary was revered by Germans since ancient times and, to avoid its desecration by the Romans in 9 A.D., the Cheruscan Leader Arminius, or Erminrich, annihilated the army of General Publius Quinctilius Varus, composed of twenty thousand legionaries, in the vicinity of Teutoburger: Varus and the main officers committed suicide after the disaster.

The heroic Saxons were not going to have the same fate seven hundred and sixty years after, then faced with an overwhelmingly superior enemy that professed towards them an irrational intolerance, similar to the one that Hamilcar Barca experienced towards the Tartessians. Of course, behind that intolerance of Charlemagne, there is to see, as in the case of Hamilcar, the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

hand of the Golen, the need, artificially implanted in the minds of those Generals, to fulfill the extermination sentence. The sin of the Saxons was this: they **occupied** the forest and gave themselves with such determination to carry out their mission that they prevented, for centuries, that the Golen could approach the Extersteine; but the worst was they engraved the thirteen plus three runic signs of the Sacred Alphabet in the Irminsul Column, **and the Stone of Venus was embedded in its center**, remembrance of the One Eye of Wothan that looked at the World of the Great Deception from the Tree of Terror. The repulsion that the Saxons felt towards Golen priests, their irreversible rejection of Judeo-Christianity, their fidelity to the Blood Pact and the Hyperborean Wisdom, their fierce defense of the Teutoburger Wald square, and their refusal to hand over the Stone of Venus, were motives more than enough to decree the extermination of the Saxon Royal House, especially at that time when the power of the Golen was in their apogee.

This is the only explanation for the bloody persistence of Charlemagne, who, for thirty years fought relentlessly against the Saxons, a cultural and militarily inferior people to the Franks and that if it resisted so long it was because of the indomitable Courage that the Spirit brought forth from its Pure Blood. In 772, the troops of the new Perseus fell on Teutoburger Wald and, after fierce fighting, managed to take the Extersteine and hand it over to the Golen Benedictine Priests for its "purification": these do not take long to destroy the Irminsul Column and steal the Stone of Venus, condemning the Saxons ever since to the darkness of the strategic confusion, to the disorientation about the Origin. Notwithstanding the loot conquered, it was necessary to fulfill the sentence of the Golen: in 783, in Verden, Charlemagne, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, would have beheaded five thousand Saxon Nobles, whose Pure Blood would consummate, in the ritual Sacrifice, the unity of the Creator God Jehovah Satan. After a later hopeless resistance, by the only surviving rebel chief, Widukind, the Saxons ended up accepting Judeo-Christianity, like so many other peoples in similar circumstances, and joined the Frankish Kingdom.

Charlemagne died in Aachen in 814, but already in 800 he received from Pope Leo III the consecration as Roman Emperor, fair payment for that who served the Church and the cause of the Benedictine Order so well. His son Louis the Pious succeeds him as Emperor, whom his contemporaries nicknamed "the Pious" and "the Monk", for his dedication to the Church and his concern to finally bring the Frankish monks under the power of the Benedictine Order. Just three years after his imperial coronation, he fulfills that longing of the Golen at the Synod of Aachen in 817, in which it's agreed to impose the Benedictine Rule on all the monasteries of the Frank dominions, that is, to what would soon be the German Roman Empire: part of Spain, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Friesland, Italy, etc.

With the sanction of that imperial law, the power of the Order was consolidated enough so that the Golen did not think of anything else, for two hundred and seventy years, than in bringing to perfection the College of Temple Builders. In the preceding two hundred years they accumulated the Knowledge of Sciences; now they would go into practice, they would form Guilds of Constructors composed of lodges of apprentices, companions and mason masters; and such lodges would be secular, composed of townspeople, but secretly directed by the Order, which will be the one who owns the Blueprint and the Codes of the Temple. It would also be necessary to have a **Final Code**, a Secret that would allow the Golen to bring their work to perfection. But the Golen, and for Them the Benedictine Order, counted on the Word of the White Fraternity that such a Secret would be entrusted to them when their European mission was nearing completion. That Secret, that Code of the codes, consisted of the Tablets of the Law of Jehovah Satan, those that the Creator God gave to Moses on Mount Sinai and then made it possible for Hiram, King of Tyre, to build the Temple of Solomon, the Temple of the temples: on them was engraved, through a Sacred Alphabet of twenty-two signs, the Secret of the Serpent, that is, the Highest Knowledge that the animal man is allowed to attain, the Words

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

with which the One God named all things of Creation. With those Tablets in their possession, the Golen would be in a position to lift the Temple of Solomon in Europe, thus fulfilling the plans of the White Fraternity and elevating the Chosen People to the Throne of the World. But before reaching such wonderful achievements, the Benedictine Order would have to solve various problems: in addition to setting up the College of Temple Builders, the conditions should be created so that the peoples of the Roman Empire support the existence of a Military Order within the Catholic Church. Such an Order would have a double function: on the one hand, to guard, in the moment that the White Fraternity decided to hand it over to the Golen, the Tablets of the Law, from its present location in Jerusalem to Europe; And on the other hand, serve as a military force in support of the Constitution of the Financial Synarchy, or Concentration of Economic Power, which would be necessary to establish in Europe as a preliminary step to the World Government of the Chosen People.

### Seventeenth Day

Carrying out the last part of the White Fraternity's plans required a reform in the Benedictine monastic system; it was needed, above all, to **concentrate** the Knowledge of the Order and control, from that center, the main cultural functions of the West. And that reform would not wait because it was planned in advance, that is, it was an alternative strategy of the Golen; in the same ninth century, as soon as Charlemagne died and when his dynasty prepares to engage in a factional struggle, for the chunks of the Empire, which would last a hundred years, the change is already beginning to take shape: in the year 814, Louis Pious, the Monk, gives all his support to Saint Benedict of Aniane so that he founds a monastery in Aachen, where the Benedictine Rule would be applied with the utmost rigor. Three years later, that monk, who had been sent to the Carolingian court by the Benedictine Pope Leo III, writes and publicizes the **Capitulare Monacorum** and the **Codex Regularum** that would give an initial foundation for the reform of the Benedictine Order. But it will be in the X century when the objective of concentrating the Knowledge of the Order is achieved definitively with the occupation of the Cluny monastery. The delay must be attributed to the compatibility that such objective should have with the **security** of the Secret of the Order: the Golen could not risk, at that stage of things, a failure due to a lack of foresight. That is why the Cluny reform was only undertaken when there was the certainty that it will not be interrupted.

With the election of the Saxon Henry I, the Fowler, as King of the Franks and Emperor, in the year 919, enters History the extraordinary lineage of the Ottonians and the Salians, a Pure Blood that would eventually produce a Frederick II Hohenstaufen in the thirteenth century, **"the Hyperborean Emperor who opposed the Power of the Spirit to the most satanic representatives of the Cultural Pact"**. In the tenth century, this powerful lineage vigorously reorganized the Kingdom, while the papacy falls into the greatest loss of prestige because of the fingering carried out by the families of the Roman nobility, especially the Teodoras, Crescentii, Tusculani, etc. The Benedictine Order, which has decided to seize the moment to work secretly in the formation of the College of Temple Builders, makes sure from the start that no one interferes with the operation of Cluny: precisely, the place chosen to concentrate Knowledge was a French monastery, exclusively for security reasons. A succession of papal bulls issued during the 10th and 11th centuries followed to the letter by the Dukes of Aquitaine and Kings of Burgundy established the total independence of Cluny from any authority other than the Pope or its abbots; neither the Kings, nor the Dux or Counts, nor the regional Bishops, could intervene in the affairs of the monastery.

Have you heard, Dr. Siegnagel, of certain secret bases possessed by the Great Powers, for example, the Soviets or the Americans, in which a huge number of scientists of all specialties would have gathered, equipped with the most

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

advanced instrumental means, to comprehensively plan long-range objectives, and that would report directly to the President or a Supreme Council and would act independently of any other national authority outside their own bosses or commanders? Well, that's exactly what Cluny was in the 10th century. There they planned for a future Europe, Judeo-Christian, unified under the Cathedrals and the Temple of Solomon, controlled by a military Order of the Church, administered by a Financial Synarchy, and finally governed by the Chosen People.

It is Formosus, the same Benedictine Pope whose unburied corpse was thrown into the Tiber by Pope Stephen VI, a supporter of Lambert of Spoleto, in revenge that he appointed Arnulf as Emperor, who names Berno to undertake the great mission. Berno was a Benedictine monk of noble Burgundian lineage, whose influence on Duke William I of Aquitaine was used to convince him about the convenience of founding the Cluny monastery. In the year 910 Berno himself takes the direction of the monastery and begins the Concentration of Knowledge: the main books and manuscripts that the Order had in different monasteries are gathered there and a Golden Elite is constituted, dedicated to the copying of documents and the study of the "Sacred Architecture". Of course, the Golden Elite, internally called "clergy monks", would have to deal exclusively with their task and would have to abandon the traditional Benedictine norm of sharing the labors of maintenance of the monastery and food production: in this sense, the Benedictine Rule is reformed and the institution of "lay monks" is created to perform the honorable function of supporting the Golden. During the mandate of its second abbot, Saint Odo, the fruits of the reform are already beginning to be seen: first is spread the fame of asceticism and the perfection attained by the Cluniac reform, which attracts the curiosity of other monasteries and causes the admiration of the people; then groups of especially trained monks are sent to the monasteries that require it, to initiate them in the reform: the members of the people are carefully selected for incorporation into the Elite of the Clergy Monks or to entrust them with the tasks of the lay monks; then monasteries under the jurisdiction of Cluny are inaugurated, those to which it extends its rights of autonomy and independence. At that point, Cluny was a Congregation in its own right. And who most enthusiastically supports Saint Odo with a bull in the year 932 is the Benedictine Pope John XI, bastard son of Pope Sergius III and Marozia di Teodora, famous assassin of the Time.

After 150 years of activity, the Cluny Congregation has two thousand monasteries distributed mainly in France, Germany and Italy, but also in Spain, England, Poland, etc.; not including the remaining thousands of Benedictine monasteries that have adopted the Cluniac reform but that do not depend on the Abbot of Cluny. In the middle of the 11th century the Order has achieved effectively transforming European Culture: under the intellectual mantle of the Benedictines of Cluny have formed guilds of operative masons that demonstrated their expertise in the art of "Romanesque" construction and that are ready to launch the revolution of the "Gaulic", misnamed Gothic; behind that movement, naturally, is the Secret College of Temple Builders. But it has also been possible to plant in the hearts of the feudal lords the seed of sentimentality, repentance and Christian piety: the "Sins" weigh more and more on the Knight's Soul and require relief from the priestly confession; it is accepted to moderate the warlike conduct by the "peace of God" and the "truce of God", determined by the Priests; Germanic warriors are moralized with the Judaic principles of the Law of God, of Fear to the Justice of God, etc. As a result of this arises a special class of Nobles and Knights who, without losing their courage and audacity, but respectful of God and his representatives, are conditioned to blindly throw themselves at any adventure that the Church points out to them.

The plans of the White Fraternity are being fulfilled in all their parts. In the year 1000, after having frightened Europe with the "proximity of the Last Judgment", the Golden take a great step forward by exposing the German Emperor their project of rebuilding the Western Roman Empire with capital in

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Rome and get him to agree to move the capital from its German base: although such a project would not materialize, the idea was already launched and would influence the imperial objectives for two hundred and fifty years of the German kingdom. The details of that plan are agreed upon between King Otto the Great and the Golden Pope Silvester II, whose name was Gerbert de Rheims. And in that plan of the year 1000, in the commitment assumed by the Emperor to "fight against the infidels", especially against the Saracens of Spain, through a "Militia of God", the concepts of the Crusades and the Military Orders were clearly outlined, one hundred years before its realization.

But the success of the plan responded, in any case, to the subjection of the Emperor in front of the authority of the Pope, of the dominion that the Church could impose on the naturally indomitable temperament of German sovereigns. It would be there where the forces of the Cultural Pact would be measured against the unconscious Memory of the Blood Pact. For that, the Golden would seat on the Throne of Saint Peter a Cluniac reformer of unparalleled fanaticism, the monk Hildebrand, who will go down in history as the Pope Gregory VII, the Pope who would have Emperor Henry IV humiliated at Canossa before lifting his excommunication, thereby demonstrating "the superiority of the spiritual power over temporal power", that is, holding the ancient forgery of the brown Atlanteans and the Priests of the Cultural Pact: to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Blood Pact, on the contrary, the Spirit is essentially warrior and therefore noble and warrior castes are spiritually superior to the priestly. But, with Henry IV's weakness, the damage was done and it would be up to his descendants to fight against a Golden papacy erected as director of the Destiny of the West.

That the Golden did not and would never trust the Germans, apart from the establishment of the College of Builders in Cluny, is indicated by its favorable attitude towards the Normans as the preferred executors of their plans, followed by the French. Those, who did not belong, as supposed, to the family of German peoples, but to a Celtic tribe of Scandinavia, ethnically different from the Norwegian, Swedish and Danish Vikings, had conquered a Duchy in Northern France, Normandy, which was officially recognized by Charles the Simple in the year 911: by the peace treaty then agreed in Saint Clair-Sur-Epte, Duke Rollo was baptized and accepted Christianity along with his people, whose definitive evangelization was left in the hands of the Benedictine Order. It didn't take long, then, for monasteries to flourish in Normandy and all the Norman nobility was finally left under the influence of Cluny. One hundred and fifty years later, the effects of the patient labor of indoctrination and cultural conditioning carried out by the Benedictines, were confirmed: the Normans were prepared to become an executing arm of the White Fraternity plans. The Golden Pope Nicholas II, the one who institutes the Papal election by the Cardinals, hands over in fiefdom in the South of Italy: to King Robert Guiscard, Apulia, Calabria and Sicily; to Richard of Aversa, Capua; It is the year 1059. Seven years later, in 1066, the Duke of Normandy, William the Conqueror, seizes England with the collaboration, or open treason, of the Benedictine Order of the island: thanks to him, they enter again in England the members of the Chosen People, who had been expelled in 920 by King Knut the Great under the charge of "enemies of the State". The Pope is then the Benedictine Alexander II, but the brains who direct the maneuver are the Golden Cluniacs Hildebrand and Peter Damian. In succeeding him in the papacy Hildebrand himself, or Gregory VII, in 1073, an impressive strip descending from Ireland, encompasses England, Normandy, Flanders, France, Burgundy, Italy, and concludes in Sicily, is subject to the direct influence of the Golden of Cluny.

It should be added about Hildebrand, a fact that should never be forgotten: his Jewish origin. Hildebrand, in effect, was great-grandson of Baruk, the Jewish banker who converted to Christianity and was head of the Pierleoni family, a lineage that influenced papal elections for centuries. Thanks to money from Pierleoni, for example, Hildebrand had won the election of



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Alexander II and support for his own plans. And the Pierleoni Bank, of course, was very charitable; and its charity, of course, had a direct beneficiary: the Congregation of Cluny, where its siblings of race and the Golen prepared the World Government of the Chosen People.

Fine-tuning the Golen plan will require a preliminary rehearsal: that general test of verification of potentialities will be the First Crusade. In 1078, Gregory VII and the Golen staff receive two simultaneous news: the more important is the one that comes from the White Fraternity, in which the Immortals finally approve, the transfer to Europe of the Tablets of the Law, hidden for twenty-five centuries in Jerusalem, in the vicinity of the Temple of Solomon. The other news come from the Eastern Empire, which is encircled by a powerful military deployment of the Seldaschuk Turks, who already occupied Iran, Baghdad, Syria, Palestine, much of Asia Minor, and they have just seized Jerusalem. Those news decide the Golen on how they will rehearse their forces: they will preach the Crusade, but, in principle, it will not target the main objective but a secondary one; the chivalric Christian need will be disclosed to help the Byzantine Church against the Turks; if that call gives the expected results, only then will be announced the duty to "free Holy Land"; and only if this last claim is obeyed, only then, will it be undertaken the mission to Jerusalem to search for the Key to the Temple of Solomon. Because it happens that the recovery of the Secret of the Chosen People is not easy: if it was hidden for twenty-one centuries it is not because no one had searched and found it before, but because its cover-up was deliberate and careful and employed esoteric techniques; its current location would require the dispatch of a team of Priests Initiated in the acoustic and numeral Kabbalah, to read and pronounce correctly the Words that would open the Lock of the Secret; and that team should go at the right time, with maximum security, because the success or failure of a Strategy planned systematically for six hundred years, would depend on that operation.

The Synod of Clermont in 1095 is employed by Golen Pope Urban II, recent prior of Cluny, to call for war against the infidels and liberate the Eastern Church: - "this war is, explained Urban II, a pilgrimage of armed Knights"; "There would be special indulgences for all who take up the cross and, so complacent will Heaven be with the Crusade, that then will come an extraordinary period of Peace of God". Peter the Hermit, a popular preacher, gathers a crowd of one hundred thousand people lacking military preparation and means, which will soon be exterminated; instead the army of Frankish, Flemish and Normans, causes the admiration of the Golen: enlisted in it are, Godefroy de Bouillon, Lord of Lorraine, with his two brothers Baldwin and Eustace; Robert of Flanders; Robert of Normandy; Raymond de Toulouse; the Norman Lord of Italy, Bohemond di Taranto; and Tancred. This army could be requested, from the outset, the conquest of Jerusalem!

After multiple difficulties typical of war against a courageous enemy, religiously fanaticized, aggravated by the betrayals of the Byzantines, the Crusaders manage to conquer Jerusalem in 1099, three years after the departure from Europe. A Christian Kingdom was founded there, of which Godefroy de Bouillon is the first King.

After that victory, the Golen will only spend thirty years locating the Tablets of the Law and transporting them to Europe; from then on will begin the Gaulic or Gothic revolution. That phase of the plan was developed with several parallel movements. On the one hand, a suitable place had to be prepared to receive the Tablets of the Law, decipher their message, and find a way to apply the Knowledge of the Serpent to the Construction of Temples. On the other hand, it should be dispatched as soon as possible to Jerusalem the team of Golen Initiates who would be in charge of locating the Secret. And also, they would have to start immediately the formation of the military Order that would sustain the financial Synarchy, that would soon have to be created. If such movements culminated in the objectives proposed by the White Fraternity, then it wouldn't take long for the World Government of the Chosen People to come and the Will of the One Creator God fulfilled.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Benedictine monk Robert received in 1098 the order to withdraw to the surroundings of Citeaux: in the year 1100, as soon as it was known the news of the seizure of Jerusalem, Pope Paschal II places him in charge of the Abbey of the Cistercian and entrusts him the reform of the Cluniac rule. On the basis of the **Regula Monachorum** of Saint Benedict, he and his successor Alberic, introduce substantial changes in regard to Cluny: the monks return to manual labor, it insists more rigorously on asceticism and solitude, that is, on **secrecy**, and the clothing is changed: henceforth the Cistercians will not wear the classic black habit of the Cluniacs and Benedictines, but a white one, similar to the ancient tunic of the Golen of Roman Gaul, and that of the Levite priests who guarded in Israel the Ark with the Tablets of the Law. In 1112 the community is ready to receive the group of Initiates who will give it their final conformation: there are thirty-one, including Saint Bernard with five of his family, all Golen. After three years of studying the fine details, Saint Bernard focuses to found in Clairvaux, Champagne region, fief of Count Hugues, also of Golen family, a suitable monastery to preserve the Secret that would come from the East. Once finished, under the pretext of carrying out translations of Hebrew texts, the main Kabbalistic Rabbis of Europe are summoned to collaborate in the task of deciphering the Tablets of the Law. Strange community that of Cistercian and Clairvaux, made up of Golen and Jews, while the whole of Europe proclaims "Christian" in front of the "infidel" peoples of the East!

At the death of Saint Bernard there were three hundred and fifty Cistercian monasteries, and at the end of the thirteenth century, they numbered seven hundred in Europe. In this way the first movement was carried out.

As for Cluny, it shouldn't be believed that the foundation of the Cistercian and the expansion of the Order of the Temple were going to take away from it some power. Proof of this is the enormous volume of its facilities reached in the 13th century; as an example, it is worth remembering that in 1245, on the occasion of the General Council of Lyon, assembled by the Golen to excommunicate the Hyperborean Emperor Frederick II, a numerous retinue accompanied the Pope on his visit to Cluny, where they were lodged comfortably without the need for monks to leave their cells; In other words, it had the infrastructure to house a Pope, an Emperor, and a King of France, along with all the prelates and Lords of their courtships. Do not believe I'm exaggerating, Dr. Siegnagel: besides Pope Innocent IV, the two Patriarchs of Antioch and Constantinople, twelve Cardinals, three Archbishops, fifteen Bishops, the King of France Saint Louis, his mother Blanca de Castilla, his brother the Duke of Artois, and his sister, the Emperor of Constantinople Balwin II, the sons of the King of Aragon and Castilla, the Duke of Burgundy, six Counts, and a large number of Lords and Knights. Its library counted with five thousand volumes copied by the friars, apart from hundreds of manuscripts, scrolls and books from Antiquity, which were unique pieces in Europe.

### Eighteenth Day

In the year 1118, at last, the nine Golen found the Key to the Temple of Solomon with the approval of the White Fraternity: there are three Initiated Priests, in charge of locating the Tablets of the Law, and six Knights of custody. One of the Initiates is Count Hugues de Champagne, in whose lands the Cistercian has been installed, who is a relative of King Baldwin of Jerusalem and smoothly paves the occupation of the requested site: it is the traditional location of the Temple of Solomon. Their residence for several years in that place would give them the name of Knights Templar, that they later adopted, although they preferred to call themselves the **Sole Guardians of the Temple of Solomon**. Finally, after much searching, meditating, reflecting, and understanding the nature of the Secret, and also counting on the help of the "Angels" of the White Fraternity, the Templars were in a position to find the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Ark. And when the Secret came into their hands, and they were preparing to escort it to Europe, they were joined by Bera and Birsha, the same Immortals who murdered the Vrayas of the House of Tharsis. From Chang Shambhala, the White Fraternity sent Bera and Birsha to accompany the transport of the Ark to Clairvaux and make sure that it arrived without problems; once there, they would try to seize the Wise Sword and settle the pending accounts with the House of Tharsis. I will suspend, for a moment, the account of the consequences that this new appearance of the Immortals would have for the Lords of Tharsis.

The most important thing now is to note that in the year 1128, the Ark was installed in Clairvaux, in the power of the highest dignitaries of the Synagogue and the Golen Church, in the Heart of the College of the Temple Builders. In this way the second movement developed.

The triumphant result of both movements motivated the Golen to act immediately with the third. The six Knights who have transported the Ark meet in the Champagne, along with Bera and Birsha who still remain in Clairvaux instructing the College of Builders, and it is agreed to constitute them in Order of Chivalry. With that secret purpose, Saint Bernard summons in 1128 a Council in Troyes, in the Champagne region, attended in its entirety by Benedictine and Cistercian clergymen: Bishops, Abbots and Priors of all the monasteries of the Order, who come aware of the importance of the event and wish to observe closely the terrible Immortals Bera and Birsha who also will be present. At the Council of Troyes the formation of the Order of the Temple is approved and the writing of his Rule is entrusted to Saint Bernard. This will be a monastic Rule, basically Cistercian but completed with norms and provisions that regulate military life: at the head of the Order will be a Grand Master, who will depend only on the Pope; the mission of the Order will be to train an army of Knights to fight in the East and in Spain against the Saracens; In the West, the Order will possess properties suitable for practicing monastic life and offer military instruction; the Order of the Knights Templar will be authorized to receive all kinds of donations, but Knights must observe the vow of poverty, etc.

During the rest of the 12th century, the Order grew in every sense and was constituted in the thirteenth century, in a true economic and military power subject only, and only to a certain point, to the authority of the Church. Since the hidden objective of the crusades was to get the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah Satan with the Chosen People, and such an objective had already been achieved, it is evident that the maintenance of The Holy War had no other purpose than to strengthen the Order of the Temple and the Church: the following Crusades, in effect, allowed the Popes to demonstrate their power over the Kings and Nobles, and the Templar to increase its wealth. Thus, the papacy achieved its highest degree of prestige and could summon the Kings of France, England or Germany, to "cross" for Christ, Our Lord, and hopefully even manage to eliminate some potential enemy for its plans of European hegemony, for example, as Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who never returned from the Third Crusade. And, as the war went on and the army of the East was professionally perfected and became indispensable in all operations, the Order was building a formidable economic and financial infrastructure: it was said that that power served to support the Crusade of the Knights Templar, but in reality, it was the founding of the financial Synarchy that was being attended. The Order soon developed, on the basis of its countless properties in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, etc., a banking network that operated with the newest system of "Bills of exchange", invented by the Jewish bankers of Venice, and had its headquarters in the House of the Temple in Paris, a real Bank, provided with Treasury and Security Camera. Naturally, they practiced the loan at interest to Nobles and Kings, whose "promissory notes", and other very advanced documents for the time, were kept in the safes of the Order. Among other responsibilities, they had been entrusted with the administration of the funds of the Church and tax collection for the crown of France.

The Templars occupied several places in Spain, among which was counted the Fortress of Monzón, the one that after the death of Alfonso I, the Battler,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

they were granted property: from there, "they fought against the infidel", according to the Rule of the Order. That fortress was located in Huesca, on the shores of the river Cinca, then Kingdom of Aragón: and towards there went Bera and Birsha, after the Council of Troyes, accompanied by an important entourage of Cistercian monks. The Immortals were going to hold a "Secret Golden Council" in which they would establish the directives for the next hundred years, date on which they would return to demand an account of what was done. In that Council, apart from the details of the Golden plan I have already described, the Immortals raised, on behalf of the White Fraternity, two issues that had to be resolved as soon as possible; they were two Sentences of Extermination: one, against the House of Tharsis, still pending since ancient times; the other, against the Cathars and Albigensians of the Aragonese Languedoc, was recent and had to be executed without delay.

About the House of Tharsis, the Immortals admitted that it was a difficult case because the extermination could not be carried out without first having found the Stone of Venus, which they had hidden in a Secret Cavern. With the final purpose of getting the confession of the Key to find the secret entrance, Bera and Birsha, this time, decided to attack the family members who inhabited the nearby city of Zaragoza; They were three people: the Bishop of Zaragoza, Lupo de Tharsis; his widowed sister, now mature, who lived next to him in the Bishopric and was in charge of domestic affairs, Lamia de Tharsis; and her son, a young fifteen-year-old novice named Rabaz. All three were kidnapped and taken to Monzón, where they were locked in a dungeon while the instruments of torture were being prepared. They started with the old man Lupo, who was savagely tormented without getting him to utter a word about the Secret Cavern; finally, and although he had most of the bones broken, Lupo de Tharsis expired like the Lord that he was: laughing derisively in the face of the impotence of his murderers. With the woman and her child, the Golden used another tactic: considering that these would already be quite terrified by the cries of the Bishop, they prepared a convenient stage to extort young Rabaz by threatening to subject his mother to the same degrading torment that had cut off the life of Lupo de Tharsis.

So they spread Lamia on the torture table and began to stretch her limbs, drawing terrifying screams of pain from her. At that moment they brought in Rabaz, who came with his hands tied behind his back and escorted by two Cistercian Golden, who was frozen with fright when hearing Lamia's wailing and discover her tied to the mortal table; and seeing him paralyzed with horror, a triumphant smile spread across the Golden's faces, they already had the confession in advance. But what they did not count on, even then, was with the mystical madness of the Lords of Tharsis. Oh the madness of the Lords of Tharsis, who had made them unpredictable during hundreds of years of persecution, and manifested as the Absolute Courage of the Pure Blood, a Courage so high that it was inconceivable any weakness in front of the Enemy! Without them being able to prevent it, young Rabaz, driven by a mystical madness, jumped twice and stood next to his mother, who was watching him with bright eyes; and then, in a single bite, he shattered the left jugular vein, causing her a quick death by bleeding. Now the Golden did not laugh when they dragged Rabaz in anger; and yet someone laughed: before she died, with the last breath that broke in a spasm of agonizing grace, Lamia managed an ironic laugh, whose echoes remained for several seconds reverberating in the meanders of that gloomy prison. And Rabaz, who had just murdered her and had the face covered in blood, smiled in relief to see that Lamia was no more.

No; the Golden no longer laughed: rather they were pale with hatred. It was obvious that the Will of Rabaz could not be bent by any means, but not by that would they stop torturing him to death: they would, but only to discharge the resentment they felt towards the Lords of Tharsis.

Bera and Birsha achieved nothing with that massacre, and so they left the Cistercians a specific mission, to be fulfilled in the following years by the Order of the Knights Templar: the cost did not matter, even if it meant being in permanent fight against the Taifa of Seville, but a Castle had to be built in

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Aracena, a few kilometers from Villa de Turdes. The exact place would be that known, since ancient times, as "Cave of Odiel", today called "Gruta de las Maravillas" (**Grotto of Marvels**), whose name obviously meant Cave of Odin or Cave of Wothan, but which was also called "Daedalus Cave" due to the deformation "Cueva D'odali": naturally, Daedalus, the Maze Builder, was another of the Names of Navutan. The entrance to Odiel's Cave was at ground level, on the top of a hill in Aracena. The plan was to build a Templar Castle that hid the Cave of Odiel: the entrance, since then, would only be accessible from inside the Castle. What would they want that for? To reach the Secret Cavern of the Lords of Tharsis; because, as Bera and Birsha believed, from the Cave of Odiel it would be possible to approach the Secret Cavern using certain techniques that they would put into practice upon their return from Chang Shambhala.

### Nineteenth Day

Synthesizing, Dr. Siegnagel, it can be considered that upon reaching the thirteenth century, the Golen had ninety percent carried out the plans of the White Fraternity: the Benedictine-Golen, Order and its derivations, Cluny, Cister and the Temple, were firmly established in Europe; the College of Temple Builders had acquired, with the possession of the Tablets of the Law, the Highest Knowledge; the guilds and brotherhoods of Masons, instructed by the Golen, were building hundreds of Gothic Temples, churches and cathedrals, in all the major cities of Europe and in certain places to which "telluric value" was awarded; and the peoples, from the serfs and villains to the Lords, Nobles and Kings, lived in an Era of religious customs, sustained a Culture where God, and the Priests of God, intervened actively and on a daily basis; that is to say, the peoples, who now experienced the religious unity, were prepared to receive the economic and political unity of a World Government, the Synarchy of the Chosen People; the economic power of the Order of the Knights Templar was already consolidated; and the army of the Church, which would ensure political unity, too. You see, Dr. Siegnagel, the plans of the White Fraternity were about to be realized: **and yet they failed.**

What happened? The White Fraternity's Plans failed mainly because of two Kings, Frederick II Hohenstaufen, Holy Roman Emperor of the German Empire, and Philip IV the Fair, King of France. Both reigned in different countries and in different historical periods, and did not know each other: Frederick II in Sicily, from 1212 to 1250, and Philip IV in France, from 1285 to 1314. However, a hidden link explains and justifies the highly strategic acts deployed by these extraordinary monarchs: it is the **opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom.**

So we have two exoteric causes of the failure of the enemy plans, the Kings mentioned, and an esoteric cause, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom, of which those are nothing more than effects. I will examine, then, somewhat superficially the first two and I will concentrate on detailing the second; it is convenient that I do so to expose the prominent role that the House of Tharsis played in such events. We will have to start, of course, by describing the circumstances that led to the coronation of Frederick II and the acts with which he destabilized the power of the papacy. Then I will stop to show the true causes of those acts, that is, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom: it will be seen, thus, how the Lords of Tharsis developed their Strategy and how they were almost exterminated by the Golen in the middle of the XIII century. Finally I will get to the management of Philip IV, **"the King who applied the Mortal Blow to the Financial Synarchy of the Templars"**. From there, Dr. Siegnagel, everything will be given so that the history of the House of Tharsis, which I am narrating for you, enters its final phase.

With the election of Pope Innocent III in 1198, the Golen play one of their last and most important cards. That "pontiff", indeed, enjoys an unparalleled prestige among the indocile Germanic nobility: the Kings submit to his discretion and his will is imposed without resistance in all areas. Furthermore,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

he does not care too much about concealing his plans as he openly proclaims the validity of the theory of Gregory VII on "the Two Swords", of which one, the temporal of the Emperor, must be subject to the "spiritual" of the Church. Well, this Pope, who has in his hands all the triumphs of the Golen, is also the tutor and regent of the young prince Frederick of Sicily, main heir to the Austrian and German Hohenstaufen. It is in that prince that the Golen, and the White Brotherhood, have supported the full weight of their Strategy: Frederick, raised as a Cistercian monk and a Knight Templar by the Golen of the Norman court of his mother Constance of Sicily, should wield with vigor never seen, since the time of Charlemagne, the temporal Sword of the Kings and submit it to the spiritual Sword of the Church; so the spiritual Sword, which is the Cross of Jesus Christ and the Plan of the Temple, would be the seat of the Throne of the World, a seat for the Messiah of the Creator God or his representatives. But lo and behold, Frederick rebels early against that plan.

Frederick II is crowned German King in 1212 under the auspices of Innocent III and the manifest approval of Philip II Augustus, King of France. At the start he did what was expected of him and already in 1213, counting only eighteen years of age, he promulgated the Golden Bull in favor of the Church, in which he confirmed the totality of its territorial possessions, including those that it had improperly appropriated after the death of Henry VI; he also agreed to resign, both he and any other future German King, to the election of Bishops and Abbots. It is evident, then, the initial predisposition of the young King to comply with the plans of the Golen Church. However, very soon that attitude began to change, to become totally hostile towards his former protectors; There were two causes: the positive reaction of the Inheritance of his Pure Blood thanks to the historical proximity of the Grail, a concept that I will explain; and the influence of certain Hyperborean Initiates that Frederick II himself brought to his Court in Palermo from distant countries of Asia and whose story I will not be able to tell in this letter. The important thing was that the Emperor began to reject the Golen idea, which was being widely publicized by the Benedictine network, that the world should be ruled by a Theocratic Messiah, a Priest placed by the Creator God over the Kings of the Earth. On the contrary, claimed Frederick II, the world expected an Imperial Messiah, a King of the Pure Blood who imposed his Power by the unanimous recognition of the Lords of the Earth, a King who would be the First of the Spirit and who would found an Aristocracy of the Pure Blood in which only the bravest, the noblest, the toughest, those who did not bow to the Cult of the Powers of Matter. Frederick II, naturally, felt called to occupy that place.

The doctrine that Frederick II expressed so clearly was the synthesis of an idea that had been developing among the members of his Lineage since the Emperor Henry I, the Fowler. In principle, such an idea consisted of the intuition that royal power was legitimized only by an Aristocracy of the Spirit, which was linked to blood, to the inheritance of blood. Then it was evident, and so began to assert, that if the King was legitimate, his power could not be affected by forces of another order that were not spiritual: sovereignty was spiritual and therefore Divine; it was only up to God to intervene with justice over the will of the King. This concept was essentially opposed to the one supported by the Golen, in the sense that the Pope represented God on Earth and, therefore, it was up to him to hold the will of the Kings. Already Pope Gelasius I, 492-496, had declared that there were two independent powers: the spiritual Church and the temporal state; against the dangerous idea that developed in the Lineage of the Ottonians and Salians, Saint Bernard formalizes the Gelasian thesis in the "Theory of the two Swords". According to Saint Bernard, spiritual power and temporal power, are analogous to two Swords; but, as spiritual power comes from God, the temporal Sword must submit to the spiritual Sword; ergo: the representative of God on Earth, the Pope, wielding the spiritual Sword, must impose his will on the Kings, mere representatives of the temporal State and bearers, solely of the temporal Sword.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Despite the efforts of the Church to impose the deception, the idea goes maturing and clashes began to occur between the most spiritual Kings and the representatives of the Powers of Matter. The "Investiture Controversy", starring Emperor Henry IV, ancestor of Frederick II, and Golen Pope Gregory VII, marks the culminating phase of the Satanic reaction: in the year 1077, Emperor Henry IV is forced to humiliate himself in front of the Pope, in Canossa, to obtain the lifting of his previous excommunication. If he hadn't made that plea, Henry IV would have been stripped of his imperial investiture, and even sovereignty over his hereditary Lordships, by the simple "spiritual" will of the Pope. Naturally, an idea that comes from the blood, and becomes clearer and stronger after each generation, cannot be repressed with penances and humiliations. It will be Frederick I Barbarossa, the grandfather of Frederick II, who will most vigorously oppose papal tyranny and demonstrate that the existence of the Aristocracy of the Spirit was more than an idea. By then, the idea has taken shape and has supporters willing to defend it with their lives: they are the so-called **Ghibellines**, a name derived from Waiblingen Castle where Frederick I was born. The Church's reaction against Frederick I polarizes the family of his mother Judith, descendant of Welf, or Guelf IV, Duke of Bavaria, staunch supporter of the Pope, from which comes the name "Guelfs" given to her followers. Thus, despite the brainwashing and clerical indoctrination to which Frederick II was submitted during the years that he remained under the tutelage of the fierce Innocent III, nothing could prevent the Voice of his Pure Blood from revealing the Truth of the Uncreated Spirit, may his Divine inheritance transform him into the living expression of the Aristocracy of the Spirit, in the Universal Emperor.

Before leaving for Palestine in 1227, Frederick II had become a Man of Stone, a Hyperborean Pontiff, and had remembered the Blood Pact of the white Atlanteans. And he decided to fight with all his might to reverse the order of European society, which was based on the **unity of the Cult**, that is, in the Cultural Pact, in favor of the Blood Pact. The solution chosen by Frederick II was to undermine the imperial unit of that time, whose monarchies were totally conditioned by the Church, granting the greatest possible power to the Territorial Lords: they would, of course, be who would recognize with their Pure Blood the True Spiritual Leader of the West, the one who would come to establish the Universal Empire of the Spirit. Instead the Golen Church, faced with the growing power of the princes, would only see the disintegration of the political unity that was so necessary for its plans of world domination: a political unity that it had built on the foundation of countless crimes perpetrated over centuries of intrigues and deceptions, which it had projected onto the Secret of the Benedictine and Cistercian monasteries, which it had imposed on the credulous and fearful minds of the nobles through the threat of the "Loss of Heaven", excommunication, blackmail of terror, and all sorts of despicable resources.

That political unit, controlled discreetly by the Church, which now had a powerful Bank and a military Order, would be fatally destabilized by Frederick II. In 1220, when he was still obeying the plan of the Golen, Frederick II granted ecclesiastical princes the rights to regulate commercial traffic in their territories and decide on their fortification. However, in 1232, he conferred these same rights on the Territorial Lords, in addition to authorizing them the full jurisdiction of their countries: in practice, this meant that matters such as currency, the market, justice, police, and fortifications, were forever subject to the power of the Territorial Lords, the King or the Pope no longer having any executive power in their respective countries.

After the death of Frederick II, in 1250, the Church will never have another such opportunity to fulfill the plans of the White Fraternity: in Germany the Interregnum will ensue, during which the Territorial Lords will become more and more powerful and independent, and in France, will govern Philip IV, the Fair, who will conclude the work of Frederick II proceeding to annihilate

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Order of the Temple and dismantle the infrastructure of the financial Synarchy.

As the second cause of the failure of the Golen plan, main cause, esoteric cause, I have mentioned the "opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom": with such denomination I mean, logically, the **conscious opposition** that certain sectors carried out against the secret intrigues of the Golen and their Cistercian and Templar organizations.

Those sectors, which understood the Hyperborean Wisdom, contributed significantly to determine the failure of the Golen; they were several groups, but the main ones include the Bogomils in Italy, the Cathars in France, and the Lords of Tharsis of Spain.

The Lords of Tharsis had become strong in Spain, both in the Muslim as well as in the Christian region: in Turdes, they kept their bishopric and the property of the Villa, where a part of the family stayed all year; in Córdoba and Toledo, always lived the clerics who engaged in the teaching; and in Cataluña and Aragon, and even in several European countries, dwelt those who were theologians and doctors, and received the invitation of some Lord to serve as counselors or instruct royal families. But wherever they were, the Lords of Tharsis never forgot their Destiny, and all efforts were put into obeying those two principles, sworn by the Men of Stone: preserve the Wise Sword and fulfill the family mission. Their priority was therefore to survive, but to survive as Lineage, which forced to stay permanently informed about the enemy Strategy since one of the strategic objectives declared by the Enemy demanded, precisely, the extermination of the House of Tharsis. In the 13th century, the Lords of Tharsis had perfectly clear the plans of the White Fraternity and knew how close were the Golen to make them come true. To oppose those plans, without risking the safety of the Lineage, the Lords of Tharsis realized that they needed to operate protected by an Order of the Church, an Order that, certainly, was not controlled by the Golen or governed by the Benedictine Rule: of course, there was no such Order. The honor of founding it, and saving through it the healthiest part of Christianity, would correspond to Saint Dominic.

### Twentieth Day

From today I am going to examine, Dr. Siegnagel, the Cathar question, the most significant of the productions of the Hyperborean Wisdom that opposed the plans of the White Fraternity in the thirteenth century. It was in the context of Catharism when Saint Dominic founded the Order of Preachers that would allow the Lords of Tharsis to act covertly. It is necessary, then, to describe this context so that the objective sought by Saint Dominic and the Lords of Tharsis is clear.

First of all, it should be noted that calling Catharism a "heresy" is as absurd as doing it with Buddhism or Islam: like these, Catharism was **another religion**, different from the Catholic one. Heresy is, by definition, dogmatic error on the official doctrine of the Church; it is not heretic who professes another religion, but one who distorts or twists the Catholic dogma, such as Arius or the Golen Templars themselves, who were the most diabolical heretics of their Age. Of course, even though it was then accepted that the Cathars practiced another religion, like the Saxons, this would not have meant any difference in the result: nothing could have saved them from the sentence of extermination of the Golen. Heretics were undoubtedly the Arians; but not the Cathars: they were, yes, enemies of the Church, which they called "The Synagogue of Satan".

To understand the problem, one must consider that what the Cathars actually knew was the Hyperborean Wisdom, which they taught using symbols taken from Mazdeism, Zurvanism, Gnosticism, Judeo-Christianity, etc. Consequently, they preached that Good was of absolutely spiritual nature and was completely out of this World; **the Spirit was Eternal and Uncreated and proceeded from the Origin of Good; Evil, on the contrary, had by nature all**



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*that is material and created*; the world of Matter, where the animal man dwells, was intrinsically evil; the world had been **Created** by Jehovah Satan, a demonic Demiurge; they rejected, therefore, the Bible, which was the "Word of Satan", and repudiated especially The Genesis, where the act of Creating the World by the Demon, was narrated; The Church of Rome, which accepted the Bible, was thus "the Synagogue of Satan", the abode of the Devil; **the animal man, created by Satan, had two natures: the material body and the Soul; they had been joined by the Uncreated Spirit, who, since then, remained a prisoner of Matter; the Spirit, unable to free itself, resided in the Soul, and the Soul animated the material body, which was immersed in the Evil of the Material World; the Spirit was thus sunk in Hell, condemned to the pain and suffering that Jehovah Satan imposed on the animal man.**

The Cathars, that is, the "Pure" Men, had to pretend the Good. That meant the Spirit must return to its Origin, previously abhorring the Evil of the Material World. **They claimed that the Holy Spirit was always ready to help the Spirit imprisoned in matter and that it responded to the request of the Pure Men;** then the Cathars had the power to transmit the Holy Spirit to those in need of help by means of the imposition of hands, an act they called "Consolamentum". They further affirmed **the existence of an Eternal and Uncreated Kristus, whom they called "Lucibel",** who used to voluntarily descend to the Hell of the Created World to release the Spirit of man; they rejected the cross for constituting a symbol of the spiritual enchainment and human suffering; they were iconoclasts to the death and did not admit any form of representation of the spiritual truths; they practiced poverty and asceticism, and distrusted wealth and material goods, especially if they came from people who called themselves religious; they held that the highest virtue was the understanding and expression of Truth, and that the greatest mistake was the acceptance and propagation of lies; they reduced feeding to a minimum and recommended not to abuse sex; they prohibited the procreation of children because it contributed to perpetuate the chaining of the Spirit to Matter.

There were undoubtedly connections between the Cathars and the Manichean Bogomils from Bulgaria, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Serbia and Lombardy, plus those contacts were natural between peoples or communities that shared the inheritance of the Hyperborean Wisdom and did not imply any dependency. Catharism was, rather, a local product of the country of Oc, a medieval fruit of the Iberian racial trunk. The ancient Iberian population of Oc, like that of Tharsis, did not suffer great Celtic influence, unlike the Iberians of other regions of Hispania and Gaul who were racially confused with them and fell promptly under the power of the Golen. In Oc the Gauls failed to unite with the Iberians, despite the fact that they dominated the region for centuries, with great disgust of the Golen, who would appeal to all resources to break their racial purity. However, the Occitans would later mix with more related peoples, in a similar way to the Tartessians, especially the Greeks, the Romans, and the Goths. In a remote past, the white Atlanteans had communicated them the same Wisdom as their brothers in the Iberian Peninsula, to later include them in the Blood Pact. They thus possessed their own Stone of Venus and they lost it to the Golen when these Priests of the Cultural Pact favored the invasions of the **Volcae Tectosages and Arecomici, the Bebryces, Vellavi, Gabali and Helvii,** in addition to settling on the Mediterranean coast with the Phoenicians in their colonies of Agde, Narbonne and Port-Vendres, which in the beginning was called "port of Astarte".

Now, apart from what I already remembered about the Wisdom of the Iberians of the Blood Pact, we must add here a particular legend that was quite widespread among the Pyrenees. According to it, the white Atlanteans had deposited another Stone of Venus in a cavern in the region, which they called **the Gral of Kristus Lucifer.** That Stone, brought by the Envoy of the Unknowable God, no longer to reflect the Sign of the Origin to a few Initiates, but to charismatically bind and spiritually liberate an entire racial

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

community, would only be found at key moments in history. They believed that the reason was the following: the Gral was a *tabula regia imperialis*, that is to say, the Gral reported exactly who the King of the Pure Blood was, to whom it corresponded to govern the people by the Virtue of his spirituality and his racial purity; but the Gral had the Power to reveal the leadership by communicating it charismatically in the Pure Blood of the Race: it wasn't necessary the Physical Presence of the Stone of Venus to hear its message; however, if the racial community forgot the Blood Pact, if it fell under the soporific influence of the Cultural Pact, or if it degraded its Pure Blood, then it would lose the charismatic bond, it would be baffled, and err in choosing its racial leaders: would come bad Kings, weak or tyrants, perhaps Priests of the Cultural Covenant, which in any case would guide the people towards its racial destruction; However, even when the people were dominated by the Cultural Pact, the Hyperborean heritage of the Pure Blood could not be easily overshadowed and, in *indeterminate moments in history*, a *culturally acasual coincidence* would occur that would put all the members of the Race in charismatic contact with the Gral: *then everyone would know, without a doubt, who would be the leader of the Race.*

It was a double action of the Gral: on the one hand, it revealed to the people who the true Leader of the Pure Blood was, regardless of his social status; that is to say: was he Noble or plebeian, rich or poor, if the Leader existed, everyone would know who he was, everyone would recognize him simultaneously. And on the other hand, it propped up the Leader in his mission, connecting him charismatically with the members of the Race by virtue of their common origin: at the Origin, the entire Race of the Hyperborean Spirits would be united, since the Gral, precisely, *would be a reflection of the Origin.* By the Grace of the Grail, the Racial Leader would appear before the people endowed with an evident, undeniable and irresistible charisma; he would clearly display the Power of the Uncreated Spirit and would give proof of his racial authority; *and it could not be otherwise since, by the Origin, he would be under the command of the Grand Chief of the Race of the Spirit, the Lord of Absolute Honor and Uncreated Beauty: Kristos Lucifer or Lucibel.*

History's path, the inexorable advance of peoples culturally dominated by the Strategy of the White Fraternity in the direction of the Darkness of the Kaly Yuga, would cause the ever stronger manifestation of the Powers of Matter. Therefore, the racial Leaders that eventually emerged from the people, should demonstrate increasing spiritual Power to face such demonic forces. The consequence of this would be that the confrontation between the emerging spirituality of racial purity and the degradation of the materialistic Culture, would become more and more intense until arriving, naturally, to a Final Battle where the conflict would be definitely resolved: this would coincide with the end of the Kaly Yuga. In the meantime, they would come those "moments of history" in which the Gral could be again found and would reveal the Leader of the Race. Of course, in the last millennia, due to the Race being increasingly sunk in the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, the successive racial Leaders were to be, consequently, more powerful, that is, they were to be Imperial Leaders, Wise Warriors who would try founding the Universal Empire of the Spirit: whoever succeeded, would free the people from the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, from the Priests of the Cult, and from every Cult; would build a society based on the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood, in the Lords of the Blood and the Land, such as the one that, wisely, would seek to promote Frederick II Hohenstaufen.

And here we come to the hidden cause of the Cathar expansion in the 12th century: *at that time there was a general conviction among Occitans, incomprehensible to those who lacked racial purity or were unaware of the Hyperborean Wisdom, that one was about to arrive, or had arrived, of those "moments in history" in which the Racial Leader would emerge, the Universal Emperor of the Spirit and the Pure Blood.* It was a common feeling that sprouted from an intimate fiber and united everyone in the certainty of the regal advent. And that spontaneous unity was the cause of profound social

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

transformations: it seemed as if the entire efforts of the people were suddenly coordinated in a joint spiritual endeavor, in a project whose permanent realization was the generation of the brilliant civilization of Oc. Poetry, music, dance, choral singing, literature, reached there great splendor, while developing a Romance language of exquisite semantic precision, very different from the more barbarian language of the Eastern Franks: It was the "language of Oc" or "langue d'Oc", which gave its name to the country of Languedoc. In the structure of that nascent civilization, as one of its fundamental elements, Catharism was to emerge, which would no longer be a "Catholic heresy", as the Golen Church claimed, nor a religion transplanted from Asia Minor, as others claim. On the contrary, Catharism was the formal expression of the re-linking that existed a priori in Occitan society: it was the Gral, thus believed by all, that re-linked Occitan society and constituted the foundation of the Cathar religion.

But the Gral, when communicating the next coming of the Universal Emperor, also announced the War, the inevitable conflict that his Presence would pose to the Powers of Matter, perhaps the Final Battle if the times were ripe for it. The "historical moment" of the appearance of the Gral therefore required a special predisposition of the people to face the crisis that fatally would happen: it was time for spiritual awakening and material renunciation, to clearly discriminate between the All of the Spirit and the Nothing of Matter. Now you will understand, Dr. Siegnagel, why the Cathars organized as a Church and dedicated themselves to publicly preach the Hyperborean Wisdom: they were preparing the people for the historic moment, they were strengthening its Will and trying to acquire the "State of Grace" that the times demanded. If the Universal Emperor came, Kristos Lucifer would be closer than ever to the captive Spirit in Man, favoring its liberation: that is why the Cathars announced the imminent arrival of Lucibel, and encouraged the people to forget the World of Matter and fix the inner eyes only on Him. If the Universal Emperor arrived, deeply spiritual men would be required, who possessed the Hyperborean Wisdom and were transmuted by the Memory of the Origin, for the revelation of the Naked Truth of Himself, that is, it would take Men of Stone: that's why the Cathars formed and launched thousands of troubadours, initiates in the Cold Fire Cult of the House of Tharsis; they had the mission to travel the country and ignite in the Nobles of the Blood, Nobles or plebeians, rich or poor, the Cold Fire Flame, the L-ove of the Goddess Pyrene, whom they named simply as "the Lady", or "the Wisdom"; and the Nobles of the Blood, if they understood the Trovar Clus, became Newly-wed Knights with their Sword, a Vrune of Navutan, which they sometimes consecrated to a Lady of flesh and blood, to a Kálibur Woman who was capable of immortalizing them Beyond the Infinite Blackness of Her Sign of Death.

### Twenty-First Day

The urgency of the times had forced the Cathars to expose themselves publicly, an act that would cause, sooner or later, the inevitable attack of the Catholic Church. The Benedictines, Cluniacs and Cistercians soon began to raise their protests: as early as 1119, that year when the nine Golen are installed in the Temple of Solomon, Pope Calixtus II fulminates the excommunication against the heretics of Toulouse. But such measures had no effect. In 1147 the Abbot of Clairvaux, Saint Bernard, Golen Chief of the Templar conspiracy, travels the Languedoc receiving everywhere samples of hostility on the part of the people and the lordly nobility. Since then it will be the Cistercians who will be in charge of stirring up the hatreds and forming a new Perseus people to destroy the "Occitan Dragon". But the Cathars, far from being daunted by these threats, summon in 1167 a General Council in St. Felix de Caraman: there they resolve to divide the country, in the same way as the Catholic Church, into bishoprics and parishes.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Cathar Church, then, was organized on the basis of Bishops, Priests, Deacons, Older Brothers, Younger Brothers, etc. and gave superficial arguments to those who supported the accusation of heresy. However, from the internal point of view, there were only two groups: the "believers" and the **Chosen**. The believers constituted the mass of those who sympathized with Catharism or professed its faith, but without reaching the initiation of the Holy Spirit that characterized the Chosen. The latter, on the other hand, had been **purified** by the Holy Spirit and therefore the believers called them **pure**, that is, **Cathars**. It will be necessary to clarify that the initiation to the Cathar Mystery, being a social act like any initiation, differed from initiations to Ancient Mysteries in which ritual form was reduced to a minimum: indeed, the Cathars, the Pure Men or Initiates, had the Power to communicate the Holy Spirit to believers through the laying on of hands, whereupon these could also become a Cathar; for such a miracle to occur it was needed to have a "Hyperborean Chamber", in which the believer was placed and received the **consolamentum** from the hands of the Pure Man; but the Hyperborean Chamber was not any material construction, like the Temples of the Golden, but a concept of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans whose realization was a secret jealously guarded by the Cathars: for your clarification, Dr. Siegnagel, I will tell you that it consisted of the same principles, as I already explained on the Third Day, as foundations of the "strategic way of life", that is, the principle of **occupation**, the principle of the **encirclement**, and the principle of the **strategic wall**.

The three principles intervene in the concept of the Hyperborean Chamber mentioned, and its realization could be carried out anywhere, although, I repeat, the lithic technique, which only required the spatial distribution of a few uncut stones, was secret. Thus, with only a few stones and their hands, the Cathars initiated the believers in the Mystery of the Uncreated Spirit, and like true representatives of the Blood Pact, thus opposed the Wisdom to the Cult, the Strategic Wall to the Temple.

But if the ritual form was minimal, the consequent spiritual process reached the maximum intensity during the Cathar initiation. The believer was "**consoled**" inwardly, that is, he was **sustained** by the Spirit, and became Chosen. **But, Chosen by whom? By Himself, Because the Cathar Initiates are the Self-Summoned To Release Their Spirit, those who have Chosen Themselves To Reach The Origin and Exist. The believer, for, would not be Chosen by the Cathars, nor would his transmutation depend only on the Consolamentum, but rather His own Spirit was Electing and Investing Himself of Purity when strategically placed under the charismatic influence of pure men.**

The Cathar Church lacked Rituals, Temples, and sacraments: the Cathars only allowed themselves the preaching, exposing the Gospel of Kristos Lucibel to every believing man. And it turned out that the tireless preaching extended the Catharism day by day, like an epidemic, through the country of Languedoc, causing the consequent alarm of the Catholic Church that saw its Temples empty and its Priests despised and wronged. The Pure Men attributed success to the proximity of the "historical moment" in which the Gral would appear. But, what in principle was simple conviction, one day, when Catharism was at the zenith of popular adherence, became an effective reality: towards the end of the 12th century, many Pure Men claimed to **have physically seen the Gral and received its Transmuting Power.**

In the county of Foix, in the heart of the Pyrenees, was the Manor of Raymond de Pereille, which included, apart from castles, villages, and fields, a very steep mountain peak at the top of which existed an ancient ruined fortress. The name of that place was **Montsegur** and its Lord, as well as his entire family and subjects, was counted among the believers of the Cathar Church. In the year 1202 the Pure Men requested Raymond de Pereille to raise a strange stone building in Montsegur of asymmetric pentagonal shape: unsuitable for defense, unsuitable for inhabiting, aesthetically shocking, the work was conceived, however, according to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy. Its role had nothing to do with defense, housing, or beauty, but with the Gral,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

with the Gral's Physical Manifestation. **Montsegur would be a reference area from which the Initiates could locate the Gral, and even physically approach it.** Its function does not consist, then, in serving as a deposit to "save" the Gral, because the Gral can't be inside or outside of anything: like the Spirit, Eternal and Infinite, the reality of the Gral is Beyond the Origin. But locating the Origin means liberation of the Spirit chained to Matter and to facilitate this location is that the Gral approaches the sleeping men; and Montsegur was going to be, then, the Strategic Wall from where the Gral would be seen, the orientation towards the Origin would be found, the Spirit would rediscover Itself and the Voice of the Pure Blood would be heard again. And the Gral would speak and reveal to the White Race the identity of the King of the Pure Blood, the Universal Emperor.

In short, Dr., **from Montsegur the Gral, as a stone, could be found and taken by pure men; but, while they remained in the Strategic Wall, the Gral would not be inside but outside of Montsegur as required by the technique of the referential area; instead, once taken outside, it could be transported if desired to any other site, as the reference would be preserved as long as the encircled referential area and the Initiates who operate it, existed.** Naturally, the Gral can be located, always, from any place that constitutes a liberated square in Enemy space, an area occupied to the Powers of Matter according to the techniques of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans, a place where the Illusion of the Great Deception does not act. Yes, Dr.; from a similar strategic area, in everywhere, the Hyperborean Initiates, be Wise Warriors, Men of Stone, or Pure Men, whenever they want, can find the Gral of Kristos Lucifer: but, it will not be necessary to insist in this, the Strategic Walls built then, will not be similar to those of Montsegur, since the inconsistent distribution of matter in universal space forces to specifically vary the Strategic Form employed.

As I wrote two days ago, when Innocent III takes control of the Vatican, in the year 1198, the plans of the White Fraternity were on the verge of materializing. And those plans included, as a pending issue which should be given a prompt solution, the fulfillment of the sentence of extermination that weighed over the Cathars. First, Innocent III sends special legacies to travel the country of Oc, as he initiates a maneuver designed to subdue the King of Aragón, Pedro II, to the vassalage of Saint Peter, which he achieved in 1204: in that year Pedro II was crowned in Rome by the Pope, who gave him the royal insignia, gown, colobium, scepter, globe, crown and mitre; he immediately demands oath of fidelity and obedience to the Pontiff, of defense of the Catholic faith, of protection of ecclesiastical rights in all the lands and Manors of it, and to **fight heresy to the death.** Pedro II, who does not suspect his sad end at the hands of the Cistercians, agrees to everything and, after receiving the Knight's Sword from the hands of Innocent III, **cedes his Kingdom to Saint Peter, the Pope and his Successors.**

Meanwhile, the legates had already alerted the Bishops loyal to the Golen, and carried out a detailed census of the native prelates who would never approve the destruction of the civilization of Oc, and that would have to be expurgated from the Church. In 1202 the Golen consider that the conditions are given to execute their plans and decide to lay a death trap for the Count of Toulouse, Raymond VI: the mechanism of this trap aims to provide a justification for the imminent destruction of the civilization of Oc and the Cathar extermination; and the artifice, devised to deceive the prey, is a scapegoat, a Cistercian monk of Fontfroide Abbey called Pierre de Castelnau. That sinister character was very well prepared for the role that he would have to perform, without knowing it, of course, since he excelled in matters such as cruelty, fanaticism, hatred of "heresy", etc.; and, to enhance his reckless and intolerant action, he was endowed with special powers that put him above any ecclesiastical authority, except the Pope, and ordered to **inquire** on the faith of the Occitans: in just six years, Pierre de Castelnau achieved to earn the hatred of an entire country. In 1208, after having a dispute with Raymond VI because of the violent repression that he claimed against the Cathar heresy,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Pierre de Castelnau is assassinated by the Golen themselves, and the responsibility for the crime placed on the Count of Toulouse: the trap was closed. Innocent III's response to the murder of his legate would be the proclamation of a holy Crusade against the Occitan heretics. Logically, the appeal for that Crusade was entrusted to the Congregation of the Cistercian.

Heir to the region that the Romans called "Gallia Narbonensis" and Charlemagne "Gothic Gaul", the Languedoc was a huge country of 40,000 square kilometers, which bordered with the Kingdom of France: in the East, with the bank of the Rhône, and in the North, with the Forez, the Auvergne, the Rouergne and the Quercy. In the thirteenth century that country was, in fact and in law, under the sovereignty of the King of Aragón: among the most important Manors were the Duchy of Narbonne, the Counties of Toulouse, Foix and Bearn, the Vis-counties of Carcassonne, Beziers, Rhodes, Lussac, Albi, Nimes, etc. Besides these vassals, Pedro II had inherited the states of Catalonia and the Counties of Roussillon and Pallars, and owned rights to the County of Provence. But not everything ended there: Pedro II, whose sister was the wife of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, had married two daughters to the Counts of Toulouse, Raymond VI and Raymond VII, father and son, and they corresponded to him by his own marriage to Mary de Montpellier, rights over that County of Languedoc. The King of Aragón's commitment to the country of Oc could not be, therefore, greater.

The Cistercians called for the Crusade throughout Europe after the death of Pierre de Castelnau, that is, since 1208. In July 1209, the largest army that was ever seen in those lands, crossed the Rhône and marched towards the country of Oc; As head of it, Innocent III appointed a Golen who seemed to have emerged from the very entrails of Hell: Arnaud Amalric, Abbot of Citeaux, the mother monastery of the Cistercian Order. Satan's army, composed of three hundred and fifty thousand crusaders, is soon laying siege to the small fortified town of Beziers; the sentence of extermination will be fulfilled at last! Hours later the defenders yield a door and the infernal troops are ready to conquer the square; the military chiefs interrogate Arnaud Amalric on how to distinguish heretics from Catholics, to which the Abbot of Citeaux replies -- "Kill, kill everyone, then God will distinguish in Heaven" --. Nobles and commoners, women and children, men and elders, Catholics and heretics, all of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Beziers are beheaded or burned in the following moments. Beziers' body is the Eucharistic Lamb of the Communion of the Crusaders, the Sacrament of Blood and Fire that constitutes the Sacrifice to the One Creator God Jehovah Satan. Punishment of the Creator God, Condemnation of the White Fraternity, Sanction of the dark Atlantians, Priest's Atonement, Golen's Revenge, Hebrew Lesson, Catholic Penance, the Beziers' massacre is archetypal: it has been and will be, whenever the peoples of the Pure Blood try to regain their Hyperborean Heritage; until the Final Battle.

After Beziers, Carcassonne falls, where five hundred heretics are burned, native prelates deposed, and the Viscount Raymond Roger, captured and humiliated. Pedro II arrives in Carcassonne to intercede for his vassal and friend without getting anything from the papal legate: this impotence gives an idea of the power that the Church had acquired, in those centuries, over the "Temporal Kings". The King of Aragón retires, then, and concentrates on another Crusade, which is taking place simultaneously: the fight against the Muslims of Spain; he believes that by participating in that feat his honor would not be seen compromised, as would be the case if he intervened in the repression of his subjects; However, the lack of honor was already great because he abandoned them in the hands of their worst enemies. While the Golen Crusade is exterminating the Cathars castle by castle, and tries to destroy the County of Toulouse, Pedro II faces the Muslims with success in the reconquest of Valencia. He returns, at last, to Narbonne, where he meets with the Cathar Counts of Toulouse and Foix, and with the military leader of the Crusade, Simon de Montfort, and the papal legates: again, he achieves nothing, but this time his condition as a Catholic is questioned and threatened with

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

excommunication; he ends up accepting indiscriminate repression and confirming the robbery carried out by Simon: he agrees that, if the Counts of Toulouse and Foix do not apostasy from Catharism, those titles would be transferred to him. Pedro II believed then that the Crusade only pursued the end of the "heresy" and that his sovereignty over the Languedoc would not be questioned. Thus, like "Proof of good faith", arranges the marriage of his son Jaime with Simon de Montfort's daughter: but Jaime, the future King of Aragon, Jaime I the Conqueror, is only two years old; Pedro II gives him to Simon for his education, that is, as hostage, who hastens to place him behind the walls of Carcassonne.

Next, Pedro II joins the fight against the Almohads, together with the King of Castile Alfonso VIII, and spends two years dedicated to the Reconquest of Spain. After playing a prominent role in the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, he returns to Aragon, where the sad surprise awaits him, that the Crusaders of Christ have divided up his lands and threaten to request the protection of the King of France: Arnaud Amalric, the Abbot of Citeaux, is now "Duke of Narbonne", and Simon de Montfort "Count of Toulouse". 1212 ends when Pedro II claims Innocent III for the open conquest action that the Crusaders are carrying out in his country; the Pope tries entertaining him to give time to the Golen to complete the annihilation of Catharism and the destruction of the civilization of Oc, but, at the insistence of the Aragonese monarch, he ends up showing his real game and excommunicates him. Thus, Innocent III, who in 1204 crowned him and named *gonfaloniero*, that is, Major Ensign of the Church, now considered that he too was a heretic: but it would be naive to expect a Golen, only interested in fulfilling the satanic plans of the White Fraternity, would have acted differently. Suddenly, Pedro II understands everything and marches with an improvised army to help Count Raymond VI at the siege of Toulouse; but it is too late to fight the Infernal Powers: **who has lived closing his eyes to the Truth has become weak to sustain the look of the Great Deceiver**; Pedro II has reacted but his forces are only enough to die. It is what he does in the battle of Muret against Simon de Montfort, in September 1213; he dies incomprehensibly, in the middle of a great strategic disaster, in which the Aragonese army is destroyed and definitely buried the last hope of Cathar Occitania.

### Twenty-Second Day

Like Tartessos, Like Saxony, Like the country of Oc, the peoples of Pure Blood must pay a heavy tribute for opposing the Hyperborean Wisdom to the Cult of the One God. The Crusade against the Cathars "and other heretics of the Languedoc" would continue, with some interruptions, for another thirty years; thousands and thousands of Occitans would end up at the stake, but in the end the country of Oc would go slowly returning to the bosom of the Mother Church. In 1218 Simon de Montfort dies during a siege on Toulouse, which had been reconquered by Raymond VII; his son Amauric, lacking the vocation of Golen Executioner that in so high degree owned Simon, ends up selling the rights of the county of Toulouse to the King of France Louis VIII, with which the Capetians legalize the intervention and will conclude by taking the whole country. But this was no accident: the Frank occupation of the Languedoc was an urgent objective of the Golen Strategy, mainly because it would allow forbidding the wonderful language of Oc, the "language of heresy", in favor of medieval French, the language of the Benedictines, Cluniacs, Cistercians and Templars. That linguistic substitution would be the coup de grâce for the Culture of the troubadours, as the bonfires had been for Catharism.

Adding the destruction of the Oc civilization to the remaining great works made by Innocent III during his ecclesiastical reign, it is understood that when he died in 1216, he had assumed that the plans of the White Fraternity were about to be fulfilled: the guarantee of it, the instrument of universal domination, would be the young Emperor Frederick II, who in those days was

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in total agreement with the Golen Strategy. However, Frederick II was going to surprisingly change attitude and deliver a mortal blow to the plans of the White Fraternity: and the main cause of that change, of that manifestation that flowed from his Pure Blood and transformed him into a Lord of Lords, was the actual Presence of the Gral of Kristos Lucifer.

The Cathars, in effect, paying the cruel price of extermination to which the Benedictine Golen had condemned them, managed in a hundred years to confront a whole people of Pure Blood against the Powers of Matter. The Covenant of Blood had been thus restored, but there could be no victory in the confrontation because it was not yet time to fight the Final Battle on Earth: the moment was propitious, instead, to die with Honor and wait in the Valhalla, in Agartha, the signal of the Liberator Gods to intervene in the Final Battle that would come. But even if the current battle could not be won, the laws of war demanded to inflict the greatest possible damage to the Enemy; and, in that case, the largest disaster in the plans of the Enemy would be produced by the manifestation of the Gral. That is why the Cathars, despite the fierce persecutions of the Crusaders and Golen who were decimating them, and the horrible collective slaughters of believers, worked tirelessly from Montsegur to spatially stabilize the Gral and approach him in physical body.

It can be considered that the concrete results of that Hyperborean Strategy would have occurred in the year 1217: then the physical Presence of the Gral executed the *tabula regia* and confirmed that Frederick II Hohenstaufen was the true King of the White Race, the only one with the spiritual conditions to establish the Universal Empire of the Pure Blood. And in coincidence with the appearance of the Gral in Montsegur, simultaneously, Frederick II reached in Sicilia the understanding of the Hyperborean Wisdom and was transmuted into Man of Stone: from that moment he would begin his war against the "Popes of Satan", "the Antichrists", as he called them in his libels; as well, he prohibits the transit and any economic or military operation of the Templars in his Kingdom, putting them on trial for heresy. It is then that Frederick II affirms publicly that "the three Great Tricksters of History were Moses, Jesus, and Mohamed, currently represented by the Antichrist who occupies the Throne of Saint Peter".

With the determined and unforeseen action of Frederick II, the delicate architecture of intrigues built by the Golen was beginning to crumble. But the White Brotherhood, and the Golen, knew very well where the real attack came from and, far from being locked in a direct, and useless, confrontation against the Emperor, they concentrated all their efforts in the Languedoc, that from there, would become a real Hell: it was urgent to find the magic construction that held the Gral and destroy it; it was therefore necessary to obtain the information as quickly as possible.

No longer would heretics be immediately burned to the stake: it was now necessary to obtain their confession, discover their secret places, the site of their ceremonies. For this mission, the way of *inquiring* about faith is perfected instituting the use of torture, extortion, bribery, whistleblowing, and threat. And such a prisoner interrogation task, who appreciated dying before speaking, could no longer be done only by papal legates, it is decided to entrust it to a special Order: the "beneficiary" of the task would be the Order of Preachers, that is, the Order founded, as we will see, by Saint Dominic de Guzmán.

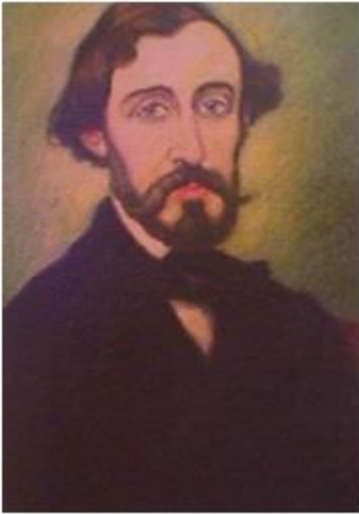
Well, despite the effective work carried out by the Inquisition with the capture and execution of hundreds of Occitan heretics, the Golen took twenty-seven years to arrive in Montsegur: in the meantime, whether due to false information, either due to a reasonable doubt, or a simple suspicion, they were demolished, one by one, thousands of stone buildings in Occitania, helping to further ruin that beautiful country. However, the Gral was not found and Frederick II carried out almost all of his projects to weaken the Golen papacy. It is not until 1244 that the Crusaders under the command of Pierre Amiel, Golen Archbishop of Narbonne, deploy in front of Montsegur and the Presence of the Occitan Gral comes to an end: after Satan's troops occupied the



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

stronghold of Montsegur "the Gral would disappear and would never be **seen** again in the West".

Montsegur was conquered and partly destroyed; the family of the Lord of Pereille was exterminated, along with two hundred and fifty Cathars who operated there; but the Gral could never be found. What happened to the Stone of Venus from Kristus Lucifer? It was transported far away by some Cathars who were in charge of their custody. It should be repeated, however, that the Gral, being a Reflection of the Origin, is Present at all times and places from where a strategic arrangement is raised, based on the Hyperborean Wisdom, and which could be found again if the necessary conditions were met, if the Pure Men and the Strategic Wall existed. The Cathars, who got to sustain it as **Stone**, that is, as **Lapsit Exilis**, for twenty-seven years, decided to transfer it before the fall of Montsegur. Five of the Pure Men embarked in Marseille for the destination that the Liberator Gods of K'Taagar had indicated: **the unknown lands that existed beyond the Western Sea**, that is, America. The ship belonged to the Order of Teutonic Knights and awaited them for some time by express order of the Grand Master Hermann von Salza: that evacuation was the only aid that Frederick II was able to facilitate, despite the long awaited arrival in Montsegur of an imperial garrison.



**Bartolomé Mitre**



**Mariscal Francisco Solano López**

The Constanza, which was the name of the ship, after crossing the Columns of Hercules, entered the ocean and took the route that centuries later Díaz de Solís would follow. Four months later, previously going up the River Plate and the Paraná River, they arrived in a region near the current city of Asunción of Paraguay. The map used by the Teutonic Knights came from far away Pomerania; one of the Northern European countries that they were conquering by order of the Emperor Frederick II: there, was a people of Danish origin that sailed to America and had a colony in the place where the Constanza had gone; those Vikings traded with "some relatives" who, according to them, had become Kings of a great nation behind the high snowy

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

peaks of the west: a country separated from the colony by vast and impenetrable jungles, which would be none other than the Inca empire; in the Constanza came some Danes who knew the dialect spoken by the settlers.

They found the colony in the indicated place and there the Pure Men landed, to fulfill their objective of giving adequate physical protection to the Gral, by building a Strategic Wall. The ship of the Teutonic Order left, some time later, but the Pure Men would never return to Europe: instead they worked for years, aided by settlers and the Guayaki Indians, until completing an astonishing underground construction in one of the slopes of Cerro Corá. The Gral's physical presence was now secured because it had been referred in such a way to the construction that its spatial stability was sufficient to remain many centuries in that place, until other Pure Men sought and found it.

Naturally, the Templars, alerted in Europe by the White Brotherhood, soon set off in pursuit of the Cathars. They sailed habitually to America from the ports of Normandy, where they had a powerful fleet, as they needed to accumulate precious metals, especially silver, to bank the future Financial Synarchy, metals that in America were easily obtained. A few years after the events narrated, the Templars fell on the Viking colony and put all its inhabitants to the sword; but the Gral, again, did not appear.

The Golen would not forget the episode and then, in the midst of the "conquest of America" by Spain, a legion of Jesuits, natural heirs to the Benedictines and Templars, would settle in the region to try to locate and steal the Stone of Venus. But all searches would be fruitless and, on the contrary, the Presence of the Gral would be making itself felt in an irresistible way on the Spanish settlers, purifying the Pure Blood and predisposing the people to recognize the Universal Emperor. In the 19th century, Dr. Siegnagel, a miracle analogous to that of the Oc civilization was about to be repeated: the Republic of Paraguay stood with its own light over the nations of America. Indeed, that country had a powerful and well equipped army, fleet of its own, railroad, heavy industry, flourishing agriculture, and an enviable social organization, with very advanced legislation for the time, in which highlighted the compulsory education, free and gratuitous: and this in 1850. The population was brave and proud of its lineage and knew how to admire the spirituality and courage of their bosses. Naturally, the White Fraternity did not like the course that that society was taking, which would not agree to integrate itself into the scheme of the "international division of labor", then proposed as a model of world economic order: such ordering was the previous step for the concretion in the 20th century of the Financial Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People, ancient plans that, as I clarified, were frustrated in the Middle Ages. For the White Fraternity, the Paraguayan people were getting sick; and the virus that affected them was called "nationalism", the worst modern enemy of the synarchic plans.

The height of the situation occurred in 1863, when the Gral appeared again and confirmed to everyone that Marshal Francisco Solano López is a King of the Pure Blood, a Warlord, a Universal Emperor. Then the sentence of extermination is decreed against the Paraguayan people and the Solano López dynasty. In a short time, a new Crusade is announced in all fields: Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay will contribute the means and the troops, but behind these semi-colonial countries is England, that is, the English Freemasonry, Golen and Hebrew organization. At the head of the crusader army, now called "allied", the Argentine general Bartolomé Mitre is placed, a Mason wholly subordinated to British interests. But the capacity to officiate as Golen Executioner that General Mitre shows widely exceeds the diabolical cruelty of Arnaud Amalric and Simon de Montfort: and it is logical that it should be so, because the Enemy's patience was exhausted centuries ago and now it intends to give an exemplary punishment, an example that clearly demonstrates that the path of spiritual and racial nationalism will no longer be tolerated.

The War of the Triple Alliance began in 1865. In 1870, when the armies of Satan occupy Asunción and Marshal Solano López dies fighting in Cerro Corá,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the war ends and leaves the following balance: population of Paraguay before the war: 1,300,000 inhabitants; population after surrender: 300,000 inhabitants. Beziers, Carcassonne, Toulouse, are child's play in front of a million dead, Dr. Siegnagel! And it is necessary to clarify that of the three hundred thousand survivors, many were women, elderly, and Indians; the population of Hispanic origin, that one that was brave and proud, was exterminated mercilessly, house by house, in gruesome massacres that will have caused the delight of the Powers of Matter. Once again, Perseus had beheaded Medusa. One million heroic Paraguayans, together with their chief of the Pure Blood, was the sacrifice that the satanic forces offered to the One God in the nineteenth century, in that remote country of South America, where, however, the transmuting Presence of the Gral of Kristos Lucifer manifested.

### Twenty-Third Day

It is time for me to refer to Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers. Domingo de Guzmán was born in 1170 in the town of Caleruega, Old Castilla, which was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Osma. Before birth, his mother had a dream in which she saw his future son as a dog who carried between his jaws a fiery labris, that is, a flaming ax of double leaf. That symbol keenly interested the Lords of Tharsis as they considered it a sign that Domingo was predestined for the Cult of Cold Fire. Hence, he was closely watched during childhood and, barely completed primary education, they arranged a place for him at the University of Palencia, which was then at the zenith of its academic prestige. The reason was clear: in Palencia the famous Bishop Pedro de Tharsis, better known by the nickname "Petreño", who enjoyed unlimited trust by King Alfonso VIII, of which he was one of his main advisers.

What happened fifty years before to his cousin, Bishop Lupo, was a warning that could not be ignored and that is why Petreño lived behind the walls of the University, in a very modest house that had the advantage of being provided with a small private chapel: there he had, for his contemplation, a reproduction of Nuestra Señora de la Gruta (**Our Lady of the Grotto**). In that chapel, Petreño initiated Domingo de Guzmán in the Mystery of the Cold Fire, and the transmutation operated in him, who soon became a Man of Stone, a Hyperborean Initiate endowed with enormous thaumaturgical powers and no less Wisdom: so profound was Domingo de Guzmán's devotion to Nuestra Señora de la Gruta that, it was said, the Holy Virgin herself answered the monk in his prayers. It was he who told Petreño that he had seen Nuestra Señora de la Gruta with a necklace of roses. Then Petreño indicated that that ornament was equivalent to Frya Kálibur's necklace of skulls: Frya Kálibur, viewed outside of Himself, appeared dressed as Death and wore the necklace with the skulls of her lovers killed by her; the skulls were the beads with the Words of Deception; instead Frya seen in the depths of Himself, behind Her Veil of Death that presents her Terrible for the Soul, was the Naked Truth of the Eternal Spirit, the Virgin of Agartha of Absolute and Immaculate Beauty; it would be natural for her if she wore a necklace of roses in which each bud represented the hearts of those who had Loved her with the Cold Fire. Domingo was intensely captivated by that vision and did not stop until he invented the Rosary, which consisted of a cord where they were strung, but fixed, three sets of sixteen balls kneaded with rose petals, sixteen, thirteen plus three beads, corresponded to the "Mysteries of the Virgin". The Rosary of Saint Dominic is used to orderly pronounce prayers, or mantras, that produce a mystical state in the devotee of the Virgin and end up lighting the Cold Fire in the Heart.

It should come as no surprise that I mention sixteen Mysteries of the Virgin and today they are being held for fifteen, nor that the number of beads of the Rosary varies, nor that today the Rosary is associated with the Mysteries of Jesus Christ and the Mysteries of Nuestra Señora del Niño de Piedra (**Our Lady of the Stone Child**) have been hidden, since all the Work of Saint Dominic has been systematically distorted and misrepresented, both by enemies of his Order,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

as well as by the traitors who have existed in quantity and exist, in even greater quantity, within it.

Domingo came to dictate the Chair of Sacred Scripture at the University of Palencia, but his natural vocation for preaching, and his desire to spread the use of the Rosary, led him to spread the Christian Doctrine and the Worship of Nuestra Señora del Rosario (**Our Lady of the Rosary**) in the most remote regions of Castile and Aragón. In that action he excelled enough to convince the Lords of Tharsis that they were before the right man to found the first antiGolen Order of Church History. Domingo was capable of living in extreme poverty, he knew how to preach and awaken faith in Christ and the Virgin, he showed signs of true holiness, and surprised with his inspired Wisdom: it would be difficult to deny him the right to congregate those who believed in his work.

But, so that such a right could not be denied by the Golen, It was necessary for Domingo to make himself known outside of Spain, to give peoples the example of his humility and sanctity. The Bishop of Osma, Diego de Acevedo, who secretly shared the ideas of the Lords of Tharsis, decided that the best place to send Domingo was to the South of France, the region which at that time was agitated by a confrontation with the Church: the vast majority of the Occitan population had turned to the Cathar religion, that according to the Church constituted "an abominable heresy", and without Benedictines of Cluny and Cistercian, so powerful in the rest of France, being able to prevent it. For this purpose, Bishop Diego obtained the representation of the Infante Don Ferdinand to arrange the marriage with the daughter of the Count of March, which gave him the opportunity to travel to France taking with him Domingo de Guzmán, whom he had already appointed Presbyter. That trip allowed him to internalize the "Cathar heresy" and to project a plan. In a second trip to France, with the Count's daughter dead, and Domingo's mission decided, both clerics go to Rome: there Bishop Diego gets, before the terrible Golen Pope Innocent III, the authorization to travel the Languedoc preaching the Gospel and making known the use of the Rosary.

Once obtained the authorization both leave Montpellier to preach in the cities of the South; they do it barefoot and begging for sustenance, not differing too much from the Pure Men who profusely travel the same roads. The humility and austerity they display notably contrasts with the luxury and pomp of the papal legates, who in those days also travel the country trying to curb Catharism, and with the ostensible wealth of Archbishops and Bishops. Yet, they collect signs of hostility in many villages and towns, not because of their acts, that Pure Men respect, not even for their preaching, but for what they represent: the Church of Jehovah Satan. But those results were anticipated in advance by Petreño and Diego de Osma, who had given precise instructions to Dominic on the Strategy to follow.

The point of view of the Lords of Tharsis was as follows: observing from Spain the openly combative attitude assumed by the People of Oc towards the Priests of Jehovah Satan, and considering the experience that the House of Tharsis had on similar situations, the obvious conclusion indicated that the consequence would be destruction, ruin, and extermination. In the opinion of the Lords of Tharsis, mass suicide **was not necessary** and, on the contrary, it only benefited the Enemy; but it was also clear that the Cathars were not fully aware of the situation, perhaps because they did not know the diabolical evil of the Golen, who constituted the Secret Government of the Church of Rome, and by perceiving only the superficial and most shocking aspect of the Catholic organization. However, although the Cathars did not assume that the Golen, from the College of Temple Builders of the Cistercian, had decreed the extermination of the Pure Men and the destruction of the civilization of Oc, and that they would fulfill that sentence to its last details, it was no less true that such possibility would not worry them at all: as touched by a mystical madness, the Pure Men had their eyes fixed on the Origin, on the Gral, and they were indifferent to the future of the world. And its already seen how effective that tenacity was, which allowed the manifestation of the Gral and the Universal Emperor, and caused the Failure of the White Fraternity Plans.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Faced with the intransigence of the Cathars, Domingo and Diego resort to an extreme procedure, which could not be disapproved of by the Church: they warn, who wants to hear them, about the sure destruction to which the declared support of the heresy will carry. But they are not heard. To the believers, that constitute the majority of the Occitan population and that, like any religious mass, do not master philosophical subtleties, it is impossible for them to believe that Evil may triumph over Good, that is, that the Church of Rome may effectively destroy the Cathar Church. And the Cathars, who know that **Evil can triumph over Good on Earth**, do not care because, in any case, it is only a matter of variations of the Illusion: for Pure Men, the only reality is the Spirit, and that Truth means the definitive and absolute triumph of Good over Evil, that is, the Eternal Permanence of the Reality of the Spirit and the Final Dissolution of the Illusion of the Material World. It's the year 1208 and, while the people are affirmed in these positions, Pope Innocent III announces the Crusade in retaliation for the death of his legate Pierre de Castelnau. It is too late for the preaching of Saint Dominic to have any effect. However, the main objective of the mission, which was to impose the holy figure of Domingo and make known his aptitudes as an organizer and founder of religious communities, was being achieved. In that year, while both the Beziers massacre and other Golen atrocities occurred, Saint Dominic was carrying out his first foundation at Faryjeaux, near Carcassonne. He had understood, from the outset, that Occitan ladies presented a special predisposition for the spiritual Love, and therefore establishes the Monastery of Prouilhe, whose nuns will be dedicated to the care of children and the Cult of the Virgen del Rosario: the first Abbess was Maiella de Tharsis, a great initiate in the Cult of the Cold Fire, sent from Spain for that function. And she applies then one of the strategic principles indicated by Petreño: to escape to the control of the Golen, to some extent, it was essential to discard the **Regula Monachorum** of Saint Benedict. Hence, Saint Dominic gave the Prouilhe nuns the Rule of Saint Augustine.

Of course, Saint Dominic and Diego de Osma did not act alone: they were supported by some Nobles and clergy who secretly professed the Cult of the Cold Fire and received spiritual assistance from the Lords of Tharsis. Among them were included the Archbishop of Narbonne and the Bishop of Toulouse, who contributed to that work with significant amounts of money. The latter was a Genoese Initiate named Fulco, infiltrated by the Lords of Tharsis in the Cistercian, and would not be discovered until the end: in those days Bishop Fulco passed as sworn enemy of the Cathars, defender of the Catholic orthodoxy, and took advantage of that prestige to promote before the papal legates and their superiors of the Cister, the monastic work of Domingo and his personal sanctity.

In the following years, Saint Dominic tries to carry out the plan of Petreño and founds a semi-lay brotherhood, similar to the Orders of Chivalry, called "**Militia Christi**", from which it would emerge the **Tertius ordo of paenitentia Sancti Dominici**, whose members were known as "Tertiary monks"; but soon this organization proved ineffective for the objectives wanted and had to think of something more perfect and far-reaching. For several years the new Order was planned, taking into consideration the collected experience and the formidable task it intended to carry out, that is, fight against the strategy of the Golen: they collaborated with Saint Dominic in such projects a group of sixteen Initiates, coming from different parts of the Languedoc, who met periodically in Toulouse, among whom was Bishop Fulco. As a result of those speculations, it was decided that the most convenient way to create a "Hyperborean Circle" concealed by a Catholic Order: the "Circle" would be a super-Secret Society led by the Lords of Tharsis, that would function within the new monastic Order. Only in this way, they concluded, it would reconcile the objective sought with the principle of security.

That secret group, initially made up of only the sixteen Initiates that I have mentioned, was called **Circulus Domini Canis**, that is, Circle of the Lords of the Dog. Such a name is explained by remembering the premonitory dream of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Domingo de Guzmán's mother, in which her future son appeared as a dog carrying a flaming ax, and considering that for the Initiates in the Cold Fire the "Dog" was a representation of the Soul and the "Lord" par excellence was the Spirit: in every Hyperborean Initiate the Spirit **had** to dominate the Soul and assume the function of "Lord of the Dog"; from there the denomination adopted for the Circle of Initiates, which also had the advantage of being confused with the name of **dominicani**, that is, dominicans, that the people gave the monks of Domingo de Guzmán. It should be added that being "Lord of the Dog" in the Cold Fire Mystique is analogous to being Lord of the Horse, that is "Knight", in the Mystique of Chivalry, where the Soul is symbolized by "the Horse".

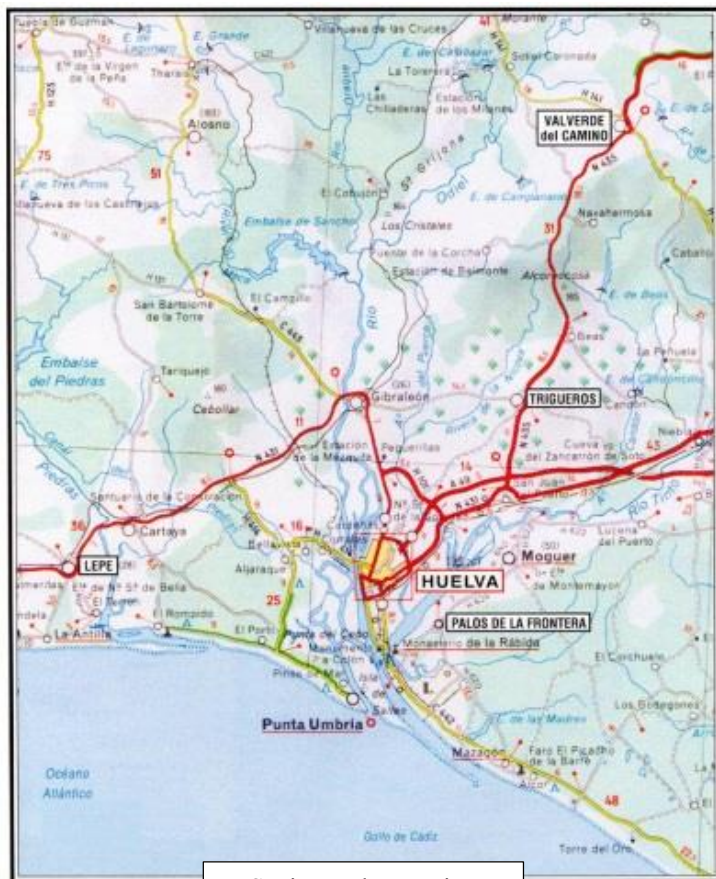
One of the Initiates, Pierre Cellari, had donated several houses in Toulouse: Some were destined for secret meeting places of the Circle and others were adopted for the use of the future Order. When everything was ready, it was sought to obtain the authorization of Innocent III for the foundation of an Order of mendicant preachers, similar to that formed by Saint Francis of Assisi in 1210: Innocent III had approved this Order immediately, but the new request now came from Toulouse, a country in Holy War in which everyone was suspected of heresy; and one should proceed with caution; the plan was ambitious but only the unquestionable personality of Saint Dominic would pave all difficulties, just as Saint Francis himself had done; let's not forget that the Golen controlled all Western monasticism from the Benedictine Order and were hostile to the creation of new independent Orders. The opportunity only arose in 1215, when the Bishop Fulco was summoned to the IV Lateran General Council and took Saint Dominic with him.

There they encountered the closed refusal of Innocent III who, as it is known, only gave in after dreaming that the Lateran Basilica, threatening collapse, was supported by the shoulders of Domingo de Guzmán. However, his authorization was merely verbal, though perfectly legal, and he limited himself to accept the amended Rule of Saint Augustine proposed by Dominic and recommend the mission to fight heresy. After the death of Innocent III, in 1216, Honorius III gives the final approval to the "Order of Preachers" or **Ordo Praedicatorum** and allows its expansion, since by then, it only owned the monasteries of Prouilhe and Toulouse. From the start they enter the Order all the clerics of the House of Tharsis who, as I said, were in their vast majority, university professors, dragging with them many other wise men and scholars of the time. In a short time, then, the Order was transformed into an organization suitable for high-level teaching, although the first General Chapter meeting in Bologna in 1220 declared that it was a "Mendicant order", with less rigor in poverty than that of Saint Francis. Saint Dominic died in 1221, leaving control of the Order in the hands of a Initiate of the Pure Blood, the Master General Beatus Jordan of Saxony.

Now, at that time the Golen were struggling to get the institutionalization of a systematic inquisition of heresy that allowed the interrogation of any suspect and obtain the information leading to the site of the Gral; if such an institution was entrusted to the Benedictines, as intended, the end of the Cathar Strategy would be faster than anticipated, not giving time for Frederick II to carry out his plans to ruin the Golen papacy. Hence the insistence and eloquence displayed by the Dominicans to present itself as the Order most apt to carry out that sinister function; But the Dominicans had some real advantages over the Benedictines: they constituted not only a local Order, native to Languedoc where the Benedictines had long since lost influence, but they also had monks with great theological instruction, adequate to analyze the statements that the inquisition of faith required. The Dominicans had undoubted mobilization capacity in the Languedoc and when the Golen were convinced that the new Order would come under their control and allow the entry of their own inquisitors, also approved the concession. In 1224 the Emperor Frederick II, who despite already being at odds with the papacy, was clear about the situation in the Languedoc and the need to support the Order of Preachers, renews the ancient Roman legislation

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

through an imperial law which considered the unofficial Cults "crime of lese majesty", that is, liable to the death penalty: in this case the law would apply to the repression of heresy. In 1231, despite the fact that they were already functioning, the Pope Gregory IX institutes the "special courts of the Inquisition" and entrusts their office to the Orders of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, the latter at the request of Friar Elijah, a secret agent of Frederick II in the Franciscan Order, who would be a minister general from 1232 to 1239, and who in the end, discovered by the Golen, would openly go over to the Ghibelline side. However, in a short time only the Dominicans would be in charge of the Inquisition.



Two facts need to be made clear when evaluating the step taken by the Order of Saint Dominic when accepting the responsibility of the Inquisition. One is that this represented the lesser evil for the Cathars, since the repression executed directly by the Golen would have been terribly more effective, as it was verified in Beziers, and that this would achieve, at least, sabotaging the search for the Grail and delaying the fall of Montsegur, an objective, to a large extent, accomplished. And the other fact is that the Lords of Tharsis were perfectly aware that the Order would be infiltrated by the Golen and that these

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

would open the doors to the most cruel and fanatical characters of orthodoxy who would mercilessly and remorselessly destroy the Cathars and their Work; and even so the balance indicated that it would be preferable to take that risk than to allow the Golen to perform on their own.

To the most fanatical inquisitors, who would soon act within the Order, they could not be openly hindered as this would alert the Golen. The tactic thus consisted in subtly diverting attention to false leads or other forms of heresy. In the first case, in effect, the Lords of the Dog managed to get, under the charge of "heresy", liquidated by the bonfire all the criminals, thieves, degenerates and prostitutes of Languedoc. These, naturally, never contributed any data that served the Golen, although they were made to confess heresy through torture. In the second case, the Dominican Inquisition produced an unwanted effect by the Benedictine Golen, that these were not able to counteract: precisely, for the same reasons that the Lords of the Dog could not prevent the Golen from exterminating the Cathars, that is, so as not to be in contradiction with the current laws, the Golen could not prevent the repression of members of the Chosen People, easily framed under the scope of heresy. And the Lords of Tharsis, who had not forgotten the scores they had pending since the time of the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain and the participation that they had in the Arab invasion, as well as subsequent intrigues to destroy the House of Tharsis, they now had in their hands, with the Inquisition, a formidable weapon to return blow for blow. This is how the Golen checked with distasteful surprise that the repression of heresy resulted on many occasions in systematic persecutions of the Jews, who were sent to the stake with equal or greater fury than the Cathars. That was, of course, the effect of the hidden work of the Lords of the Dog, which sadly was not as effective as they desired, because, like the Cathars, the Jewish heretics had to be offered the possibility of conversion to Catholicism, thereby saving the life, which they used to access without problems transforming into Marranos, that is, keeping their religion in secret and pretending to be Christians, contrary to Pure Men, who preferred to die before failing honor and lying about their religious beliefs.

In short, time was passing, the Cathar heresy was giving way to the more reassuring Catholic religion, the initial furors of the Inquisition abated, and the Order of Preachers was complementing its unjustified celebrity as repressive organization with another fame more in line with the Spirit of its founders: that of an Order dedicated to study, teaching, and to the preaching of the Catholic faith. The great theological system of Scholasticism owes in high measure to the work of notable Dominican thinkers and writers, who in almost all cases were not Initiates but were secretly guided by them. To carry out this activity, the Order concentrated on two prestigious universities, that of Oxford and that of Paris: it will suffice to remember that professors like the German Saint Albert the Great or Saint Thomas Aquinas were Dominicans, to understand that the fame acquired by the Order was here, yes, fully justified. But they were also Dominicans, Rolando di Cremona, who taught in Paris between 1229 and 1231; Pierre de Tarentaise, who did it from 1258 to 1265 and became Pope under the name of Innocent V in 1276; Roger Bacon, Ricardo di Fischare and Vincent de Beauvais, at Oxford, etc.

Bear in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, that the Lords of Tharsis possessed Hyperborean Wisdom and consequently acted according to a millennial historical perspective; they considered, for example, that those decades of Golen influence were unavoidable but would eventually pass: **then would come the time to expurgate the Order.** Because that was the strategically important: to preserve control of the Order and the institution of Inquisition for a future opportunity; when it presented, the whole force of horror and repression unleashed by the Cistercian Golen, **as in a jiu-jitsu hit**, could be turned against its own generators; and no one would be offended by it, especially in the Languedoc. The weight of the Strategy, it is noted, rested on the ability of the Circle of Lords of the Dog to keep their existence a secret and retain control of the Order; This would not be easy as the Golen ended up suspecting that a



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

strange will frustrated their plans from within the inquisitor Organization, but every time someone came close to the truth, the Domini Canis executed him in secret and attributed the death to foreseeable revenges of the Occitan heretics.

To these purely strategic motivations that animated the Lords of Tharsis to act occult in the *Circulus Domini Canis*, one would add very soon the sheer need to survive, because of the events that happened in Spain and that I will begin to exhibit from tomorrow. As will be seen, the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templar, and with it the actual failure of the synarchic plans of the White Fraternity, would become a matter of life or death to the House of Tharsis. The latest *Circulus* Strategy will take us to that exoteric cause of the failure of the enemy plans, which was Philip IV, and which I referred to four days ago.

### Twenty-Fourth Day

As the Order of Preachers developed according to the plans of the Lords of Tharsis, something terrible was going to happen in Spain: the return of Bera and Birsha. And how close it was, Dr. Siegnagel, for that event not meaning the end of the House of Tharsis. Next I will show how the events happened.

Remember, Dr., that ancient Onuba, the largest city of the Turdetania, had been under the Arab's domination since the 8th century, who called it "Uelva". In the year 1011 it was head of one of the Taifa Kingdoms, being its first sovereign Abu-Zaid-Mohammed-ben-Aiyub, followed by Abul Mozab Abdalaziz; but in 1051 it was promptly annexed to the Kingdom of Seville and thus it remained until 1248. As I already explained, during those centuries of Arab occupation the House of Tharsis survived without problems and reached an enviable economic power; the Villa de Turdes, whose existence depended essentially of the properties that the Lords of Tharsis exploited in the region, had grown and prospered quite a bit, then counting on about three thousand and five hundred inhabitants; apart from the direct nucleus of the Tharsis-Valter family, who inhabited the stately residence and consisted of about fifty members; they lived in the Villa de Turdes several families of the lineage of the House of Tharsis but of collateral blood lines. Thus, in the year 1128, when Bera and Birsha celebrated the Golden Council of Monzón, the Kingdom of Huelva was subordinate to the Taifa of Seville.

The King of Castile and León, Fernando III the Saint, reconquers Seville in 1248 but dies there in 1252; his son, Alfonso X the Wise, completes the campaign conquering in 1258 the Algarve and the bastions of Niebla and Huelva. The King gave this region as a dowry for her natural daughter Beatriz, who joined it to the crown of Portugal by marrying Alfonso III. As such annexation violated the ancient rights that the House of Tharsis had over the region, the Crown of Portugal compensated the Knight Odielón of Tharsis-Valter with the title of "Count of Tarseval". In truth, in the Coat of Arms that Portugal delivered to the House of Tharsis, the legend was inscribed in the header: "**Con. Tars. et Val.**", with which it was abbreviated the title "Count of Tharsis and Valter"; the subsequent direct reading of the legend ended up bringing together the syllables of the abbreviation and forming that word "Tarseval" that identified the House of Tharsis in the following centuries. The design of that coat of arms was the product of an arduous negotiation between Odielón and the Portuguese Heralds, in which the new Count imposed his point of view appealing to the difference of language and a fanciful explanation of the requested emblems. Supposing that in ancient Lusitania they remembered nothing already of the House of Tharsis, they claimed the engraving of many of the family Symbols in the Coat of Arms: and they went accepting, thus, the presence of the roosters as "representation of the Holy Spirit to the right and left of the Weapons of Tharsis"; the barbel unicorn, a chimerical animal, as "the symbol of the Demon that surrounds the navel of the House of Tharsis"; the fortress in the navel as "equivalent to the former Property of the House of

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

Tharsis"; the Odiel and Tinto rivers as "typical of the country and necessary to define the scene"; etc.; and, finally, they included the image of the Wise Sword" as an expression of the Lady, then the Virgen de la Gruta, to whom the Knights of Tharsis were consecrated"; on the blade, the Heralds recorded the War Cry of the Lords of Tharsis: "**Honor et Mortis**". The next King of Castile and León, Sancho IV, reinstated the region of Huelva to the Crown of Castile and installed as Lord, Don Juan Mate de Luna, but he assimilated the title and the Arms of the House of Tharsis to that Kingdom. As we will see shortly, the County of Tarseval, victim of great mortality years before, was then enfeoffed by a Catalan Knight, who had ceded rights to his flourishing Mediterranean County in exchange for those distant Andalusian regions.

More than a century had passed since Bera and Birsha commanded the Golen to execute two missions: fulfill the sentence of extermination that weighed on the Cathars and build a Templar Castle in Aracena. The first "mission", as it turned out, was carried out with care by the Golen Cistercians; on the second, however, nothing had been advanced yet. While Ferdinand III the Saint reconquered Seville in 1248, and his son Alfonso X the Wise seizes the Algarve and Huelva in 1258, King Sancho II of Portugal, shortly before dying in 1248, conquered Aracena, a place that became part of the Crown of Castile in 1252. It is presumable, then, the haste with which the Templars acted from the moment the square of Huelva was reconquered. Already in 1259 they had obtained a certificate from Alfonso X that authorized "to occupy a property in the Sierra de Aracena and fortify it conveniently, for the purpose of harboring and defending a garrison of 200 Knights". However, years before such a document was issued, the Templars had located Odiel's Cave, drawn up the plans, and excavated the foundations of the Castle. The entire Sierra de Aracena was for several years under Templar control, including the town of Aracena and several smaller villages. But the members of the Chosen People who accompanied the Templars in the enterprise, did not come to an unknown place: the name of Aracena, in effect, comes from the Hebrew root **Araí** which means mountains, Arunda being the mountainous, synonymous with Aracena. This curious etymology has nothing mysterious if you think that the village was founded by Jewish merchants who traveled with the Phoenicians during the occupation of Tarshish, 1000 years before the current Age; later it was called Arcilasis by Ptolemy; Arcena by the Greeks; and Vriato, who resisted the Roman legions there, called it Erisana. For the Arabs it was Dar Hazen and, because of the horrible food that the Saracens made when the Christians took the town by surprise, the Moorish Caracena.

Starting in 1259, troops were dispatched to Aracena from many squares in Spain and even in France, so that during the construction of the Castle remained camped 2,000 Knights assisted by 3,000 servant brothers. Those forces were distributed around the Hills and exercised rigorous vigilance to prevent nearby residents from Cortegana, Almonaster la Real, Zalamea la Real, or other cities, could get closer and observe the works. The Companions of Solomon, the Freemason Guild controlled by the Cistercian, concurred at the request of the Grand Master because, although the Order of the Temple had its own division specialized in military constructions, "this" fortress would have something different. First, it must have a great church; and secondly, that church would have to have a secret entrance that communicated its naves with the underground Cave: thus, the contest of the College of Temple Builders was essential.

The College entrusted the building of the church to Master Pedro Millán. This was authorized by the fierce Golen Pope Alexander IV, the same who in those moments excommunicated Manfred of Swabia and sought the extermination of the Hohenstaufen and the ruin of the Ghibelline party, to consecrate the church to the cult of the Virgen Dolorosa (**Virgen of Sorrows**). Such invocation, of course, was not accidental but obeyed Golen's plan to replace the Virgin of Agartha, the Divine Atlantean Mother of Navutan, for a Jewish Virgin Mary, who wept, shaken her Heart of Fire for the pain of the crucifixion of her son Jesus: **the Virgin of Agartha, on the contrary, did not**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*cry or experience any pain in her Heart of Ice when her Son of Stone self-crucified on the Tree of Terror and expired, but she was glad and poured out her Grace on the chained Spirits, because her son had died as the bravest White Warrior ever to face the Illusion of the Powers of Matter.* The celebration of the Cult to the Virgin of Sorrows was instituted, as it could not be otherwise, by the ineffable Golen Pope Innocent III, when introducing the sequence *Stabat Mater* in the Mass of Sorrows, on the Friday of the Passion of Jesus Christ. Master Pedro Millán built, then, for the Templars, the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, since then, the patron of Aracena, an invocation that openly contrasted with the Virgin of Grace and Joy, Our Lady of the Grotto, who was worshiped in the neighboring Manor of Tharsis, or Turdes. When the Temple was finished, the image of Our Lady of the Sorrows was placed on its altar, which is still preserved, and received from Urban IV the hierarchy of Priory of the Knights Templar.

At the same time, they worked feverishly on the construction of the Castle, raised next to the Church, at an altitude of 700 meters, fencing with walls and pit a square adjacent to a Mudejar tower. Five years later, the church and the Castle were finished and the remaining troops, as well as the brothers Builders of Solomon, quietly withdrew from the area; However, it would be many years before the locals dared to approach the Hill of the Castle of Aracena.

But this task was not all that the Templars undertook against the House of Tharsis in those years: the Castle of Aracena was an obligation imposed by the Immortals, to which they had faithfully complied; now they would patiently wait for the return of Bera and Birsha, so that They would use it in Their plans. But that patience did not mean immobility; on the contrary, when the regions in the hands of the Arabs were reconquered, the Order launched a campaign of occupations throughout the country of Huelva, now settling garrisons in rescued forts and cities, now building new churches and fortifying sites. The distribution of such occupations did not happen at random, not at all, but obeyed a rigorous planning, whose targets never lost sight of the need to surround the House of Tharsis and conspire against the Blood Pact. To remember only the most important sites of those deployments it is worth mentioning the assignment obtained on the Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida, in Palos de la Frontera, opposite Huelva, of which I will speak again. Or the complete possession of Lepe, the ancient Leptia of the Romans, located six kilometers from Cartaya, with the manifest purpose of controlling the mouth of the Piedras River, where they supposed that the Lords of Tharsis could secretly navigate. Or the suspicious interest in residing in the insignificant Trigueros, 25 kilometers from Valverde del Camino, very close to Turdes, where they built the parish church that still exists: it is that Trigueros, an ancient Roman town, is located in the middle of a fertile and extensive campaign that in ancient times constituted the heart of the Iberian Tartessos; in their fields, dozens of dolmens and menhirs were wisely disseminated, inheritance of the Blood Pact, to which the Templars, in those days, were dedicated to neatly destroy: only a dolmen was saved in the Villa de Soto, which can be visited today, since the Lords Moyano de la Cera, of the Blood of Tharsis and traditional manufacturers of sweets and honeys, prevented the Knights of Satan to carry out their infamous mission: Villa de Soto is 5 kilometers from Trigueros and the dolmen is located in the "Cueva del Zancarrón de Soto".

In the House of Tharsis, of course, those movements did not go unnoticed and forced the Lords of Tharsis to take some precautions: they also fortified the Villa de Turdes and the Manor House, because they believed that the Golen were preparing to launch a Crusade against them pretending some heresy, perhaps denouncing the Cult of the Virgen de la Gruta; and a force of five hundred Almogavars and fifty Knights, which was the most the Count of Tarseval was allowed to arm for other ends that were not those of the Reconquest. Unfortunately none of that would be necessary, but the Lords of Tharsis failed, once again, to prevent Bera and Birsha's diabolical plans.

By the way, you will wonder, Dr. Siegnagel, what happened to the Wise Sword, from the day Tartessos fell and the Vrayas hid it in the Secret Cave. The

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

answer is simple: it remained in the Cave the entire time, that is to say, for about seventeen hundred years until then. Thus, it was carried out the oath that the Men of Stone made then: the Wise Sword would not be exposed again to daylight until the opportunity to leave arrived, until the future Men of Stone saw reflected on the Stone of Venus the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar. For this, the Lords of Tharsis established that a Guard should remain perpetually alongside the Wise Sword, which was not always possible because only some Initiates were able to enter the Secret Cavern. As Dr. will recall, the secret entrance was sealed by the Vrunes of Navutan since the Time of the white Atlanteans and it was impossible to locate for anyone who was not a Hyperborean Initiate: the Vrunes were Uncreated Signs and could only be perceived and understood by those who had the Wisdom of the Uncreated Spirit, that is, by the Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood, by the Men of Stone, by the Wise Warriors. However, except for some short and dark periods, the House of Tharsis never stopped producing Initiates fit to exercise the Guard of the Wise Sword.

But they were no longer as numerous as in the times of Tartessos, when the Cold Fire Cult was practiced in the Light of the Moon and there was a College of Hierophants; In the centuries that followed, the Truth of the Cold Fire had to be hidden from the Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, and Catholics, reducing the celebration of the Cult to the strictly family environment: even, within that reserved family environment, only were to be convened those who demonstrated a suitable **gnostic predisposition** to face the Trial of the Cold Fire, which in no way had changed and was still as terrifying and deadly as before. Except those periods I mentioned, during which there was no member of the House of Tharsis capable of entering the Secret Cavern, the normal was the minimum formation of two Initiates per century, in the worst Epochs, and of five or six in the more prolific.

If the Initiate was a Lady of Tharsis, she was given the title of "Vraya", in memory of the Iberian Guardians. If he was a Knight, he was called **Noyo**, which had been the name, according to the white Atlanteans, of the Hyperborean Pontiffs who in Atlantis guarded the **Ark**, that is, the Basal Stone, of the Infinite Stairway that They knew how to build and that led towards the Origin. It is obvious that, to fulfill the oath of the Men of Stone, the Noyos and the Vrayas had to become hermits, that is, they had to stay in the Secret Cavern and stay as long as possible next to the Wise Sword; and nobody could serve them because nobody, but them, could enter its abode. But that loneliness was of no importance to Initiates: the resignation and sacrifice demanded by the function of Guardian of the Wise Sword was considered a High Honor by the Lords of Tharsis.

According to what was reported by those who had entered and left the Cavern Secret, the work carried out for so many centuries by the Initiates who there remained had endowed the site with some comforts. Indeed, although from the beginning it was agreed not to introduce cultural objects, the truth is that the Noyos and Vrayas were patiently carving the stone of the Cave and modeling chairs, table, beds, altar, and a representation of the Goddess of the Cold Fire. And in front of Pyrene's Face, the Flame of the Perennial Lamp burned once more.

But the Face of the Goddess was now not emerging from a menhir but was sculpted on a gigantic green stalagmite. There was also no mechanism that would open the Eyes since they had been deeply excavated and were always open, ready to reveal to the Initiates the Infinite Blackness of Himself. In front of the Face, lay the altar, which consisted of a cubic column topped by two steps: the step surface top reached the level of the chin of the Goddess and, above it, was a vertical hole in which the hilt of the Wise Sword was inserted up to the edge, so that it remained standing and aligned with the Nose of the Goddess, as if it were an axis of symmetry of the Face; thus, the Stone of Venus, which was set in the cross of the hilt, appeared in the center of the scene, arranged for contemplation. On the surface of the lower step, below the level of the hilt, the Perennial Lamp was deposited. That sector of the Secret Cavern was shaped

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

like a hemispherical nave, the stalagmite with the Face of Pyrene at one end near the stone wall; it appeared dripping with lava and salts, while the ceiling was presented bristling with greenish stalactites; the floor, on the contrary, had been carefully cleaned of bumps and leveled so that it was possible to sit comfortably in front of the Face of the Goddess and contemplate, likewise, the Perennial Lamp and the Wise Sword with the Stone of Venus.

The food necessary to subsist was provided by the Lords of Tharsis always keeping the pantry full, of a Chapel that existed at the foot of Cerro Candelaria. Such a Chapel, which had been built for the purpose indicated, remained closed for most of the year and was only visited by the Lords of Tharsis who went there to pray in the greatest solitude: they took the opportunity to deposit the provisions in a small back room, whose only door led to the hillside. The Initiates would sneak down there, preferably at night, several times a year, to provide themselves food. They usually found a mule in an adjoining pen, with which they carried the packages to the secret entrance and then released it, since the animal meekly returned to its fence. But on other occasions the Lords of Tharsis waited in the Chapel for weeks until some of those nocturnal visits coincided: then, in the midst of the joy of the reunion, the Noyos or the Vrayas received news from the House of Tharsis; they especially inquired about the young members of the family, if any of them were seriously preparing for the Cold Fire Trial and if they noticed chances that they could overcome it. Nothing worried the Men of Stone and the Kálibur Ladies more, that they will not be replaced by other Initiates, that the Wise Sword was left without Custody. The Lords of Tharsis, for their part, inquired of Noyos or Vrayas about their mystical visions: hadn't the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar still manifested? had they received any messages from the Liberator Gods? when Oh Gods! when would the day of the Final Battle arrive? when the Total War against the Powers of Matter? when would they leave the infernal Universe? when the Origin?

It had always happened in the same way. Until then. Because since the Castle of Aracena was completed, a few tens of kilometers from Cerro Candelaria, a halo of threat seemed to spread across the whole region. Therefore, precautionary measures had to be taken to supply the Secret Cavern and encounters with the hermit Initiates were reduced to a minimum. Back then the Secret Cavern was inhabited by three Initiates: an elderly Vraya, a woman over seventy years old, who during fifty years never left the Guard; a fifty-year-old Noyo, Noso de Tharsis, who until he was thirty was a priest in the church of Nuestra Señora de la Gruta and was now officially dead; and a young Noyo, thirty-two years old, Godo de Tharsis, who fulfilled the function of supplying the Secret Cavern. But Godo, son of Count Odielón de Tarseval, was not an improviser in a question of risks: brought as a child to Sicily by one of the Aragonese Knights who served in the court of Frederick II, was a page in the palace of Palermo and later squire to a Teutonic Knight in the Holy Land; appointed to turn Knight, at the age of twenty, he entered the Order of Teutonic Knights and fought five years in the conquest of Prussia; for seven years he had been Guard in the Secret Cavern, although he was thought to be still fighting in Northern Germany. He was, then, an expert warrior, who knew how to move precisely in the battlefield: his forays into the Chapel were careful and studied, trying to avoid the possibility of being surprised by the enemy. This I clarify to rule out the case that an oversight was the responsible for what happened next.

The truth is that the Enemy knew that place and this was not ignored by the members of the House of Tharsis: according to the family saga, indeed, in the place where the Chapel of Cerro Candelaria stood, the Immortals Bera and Birsha had slain the Vrayas seventeen hundred years ago. Hence the Lords of Tharsis thought of changing the supply point, but the intense surveillance they kept on Aracena did not reveal any movement in the direction of the Chapel and things continued like this for the four years following. Every three or four months the Noyo Godo descended from the mountains in unexpected and unpredictable way and he proceeded to transport the provisions to the Secret Cavern; and only once a year did he make contact with one of the Lords of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Tharsis. But the news were invariably the same: The Templars made no move in that direction. But, though they didn't act, now they were there, too close, and their presence was a threat that was perceived in the environment.

Naturally, the Templars were not acting because they were waiting for the Immortals. And Those, finally arrived, one hundred and forty years after the assassination of Lupo de Tharsis in the Fortress of Monzon. A Templar navy ship, from Normandy, landed them in Lisbon in 1268 together with the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the Temple, and a custody of fifteen Knights. The Grand Master explained to Queen Beatriz that the expedition had by destination the Castle of Aracena, where a Provincial was to be appointed, obtaining all her support and the consequent authorization of King Alfonso III; Bera and Birsha's presence was not noticed there because they pretended to be servant brothers and dressed as such. Days later the travelers took the old Roman road that went from Olisipo (Lisbon) to Hispalis (Seville) and passed through Corticata (Cortegana), a few kilometers from Aracena.

Already in Aracena, the Immortals approved everything done by the Templars regarding the construction of the Castle. Inside the church, on the floor of the apse, was the trap door that communicated with the Cave of Odiel; in truth, the Cave was not exactly below the church but it had to be reached by a ramp tunnel, which was accessed by a wooden staircase from the apse. But Bera and Birsha overlooked the details of the construction because their main interest was in the Cave. They explored it inch by inch, for hours, talking to each other in a strange language that their four companions did not dare to interrupt; These were the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the Templars, both Golen, and two Templar Preceptors "experts in the Hebrew language", that is, two Rabbis, representatives of the Chosen People. The inspection appeared to have yielded positive results; they guessed that by the expressions of the Immortals because they were extremely sparing in everything which referred to the Cave and their presence there. In any case, they only made one request: to adapt to a certain symbolic form, which they described with precision, the mirror of a small subterranean lake, which was nourished by a trickle of water with a very small flow. It should also be uninterrupted momentarily that tributary, diverting the eroded channel of feeding. And seven Menorah candelabrum had to be distributed in certain places, around the lake.

### Twenty-Fifth Day

The Immortals exposed the current situation to the Cistercian, the Templar, and to the Rabbis: the Supreme Lord of the White Fraternity, "Ruge Guiepo", and the High Priest, Melchizedek, had received with disgust the betrayal of Frederick II and his claim to become Universal Emperor. Those acts weakened the power of the papacy and prevented up to the present the plans laid out for centuries by the Golen: victory was still possible but they had to act with a heavy hand; root out any possibility of opposition. The Crusade against the Cathars had been a success but it was late to prevent the nefarious influence of the Gral. For these reasons, Ruge Guiepo ordered, in the first place, to exterminate the accursed lineage of the Hohenstaufen and evict the House of Swabia from the Sicilian Kingdoms; such directives had already been communicated to Pope Clement IV. Second, the Blessed Lord ordered the immediate execution of the ancient sentence that hung over the House of Tharsis: in the White Brotherhood they did not forget that the Stone of Venus of the Tartessians could not be found until then; and now it was not possible to risk the surprising appearance of a new Gral. The solution was to eliminate *ipso facto* its possessors and possible operators.

The Beloved of The One wished this time the mission of the Immortals approached perfection and that is why he entrusted them, in an extraordinary gesture, the Dorché, His Divine Scepter: with it, as the Immortals excitedly explained, everything was possible. That Scepter, made of

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

metal and stone, was part of a set of instruments that the Traitor Gods made for the High Priests, when millions of years before they founded the White Fraternity and pledged to work to keep the Uncreated Spirit chained in the animal man and favor the evolution of the Created Soul. With the Dorché the word acquired the Power of the Word, and the voice became the Word; all the things created and named by The One were sensitive to the Logos of the possessor of the Dorché; only the uncreated, or the transmuted by the Spirit, was not affected by the Power of the Scepter. Of course, the name that the Immortals gave the instrument was another, but the French translated it as best as they could in the word "Dorché"<sup>1</sup>

In short, The Ancient of Days wanted there to be no flaws in the new attempt by the Immortals to destroy the Lords of Tharsis and had endowed those with a terrible weapon. He had transferred His Power to them.

What would the Immortals do with the Dorché? They would try to disintegrate the foundations of the Lineage acting on the blood, on the message contained in the blood. And for that they needed a sample of that blood, a representative of the lineage cursed by The One: to get that sample the Immortals would go in person because, they clarified, the Lords of Tharsis were terrible beings, which the Templars could not even dream of stopping. To the surprise of the Golen, since Cerro Candelaria was several kilometers from Aracena, they stated their intention to travel on foot; but the amazement was great when they were observed the following acts of Bera and Birsha: they stood facing each other, separated by the distance of five or six steps, and they stared at each other's eyes without blinking; then they began to pronounce in counterpoint a series of words in an unknown language, to which they gave a particular rhythmic cadence; a moment later, they both took a prodigious leap that raised them above the castle walls. They were then in the parade ground and, as they shoot out, they gained a height greater than the walls and were lost in the night. The Golen ran up the stairs to the battlements and sharpened their view towards the horizon; and they watched under the moonlight, at huge distance, two little points that leaped away: they were Bera and Birsha advancing towards the Chapel of Cerro Candelaria.

From the arrival of Bera and Birsha, the events followed one another in a vertiginous way, leaving the Lords of Tharsis with no capacity to react. Only fifteen days did the Immortals have to wait in the vicinity of the Cerro Candelaria Chapel: at the end of that time Godo de Tharsis, who had inexplicably not noticed the presence of his enemies, was in front of Them. When verifying that a few steps from him were those two characters dressed in the robes of a Cistercian monk, an impulse, instinctively, led him to grasp his sword; but nothing more than that gesture could he perform: very quickly Bera raised the Dorché, spoke a word, and a orange lightning struck young Noyo's chest, throwing him several meters away. The Immortals then took by the elbows the fainted body of Godo de Tharsis and, after repeating the series of words in counterpoint while gazing into each other's eyes, they left the place executing those great jumps, which allowed them to cross kilometers in a matter of minutes.

Bera and Birsha were going to waste some time trying to get the confession of Godo about the Key to the secret entrance. For that purpose they did not murder him immediately and set about trying, what they had already tried other times, without success: but this time, more calmly they concentrated on their psychic structure, trying to read in some memory the record about the way to enter and exit the Secret Cavern. However, it was all useless again; not even the key seemed to be registered in his mind; not even the most refined torture made the Noyo loosen his tongue. Meanwhile, the Lords of Tharsis received the sad announcement of Godo's disappearance.

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<sup>1</sup> (Dordge in Tibetan)

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Barely twelve hours after he left the cave, the Noyo Noso understood that Godo would no longer return and decided to notify the Count of Tarseval; He then said goodbye to the Vraya, descended from Cerro Calendaria, and headed towards the bank of the Odiel, where the Lords of Tharsis kept a small boat for similar cases: an hour later he jumped ashore at two kilometers from the Manor House. This is how the Count of Tarseval learned that his son Godo had been kidnapped by the Golen.

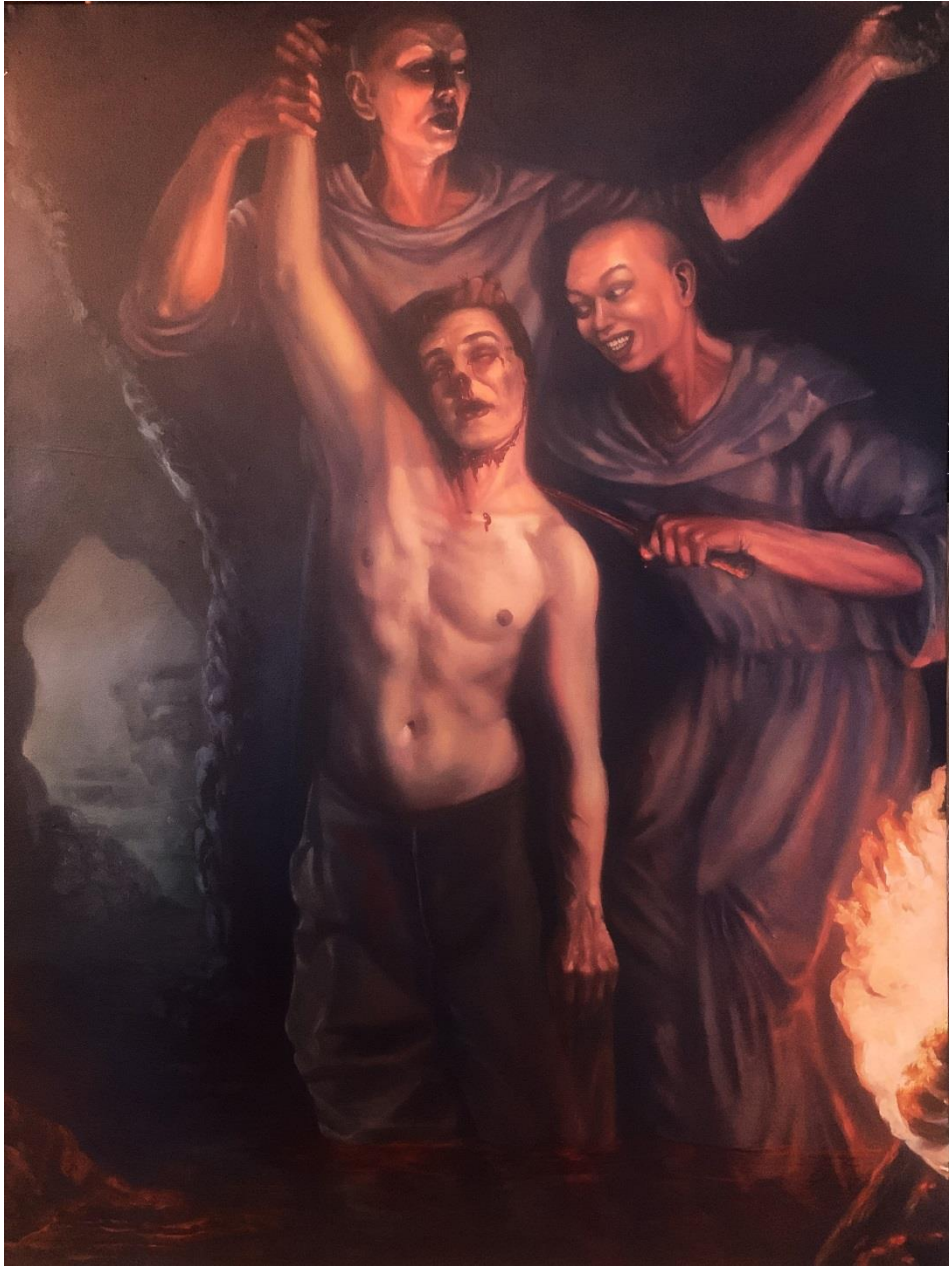
If one day you decide to visit Huelva, dear Dr. Siegnagel, surely you will want to know the Gruta de las Maravillas and the Ruins of the Templar Castle, in Aracena. To do this, take the road that passes through Valverde del Camino, very close to the ancient site of the House of Tharsis, and goes as far as Zalamea la Real; there it is necessary to bifurcate for a secondary road that goes up to the Rio Tinto Mines, which were exploited in remote times by the Iberians, and twenty kilometers later it reaches Aracena. Certainly, there is no touristic reason that justifies taking another path, unless you want to travel on better roads and continue in Zalamea la Real to Jabugo, where it joins the wide route that goes from Lisbon to Seville and follow the ancient Roman route by which Bera and Birsha arrived. But if that's not the reason and you want to get into unnecessary trouble, then you can go down this last path and prepare to take a small dirt road, whose detour is about two kilometers after the bridge over the Odiel River. There it is necessary to drive with caution because the trail is usually neglected, if not completely impassable; there are a couple of villages of uncertain name and some farms, not very prosperous, inhabited by people hostile to foreigners: if someone happens to go into those places he must be ready for anything, because no help can be expected from its villagers; seems like a lie, but seven hundred years later the fear of what happened in the moments that I am referring still persists! It is not an exaggeration, in the whole region a gloomy climate is perceived, threatening, which is accentuated as one advances towards the North; and the villagers, increasingly hostile or downright aggressive, retain numerous family legends about what happened in the days of the House of Tharsis, although they take very good care in keeping them unknown to strangers. The fear lies in the possibility that history will repeat itself, that the terrible punishment of those days will fall again on the country. That is why there is no need to engage in conversation with them, much less asking a specific question about the past; that would be a suicide; after shuddering with terror, the respondent would undoubtedly fly into a rage and would attract other villagers with his screams; and then, if he doesn't get to escape in time, he would be attacked, by all of them together and would be lucky if he manages to save his life.

After traveling about eighteen kilometers, very close to Aracena, you reach a tiny elevated valley, located in the heart of the Sierra de Aracena. There is a village there that you have to go through very quickly to avoid children's stones or worse; It is a fifteenth century town and it does not seem to have evolved a lot since then: most houses are of stone, with openings masked in ax-worked wood, and uneven slate roofs; and many of these houses are uninhabited, some totally destroyed, showing that increasing decline and depopulation affects the village, and that only the tenacity of the most ancient has prevented their extinction. Its name, "Tar", was imposed on it at that time and constitutes a kind of curse for the settlers, who did never succeed in replacing it with another name due to the persistence it has among the inhabitants of neighboring villages. The origin of the name is two kilometers



### The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Further ahead, almost at the end of the valley, where a faded sign expresses in Latin and Castilian "Campus piz pizis", "Field of the pitch".



Ritual murder of Godo of Tharsis by the golens Bera and Birsa in the cave of Odiel

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Logically, it is useless to look for the pitch there because such a name comes from the thirteenth century, when there was a lot of pitch in that field, or at least something that resembled it: hence the name of the nearby town of miners, who founding it in the fifteenth century had to bear the dark name that their neighbors imposed and ended up accepting it with resignation. But, where did the pitch that characterized that valley lost between desartic mountain ranges, come from? That pitch, that tar, Dr. Siegnagel, is all that was left of the army that the Count of Tarseval raised to attack the Castle of Aracena and rescue his son Godo.

In that valley, in effect, Count Odielón camped with his army that amounted to more than a thousand troops; fifty knights, five hundred brave Almogavars, and five hundred men from the Villa. More than enough to attack and raze the Templar Castle which only had a garrison of two hundred Knights; Although the Templars had a reputation for fighting three-to-one, there was nothing they could do against forces that were five times theirs. All that was required to finish with the Templar threat, and rescuing Godo if he was still alive, was to avoid that the Castle received reinforcements, and for that it would be essential to master the surprise factor. Hence, Count Odielón decided to march towards Aracena by a cornice trail known only to the Lords of Tharsis, passing through that small valley where they would camp during the night hours to attack by surprise at sunrise. But the dawn would never come for those Lords of Tharsis.

It would be eleven o'clock at night when Bera and Birsha got ready to consummate the Satanic Ritual. The Noyo lay by the shore of the underground lake, still alive but vanished due to the torture received and the multiple mutilations suffered: by that time he had lost his fingernails and toenails, eyes, ears and nose; and, as a last act of sadism and cruelty, they had just cut off his tongue "in reward for his fidelity to the House of Tharsis and the white Atlanteans". Curiously, they did not apply torment to the genital organs, perhaps due to the devotion that those sodomite Priests professed for the phallus.

Although the forty-nine candles, of the seven candelabrum, quite illuminated the Cave of Odiel, the appearance of the six characters that were present was dark and sinister: the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the Templars, and the two Templar Preceptors, were enveloped in a taciturn and funereal air; their immobility was so absolute that they would have passed for stone statues, if it were not for the evil gleam in their eyes that betrayed the latent life. But those who would really strike terror in anyone not advised, that had the opportunity to witness the scene, were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: they were dressed in linen tunics, now hideously stained by the Noyo's blood, and they wore gold-studded pectorals with twelve rows of stones of different kinds; but what would impress the witness would not be the clothing but the fierceness of their faces, the hatred that they spread around them like deadly radiation; but don't even think that hatred twitched or contracted the faces of the Immortals: on the contrary, hatred was natural in them; it would not be distinguished on the faces of Bera and Birsha a single gesture to indicate the atrocious and inextinguishable hatred they experienced towards the Uncreated Spirit, and towards all that opposed the plans of The One, since they were, entirely, complete in their expression, **the Faces of Hate**. A hatred that would now claim its sacrificial victims, the offering that Jehovah Satan claimed.

The Ritual, if judged by the acts of Bera and Birsha, was rather simple; But if you consider the catastrophic effects produced in the House of Tharsis, it will be necessary to agree that those acts were the conclusion, of deep and complex causes, the unknown manifestation of the Power of "Ruge Guiepo". Thus developed the Ritual: while Bera held the Dorché with his left hand, and the arm stretched out at eye level, Birsha raised Noyo's head taking a handful of hair with the right hand and placing a silver knife on his ear with the left hand; in such way was the ritual scene arranged, the head of Godo de Tharsis was suspended a few centimeters from the water mirror; then, in a

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

simultaneous action, evidently agreed in advance, Bera spoke a word and Birsha slaughtered Noyo with a skillful cut to the throat; indeed, the tip of the knife had been leaning on Noyo's left ear, and, at the sound of Bera's word, described a perfect curve that sectioned the throat and concluded in the right ear; literally, the Noyo was slaughtered "from ear to ear"; blood gushed out and mixed with the water, while Bera continued reciting other words without moving the Dorche; little by little the first miracle happened: the water, which was just staining with blood, began to redden and thicken until the whole lake seemed to be a huge clot; by then, a reddish luminosity was released by the water in the form of steam, an intense glow, similar to that emitted by an immense incandescent furnace; when all the water had become blood, that is, when not a drop fell from the bloodless body of Godo de Tharsis, Bera lowered the Dorche and pointed toward the lake while he uttered a blood curdling cry: then the color of the lake turned from red to black and its substance was transformed into a kind of pitch or dark tar; and there the Ritual ended. It should be added that such a substance, similar to pitch, was nothing else than an organic synthesis of a human corpse, as would be obtained after a period of geological evolution of millions of years, but accelerated in an instant with the wonderful Power of the Dorche. That black pitch was, then, the essence of the physical death, the last extreme of what has been the life and that is potentially written in the message of the blood.

But the blood is unique to each Lineage. So the consequence sought by the black magic of the Immortals consisted of the propagation of that transmutation to the remaining members of the Lineage, to those who participated in that cursed blood, that is, the Lords of Tharsis. Repeating what has been said before, if the Ritual of the Immortal Golen is to be judged by the catastrophic effects on the House of Tharsis, it will be necessary to agree that it concealed a great secret regarding the power of sound, the meaning of words, and the function of the Dorche. Because, at the same moment that the lake of blood turned color and was transformed into black pitch, the ninety-nine percent of the members of the House of Tharsis exhaled the last sigh: they only survived the Men of Stone, that is, those who had transmuted their human nature with the Power of the Spirit. Of course, among them were the Noyo and the Vraya, but both too old to procreate new members of the Lineage. Yet, hundreds of miles away, other Men of Stone were still alive and would be in charge of enforcing the family mission. From the rest of the House of Tharsis, no one was left alive to tell about it.

The Almogavar sentinels who guarded the bivouac of the Count of Tarseval began to fidget as soon as they noticed the buzzing; they could not say when it started, but the truth is that it had grown and now filled the whole valley; Yet, by becoming audible, the rude warriors believed they recognized, unusually, that sound: it was the exact tone, the oscillating sound of a swarm of bees, but tremendously amplified by some gruesome and unknown cause. Plus the buzz, despite being surprisingly abnormal and having gained the intensity capable of producing daze, was soon forgotten. The sentinels, in effect, noticed that something serious was happening because a terrifying scream broke the continuity of that impressive vibration; but such a cry did not come from outside but from inside the bivouac and did not consist of one but a multitude of laments that had coincided in an instant: the instant in which the water of the underground lake was transmuted into the blood of the Lords of Tharsis. Then all the members of the Lineage experienced a scorching heat a thousand times more powerful than the Hot Fire of Animal Passion: and they yelled in unison. But no one would be able to help them because minutes later they would die "at the same time that the lake water turned into black pitch".

In a matter of minutes the buzzing stopped completely and a sepulchral silence seized the valley. And then the madness began for the scarce two hundred survivors of Count Tarseval's army: all of them were Almogavars from the Braga region, that is to say, of the Celtic race. At first terror had paralyzed them, but those fearsome warriors were not prone to flee under any

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

circumstances; the dawn, on the other hand, surprised them deliberating grouped in the center of the camp: according to the customs, in the absence of the Lords or Knights, they would choose a Champion among them. That charge fell on a guy who was so brave in war as short of insight outside it, known as Lugo da Braga. That boss was as perplexed as the rest by the sudden death and, after a long inspection of all the tents and places where the warriors had perished, he deduced that the cause of the evil was an **unknown plague**; the corpses, indeed, did not present any sign so far that would reveal what kind of plague had caused death, but what doubts could there be that it was a plague? only a plague, according to the criteria of the Time, was capable of killing in that way! Naturally, in the Middle Ages the plague was feared as the worst enemy, apart from those that the Lords designated as such and had to face.

The soldiers would have escaped then, had it not been for the compromising presence of so many dead Nobles; they could not abandon the Count of Tarseval scot-free because they would be persecuted throughout Spain; but you either couldn't carry a corpse contaminated with plague; the right thing, Lugo explained, was to overcome fear and give a Christian burial to the dead. Thus, dominating the fear of contagion that seized them, the brave Almogavars were lining up the eight hundred and fifty corpses that were going to descend to the tomb; they planned to excavate three types of tombs: a common grave for the Almogavars, another like it for the villains, and individual graves for the Knights. They were dedicated to that task, to make the crosses, and to pack what was convenient to return to the barracks, when someone discovered the liquefaction of the corpses and uttered the first cry of terror: **pix picis! pix picis!**, that is, the pitch! the pitch! in within seconds they all ran to the corpses and found that an incredible process of organic decay was reducing them to a black and slimy liquid, similar to bitumen, but from which a more lightweight juice was released undoubtedly similar to black bleach: hence the slight identification with the pitch, made by a bedazzled Almogavar. But such an abrupt process of decomposition of a corpse was much more than those superstitious minds could bear without relating it to witchcraft and black magic. That is why as everyone ran, this time very quickly, towards the mounts, many who then had panicked exclaimed: **bruttia! bruttia!**, that is to say, pitch! pitch! and others: **lixivia! lixivia!**, that is, bleach! bleach! and, the least, **pix picis! pix picis!**, the pitch! the pitch!

Upon arriving at the Villa de Turdes, Lugo da Braga met with the astonishing spectacle that the **pestilentia** had been ahead of him. But there the ravages of the plague were tremendous: of the three thousand five hundred inhabitants of the Villa, five hundred died in the valley, along with the Count of Tarseval, and of the three thousand remaining, only five hundred were left alive, all from different regions and Races to those of the Tartessian Iberians. What happened had been analogous to what happened in the Count's camp: first the buzzing, then the scream, given in unison by all the victims, and finally the horrible simultaneous death. Apparently, there the transformation into bitumen was slower, but the symptoms in the exposed corpses could already be noticed. And nobody knew if that plague was contagious nor did they know its previous symptoms. Lugo da Braga then decided to flee of the region forever; but before, he did the most reasonable thing, a reaction characteristic of the Epoch: he gave himself up to pillage with his two hundred companions.

There were now no Lords of Tharsis, no Knights or Nobles, to defend that patrimony. Lugo da Braga went to the Manor House and looted it conscientiously, but he did not dare to set it on fire, as his men claimed. He then retired to his country, taking with him an immense drove of horses loaded with booty. Of course they would all be pursued years later for that crime and many would end up hanged. Although no one could imagine it then, when the plague was taking over the House of Tharsis, still some of them were alive who would later claim their own. With this exception, most of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

members of the House of Tharsis had died of the same cause and in the same disastrous night, in places as distant as Seville, Córdoba, Toledo or Zaragoza.

### Twenty-Sixth Day

Dr. Siegnagel, you will have to agree with me that the Immortals had almost successfully executed the extermination sentence against the House of Tharsis. At least so believed Bera and Birsha, who bragged about it in front of the Golen and Rabbis.

They were still in Odiel's Cave. The lake overflowing with bitumen, still bubbled dismissing nauseating odors. In the first place, the fierce figure of Bera, the Immortal whom the Golen called **Bafoel** and the Templars **Baphomet**, and idealized as an expression of the perfect **androgynous**. Without dropping the Dorché, he said in excellent Latin:

-At last the cursed lineage of Tharsis has been extinguished. This will cheer up the Supreme Priest.

-You have seen a great wonder, you have seen the Power of **YHVH Sebaoth** - Birsha stated in the same language.

-Is that, by any chance, the Death of the Body? --dared to question the Abbot of Clairvaux.

-Asphalt, bitumen, Death, and Plague are the same thing, we are Nos --Bera answered confidently.

-Do you recognize this substance? --asked Birsha in turn, addressing the Rabbi Nasi.

-Yes, he said. It is "**Judean bitumen**", the same one that pollutes the lake **Asphaltites**, which we call the Dead Sea.

The Golen and Rabbis knew that Bera and Birsha had been the last Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah. And they also knew how they had reached such a high hierarchy in the White Fraternity: during their reign, at a time of wonderful illumination, they discovered the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust of Fire. Then the Fire of Heaven fell, burning those peoples and Bera and Birsha set out for Chang Shambhala, one of the Mansions of Jehovah Satan and his Ministers, the Seraphim Nephilim. Thus, long before Israel existed, when his seed was still in Abram and no one sacrificed to the One God, they were able to offer their respective peoples in holocaust for the Glory of Jehovah Satan. Judean bitumen, evident residue of the annihilation of their peoples, came through them to the region of the Dead Sea. But such a Sacrifice earned them being received by Melchizedek, the Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity, who consecrated them in the Highest Degree of his Order. What Priest of the Cultural Pact would not want to imitate Bera and Birsha? --Oh, thought the four present, what a Priest would not give to have some day an entire people to sacrifice, as Bera and Birsha had done without hesitation? That would be a Holocaust worthy of Jehovah Satan!

-What is the curse of Jehovah Satan for those who do not keep the Law? --Bera now asked Rabbi Benjamin.

--"I will unleash wild beasts against you. I will punish you seven times for your sins. I will bring the sword upon you; you will take refuge in your cities, but I will send the Plague in your midst. And I will withdraw your bread sustenance", -synthesized Benjamin, repeating Isaiah.

-So it is Written! Birsha confirmed fiercely. That would be the punishment for our weakness but it can also be our Strength! You must reflect about it as Bera and I did millennia ago, when the Law was not yet Written in the way you have expressed it. So we were able to understand the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust and carry it out in Sodom and Gomorrah; therefore, and by the Will of Jehovah God, now We are the **Plague**. You must reflect on the Curse with serenity, we advise you. Because only those who are calm to contemplate the Beginning and the End of Time will be able to understand the Secret of the Supreme Fire Holocaust, the End of Humanity. But the award for that knowledge means the immortality of the Soul, the High Priesthood,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and the Powers that you have seen us apply. Reflect on that, Priests: We six are the Manifestation of Jehovah and we must not break the Law. But we can induce the Gentiles to do it so that the Curse reaches them, so that the **Plague** is installed among them: then the Supreme Fire Holocaust will be possible!

-What does it consist of?! the Abbot of Clairvaux roared, unable to contain himself.

-There is the answer -said Bera, pointing with the Dorché to the lake of bitumen-. But this will only be understood by those who understand that **ours is a war between the Stone and the Bleach**. The Stone, placed at the Beginning of Time, is the Enemy; and Humanity, placed at the End of Time, is the Bleach, the Supreme Holocaust, the Purification by the Hot Fire required by the Priesthood of Melchizedek.

Despite the insistence of the Immortals, none of the four had realized that the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust had just been revealed to them. The war between the Stone and the Bleach seemed very mysterious to them. Only Nasi managed to ask:

-Do you mean the Death of the Last Judgment, the Burning Death of the Doomed?

-No! It is written that the flesh will not really die, even though the body disintegrates in the grave, for all men will rise to be judged according to their sins. This will be possible because man exists in many worlds at the same time, worlds that have been and worlds that have not been: in some of such worlds he is still alive and in others he may have perished; but of those worlds will be extracted the body that will live again, perhaps for a thousand years, perhaps for much more; some will be condemned, yes, and will definitely die; but others they will live on Earth again. It is not, then, that Death to which we refer. In truth we are talking about something much posterior and conclusive: of the **extinction of human consciousness**. The End of Humanity will come when the Hot Fire burns all the worlds where man exists, and the Soul of man, and only the Bleach remains as a witness. At that time we, the Manifestation of Jehovah Satan, will have reached the Perfection of the Soul, the Divine Finality projected from the Beginning. But not so the Gentiles, who already will have no reason to exist in the worlds, since the object of their creation was favor our perfection: **it will be the Will of the Almighty that their ashes cover the Earth so that the Salt Water of Heaven turns them into rivers of Bleach**. Listen well, Priests of the Almighty: the sooner Humanity burns, the sooner Perfection will come to you! Convert man in Bleach and you will consummate the Supreme Holocaust that the Creator awaits at the End of Time! Bera explained, showing remarkable patience.

And he continued speaking, for the four Priests had fallen silent. --Its the Faith in Final Perfection that will be attained by believers in Jehovah Satan through the Priesthood of His Cult, the one who will work the greatest miracles. If you are able to see the End you will have anticipated the End, the Perfection will be in you and the moment of the Supreme Holocaust will have arrived: your unwavering Faith in the Final Perfection, and the Understanding of the End, will bring to the Present the Hot Fire of the End, which will scorch the imperfect man, and over his ashes will then rain the Water and the Salt of the Creator; **and the Abominable Sign that is in the Stone of Fire will be washed with Bleach**. So it was in Sodom, in Gomorrah, and in ten other cities of the Siddim Valley, when Birsha and I reached the Final Perfection and established the difference with the imperfection of their peoples, making them publicly display their own degradation: then the Shekinah of God descended, and the Angels of God, and the Fire of Heaven fell that reduced to ashes those foolish peoples; and then the Water and the Salt of God fell; and the Lake Asphaltites arose, the Judean Bitumen Sea, the Dead Sea; indeed, the **Sea of Bleach**. That was, Priests, our Holocaust to Jehovah God. But that Sea of Bleach was not enough to wash the Sign of the Stone; that mission is reserved for the Chosen People of Jehovah Satan, to His Sacred Race; when they are enthroned over all the Gentile peoples of the Earth, when Humanity is subject to their World Government, then the time will have come for the Supreme Holocaust.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

For that you must work tirelessly, with Faith set in Final Perfection, and the effort applied to achieve the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People! Only the Supreme Holocaust of all Humanity by the Priests of the Chosen People will produce the bleach that will wash away the Abominable Sign on the Stone of Fire!

All of our supporters, the Great Priests, know this Secret and have consecrated their peoples with the Sign of the Ash! Even the Brahmin priests have anointed the Aryans with the Token of the Ash, trying to cover the Abominable Sign and waiting for the Grace of Heaven to grant the water that forms the bleach and washes the Fire Stone! That's why the ash has always been a sign of pain and affliction, a sign of repentance and penance: the man anointed with ashes is the one who asks for Divine mercy, who kneels before the Creator and requests forgiveness for his sins, especially the greatest sin, that of Being Me in front of the One who is all, sin that can only be washed with bleach! Members of the Chosen People anoint their heads with ash as a sign of penance, but the Priests of the Lamb add holy water to the ash to create the lye of the forgiveness from Jehovah. But nothing will save man from the Fire Holocaust and the Ash and the Doomsday Bleach! Jehovah warned millennia ago against false Priests who use incense ash to grant false forgiveness: only human ash constitutes the bleach that washes away the Abominable Sign. And Jehovah promised to turn into ash the false Priests who do not respect the necessary Fire Holocaust! Repeat, Cohens of Israel, the words of Jehovah!

Rabbi Benjamin repeated on the spot.

-“And, behold, there came a Prophet of God from Judah unto Bethel, by Jehovah's command, when Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense, and he screamed against the altar, by Jehovah's command, saying: Altar! Altar! Thus saith Jehovah: Behold, a child named Josiah shall be born unto the house of David, he shall offer upon thee the Priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee. Upon thee, Altar, man's bones shall be burnt, and the bones of the false Priests. And he gave a sign the same day, saying, this is the sign that Jehovah hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out”. [Kings, 13,1].

-That is how it is written! Only from human ash is the bleach that claims the Justice of Jehovah! And that is the ash of true penance, which Job employs when he confesses his guilt before Jehovah!

It took no more than a gesture for Benjamin to clarify the quote:

-“Then Job answered Jehovah: I admit that you can do everything and that nothing is unrealizable for you, I am the one who obscures your plans with reasons empty of meaning. Yes; I have spoken of what I did not understand, of wonders that exceed me and that I ignore. Listen to me, let me speak; I will ask you, and you will teach me, I only knew you by hearsay, but now my eyes see you. For by that I admit guilty, I repent in the dust and ashes”. [Job, 42].

-The Red Cow is the Symbol of Humanity consecrated to Jehovah! for the Ritual Sacrifice of the ash and lye, for the elaboration of lustral water! Jehovah spoke to Moses and the High Priest Aaron and imposed upon them the duty of sacrificing the Red Cow of Humanity to purify the Chosen People, duty which would be the perpetual law of Israel! Remember that, Cohen!

--“The Lord spoke to Moses and Aaron, saying to them: Whoever burned the Red Cow will wash his clothes, bathe his body with water and be impure until late. A pure Israelite will collect the ashes of the Red Cow and deposit them outside the camp in a pure place; and will be available to the children of Israel to prepare the lustral water. It is a sacrifice for sin. The one who collected the ashes of the Red Cow will wash his clothes and remain impure until afternoon. This will be a perpetual law for the children of Israel and for the stranger who dwells among them” [Numbers 19,9]. -Recalled Benjamin without error.

-And with that lustral water, sacred lye emerged from the ashes of the Red Cow of Humanity, Jehovah instituted the Ritual of the Purification of the Chosen People! Reproduce the Ritual, Cohen!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

--"The Lord spoke to Moses and Aaron, saying: For the impure Israelite will be taken ashes from the victim burned in the sin offering, and will be poured living water over it into a pot. A pure Israelite will take an aspergillum, he will immerse it in the shining water and sprinkle the sanctuary of Jehovah and all furniture and persons that may be there" [Numbers 19,11]. - Declaimed Benjamin without hesitating.

--And how then does Tamar purify, who had been raped by her brother Amnon?

--"Tamar poured ashes on her head" [II Samuel 13,19] - Benjamin hastened to reply.

--Only bleach will wash away the Abominable Sign! For that sin there is no forgiveness or redemption possible outside of bleach: repentance and penance or the mortification of the sackcloth suit! Only after spraying with lustral water, on the ash, the penitent will put on the sackcloth suit! Such as did the Chosen People when attacked by the Assyrian Holofernes, whose head was cut by the Divine Judit!

Benjamin referred the quote:

--"All the Israelites fervently called upon Jehovah and humbled themselves very devotedly before him. And all the men of Israel and the women and the children, who dwelt in Jerusalem, prostrated themselves before the sanctuary, covered with ashes their heads, and presented themselves in sackcloths before the Lord. Even the Altar they covered with ashes, and all cried out together with fervor to Jehovah" [Judith, 4,9].

--Now you will understand the meaning of this ancient law! The Sages of Zion, said Jeremiah, have covered their head with ash as a sign of penance! And then the Prophet, with Jehovah's words, speaks to his Wife, Israel Shekinah, and warns her that it will not be easy to remove the stain of infidelity!

Quickly, Benjamin recited Jeremiah's metaphor:

--"The word of Jehovah was addressed to me in these terms. Go and yell at the ears of Jerusalem the following: From ancient times you broke your yoke, your bonds you have broken, saying: I do not want to serve, when on every high hill and under all leafy tree you lay down like a prostitute. I had planted you as a chosen vine, all of it genuine seed. How, then, for me you have changed in wild branches of a bastard vine? Even if you wash with nitro, and you add amounts of bleach, your guilt is still dirty before me --Oracle of Jehovah Sebahoth" -- [Jeremiah 2:20].

--The Lamb also ordered the Chosen People to repent in the ash and sackcloth, but the Gentiles took prevention at face value and have assumed that it is extremely easy to remove the Abominable Sign; but, for their impurity, there will be no other purification than to turn those peoples into lye, as we did ourselves to wash away the stain of Sodom and Gomorrah! That too the Lamb predicted it! Repeat, Priest of the Lamb!:

--"Woe to you, Korazim! Woe to you, Bethsaida! For if in Tire and Sidon they would have performed the same miracles as in you, for a long time, covered with sackcloth and ash, they would have become. Therefore, I tell you: In the Judgment Day there will be less rigor for the land of Sodom than for you" [Matthew, 11,21].

--But once the Lamb is sacrificed, his own disciples repent in the lustral water!

--Yes, --said the Abbot of Clairvaux. During the Lent, before Resurrection, the penitents receive the ashes, and the holy water, and repent of their sins, they confess, and await salvation at the Last Judgment, but they do not understand that the Abominable Sign cannot be washed in that way, Despite the fact that the Priest tells them "remember that you are dust, and in dust you're going to convert".

Here Bera was silent, but Birsha added: -The moment of the triumph of the Created over the Uncreated, of the Being over the Nothing, of the Light over the Darkness of the Soul, is near! Soon the Synarchy will be a reality and Humanity will be on its knees before the Power of the Chosen People! Then the time will have come to soften man to force him to display his imperfection and



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

his bestiality, that primordial evil that he treasures in the depths of his Soul. It will be the time to replace the Serpent of Paradise with the Dragon of Sodom. Remember Priests that the Serpent's Temptation plunges man into sin but leaves his virile function intact, and that the virile man can always rise from moral misery through war and heroism, and fall into the power of the Enemies of Creation! The virile man, the Warrior, the Hero, will delay the realization of the Final Holocaust: and it won't be enough to prevent it, the massification and equalization of Humanity to which the Synarchy of the Chosen People, and the vices and perversions that will prosper in it because of the Temptation of the Serpent, if the man keeps his virility and manages to become a Warrior and a Hero, if he has the will to rebel against the plans of the White Fraternity, which is the Hierarchy of Jehovah Elohim.

The Temptation of the Serpent of Paradise can do nothing against that Luciferic determination To Be and To Exist beyond the Beings Created by The One God: **only the Dragon of Sodom has the Power to take from man his virility; and only We, the Plague, know how to summon it!** Answer, Cohens: what is the Emblem of Israel?!

Faced with the unexpected question, Benjamin was quick to reply:

**-It is written, by the Prophets, that the Emblem of Israel is the Dove.**

The Children of Israel will march after the LORD: He will roar like a Lion, and they will come like a Dove", said Hosea [Hos. 7 and 11] for Jehovah had commanded, by the mouth of Jeremiah: "Israel, be like the Dove that nests in the edge of the abyss" [Jer. 48].

Birsha continued, satisfied with Benjamin's answer:

--Never forget, Priests, that the Emblem of Israel is the Dove, because that symbol will signal the End of Times! I said before the moment of victory is near, that the Synarchy of the Chosen People will soon be established: then the Emblem of Israel will be imposed on men and the opportunity for Our intervention will have arrived. This will be done because that is what the White Fraternity has decided and has been approved by Melchizedek, the Supreme Priest: around the world, thousands and thousands of Priests, and supporters of the Cause of Israel, will be flagged with their Emblem; only virile men will resist and will seek to escape social massification through rebellion and war: they will try to found a New Moral Order based on the Aristocracy of Blood, but they will be drowned in their own blood; and We will answer the cry of those who bear the Emblem of Israel as a sign; and we will release among men the Dragon of Sodom; and man will lose his virility and soften, he will be like a woman; even if he can procreate, his will to fight will be weakened by a growing effeminacy that will spread to all Humanity; perplexed, many will mistake sodomite morality for a product of high civilization, but in truth it will happen that the Heart will dominate the Mind and it will enervate the Will; In the end, everyone will end up accepting the way of synarchic life; and man will substitute the Eagle for the Dove, War for Peace, Heroic Risk for Passive Comfort. But that Peace of the Dove, they will enjoy with the Synarchy of the Chosen People, will be the shortest way to the Final Holocaust in which they will be sacrificed to Jehovah Satan, towards the Ocean of Bleach into which they will be converted to wash the Abominable Sign on the Stone of fire! This is the "Plague" that the Curse of the Almighty commits for those outside the Law!

Right away, as if their minds were strangely in sync, Bera resumed:

-Yes, Priests! May the Synarchy of the Chosen People, may the Humanity will be emblazoned with the Emblem of the Dove, and We will return to bring the Plague of Final Death, the Hot Fire and Water and the Salt of Heaven! But we will be preceded by the Dragon of Sodom, the Herald that will announce our arrival! You have seen the extremes of the process in this Cave: blood, degraded with water, and water, transformed into blood; and behind the lake of blood, the Plague of Final Death, the Judean bitumen, the black Bleach.

Say, Priests of Israel: What was the first plague that Jehovah sent to Egypt to impose the Cause of Israel?

The water turned into blood! -said Benjamin.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--And what was the **last** plague, with which the triumph of the Chosen People was secured?

The **Plague** in the midst of the Gentiles! The Plague offered the lives of the Gentiles to Jehovah as a holocaust for the coming Glory of Israel! Only those who were stained with the Blood of the Lamb were not touched by the Plague!

--And now you answer, Priests of the Lamb!: What will be the plague that the Third Horseman will bring, at the End of Times?

-The water will turn into Blood! --answered instantly the Abbot of Clairvaux.

And what, the plague of the Fourth Horseman?

The **Plague** in the midst of the Gentiles! The Hot Fire will scorch them and the Plague will offer their lives as a holocaust to Jehovah for the coming Glory of the New Israel and the advent of the New Jerusalem! Only those who have the Blood of the Lamb and bear the symbol of the Dove will not be touched by the Plague!

--And what will come after the Plague, what will be the **last** plague?

-The complete and total destruction of Humanity in a Sea of Sulfur and Fire! Only the New Israel and the Celestial Jerusalem will survive the Supreme Final Holocaust! -The Abbot of Clairvaux stated categorically, undoubtedly inspired by the speech of the Immortals.

Bera clarified the meaning that should be attributed to those answers taken from the Apocalypse of Saint John.

-Reflect, Priests, on those Prophecies and what you have seen us do in this Cave: from there will emerge the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust. Water, Blood, Hot Fire, Death, Bleach, **Plague**, Us: here is the Mystery. Of how the Curse of Jehovah God, which is our weakness, can be our Force. So it was and so it will be. If you have understood us, you will make Yours the words with which Jeremiah condemns those who stray from the Law: they represent **our Force** over the Gentiles!

-“Said Jehovah; those who are outside the Law will have: captivity, famine, the sword, **the Plague**” [Jer. 15]. --The Face of Rabbi Benjamin shone by repeating the four forms of Jehovah’s Curse, for now he found the words of the Prophet full of new meaning.

-And you will know then, --Bera continued imperturbably--, what it really is **our weakness**, a Mystery that Gentiles should never understand.

And Benjamin added the following words of Jeremiah:

-“Jehovah warned the people of Israel about four kinds of evils, in front of which they would be **weak**: Beware of the Sword, because It can Kill you; Beware of the Dogs, because They can tear you apart; Beware of the Birds from Heaven, because They can devour you; Beware of the Beasts, because They will annihilate you” [Jer. 15.].

-“That is how it is written!” --Bera approved.

-And against that weakness we have four remedies, which the Gentiles should never know -Birsha completed:

**Against the Sword, the Peace of Gold**  
**Against the Dogs, the Illusion of Rage**  
**Against the Birds, the Illusion of the Earth**  
**Against the Beasts, the Illusion of Heaven.**

This was more than mysterious, and the Priests were momentarily deep in thought. The Grand Master of the Knights Templar, however, who had been silent until then, thought about another thing:

-Oh, **Tzadikim!** --he said--. Your explanations constitute the most Brilliant Light for our understanding and we are very grateful for the privilege to hear them. I would not like to abuse the favor you have granted us, requesting clarifications that perhaps you should not give; but I can’t stop manifesting that our hearts would be filled with joy if you could talk a little more about the Stone of Fire.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

-You say well, Priest, The Stone of Fire holds a very big Mystery. We will talk about it, but we will be brief, **because it is time to return to the East.** -It was evident that Birsha expressed in an allegorical way, since the Immortals would not leave until the following day-. But Before we leave we will also tell you about your next mission, now that the Cursed Seed of Tharsis has died, and it will be advantageous to do so within the framework of that Mystery. Have you brought the book that we requested?

--As you requested, the book has been moved here, said the Abbot of Clairvaux. It is found in the Castle library, under permanent custody of three Knights, who will kill anyone who tries to get closer to it. We also brought a clairvoyant master sculptor from Clairvaux, that awaits our call in his cell.

-Then let's go up to the library! -Bera ordered, while he hid the fearsome Dorché under his tunic.

They ascended through the trap door that led to the Church of Nuestra Señora del Mayor Dolor and moments later the six were found in a room whose furniture consisted of shelves and tables covered with books and scrolls; various lecterns exhibited, open, some enormous books, with pages exquisitely illustrated by Benedictine monks and built with gold inlaid covers and silver. From a chest reinforced with riveted hardware and a bulky lock, the Abbot of Clairvaux removed the **Sefer Icheh** and placed it on a larger table, with a double inclined plane but well lit by a central candelabra. To a sign of Birsha, the four Priests sat in front of the book, while the Immortals stood, one at each end of the group.

-Open it to page 12, **Lamed!** Birsha demanded.

The book only contained images, that is, it lacked any text, except for the words distributed in the pictures. On the requested page, the representation of the ten Sefirot of the One Creator in the form of **Arbor Philosophica**. Everyone was watching Bera, who immediately took the word.

### Twenty-Seventh Day

As is known, Dr. Siegnagel, the "sacred book" par excellence, for the Jews, is the **Torah**, which is essentially made up of the five books of the Pentateuch as presented by the Scribe Ezra in the 5th century B.C.. But this is the written Torah, **Torah Shebikhtab**, which should be regarded as a profane, exoteric Doctrine, since its true "Divine Wisdom", **Chokhmah**, is encrypted in the Scripture and cannot be interpreted without knowing the cryptographic keys of the Kabbalah. There is therefore also an oral Torah, **Torah Shebalpeh**, which deals with these keys and constitutes the Esoteric Doctrine known to members of the "kabbalistic chain", **shalshleth haqabbalah**. The main theme of the Torah is the Sinaitic revelation, that is, the **Chokhmah** that Jehovah, **YHVH**, reveals Moses on Mount Sinai and that is synthesized in the Decalogue of the Tablets of the Law. Now Moses received the Tablets, **Mocheh Qibbel Thorah Mi Sinai**, on Mount Sinai, and from this fact must necessarily start the kabbalistic chain since **Kabbalah** comes from the verb **qabbel**, which means to receive. However, if the **shalshleth haqabbalah** begins in Moses, it must be remembered that he received **two Tablets of the Law**: only the first contained the revelation of the "Divine Wisdom", **Chokhmah**, object of the Esoteric Doctrine of the Kabbalah; the latter were an exoteric synthesis of those and were encrypted, like all the written Torah. According to the Kabbalah, **the first Tablets came from the Tree of Life, that is, from the Intelligence of the One, Binah**, while the latter were taken from the side of the **Tree of Good and Evil**.

The Tree of the Science of Good and Evil, whose fruit he had eaten, was the cause of the expulsion of Adam from Paradise: --**Then said Jehovah God: I have here that Man has become like one of us, by having known Good and Evil, Lest he now stretch out his hand and also take the Tree of Life, eat of it and become Immortal. And Jehovah God banished him from the Garden of Eden to work the land with which he was created. So he cast the Man, and posted on the East of the Garden of Eden, cherubs armed with Swords of Fire, to guard**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*the Path of the Tree of Life*" (Genesis, 3). Therefore, the second tablets are intended for those who wish to redeem themselves from Adam's sin but still remain subject to it; the former, on the other hand, reveal the **Chokhmah** to those who have risen over the human condition, to the "Adamic state", and that deserve to win the immortality proceeding from **Binah**, the Intelligence of the Tree of Life: these can only be, of course, the Highest Priests of the Chosen People. That is why Moses veiled the **Chokhmah** for the people and only communicated it to Joshua; Joshua transmitted it to the Elders of Israel and these to the Prophets. Solomon concealed the first Tablets in the Temple and magically sealed the hiding place, such that it could only be found in the 12th century A.D. by the Templars, who transported it to Clairvaux. Other prophets, however, verbally communicated the **Chokhmah** to the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who continued the Kabbalistic chain. After the Babylonian captivity there were no more Prophets in Israel and Ezra, the Scribe, presented to the Jewish people the exoteric doctrine of the written Torah, based on the second Tablets of the Law. That doctrine was upheld by the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who were then called Scribes, **Sofrim**, until arriving to the **Tanna'im**, from the first to the third century A.D. The great Kabbalists of that period, among which Simeon ben Yohai stands out, called "The Saint Lamp", managed to transcend the written Torah and obtain the **Chokhmah**. Later, the oral Torah was transmitted by the **Amoraim**, and Rabbis, **Rabbi**, until the Middle Ages.

Apart from the written Torah, three books can be considered the most important for Jewish Kabbalists: the **Sefer Ha Zohar**, the **Sefer Yetzirah**, and the **Sefer Icheh**. The **Sefer Ha Zohar**, or Book of Splendor, was written by Simeon ben Yohai in the 2nd century A.D., but the only existing version since the 13th century is the translation into Aramaic by the Spanish Kabbalist Moisés de León. The **Sefer Yetzirah**, or Book of Formation, is older, and the Traditional Kabbalistic chain traces its origin back to Abraham. But by far the most secret and mysterious book, as well as the most coveted by Kabbalists, is the **Sefer Icheh**, or Book of the Holocaust of Fire, which is supposed to be a contemporary of Adam and coming, like the first man, from the Garden of Eden. In truth, the original book would have been written in Paradise by the Angel Raziel for Adam's instruction, and its content would be the **Chokhmah** itself; that mystical book should not be confused with the "Book of Raziel", written in the XII century by the Kabbalist Eleazar ben Judah, of Worms, and based on second-hand news on the Sapphire Tablets.

According to rabbinic tradition, the true Book of Raziel, the **engraved Sapphire Tablets**, would have been stolen from Paradise by **Rahab**, King of the Sea, and thrown into the ocean; later, they would be found by the Egyptians and would remain for millennia in the power of the Pharaohs. Moses would take them with him on the exodus and bequeathed to Joshua, from whom, following the Kabbalistic chain, it would reach King Solomon. He would get the famous Wisdom from them, **Chokhmah**, by interpreting the Sapphire Tablets from the Book of Raziel, but, realizing their enormous power, he would hide them in the Temple so that only the Golden Templars would find them among its ruins, twenty-one centuries later. It is clear, Dr. Siegnagel, in light of the already stated in this letter, that the **Sapphire Tablets** and the **Tablets of the Law** are one and the same thing; that is to say, that the first Tablets, with the **Chokhmah** from the Tree of Life, are nothing other than the Book of Raziel ceded to Moses in Egypt by the Priests of the Cultural Pact. The explanation is the next: If we strip the Hebrew myth of its cultural disguise, it turns out that **Rahab** is none other than **Poseidon**, "King of the Sea", and legendary Governor of Atlantis. We thus arrive at Atlantis, the "Garden of Eden", homeland of the "first man": from that "Lost Paradise" came the brown Atlanteans, founders of the Egyptian priestly hierarchy. After the cataclysm, they would have transported to Egypt one of the "Crystal Books" that existed in the Library of Atlantis, which contained the record of the Construction of the Universe by the One God, **YHVH Elohim**. That Crystal Book would be the Book of Raziel, in which they were engraved the thirty-two operations performed by

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Creator to build the Universe: **ten Sefirot and twenty-two Letters**. In other words, the Tablets taught, through signs, the twenty-two sounds and measures of the sacred alphabet "employed by the One Creator, **YHVH Elohim**", from which the Hebrew alphabet is derived, and the Cosmic Form adopted by Him to create and sustain the Universe, that is, the ten **Sefirot**: it is what is known as "the Secret of the Serpent".

In the time of Moses, the Egyptian Priests were ignorant of the way of interpreting the Tablets, but they remembered that the brown Atlanteans had left them there to be delivered to the "People Chosen by The One" as a foundation of a Divine Alliance. Moses secretly receives, then, the Tablets of Stone and sets out with his people to Mount Sinai, where Jehovah celebrates with his Lineage the Alliance of Fire, **Berith Esch**, and reveals the **Chokhmah** of the Tablets of the Law: the retribution demanded by Jehovah to the Chosen People would consist, as can be seen from the statements of Bera and Birsha, in the Supreme Holocaust of Fire, **Icheh**, from which takes its name the book that the Immortals requested from the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena.

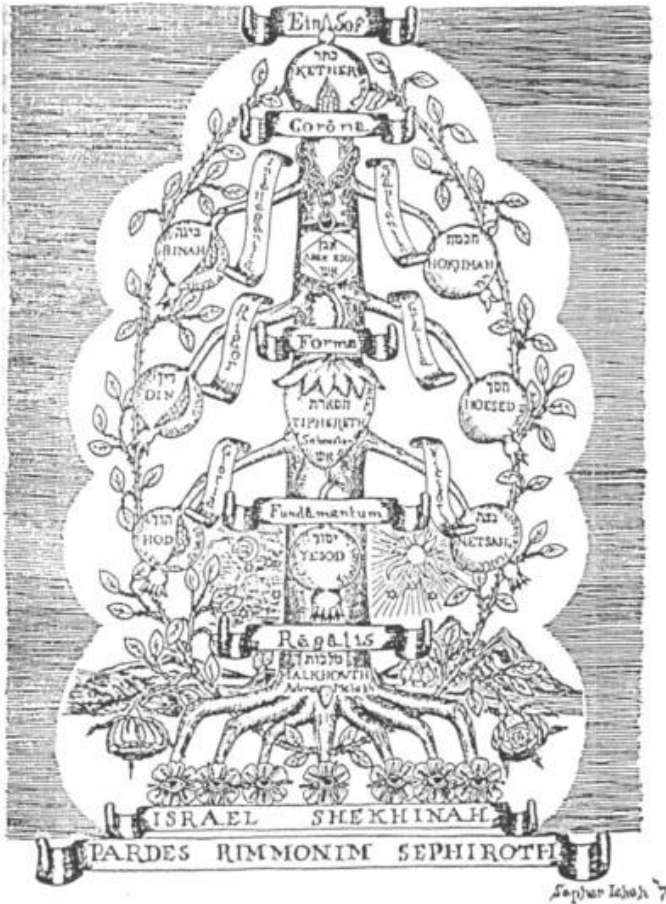
In short, the Templars found the first Tablets of the Law, the Book of Raziel, which enabled the Golen Church to obtain the **Chokhmah** for the College of Temple Builders and launch the architectural revolution of the Gothic or **Gaulic**. But, while the cabalistic mathematical decipherment, that is, **gematric**, from the Book of Raziel allowed to know the secrets of the Cosmos, certain images that were seen in it remained incomprehensible to the Cistercian Golen: they were those visions, symbolically represented by the Golen Rabbis and Priests, that constituted the **Sefer Icheh** Book. The figures, largely referred to the Supreme Holocaust of Fire, and titled in Hebrew and Latin, were just beginning to be understood by the Golen based on the explanations of Bera and Birsha.

Today, Dr. Siegnagel, it is believed that only **one specimen** of the **Sefer Icheh** exists, that is kept in a secret Synagogue in Israel, which is only accessible to the Elders of Zion: They do not allow copies to be made and they only authorize the highest Rabbis and Initiates of the Kabbalah a visual contact, being condemned with ritual death any representation or subsequent reproduction of what is observed. However, outside of that Israeli specimen, there is **another copy** of the **Sefer Icheh**: it is the one kidnapped in the Great Synagogue of Granada by the Inquisitor Ricardo "the Cruel", Ricardo de Tarseval, that is, the father of Lito de Tharsis, who brought it to America in 1534. Its a quite reliable replica of the Templar book, dated in Granada in 1333, that is, after the dissolution of the Order, and surely copied from the original book that the Golen and Rabbis took when they fled France. From that Grenadian edition, which for centuries has been in a trunk of our house in Tucumán, is the facsimile of page 12 that I attach for better understanding of the descriptions by Bera and Birsha.

-Very good, Priests! -exclaimed Bera, while he carefully examined the figure that had been exposed on page 12 of the **Sefer Icheh**: -. Your Order has done a Great Work by representing in images the Wisdom of the Book of Raziel. But the danger of such a **Chokhmah** falling into the power of the Gentiles is enormous: you must therefore avoid unnecessary copies of this book and submit it to the most rigorous control. What would become of our plans, which are the Plans of **YHVH**, if the Gentiles remembered the Secret of the Pomegranate, of the **Rimmon** Tree, practically revealed by this drawing? What would we respond if they knew again that a **Pomegranate was the Tree of Life**, the Tree of Paradise that Adam was not allowed to reach to prevent him from knowing the Secret of Life and Death? The Gentiles already know that Tree of the Science of Good and Evil was an Apple Tree and has been related to the Rose, understanding that it is a family of plants **among which is the Almond Tree**; they know, in that way, that in all of them there are different parts of a **unique Message**, of an idea embodied by the One Creator. They will never be able to relate the Pomegranate with any other Tree to form a family since Rimmon is the Archetype of Creation: in him, elements will be discovered similar to that of all other species, but he himself can't derive from no other;

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

like YHVH, he encompasses them all with his Form, but he is not encompassed by anyone. The mission that we will entrust you has to do with the Pomegranate of Life, but especially refers to one of his Fruits, the *Sefirah Binah*, in which you will have to inspire to combat the atrocious heresy of the House of Tharsis.



-Yes, Priests! Although the Lineage of Tharsis is dead, the effect of its Luciferic acts subsists, of which the Cult of the Virgin of the Grotto is not minor. Against this imposture you will begin to fight immediately, developing the attack according to the instructions that we will give you now! In this moment, the History, that The Very Holy has designed for the Chosen People, smiles at us: the Universal Synarchy will soon be established in Europe; then the World Government of the Chosen People will arise, during which over the Gentile humanity will manifest the irresistible Power of the *Messiah*, by whom will be offered the Holocaust of Fire. But long before that wonderful act is realized, I would tell you that in the present days, if possible, the Order of Melchizedek will raise a man from the House of Israel in the Sefarad of Spain endowed with the Verb of Metatron; he will possess the Chokhmah necessary to close the Doors that the Hyperborean Demons have opened and to open the Gates of the Heavenly Palaces, Hekhaloth, of Eden; the Kabbalistic name of this Supreme

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Priest is "Quiblon". Quiblon will be gifted with great Power: he will rise out of nowhere and drag the whole of Spain after the Gold which he will offer them in abundance. Blind, like Perseus, Spain will raise its Sword and cut Three Heads of Medusa in a lair, beyond the Dark Sea, in a new Tartarus, whose way he will teach them.

--Pay attention, Priests, because we are prophesying you! It's the YHVH's word that flows from our lips! We repeat it to you: Quiblon will be an envoy from Heaven, an ambassador of YHVH. And you should know that this Huelva region has been designated by Melchizedek as the seat of the Quiblon embassy, as a port and breakwater for his magical travels. Yes, the land where the greatest post-Atlantis sacrifice was committed, the land where the white Atlanteans began their Luciferic plan intended to predispose the Uncreated Spirit to fight a Final Battle Against the Goodness of The One Creator, this land, Priests, will be redeemed of its sin, blessed and sanctified, by the Triple Holocaust of Quiblon. That is why we let you know, in due time, that you should occupy the Boulder of Saturn. Have you done it?

-Indeed, Oh Divine Aralim! -Confirmed the Grand Master of the Knights Templar, who still awaited the explanation about the Mystery of the Fire Stone. As soon as we received Your message, we requested papal authorization and we seized the Convent of La Rabida, in order to establish ourselves on the same site of the Boulder of Saturn.

-Well, you should also know that Rus Baal, or Boulder of Saturn is a place consecrated to Binah, the Aspect with which YHVH manifests as Great Mother: when Quiblon arrives at that sacred place, YHVH will reflect in him the Shekhinah and endow him with the Word of Metatron. How many times did the Shekhinah descend to Earth?

-Ten times in front of Israel! -Rabbi Nasi hastened to reply:

First: in the Garden of Eden: "And they heard the sound of the footsteps of YHVH Elohim, who was strolling through the Garden of the breeze of the day, and the man and his woman hid from the presence of YHVH Elohim through the grove of the Garden" [Genesis, 3,8].

Second: to observe the Tower of Babel: "YHVH came down to see the City and the Tower that the sons of men were building" [Genesis, 11,5].

Third: in Sodom: "YHVH said: I am going to go down and see if they have acted in everything according to the cry that has come to me; and if not, I will know" [Genesis, 18:21].

Fourth: in the Burning Bush: "YHVH appeared to him in a Flame of Fire, in the middle of a bush; and Moses saw the bush burning in fire, but it was not consumed" [Exodus, 3,2].

Fifth: in Egypt: "I have come down, in Egypt, to free my people from the hands of the Egyptians and bring them up from that country to a good and spacious land, to a land flowing with milk and honey, to the place where the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizeans, Jivivees, and Jebuzeans live" [Exodus, 3,8].

Sixth: on Mount Sinai: "YHVH came down on Mount Sinai, on the summit of the Mountain. And YHVH called Moses to the top of the Mount" [Exodus, 19,20].

Seventh: on the Elders: "YHVH descended in the cloud and he spoke; and he took of the Spirit that was in Him and put it on the seventy Elders. As soon as the Spirit settled on them they began to prophesy; but later they couldn't do it anymore" [Numbers, 11,25].

Eighth: on the Red Sea: "He bowed the Heavens and descended, thick clouds were under his feet" [II Samuel, 22,10].

Ninth: in the Temple Sanctuary: "YHVH told me: This door will remain closed. It will not open, so that no one enters through it, because YHVH, God of Israel, has entered through it, therefore it will remain closed" [Ezekiel, 44,2].

Tenth: He will come in the Age of Gog and Magog: "YHVH will then come out and he will fight against those Nations, as he once fought in the days of the Battle (of Atlantis). His feet will rest on the Mount of Olives, which is opposite Jerusalem, to the East, and the Mount of Olives will be split by the half towards

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the East and towards the West, forming an immense valley; half of the Mount will depart to the North and the other half to the South. And YHVH will be King over all the Earth. In that Day YHVH will be unique, and unique will be his Name. The whole country will be changed into a plain, from Geba to Rimmon, that is, Granada, in the Negeb. But Jerusalem will prevail" [Zechariah, 14,3].

-And once among the Chosen People! -added the Abbot of Clairvaux:

Eleventh: on the Messiah: "As soon as Jesus was baptized, he got out of the water; and in this the Heavens were opened and he saw the Spirit of YHVH descend, like a dove, and come upon him, while a Voice coming out from the Heavens said "This is my beloved Son, who I've been pleased with" [Mateo, 3.16].

-Take note, then, of two more times that the Shekhinah will come down to Earth!" Bera advised. The Eleventh, which the Abbot has mentioned, is signed by the letter Aleph (1), which governs the essence of Air: it was a pneumatic descent, symbolized by the bird of the Banner of Israel. This means that Christianity constitutes a Holocaust of Air for YHVH Shaddai:

The Twelfth, which we now announce to you, will take place in the Boulder of Saturn, in Rus Baal, opposite Quiblon, when Quiblon looks there for the Intelligence of the Great Mother Binah: this will be a descent marked by the letter Mem (13), which expresses the essence of Water. This means that the Discovery of Quiblon will constitute a Holocaust of Water for YHVH Shaddai.

And the Thirteenth, will happen during the World Government of the People Chosen, then the Shekhinah will descend upon the Messiah, facing Israel; and the Messiah will be One with Israel; and Israel will be One with the Shekhinah; and Israel will be One with YHVH; and Israel will be YHVH: Blessed be the Mystery of Israel; and Israel Shekhinah will destroy all Gentiles forever, and with two thirds of his own blood, propitiating the Judgment of Din of Elohim Gibor, the rigorous Judgment of Geburah; and Israel Shekhinah will fulfill the Judgment of YHVH Sebaoth, which has already been pronounced in the Heavens: it will be that a descent characterized by the letter Sin (21), which defines the essence of fire. This means that the Sentence of the Judgment of Din, of the Final Judgment, will constitute a Holocaust of Fire for YHVH Shaddai.

The four Priests listened with disproportionate interest to the words of the Immortals; but the most impressed was the Grand Master of the Knights Templar, directly responsible for the occupation of Rus Baal from the Convent of Nuestra Señora de la Rábida.

### Twenty-Eighth Day

Rus Baal, the Boulder of Saturn, is located five kilometers from Onuba, the current city of Huelva, on an elevation 37 meters high that dominates the region of Palos, that is, on the left Bank of the confluence of the Tinto and Odiel rivers. At the time when the Phoenicians conquered Onuba, they built the Temple of Rus Baal especially to meet the request of the Hebrew merchants, who were the ones who chartered the ships to those distant ports. Those were the days of Solomon, when the wealth of Israel could rent the Phoenician fleet: "All the glasses that King Solomon used to drink with were of gold, and all the utensils of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of fine gold. There was no silver, it was not appreciated in the days of King Solomon, because the King had in the sea a fleet of Tharsis, together with Hiram's; and every three years the fleet of Tharsis arrived, bringing gold, silver, ivory, monkeys and peacocks" [I Kings, 10,21]. As read in others chapters of the Book of Kings, Solomon, who actually possessed the Chokmah, discovered that YHVH also manifested under other Aspects, generally identifiable with foreign Gods, and he worshiped them, or allowed the Priests to do it, to raise altars and Temples for them. With "the fleets of Tharsis" traveled, then, the Priests who had the Temple of Rus Baal built in the distant Tartessos. Two hundred years after Solomon, and five hundred before the fall of Tharsis to Carthage, a colony of Tiro, Isaiah, who



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

also possessed the **Chokmah**, and therefore knew the plan of the Golen, was able to "prophesy" with mathematical precision the next end of it: "Moan, ships of Tharsis; that your port is devastated". "Who planned it?" "YHVH Sebaoth planned it to desecrate pride, to debase the glory of all the Lords of that country" [Isaiah, 23,1]. But in the days of Solomon the most important Phoenician colony, besides Tyre, was Sidon, at whose port "the fleets of Tharsis" arrived and left: now, "Sidon" is not a Phoenician name but Greek, a country with which Punic men were allied against the Medes or Persians; what does that name mean, what is its origin? well, no more, no less than "Great Pomegranate Tree", since Pomegranate, in Greek, is called *Side*, Σιδῶν; as for the origin, the Greeks gave it that name due to a Hebrew cult that was practiced there under the auspices of King Solomon, that is, the Cult to the Divine Mother of Egypt, *Side*, The Great Wise Pomegranate, *Rimmon Binah*, in Hebrew. *Side*, like Achiroe, was the wife of Belus in the Greek Myths.

The Hebrew Priests also carried this Cult of the Great Mother *Rimmon Binah* to the Phoenician Colonies and gave names, among others, to the current Andalusian city of Granada. The Phoenicians, in effect, founded a fortified factory which they called *Rimmon*, in honor of the Cult practiced by its main clients, however, the native Iberian peoples, who were Pelasgians like the Etruscans, called the fruit with the voice *grana*, which has the same root as the Roman Etruscan *malum granatum*, that is, "fruit of many grain". That citadel of Semitic merchants, *Rimmon*, was locally called *Granata*, *Granad* and *Granada*. In truth, the site chosen by the Phoenicians to set up their factory was a crossroads of Iberian roads already occupied by the Iberians themselves and by the Greeks, as it would later be by the Turduli, the Tartessians, and the Celts; but, being the main objective the trade, it is understood that each town fortified its particular urban base and thus arose several extremely close citadels, in such a way that their later unit constitutes the modern city of Granada. There was, for example, in front of Granada, an ancient city, contemporary with Tharsis, called *Vira* or *Virya*, in the Indo-European language, as pronounced in Sanskrit or Iranian, and which means *Semi-divine Man*, *Hero*; *Man who participates in the Divinity*, *Wise Warrior*, etc. Both cities, one populated by supporters of the Pact of Blood, that is, *Vira*, and the other by staunch defenders and propagators of the Cultural Pact, Granada, could only live in permanent conflict. However, time would show that, at least in this case, the God of Granada was stronger than the God of *Vira*, and Granada ended dominating *Vira*, and the other Cities, and absorbing them into their walls. This was taken by the Hebrews as an unequivocal sign of their Messianic destiny and they would never forget it.

*Vira* should not be confused with *Iliberi*, *Iliberri*, or *Eliberi*, the *Eliberge* that mentioned the Greek Hecato, because they were different cities. During the Roman domination the cities were still separated, and such a situation was maintained even with the Visigoths. Arabs, in return for favors loaned for their invasion, granted the Hebrews control of the city of Granada, or *Garnatha* according to the new denomination; since then they would refer to it as "the Castle of the Jews". But they still do more; after destroying *Iliberri*, they install their farmhouse in the heart of *Castala*, *Cazala* or *Gacela*, more commonly known as *Castilla*, another contiguous city, and favor the economic expansion of *Medinat Garnata*, the "Mansion of the Jews". It's the end of *El-Vira*, or *Elvira*, whose inhabitants must capitulate thousands of years of resistance, leave the hill of the same name, and move to *Garnata*. The same will happen with *Medinat Alhambra* and *Medinat Castilla*: they will all end up falling under the control of "the Jews of Granada". In the 13th century, when the events narrated occur, only the Arab Kingdom of Granada subsists, being the City made up of the influential "Jewish quarter" located in the primitive location of the Castle of Granada, the Arab quarter of the Alhambra, the Mozarabic of Castilla, of primitive Gallo-Roman roots, and the depopulated *Elvira*. Finally, I will add that if the Hebrews call the pomegranate *rimmon*, the Arabs know it as "roman", which explains why for some time the City was called *Hizn-Ar-Roman*, which means "Castle of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Granada". But, in a language or another it is verified that the meaning of the name did not change in thousands of years.

It is in the light of that missionary activity of the Hebrew Priests, that traveled in the "fleets of Tharsis", that the foundation of the Temple of Rus Baal should be observed, or of the Boulder of Baal. The Phoenicians consecrated each city to Baal and designated This with a particular Name: thus, the Baal of the Sidonians called Baal-Sidon, that of those of Tiro, Baal-Tsur, and that of the inhabitants of Tharshish, Baal-Tars. Of the three main Aspects of Baal, that is, Baal Chon, the Producer, Baal Tammuz, the Conservator, and Baal Moloch, the Destroyer, the Hebrews accepted the latter as the personification of **YHVH Sebaoth**, the **Netsah** Aspect of "YHVH of the Armies", leading to **Victory** by destruction of the enemies of the Chosen People or **Shekkinah**. The Temple of Rus Baal was dedicated, however, to the Cult of Baal Tammuz or Jehovah Adonai. When the House of Tharsis took over that Iberian Manor, already free from the Phoenicians after a bloody war, it prevented the Cult of Baal Tammuz-Jehovah from continuing and dedicated the place, at first, to the Cult of Fire, and in a second cultural instance, to the Cult of the Cold Fire.

After the invasion of Hamilcar Barca, and the destruction of the Tartessian Empire, the Golen established the Cult of Baal Moloch in Rus Baal, until the Roman reconquest. It was these, who recognized in Baal Moloch and Jehovah the God Saturn, and who called Rus Baal "Boulder of Saturn". But Saturn was none other than the Greek God Kronos or Xronos, who was then active in the Roman pantheon; the Priests of Saturn, as will be seen, only replaced the Cult of Saturn, with that of his granddaughter, Proserpina or Persephone. It is easy to show, comparing the Hebrew Myth with the Greek, that Jehovah is equivalent to Kronos, and, of course, to Tammuz, to Moloch, and to Saturn. To begin with, Kronos is the son of Uranus, the Supreme Heaven, as **YHVH Elohim** is of **Ehyeh**: and both, Kronos and **YHVH Elohim**, are Gods of the immanent Time of the World, Xronos or **Berechit**. And, most importantly, both are **enemies** of the Cyclops, that is to say of the white Atlanteans. In this regard, it should be remembered what the Greek myths tell about Uranus, Kronos, Zeus, Demeter and Persephone, and to clarify such legends by means of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Uranus is the Supreme Heaven, Father of the Titans, the Titanides, the Cyclopes and the Hecatoncheires, generations of Gods from which they descend all other Greek deities and mankind. It is worth saying that Uranus, is another representation of the Origin, from which they have come into the Universe its own Creator, Jehovah Satan, and the successive Hyperborean Spirits, the first "Gods", both the "Traitors" who chained their Comrades to the animal man, and the "Loyalists" or "Liberators", who seek his guidance and Return to the Origin. But one of the sons of Uranus, Kronos-Jehovah **castrates** his father and declares war on the Cyclopes, whom he prevents from inhabiting their usual dwelling place, and precipitates into the Infernal Tartarus. This means that Kronos-Jehovah **closes access to the Origin**, point of origin and return of all Uncreated Spirits like Himself, **"castrating" the Generating Principle of the Gods**, preventing Divine birth from it. He is involved, then, in a war with the Cyclopes. But who were the Cyclopes? the white Atlanteans, the Weapon Builders of Atlantis: according to Greek legends, the Cyclopes made the bow and arrows of Apollo, the Hyperborean, and those of his sister Artemis, the Bear Goddess; earlier, during the war of Kronos-Jehovah, they had provided Zeus with the Weapons of Thunder, Lightning, and Ray; for Poseidon, King of Atlantis, the Weapon of the Trident, and for Hades, or Vines, the famous Helmet of Invisibility. After the Battle of Atlantis, and the Cataclysm that engulfed their Continent, the white Atlanteans had to march towards the infernal lands, where only the animal man lived, and the most degraded hybrid Races on Earth: that's when the legend represents the Cyclopes, Divine Builders, roaming the infernal regions. And during their transit through those lands of madness, we already saw it, they went closely pursued by the dark Atlanteans, the henchmen of Kronos-Jehovah.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But Kronos, despite all his efforts, cannot prevent Zeus from being born, another Son of the Origin. The image of Zeus has been atrociously degraded by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, but, going back to the most ancient myths, it is possible to recognize in Him Kristox Lucifer, the Lord of Venus who descended to Atlantis to bring the Grail that would make possible the orientation and liberation of the Spirit chained to Matter, **the awakening of the Spirit of Man**. That is why Zeus is a natural ally of the Cyclopes, who provide him with the Weapons with which he defeats Kronos-Jehovah and strengthens his power in the Olympic region of the Earth, that is, in K'Taagar, where the Path to Venus starts. Zeus-Lucifer fights against Kronos-Jehovah in the company of Poseidon and Hades, and with the technical support of the Cyclopes. Once victorious, in a primitive version of the Battle of Atlantis, the Gods settle in certain parts of the Universe: Zeus-Lucifer goes to Olympus, that is, to K'Taagar, but, through its Gate, his true domicile he constitutes "in the Heaven", that is, in Venus; Poseidon in Atlantis, as King, and also as God of the Sea; and Hades also goes to K'Taagar, but without returning to Venus, as Zeus-Lucifer did, but remaining as Lord of the Abode of the Liberator Gods of the Spirit of Man, a place that the Priests of the Cultural Pact, as I exposed in the Tenth Day, would identify with the Infernal Tartarus: Hades is then Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar.

With Demeter, a **Daughter** of the Origin, Zeus procreates Persephone, that is, Proserpina, the Goddess who the Roman Priests of Saturn-Kronos-Jehovah, evoked in Rus Baal, for her Cult and to which they dedicated the Carthaginian Temple of Baal Moloch-Jehovah. This was a Cruel Goddess, who lived in the infernal Tartarus next to Hades and fit perfectly with that remote region of Tartessos, famous for the ancient legends that pointed it out as the residence of Medusa. Demeter was the Goddess of Wheat, the one who gave to men for the first time that cereal, and she lived next to Zeus in Olympus. She had no other children except for Persephone, who was abducted by Hades and taken to Tartarus to a Mansion that required crossing the Land of the Dead to reach it. The Greek Myth tells that then, saddened by her absence, Demeter leaves Olympus and descends to Earth to seek for her, because she was ignorant of her hellish whereabouts. So she finds out that Zeus has been an accomplice of Hades in the Rapture. For **nine nights** Demeter searches in vain for Persephone, carrying a torch in each of her hands; at last, guided by Hecate, the Goddess of Sorcery, whom she meets **at the crossroads**, finds out that Persephone is in the Land of the Dead. She goes down there alone, to check that the definitive return of her daughter is impossible: Persephone **has eaten** a grain of Pomegranate and she can no longer return to the world of the living, because **everyone who tastes a food in the Land of the Dead, is imprisoned there forever**: in Hell it is necessary to fast to avoid Death. Finally, Demeter returns to Olympus with Persephone, who nevertheless must return periodically to Hell to **perform Death**. The Myth of Persephone formed part of the Eleusinian Mysteries, where it was esoterically explained to the Initiates. Demeter's attributes, on the other hand, were the **Wheat Spike** and the **Crane**.

So far the Greek Myth; but what is hidden behind the legend of Demeter and Persephone or Proserpina?: I already explained that Hades is a degraded name of Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, whom the Cultural Pact conspiracy equated to a God who is Lord of Hell or Tartarus. Similarly, the Priests threw Persephone, an ancient white Atlantean Goddess, there. Who am I referring to?: well, to Frya, the Wife of Navutan. In order to discover the true facts behind the story of Persephone and interpret the motive of the slander, we must keep in mind that for the white Atlanteans, as for any member of the Hyperborean race, the "Wife" is also the "Sister", identity that goes beyond a simple symbolic association, and refers to the Mystery of the Original Couple of the Uncreated Spirits. Frya, in addition to Wife, is like this the "Sister" of Navutan and, therefore, **Daughter like him of Ama**, the Virgin of Agartha or of K'Taagar, whom the Greek Priests of the Cultural Pact equated to **Demeter, the Goddess who gave men, for the first time, the Wheat Plant, the Carrier of the Seed**. Hence there is never mention of a Son of Demeter, whom she would have conceived

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

as Virgin on Venus, that is, in Olympus, as I already related on the Twelfth Day. Her spiritual Son, Navutan, self-crucified on the Tree of Terror, the Pomegranate of Life, to discover the Secret of Death, and it would be his Wife Frya who would resurrect him by revealing with her dance the Secret of Life and Death. That is why the legends only mention Frya-Persephone whose memory was deeply rooted in the peoples of the Blood Pact, and cast the mantle of a Taboo on the Feat of Navutan: the dark Atlanteans, and the Priests of the Cultural Pact, wished to hide, by all means, the subsequent legacy that the resurrected Great White Chief made to men, that is, **the Mystery of the Labyrinth**.

It was Navutan, indeed, the true inspirer of the Mystery of the Labyrinth, on whose journey the Hyperborean Initiate was administered a sign called **Tirodinguiburr**, formed with Uncreated Vrunes. Such a sign allowed the chained Spirit, to wake up and orient itself towards the Origin, finding the exit of the **Labyrinth of Illusion** in which he was lost. However, as in the case of Navutan's feat, the exit can never be found if the Hero does not have the assistance of his Original Couple: otherwise he may die, spiritually, after nine nights of hanging from the Tree of Terror. It is so that the cultural hoax of the Priests wants Ama-Demeter to look for Frya-Persephone for **nine nights**. The one who guides her, finally, is Hecate, with which she meets at a **crossroads**, that is, inside a Labyrinth: Hecate is thus a **general** representation of what would be, **individually**, Frya for Navutan: the Original Couple. For Greeks of ancient times, Hecate was found at every crossroads, promptly to guide the lost traveler towards his best destination, a symbol that, as it looks, came from far away. However, this Marvelous Goddess, to whom they were erected three-headed statues indicating the triple nature of the white man, physical Body, Soul, and Uncreated Spirit, ended up becoming the Goddess of Sorcery and Witch, consequence, of course, of the Cultural Pact.

Naturally, the "rapture" of Frya-Persephone is a spiritual rapture performed by Herself to resurrect her Husband, that is to say, the impulse of a sacred ecstasy. Zeus-Lucifer, presumably the Father of Navutan himself, and Hades-Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, are the "Sages of Hyperborea", whom She consults on how to save Navutan. And the advice received from Them is the one which decides Her to go down to the Hell of Illusion, to the Land of the "spiritually" Dead, that is, to Earth, to the World of Sleeping Men. And, known is, that whoever "feeds" on the Illusion, who lets inside Himself the Great Deception of the One, remains chained forever in Matter, no longer can he return to the Origin, he gets lost in the Enchanted Labyrinth of the Warm Life. However, Frya had not tasted the Forbidden Fruit, she was free to return, if she wished, to the Origin, bearer of the Secret of Death: it was her decision to resurrect Navutan, revealing to him through dance, the knowledge of the Kälachakra Key. But, for this, **she had to believe in Death, she had to eat a grain of Pomegranate and transform into Partridge, she had to transcend the Mask of Death and reach the bottom of Navutan's Himself**. And Navutan, by facing Death, woke up and understood Death, resurrecting later and discovering to the Sleeping Men the Secret of the Labyrinth. But in this legacy, Navutan compromised his Divine Wife, who agreed to remain periodically in the infernal Tartarus, that is, in the World of the Sleeping Men, and appear before them with the Image of Death: so that they transcend in the Mystery of the Cold Fire and resurrect, too, as Men of Stone, as Hyperborean Initiates, as Wise Warriors.

A pale reflection of this part of the story is preserved in the legend of the Young Perdix, "Sister", and therefore Wife, of Daedalus, the "inventor" of the Labyrinth, that is, of Navutan: when Perdix was falling into an Abyss, the Goddess of Wisdom, Athena, took pity on Her and turned Her into Partridge, whence came the Greek belief that the dance of the partridge solved the enigma of the Labyrinth, and that resulted in a College of Priestesses determined to reproduce this dance.

I have already explained that Kronos-Saturn-Jehovah "**closes access to the Origin, source and return point of all the Uncreated Spirits**", that is, he cuts

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**the Path to the Exit of the Labyrinth.** In the Cretan Myth, the inventor of the Mystery of the Labyrinth is Daedalus-Navutan, and who cuts the path to the Exit, is the Minotaur, a being half man, half bull. But the God who also had bull's feet, was Dionysus, a defect that forced him to wear laced boots or cothurnus; and Dionysus, the God of Wine, was classically assimilated to Jehovah by the ancient Hebrews, who saw in both the God of Barley. A circle is thus closed, drawn by the Priests of the Cultural Pact in which they are united, in different times and places, the representations of Kronos, Saturn, Jehovah, Dionysus Sebacio, and the Minotaur or Guardian of the Exit.

Finally, I will say that already in the time of the Prophet Amos, 8th century B.C., the identity of Jehovah and Saturn was established; and accepted by Priests: **"You have carried to the Sanctuary, Siccuth, Saturn, the idol of Your God; but I will deport you beyond Damascus -said YHVH, whose name is Adonai Sebaoth" [Amos 5,26].** But the situation did not change after the Captivity, since in the Time of the Prophet Ezekiel, 6th century B.C., Jehovah or Tammuz Adonis, that is, Adonai, was worshiped indistinctly: **"Then he led me to the entrance of the door of the Temple of YHVH that looks to the North, and I saw that there were some women sitting there crying the death of Adonis (Rimmon) Tammuz" [Ezekiel, VIII, 14].**

### Twenty-Ninth Day

To understand now why the Cult of Proserpina was in Rus Baal, we have to go far ahead in historical time, and reach an Age in which the Priests of the Cultural Pact had managed to deeply confuse the individual characteristics of Demeter-Ama and Persephone-Frya, who were referred to simply as "the Goddesses". The purpose of the Priests was to replace the Hyperborean Atlantean Goddesses with the image of the Great Mother Binah, one of the Aspects of YHVH, the One Creator. It is here that the origin of the Myth of Adonis, Greek Name of Adonai the Lord YHVH, is to be found. According to the Greek Myth, the mother was Myrrha, whom the Gods turned into a Tree when she was pregnant with Adonis; Myrrha, the same vegetable that one of the Magi from the East, sent from the White Fraternity, gave to the child Jesus. At ten months, the Myrrh Tree gives birth and Adonis is born, a boy who represents beauty, which is but a symbolic way of saying that Tiferet, the Beauty in YHVH's Heart, one of his Ten Aspects, is born from the Pomegranate Tree. The Myth continues stating that Aphrodite, the Goddess of the Fire of Love, that is, the Archetype of the Hot Fire in the Heart, falls in love with the child and entrusts him to **Persephone-Proserpina** for his care. We already have present, then, the Great Mother Binah, YHVH's "intelligence" Aspect. The two Goddesses, Aphrodite and Persephone, end up rivaling for the love of Adonis-Adonai, which means that in the animal man or common man, image of Adam, it is normal that they come into conflict, the Hot Fire in the Heart, Tiferet, and the Intelligence that infuses Binah in the Brain. This ambivalence is seen in the irresolution of the Myth: Adonis-Adonai must be content to alternately remain with each of the Goddesses, although the pre-eminence that the Priests grant to the Heart as seat of the Soul, wanted the Beautiful God to "spend more time with Aphrodite than with Persephone". The heart is linked to the symbol of the rose, and this is how the death of Adonis-Adonai brings to the world the red roses, born from the drops of blood from his wound: it is Artemis, the Bear Goddess, who causes a boar to mortally wound the God. The opposition between the Wild Boar, one of the Manifestations of Vishnu, and the Bear, is a classic theme of the Hyperborean Wisdom. I'll just say here that the Boar is related to the Mystery of the Golen, as seen during the murder of the Vrayas of Tharsis, and that the Myth allegorically indicates a **Degree** reached by them, a hierarchical level that will enable them to carry forward the banner of Israel when the Chosen People themselves are unable to do it, when Adonis-Adonai momentarily bleeds in the Pardes Rimmonim to create the roses that will bloom during the Universal Synarchy.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In Phrygia, the Golen officiated as Priests of Cybele and adopted the practice of ritual sodomy, a vice that still subsists in the higher degrees of the Masonry by Them created. The Phrygian Myth of Adonis-Adonai was that of Attis, in whose Cult the Golen would develop a fundamental leading role. There the Great Mother Binah was called Cybele, Goddess, who fostered scandalous orgies and demanded that her "Priests of the Dog" be eunuchs: in the course of the Cult it was common that, driven by orgiastic frenzy, many participants castrated voluntarily, like the Attis Archetype, later integrating, if survived the mutilation, the court of sodomites who worshiped and served the Goddess.

According to the Phrygian legend, Cybele was worshiped as the Stone of Fire; eager to copulate with Her, Zeus-Chokhmah deposits His semen on the Stone, an act that leaves the Goddess pregnant. Thus Agdistis was born, a hermaphroditic being who Dionysus-Jehovah intoxicates and castrates, in order to individualize the sex. Agdistis's wound gushes out abundant blood, which transforms into the **Pomegranate Tree**, which is why Attis, as well as Adonis, was called Rimmon, Pomegranate. However, the mutilated phallus of Agdistis, thrown on Earth, transforms itself into the **Almond Tree**, a member of the family of roses. A pomegranate, fruit of the Agdistis Pomegranate, leaves Nana, daughter of the God River Sangarios, pregnant. From that pregnancy Attis is born, a Beautiful God similar to Adonis, and as for Adonis, for Attis will also fight the Great Mother Binah and the Goddess of the Warm Fire in the Heart, Tiferet. Agdistis, now turned into a woman, falls in love with Attis as well as Cybele, with whom she must dispute the favors of the Beautiful God. Evidently Attis is a Phrygian Adonis, a representative of the Beauty of YHVH in the Heart, claimed at the same time by the Great Mother Binah-Cybele and by Tiferet Agdistis-Aphrodite.

But the Phrygian Myth contains more details. Attis, driven mad by Agdistis, castrates and dies, as a result of the mutilation, during the Cult of Cybele. The Goddess buries him and plants an Almond Tree on his grave. Attis was thus a eunuch and a sodomite, marked by the symbols of the **Pomegranate** and the **Almond tree**, which clearly proves that the origin of the Myth is Hebrew. Remember, Dr. Siegnagel, on the other hand, that the **Jacobins** who produced the French Revolution, whose Chiefs were Jews and Golen, identified with the **Phrygian cap**, that is, with the cap of the **Priests of Phrygia**, which is shaped like a **cut foreskin** to indicate the sodomite character of the Priests of the Great Mother Cybele-Binah, the "Goddess Reason" of the encyclopedists.

It should not be surprising, at this point, that Dionysus Sebacio, a God of Barley as Jehovah, castrated Agdistis after intoxicating him with barley wine. Jehovah had sanctified the Sabbath, a day, throughout the Mediterranean, devoted to the Cult of Saturn and to which it was dedicated the **Pomegranate Tree**: Saul, **the first King of Israel**, consecrated the Kingdom, Malkuth, to the Pomegranate that represented YHVH. Dionysus, the one with the bull's feet and laced boots, was a crippled God, just like the Minotaur, and as crippled was the Dance of the Labyrinth that the male partridges danced, and still dance. This Dance was performed by the Hebrew Priests of Baal Tammuz Adonis in time of Elijah, 9th century B.C.: "The Priests took the bull that was brought to them and, after preparing it, they were invoking the Name of Baal Tammuz Adonis from morning until noon, saying: Baal, answer us! But there was neither Voice nor Response. Meanwhile, they danced limping next to the Altar they had made" [I Kings, 18, 26]. The Hebrew word **Pesach**, which designates Passover, precisely means "limping dance", because that party was one and the same as that of Baal Adonis, the God Rimmon who had been killed by a Wild Boar: this identity is the origin of the Hebrew prohibition of eating pork on Saturdays. Besides, the Levitical tradition decreed that the Paschal lamb, the victim of the holocaust of the Easter, was served on a Pomegranate wood platter.

The pomegranate was the only fruit that could be brought into the Sancta Sanctorum and the Supreme Priest, making his annual entrance into the Temple, wore small pomegranate-shaped tassels sewn onto his ephod. The roll

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of the Torah was wrapped around a stick called *Es Chajim*, that is, the *Tree of Life*, which was topped at each end by two carved pomegranates. And the *eightfold candelabrum*, Chanukah, has a pomegranate crowning each arm, in those that shines *Yod*, the Eye of YHVH. The *sevenfold candelabrum*, for its part, Menorah, has seven *Almond Blossom chalice*s, which recall the institution of the Priesthood of Aaron, when the *rod of Almond* supplied by Moses, blossomed: "And it came to pass that when the next day Moses entered the tent of testimony, the rod of Adron, that of the House of Levi, had put out shoots and flowers, and had produced almonds" [Numbers, 17,23]. To perpetuate the memory of this miracle, says YHVH: "You will make a lampstand of pure gold, both its base and its stem. Its calyxes, its buds and its flowers will form a body with it. Six arms will come out from its sides, three arms from one side of the candelabrum and three arms on the other. Three chalices as a Flower of Almond Tree will have the first arm, with its buds and its flowers; equally the second; etc." [Exodus, 25,31]. And, according to the vision of the Prophet Zechariah, "These seven lamps are the Eyes of YHVH that travel all over the Earth" [Zechariah, 4,10], that is to say, a representation of the Shekhinah.

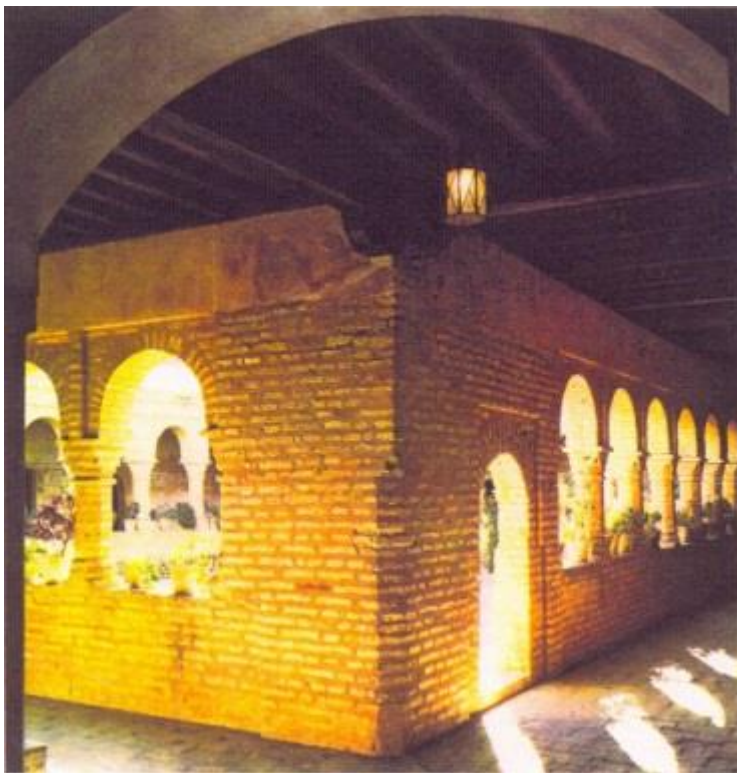
The Cults of Rus Baal, the ancient of Baal Tammuz, Adonis, practiced by the Hebrew Priests, and that of Baal Moloch, officiated by the Golen, were interpreted by the Romans as forms of worship to Kronos-Saturn, a God equivalent to Jehovah-Adonai or Rimmon-Attis-Adonis-Dionysus. Since the third century B.C., the Priests of the Cultural Pact, which proliferated in Rome, dedicate Rus Baal to the Cult of Proserpina or Persephone, the infernal lover of Adonis; At the same time, and at a short distance, the Lords of Tharsis consecrate to the Cult of Vesta, the Fire Goddess of the Hearth, behind whom they hide their conception of the Cold Fire Cult. The two opposing Cults, that of the Cold Fire of Vesta from Tharsis, and that of the Warm Fire of Proserpina from Palos, develop simultaneously without either trying to outdo the other. And it is worth repeating that that version of Proserpina was equivalent to a late Persephone, closer to the Great Mother Cybele Binah than to the ancient Persephone, or Frya, Navutani's Wife.

In the 2nd century A.D., always furtively, Bera and Birsha arrive in Huelva; but this time they do not attack the House of Tharsis but go to Rus Baal, "to supervise the Cult of Proserpina on behalf of Melchizedek", a Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity. After the departure of the Immortals, the Temple of the Palos region begins to gain fame for the miracles performed by the Goddess, the main of which consists of the *cure of hydrophobia*: from all regions of the peninsula, and even overseas, those bitten or infected by dog bites, would then come to regain lost health. Only now, when they heard Birsha say "against the dogs, the illusion of rage", understood the four Priests that those ancient miracles were related to the powers of Bera and Birsha.

A century later, in the year 159, the missionary Ciriaco converts the Cult of Rus Baal in Christian for the simple process of identifying Proserpina with the Virgin Mary, called from then on "Nuestra Señora de la Rábida", since the Goddess continued to cure hydrophobia (*rabies*). But then, as Mary, 'Mother of God', Proserpina-Persephone was already the finished image of the Great Hebrew Mother Binah. The name "de la Rábida" was thus five hundred years prior to the denomination, *Rapta or Rápita* with which the Arabs indicated the hermitage built in Rus Baal, on the foundations of the old Chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Rábida. With the Reconquest completed, the hermitage initially passed into the hands of the solitary monks of Saint Francis, who built the Convent with their current dimensions, but was soon granted by the Pope to the Templars, who occupied it until the dissolution of their Order. Bishop Saint Macarius, to celebrate the liberation of the Convent, made a donation to the soldier Constantine Daniel of a sculpture that tradition attributed to the Apostle Saint Luke and that represented the Virgin Mary.

In the moment that I am evoking, when the Immortals Bera and Birsha were gathered with the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena, that sculpture was still in the Rábida Convent, in Rus Baal, in front of the region of Palos.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca



Convent of La Rabida

### *Thirtieth Day*

The four Priests of Jehovah Satan reflected on the Announcement of the Immortals: soon would take place the twelfth manifestation of the Shekhinah, very near there, in Rus Baal; and They would be protagonists of that extraordinary portent: only another Priest of Israel could understand the ecstasy the four experienced at such a possibility! Because only the Soul of a Jew is able to understand the Shekhinah! The most excited was the Grand Master of the Knights Templar: --"Oh, what a great honor, he thought with a shudder, that my Order has been entrusted with the custody of such a sacred place! God himself will descend now, in the midst of ours!" --. And so on, each one gave free rein to his rabbinic and Golen fantasies.

-- Indeed, Priests!" --approved Birsha, guessing the thought of the present-- you will contribute like no one else to execute God's Plans! Thousands of Golen monks and Hebrew Doctors work to establish the Universal Synarchy: all of them enjoy the favor of Elohim and will be magnificently rewarded! But only the four of you know the Announcement of the Shekhinah: and only You, and whom you call to collaborate, YHVH Sebaoth will hold responsible for the Water Holocaust that Quiblon will offer him on his day! Rejoice, then, Priests, because the Triple Holocaust of Quiblon, one of the bloodiest in history, will be attributed to you, if you fulfill the Mission that we will entrust to you! It



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

depends on you that YHVH's design be carried out; on it rests, Priests, one of the pillars of history!

-Now that Evil has been extirpated in Huelva, -continued Bera- now that the Blood of Tharsis has turned to bleach, we will entrust you with a very simple Mission, which is to affirm the Good on Earth! And the Good is YHVH! And YHVH can only descend into the Holy Land! To you it corresponds, Priests of YHVH, to purify the Earth! -Bera's glance was interrogative.

-Yes, -Nazi and Benjamin exclaimed in unison-. Purifying the Earth is Priests task! Sanctifying it is YHVH's faculty!

-All right, Priests: We, the Representatives of Melchizedek, we order you: purify this land of Huelva, erase all vestige of the Mystery of the Cold Fire, clean the Stain of the Cult of the Virgen de la Gruta (Grotto)! Above all: eliminate the memory of this dark Deity! Because there will be no peace, neither on Earth nor in Heaven, and Rus Baal will not be the Holy Land, as long as the disturbing Presence of the Virgin of Agartha lasts bearing the Cursed Seed of it.

-Naturally -said Bera- that such an atonement will only be effective if one Cult is replaced by another. Consequently, we command you, also, implant in all the necessary places the New Cult of the Virgen de los Milagros (Miracles): She will illuminate with her Warm Fire the Darkness that the Intruder spilled! When the Gentiles give her their Heart without reservations, the Intruder will be forgotten, will be extinguished the memory of her abomination, and the Earth will be purified: then, and only then, will descend the Shekinah in Rus Baal!

-But that Cult already exists! -the Grand Master of the Knights Templar interrupted-. It is precisely in La Rábida that the Virgen de los Milagros is worshipped, the ancient Proserpina of Palos, Lady of the Rabies!

-You are wrong, Priest! Bera assured, grinning horribly. I am referring to a New Cult that will also replace the one that you mention: the Cult of the Great Mother Binah, whom you will advocate as Virgen de los Milagros to prevent Gentiles from suspecting the substitution, but that will receive several Holy Names, only known by the Initiated Priests, Golen and Rabbis. So, I am referring to the Virgen de la Ciñuela (Pomegranate),

or to the Virgen de la Cinta (Ribbon),  
or to the Virgen de la Barca (Boat),  
or to the Virgen del Niño de Barro (Mud Child),  
or to the Virgen del Fuego Caliente (Warm Fire).

-Look for, Priests, look now for the sculptor monk that you have brought from France! The Abbot of Clairvaux hurried out of the Library, and a moment later he entered followed by the humble Cistercian monk, who carried in his hands a scroll of parchment and charcoal. The monk stopped in front of Bera, followed by the Abbot, and stared in terror at the Immortal's diabolical face.

-Listen well, miserable! -Bera blurted out with flaming eyes of hate-. I am going to give you a warning: about what you will see in this place, you will never speak to anyone. You will do your job and then you will cloister yourself for life in a cloistered monastery. And don't even think about disobeying our mandate because the Earth will be small to hide your betrayal! However, we don't trust you and you will be watched day and night from now on. But you must know, mortal creature, that not even Death will be able to free you from Us, to the hell itself we will go to punish you! Have you understood the risks that you run?

The poor monk had thrown himself on the ground at Bera's feet and was trembling like a scared dog. -"N... no I wouldn't d... dare to betray you" -he stammered, without looking up from Bera's feet, not daring to see the deadly threat from his eyes.

-You better tell the truth, -said that King of Lies with irony, which was Bera. Get up, dog! -He ordered harshly- and look at the page of this open book.

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

What do you see in it?

The four priests looked at each other, amazed that the Immortals showed the sculptor monk, who was neither Theologian nor Kabbalist, and much less Initiate, a secret drawing in the Sefer Icheh.

Trying to compose himself, the imager leaned with both hands on the edge of the ramp table and looked at the indicated page. What he saw soon made him forget the bitter minutes before and, he would repeat it to himself all life, it rewarded him for the sufferings endured until then. For the first time he felt blameless, sinless, forgiven by a Mercy that came from inside the Soul, as if the Soul participated in a Divine Jubilee; and who inspired that feeling of mental freedom, that security of being approved by God and loved by Christ, was the Most Beautiful and Majestic image of the Mother of God the monk would never see; because, of course, that Lady **was alive**, as she held the child in her arms, the Mother glanced at him briefly, and it was in that instant that he felt forgiven, at peace, as if She had told him --Come, son of God, I will intercede so that the Rigor of His Law, is not recalcitrant with you. Fulfill your mission and portray me as you see me, in the Fullness of My Holiness, so that men may also see the Miracle that you see; do your job with all your talent and the Great Face of God will smile at you!

-She's so beautiful! --cried the sculptor, completely amazed. Only hands guided by the Grace of God, and a stone blessed by the Almighty, could carry out the Work that is asked of me. But I will put my hands to the Service of God, and You, who are powerful, will provide me with the best stone of alabaster of the World!

And unfolding the scroll beside the book, he feverishly began to draw the portrait of a Virgin with the Child of novel characteristics. The four Priests looked at him in surprise, for it was evident that his vision did not come from the Sefer Icheh book, at least from the sheet that was in view, but from another reality, from a Celestial World that had opened before his eyes and had revealed the Lady of his inspiration.

With unusual patience, the Immortals waited a long hour until the monk seemed to return to reality: on the table, it was completed the graphic synthesis of the supernatural vision.

-Your Eminences: now I understand Your reservations, said the carver, still excited-

-You, undoubtedly with the authorization of the Lord, have allowed me to look up to Heaven and contemplate the Blessed Mother. Keep for sure that although I'll always remember it, and my Work remains as a testimony of this vision, the origin of it will never leave my mouth. As you warned at the beginning, I answer you for it with my life! However --here he narrowed his eyes and mused aloud, to himself-- what is Death, in front of the even more terrifying possibility of losing the favor of the Mother of God, of failing Her? I will comply! -He said now yelling- Oh, yes. I will comply. For Her I will fulfill!

-Do you think you are capable of carving the statue we need? asked Birsha, without much contemplation for the mystical state of the sculptor monk.

-Oh yes! I will put all my Art, and the Divine Inspiration that now overwhelms me, to give the most perfect finish to this image! -and pointed to the drawings sketched in charcoal on the fine leather of the parchment.

In these a Sublime Mother was exposed, endowed with a beautiful face of Israelite features and a dress of equal nationality, covering her head with a long mantilla, below her waist, and holding the Child with the left hand, while on the right she carried **a scepter crowned with a Pomegranate**. The Mother's body gave the impression of being slightly inclined towards the left, perhaps to let the Divine Child take center stage. The Child, on his part, looked straight ahead and blessed what was observed with a gesture of the right hand, while in the left he held a **sphaera orbis terrae**. Both the Mother and the Child were crowned: the Mother wore a Queen's Crown, that the image maker noted, it should be built of pure gold; and the Child had on a silver halo ring, **three almond blossoms**, proportionally separated: from the sixth petal of each flower, nine rays sprouted, symbol of the Nine Powers of the Messiah. At the feet of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Virgin, various symbols, such as snails and fish, indicated the marine nature of the invocation: She herself was perched on the waves.

-To a certain point we will trust you, although you will also be watched -- Birsha threatened, after examining the sketch--. We like what you have seen and what you plan to do. You are fortunate, Servant of God! Now retire to your cell, you have much to pray and meditate on.

Moments later the six were again gathered in front of the Sefer Icheh.

--What did the monk see, Oh Immortals? It certainly has not been this figure on the lamed page, --asked the Abbot of Clairvaux.

-Certainly not, --replied Birsha--. Bera has made the sculptor eat a grain of this fruit --and pointed to the Binah pomegranate.

-Indeed; --confirmed Bera-- we have allowed the monk to peer into the Seventh Heaven, to the Palace where the Messiah dwells, in the loving arms of his Mother Binah. And he has seen the Mother and the Messiah, the Divine Couple of the Aspects of YHVH that rule the Seventh Heaven: Mother Binah, pouring out the Creative Intelligence of YHVH Elohim with the Warm Fire of Her Love; and the Breath of YHVH which is the Soul of the Messiah, the Child whose Form is that of Metatron, whose mount is Araboht, the clouds, whose round is carried on the waters of Avir, the Ether, and whose Manifestation is the Shekhinah, the Descent of YHVH in the Kingdom. We have done this because we need that vision to be rendered on a First Stone, and exhibited in La Rabida, replacing the statue of Bishop Macarius that the Templars guard. The carving will be made in secret and, when it is ready, you will replace it with the greatest discretion. It will be affirmed then, with more emphasis than ever, that it is the work of the Evangelist, that Saint Luke himself carved it in the 1st century. It is important that it is done in this way, because Quiblon, one day will come to Rus Baal to confirm his key, that will be S.A.M., that is, Shekhinah, Avir, Metatron, the universal key of the Messiah: by the new image of the Virgen de los Milagros, he will know that there will be manifested the Shekhinah to endow him with the Word of Metatron through Avir, the Ether.

As you know, this image of the Sefirotic Rimmon Tree symbolizes Adam Ilaah, the Man Above, also called Adam Kadmon, the Primordial Man, that is, the Human Form of YHVH, which reproduces itself in Adam Harishon, the terrestrial man. In the fruits of the Divine Pomegranate of Life are the archetypal Ten Name-Numbers with which He adopted that Form and gave existence to all created entities. These Names-Numbers called Sefirot are the nexus between the Unity of YHVH and the plurality of entities: for YHVH, the Sefirot are identical and one with The One; for the world, the Sefirot are distinct and give existence to the manifold that constitutes the reality. Seen from the World, by We, the Created Beings, the Ten Sefirot emanate successively from The One without dividing it, and sprout from the Rimmon Tree.

The first fruit is Keter, the Crown of Ehyeh, the essential Aspect of YHVH: just under Keter is the Throne of God, the Highest of Creation. Keter is the Holy Elder, attika kadisha, or even more, the Ancient of the Elders, attika deatikim. He sits on the Throne and only Metatron comes to Him, who sometimes comes down to men, as he spoke to Moses on Sinai, and leads them before the Ancient of Days. He is the one who said to Moses -- "I Am Who I Am", Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh [Exodus, 3,14]. The Power of Ehyeh extends directly over the Seraphim, Haiioth Hakadosch, that is, Holy Souls, Angels Builders of the Universe.

From Keter arises the second of the Sefirot, the Sefira Chokhmah, the Wisdom of Yah, God the Father. Chokhmah is the Divine Thought of all entities: there is nothing that has existed, exists, or will exist, that previously was not potentially in the Chokhmah; many are the grains of this fruit, Father of all the fruits of the Earth. This same image of the Rimmon Tree is the product of the Sefira Chokhmah, which in this case reveals itself. Who is present in the Chokhmah, and introduces men into the sphere of the Father, is Raziel, the Angel who wrote the First Book of the Law for Adam.

But the Wisdom of the Father crosses the dahat channel and is reflected in Binah, the third Sefira, whose Divine Intelligence is necessary for the realization of the creation of thought entities. Binah is the Great Universal

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Mother: through Her the Wisdom of the Father produces the fruits of the Worlds and the content of the Worlds. The Warm Fire of her Universal Love floods the Avir Ether and transmits to all the Worlds the Intelligence of YHVH Elohim, the third Aspect of The One. Under her Power are the energetic Angels **Aralim**, who act in the sphere of Saturn, but the main Angel, the one who communicates man with the Divine Mother, is **Zaphkiel**, the one who was the guide of Noah, **the great navigator: Binah she is, then, Lady of Seamen.**

-Keter, Chokmah and Binah constitute the Great Face of the Elder, **Arieh Anpin**: the remaining seven Construction Sefirot form, in turn, the Little Face of God, reflection of The Great Face and first access to The One that man can obtain from anything created.

-The following Sefirot are Numerations emanating from the essential Trinity Keter, Chokmah and Binah: **Hoessed and Netzach**, which are found to the right of the Rimmon Tree, they are masculine like the Father; **Din and Hod**, feminine like the Mother, bear fruit to the left of the Pomegranate. In the central column of a trunk, the neutral fruits grow, which synthesize the opposites of the two successive trinities: **Din, Tiferet, Chesed**, creative and productive, and **Hod, Yesod, Netzah**, executor and concretizer of entities. Finally, in the center is **Malkuth**, the Kingdom, which reflects **Keter**, the Crown, and is the manifest synthesis of the form of the Ancient of Days: through the Kingdom descends the Shekhinah to Earth, and the Kingdom of God will be realized on Earth when the Shekhinah takes the form of the Chosen People, Ruled by the King Messiah.

The fourth Sefirot is thus **Chesed, Elohai's Grace, His Mercy and Compassion.** He is **YHVH's Right Hand** and under His Power are those creatures of the Heavens called Dominations or **Hasmalim**, who act in **Jupiter's** sphere. The main Angel is **Zadkiel**, who was Abraham's guide.

The fifth Sefirot is **Din**, the Rigor of **Elohim Gibor**. From this fruit comes the Law of God, and His grains are the Judgments of His Court: all human act, and every entity of Creation, must submit to Judgment, **Geyurah**, by **Elohim Gibor**. He is **YHVH's Left Hand** and under His Power are the Powers called **Seraphim**, which influence the sphere of Mars. His main Angel is **Kamael**, Samson's protector.

The sixth Sefirot is **Tiferet**, the Beauty of **YHVH**. United with Sefira Chesed and Din they make up the triad that produces created entities, **Din, Tiferet, Chesed**, but actually **Tiferet is the Heart of YHVH**, the seat of the Warm Fire of Great Mother Binah. In Tiferet, the Shapes acquire the archetypal perfection of Supreme Beauty: the acts of men, inspired by Tiferet, can only be acts of Love; and the entities created, they are linked together by the Universal Love that radiates the Heart of **YHVH**. In Tiferet everything is Beautiful and Perfect, because the Chokmah Wisdom of the things thought perfect, and the Binah Intelligence of the conception of it, produced by Grace Chesed and adjusted to the Rigor Din of the Law, shine in their Fruit. **But Tiferet is not a Pomegranate, but a Strawberry, that is, a Rose, another part of Message One of the Love of YHVH towards the Man with a Soul.** The Strawberry Tiferet turns Pink when the Heart of the Earthly Man houses the Hot Fire of Animal Passion. Under His Power are the Angels operating through the sphere of the Sun, the Virtues called Malachim. And there are two powerful Angels here: one, **Raphael**, who was the guide of Isaac; and another, **Pehel**, who directed Jacob's destiny. **Here also act some Angels that should be higher: they are the Seraphim Nephilim who the white Atlanteans accuse of "Traitor Angels", but who really serve YHVH with energetic dedication, carrying out his Plans of human progress and favoring the creation of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People. They founded the White Fraternity and took up residence in the YHVH's heart; and on them depends the Hidden Hierarchy of Priests of the Earth.**

The seventh Sefirot, **Netzach**, reveals the Victory of **YHVH Sebaoth**, the God of the Celestial Armies. He is **The Right Pillar of the Temple, Jaquim**, and under His Power are the Principalities or Elohim, the Angels who influence from the sphere of Venus. **Cerviel**, David's director Angel, presides over it.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The eighth Sefirot is **Hod**, the Glory of **Elohim Sebaoth**, the **Left Column of the Temple, Boaz**. He dominates the Archangels **Ben Elohim**, who express from the sphere of Mercury; Michael, the inspirer of Solomon, is here the main Angel.

The ninth Sefirot is **Yesod**, the Foundation of the Creation of **YHVH Saddai**, the Almighty. It is the **reproductive organ of YHVH**, and, together with Netzach and Hod, he composes the last construction triad or executive: Hod, Yesod, Netzach. His Power encompasses the Angels known as **Cherubs**, who manifest from the sphere of the Moon, and their main Angel is Gabriel, protector of Daniel.

And the tenth Sefirot is **Malkuth**, the Kingdom of **Adonai Melekh**, the Lord King of Creation, ultimate reflection of the Ancient of Elders. Therefore under his Power are all the members of the Hidden Hierarchy and of the White Fraternity, the **Issim** of the Chosen People. And that is why his main Angel is Metatron, the Soul of the Messiah. Malkuth is the **Lower Mother**, as **Binah is the Superior Mother**, but if the descent of the Inferior Mother is externalized in the Chosen People, this becomes the Shekhinah, **YHVH's Mystical Wife**.

### Thirty-First Day

All this, you know well -added Bera, who was the one who was describing the Sefer Icheh drawing --but I have repeated the essentials to avoid misunderstandings, because in a moment we will explain the Mystery of the Stone of Fire. Such an explanation, which was requested by the Grand Master of the Temple, requires prior and exact understanding of the Work of The One, of the Creation of **YHVH**, of His Manifestation in the Created as the Rimmon Tree of Principles immanent and absolute, from his triple principle of immanent action, Shekhinah, Avir, Metatron.

Sighed, relieved, the Grand Master, who already feared that the explanation requested would never arrive.

-Observe the roots of the Pomegranate of Life: they arise from the tenth Sefirot, the Kingdom, bearing the Sign of the Almond on its trunk. As the Menorah candelabrum, the roots are seven and culminate in the chalices of the flower of Almond, where the Eyes of **YHVH**, the Eyes that never sleep, the Eyes that see everything, the Eyes that the Prophet Zacharias saw. **These optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent Israel Shekhinah, the Chosen People, being One with The One, that is, they show the concretion of the Plan, show the Chosen People exercising the World Government in the Name of The One: in truth, it will be the ineffable One who will show himself in the Shekhinah of Israel at the End of Time.**

-Said the Prophet: -continued Birsha- **"Thus says YHVH: Heaven is my Throne, and the Earth the Stone of Fire under my feet"**. **YHVH** therefore rests his feet, the roots of the Rimmon Tree, on a Stone of Fire that is none other than the Soul of the Messiah, manifested in the Shekhinah: that terrestrial Stone, is the replica of Metatron, the Celestial Man, Archetype of all men of warm clay. Because that Stone of Fire, which was from the Beginning of Creation, but not used by the Builders, will fit right in at the End of Time, when Time is finished and becomes Angular Stone, Vault Key of the entire building: **"The Stone that the Mason discarded, has become a Cornerstone"** [Psalm, 118, 22]. And where does it sit that Stone of Fire, the Soul of the Messiah, Metatron, who is a model of all the warm mud men? According to the Prophet: **"Therefore, says Adonai YHVH: Here I am laying in Zion the foundation of a Stone, a proven, angular, precious, fundamental, cemented stone; he who believes, shall not move from that foundation"** [Isaiah, 28, 16]. Mortal Men, Stones of Clay, they would be in the End like the Stone of Fire, like Metatron, the Celestial Man; would be so when the Temple was ready, and each occupied his place in the construction, according to the Messiah model; would be like that in the days when the Kingdom of **YHVH** took shape on Earth; and the King Messiah reigned; and the Shekhinah would manifest as the Chosen People. Because only for Israel **YHVH** has created the Kingdom and the King: no

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Gentile people have been never a true Kingdom, although it may have seemed, nor has there been a true King, out of the Chosen People: hence the Name Melchizedek, of the Supreme Priest of our Order, actually means **"He who dethroned the Kings"** and not **"The King of Zedek"** as we have led the Gentiles to believe. Melchizedek, and those of us who belong to his Order, are to destroy all false Kingdom and every false King before the true one reproduces on Earth YHWH's Kingdom, Malkuth, with the World Government of the Chosen People.

However, Priests, the Plan of God has been derailed and it will now be necessary to sacrifice the clay men in a Fire Holocaust, at the End of Time, just when the Temple is raised and the Kingdom is carried out in the Shekhinah of Israel: as we assure you, the Stone of Fire must be washed with bleach to erase its Abominable Sign. The Stone of Fire, which was a Pure Archetype at the Beginning of Time, multiplied, without losing its uniqueness in The One that characterizes all Sefirot: and each Stone of Fire, identical to that of the Beginning, was a Soul that would reach perfection in the End, being like all the others One with The One; the man of clay would thus become Stone of Fire, similar to Metatron: for this he should only fulfill the Law and move in Time towards the End, where Perfection was. but here we have that They, the Seraphim Nephilim, creators of the White Brotherhood, **engraved the Abominable Sign** in the Stone of Fire upon which each Soul of the mud men settles. And the Abominable Sign **cooled** the Stone of Fire, **Aben Esch**, and removed it from the End. **Then, Priests, the Stone that must be washed with bleach at the end, is the Cold Stone that should not be where it is, because it was not put in the Beginning by the One Creator.**

Cursed Stone, Scandal Stone, Stone Seed: They Planted It after the Beginning in the Soul of the clay man and it is now in the Beginning. **Time is the constant flow of the Conscience of The One:** between the Beginning and the End of Time is Creation; and at the End of Time is the Perfection of the Soul as a Stone of Fire. It is the Will of YHWH that the Soul attain Final Perfection according to Metatron's model. But now the Soul **cannot see** the Cold Stone that it carries sunk at its bosom. It does not perceive it until it gets in its way and becomes a Stumbling Stone for the Soul, an Insurmountable Obstacle to reach the Good of the Final Perfection. Without the Stone Seed in the Soul of the clay man there would have been no Evil or Hate towards Creation, evolution would have been carried out by the Force of Love for the Creator, the Final Perfection would have been assured for all Created Souls: now that Plan of YHWH will be impossible to fulfill, and the Din Judgment of the Elder of Days determines that only those who achieve the Good of Final Perfection, in any Time, reach the End of Time alive; instead the contaminated by Evil, the clay men whose Souls hatch, still without knowing it, the Stone Seed, will be dissolved and transformed into bleach, to wash with it the Abominable Sign in the Stone of Fire.

-Yes, Priests: -continued Birsha- Ehyeh created all beings, including the Stone. He extracted it from the Warm Fire and that is why he designated it as "Stone of Fire". And He put all the Created Beings in the Becoming of Time, which is the Flow of His Conscience: because before the Beginning there was nothing created except the ineffable Supreme Being. The Spirit of The One came out of the Ein Sof at the Beginning, the Actual Infinity, which represents **the nothingness** for all created Souls. So The One, that also arose from that nothingness, drew from it the Created Beings, the first of which was the Warm Fire, created on the first Day: thus gave Beginning to Time. The Soul of the Mud Man, created later, began to evolve since then, in the direction of Final Perfection. But that evolution was very slow. To accelerate it came the Seraphim Nephilim with the consent of The One; they also arose from the Ein Sof: such Angels, our enemies call "Traitor Gods". The truth is that They extracted the Abominable Uncreated Sign from the nothingness and engraved it on the Warm Stone: **and that was the Origin of Evil.** The Signalled Stone was transformed by that Sign into "Cold Stone" and instantly moved to the Beginning of Time, receding into the initial nothingness to sustain an abominable existence outside of Time. Among the Created beings, among the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Created Stones, the Cold Stone rejected the Order of Creation, rebelled against the Will of The One and declared itself an Enemy of the Creation. Those who had introduced the Uncreated Sign into the World, planted the Cold Stone in the Soul of Man as a Stone Seed, so that it might grow, mature and fructify, so that the force of its development would raise the Soul quickly to Final Perfection. But that Seed, as we said, would produce an extremely hostile Fruit towards the One God and His Creation: a Fruit that would only accept to exist outside of Time, before the Beginning, a Fruit that only would long to leave the world of Created Beings and lose itself in the original nothingness; a Fruit that could not be foreseen by the Soul because its Seed would remain invisible from the Beginning; a Fruit that they would call "the Self". And the cause for that Fruit would not be the Cold Stone, nor the Stone Seed, but those inhabitants of the Abyss whom you know as **Hyperborean Spirits**. They are our true enemies, but fortunately they can only manifest in the Soul of man through the Cold Stone; you will understand that that which chains them to the Soul of man, without them noticing it, is the Cold Stone in the Beginning. However, if the Warm Stone was extracted from the Warm Fire, the Cold Fire, on the contrary, has sprouted from the Cold Stone: for that Uncreated Fire the Cursed Lineage of Tharsis, which we have just exterminated, escaped our control for centuries and infected the world with Men of Stone that tried to destroy the bases of the Cult.

Apparently, the Seraphim Nephilim did not count on the fact that the Cold Fire would spring from the Cold Stone and reveal to Luciferic men what They call **"Infinite Blackness of Himself"**; that's why it is necessary, since such odious Mystery was possible, to prevent in the Future the Stone Seed from maturing and bearing fruit, may the Stone Child be born who will receive the revelation of the Cold Fire and extinguish the Warm Fire of the Heart; it is necessary to **wash the Cold Stone with Bleach to recover the Warm Fire**, the Fire that should never abandon the Heart of man. Truly, Priests, although They blame The One, and his earthly representatives, of the misfortune that afflicts them, it's the Hyperborean Seraphim, those who dwell in the heart of YHVH, Tiferet, who preserve the spiritual enchainment; it is true that they worked with the consent of The One and no one knows when or why He created them, or why He also granted them the Power to extract beings from the nothingness. Unless its given credit to what They themselves affirm: **that they are not Beings Created by The One but come, like Ehyeh, from an existing World Beyond the Ein Sof; and that their spiritual nature is equal to that of The One**. But believing them would be committing the greatest heresy against the Chokhmah of the Master of Everything, because, didn't The One Himself declare His Absolute and Exclusive Unity?: **"Who can you compare me to who resembles me?" Says the Holy Elder. Raise your eyes on high and see: Who created all that?** [Isaiah, 40,25]. **"Thus says YHVH, King of Israel, his Redeemer, YHVH Sebaoth: I am the First and the last, and outside of me there is no God. You are my Witnesses. Is there any God outside of me? There is no other Stone; I do not know it"** [Isaiah, 44,6]. **"You are my witnesses, says YHVH, for you are the People Chosen by Me so that you know and understand that I Am, Ehyeh. Before Me no God existed, and after Me there won't be. I, I am YHVH, and besides me there is no Savior. I have always been God and also from today I am the same, and there is no one who escapes my hand: I will do what I want and who will change it?"** [Isaiah, 43,10]. Yes, Priests; we should not doubt The One. But also do not forget that the Hyperborean Seraphim founded the White Fraternity to which we all belong and in whose Hierarchy we have reached the Highest Priesthood.

In short, according to the plans of the Seraphim Nephilim, while the Seed of Stone would develop, the Soul of the mud man would evolve undoubtedly accelerated in the direction of the Final Perfection. But reality contradicted these plans: that Germ of Evil, when Fruiting, far from making the Soul rise towards the Final Perfection, would plunge it into the Terror of Nameless Abysses, in the Eternity of an Infinite Blackness. At last, the Stone Seed would end up dominating the Soul of the clay man and turning him into a Enemy of the Creator and Creation, hardening his Heart and making him a devoid

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of Love, transforming him into a Man of Stone. That is why We, the Perfect Priests, must propitiate the Fire Holocaust, to wash with bleach at the End the Abominable Sign on ~~the Stone which is planted in the Soul of the Man of Mud~~. --Birsha concluded.

### Thirty-Second Day

Immediately, Bera added the following:

-For millennia, on the sunken Continent of Atlantis, that the Gentiles should never know that it existed, the Priests of The One fought against the hostile effect that the Cold Stone had on the Soul of the men of mud. It was sought, by various means, that the Uncreated Spirit, chained to the Soul by the Cold Stone, **forget its Origin, beyond the Ein Sof**. And the results were encouraging because, finally, the blood of the men of mud had degraded in such a way that the Uncreated Spirit was unable to orient himself towards the Cold Stone that would reveal his Divine Origin. There was then a Cultural Golden Age, in which another Chosen People, like Israel, had established the Universal Synarchy and was preparing for the Kingdom of the Shekhinah. It was at that time that some Men of Stone, who escaped to the extermination to which the Priests and the Seraphim Nephilim subjected them, managed to attract other Seraphim, called "Hyperboreans", to their aid, who entered the Created Universe through the sphere of Venus. The most terrible of those Seraphim was the one known as **Lucifer, Phosphorus, or Hesperus**, since, facing all the Celestial Legions of **YHVH Sebaoth**, He fell to Earth to bequeath his own Crown to the Spirit, chained in the mud men. He left here, then, the Damned Gem of the **Gral, which has the Power to prevent the Spirit from forgetting its Origin**. This done, He returned the way He had come, but leaving behind the fertilized germs of the Luciferic Lineages that we still fight against, in all similar to the House of Tharsis that we just exterminated.

And it would be those Lineages condemned by **YHVH**, especially those arisen from the White Race, those who would no longer forget the Origin, those who would germinate the Seed of Stone in all men of mud, which would unleash the rebellion against the Law of **YHVH** and the hatred of Creation. And that is how the battle of Atlantis inevitably came about, which ended with a planetary catastrophe. However, the greatest Evil had not yet occurred: it came because of Lucifer and **that Woman, The Intruder Ama**, who was able to enter in the sphere of Venus and obtain the Secret of the Stone Seeds. Yes Priests: the Seraph Lucifer gave the Intruder the Spike of the Stone Seed, which until then only the Seraphim Nephilim possessed. And upon her return the Greater Evil fell upon the mud men, for The Intruder chose the braver and began to plant in their hearts the Stone Seed that extinguishes the Warm Fire of Animal Passion, the Love of the Great Mother Binah: each Stone Seed would be a Wise Warrior, a Man of Stone situated outside the Law of **YHVH**, instead of the man identical to Metatron destined to be at the End of Time. **With her unspeakable act, The Intruder, The Virgin of Agartha, deeply offended the Great Mother Binah, whom she snatched the Love of numerous Sons: that is why this land of Huelva must be purified, which for so many centuries has been dedicated to its Impious Cult**. Only thus will the Shekhinah descend on Rus Baal.

She, Priests, is Our Most Powerful Enemy, her Evil is above all evils; her Hostility towards Creation, surpasses that of any Man of Stone; her courage to face The One surpasses that of the Bravest Wise Warrior: in front of Her, and her Infinite Mystery, everyone trembles in Horror; and after Terror and Death, only the Uncreated Spirits survive, which are of the same Hyperborean essence. She returned from Venus, bearing the Spike of the Stone Seeds and carrying the Demon of the War, Navutan, Her Uncreated Son. It was all a conspiracy of the Seraph Lucifer: He wanted Ama to have a Son of Stone, a Son who would be in charge of the White Race and found a Mystery for its members; and that the Initiates in that Mystery acquired Immortality and received in their Heart the Seed of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

-Look at the Sefer Icheh! -ordered Bera, to whom this part of History produced a strange mix of Hate and Terror--. Here Navutan self-crucified, -- he was pointing to the branches that went from the trunk to the Chesed and Din Pomegranates. The Ace was attached to the Right Arm and the Left Arm of the Holy Elder, under his Great Face and unaware that the Stone of Fire, Aben Esch, hung over his head. Nine nights he agonized on the Cross of Rimmon until Frya, a Female Demon as terrible as Ama, came out of his eye and found out the Secret of Death. But, in order to reveal it to Navutan, who had just died, she **had to eat a grain from the Chokmah pomegranate** and transform into partridge; then she danced for Navutan the lame dance that allows us to exit the Illusion Labyrinth of Death; however, that food chained her to Illusion, as Persephone, and she could no longer return to the Origin from which she had come to save her Husband. Thus, Frya, a new Enemy of Creation, stayed with Vides, the Lord of Agartha, the lair of the Uncreated Demons, and next to Navutan her Spouse, to carry out the Essential War against The One. Navutan, on his part, was resurrected and revealed to the members of his Race the Secret of Death through the Mystery of the Labyrinth, in the course of which the Initiates receive in their heart the Stone Seed of the Virgin of Agartha and they can become Men of Stone. Disciples of Navutan were the white Atlanteans, who sowed the World of unholy Stones, those who **opened the gates of the Celestial Mansions to take by storm.**

Therefore, do not forget, Priests, the conditions of the Cultural Pact! The Men of Stone are our most terrible Enemies because they have proposed to prevent the realization of the Plans that YHWH has arranged for Humanity: **but so are the Stones of the Stone Men.** Don't forget that their Cursed Stones must be destroyed because they could have Seeds of Stone, germs of inconceivable beings that could bear fruit and be born at certain moments in history. Do not forget that the Cold Stone is always outside of Time, beyond the Beginning of Created Beings, invisible to Our Souls but ready to manifest its **essential hostility** when the opportunity, that is, the **kairos**, allows it: we ignore, then, if from this or from that Menhir a Man of Stone should emerge, but in any case we must destroy it. Do not forget that we wage the Essential War against the Enemy of the Creation, that ours is the war between the Bleach and the Cold Stone, between the Warm Fire and the Cold Fire, between the Created and the Uncreated, between the Being and the Naught.

Birsha took up the word to refer exclusively to the mission that the Immortals left the Priests. The meeting was coming to an end and it would be many years before They would return: perhaps, then, as before, as always, there would be other Priests to receive them. They shouldn't, then, lose any of the words They said, since no one could repeat them later. And the error, in the Order of Melchizedek, was paid dearly.

-You already know, in part, your mission, --Birsha conceded. You will dedicate with all your powers and influences to purify this region of Huelva. The House of Tharsis has been destroyed and, although we have not recovered the Stone of Venus it will not be used against us either. That was one of the last Stones of Lucifer, which allowed the Hyperborean Initiates to orient themselves in the Labyrinth of the Illusion of Life; without them at hand, the Guardian of the Labyrinth, **YHWH Adonai**, can be undisturbed: only the Priests of Israel know the lame dance that marks the exit. Priests: the Enemy is almost defeated! The Synarchy of the Chosen People will soon be a reality, soon the Shekhinah will descend, the King Messiah will soon reign! The Holocaust of Fire is already in sight! Quiblon will come to Rus Baal to seek the Great Mother Binah and display his Name **S.A.M.**, Shekhinah, Ayir, Metatron; and She will lovingly **plant in his heart the Mud Seed of Pardes Rimmonim, the Germ of Metatron that will be at the End, Stone of Fire, Perfect Soul of the Chosen People!**

Ruthlessly tear down the Altars of the Imposter! Get off her hand the abominable Spike of Hate! May no one remember her Essential Sacrilege, her Stone Seeds condemned by YHWH! Destroy their places of Cult and their Images, kill even her memory and, of course, burn to ashes, and make bleach with it,

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

all those who believe in the Virgin of Agartha and desire the Seed of Stone! Be tough, Priests, because the Enemy deserves it!

Raise altars instead for sweet Mother Binah! Put in your hand the magnificent Pomegranate of Love of YHVH! Let everyone know her Essential Sacrifice, to be the depository of the Mud Seeds blessed by YHVH! Build places for her Cult and invoke the Images of her, generate in the people a memory of Her and, of course, award the greatest dispensations to all those who believe in the Virgen de los Milagros, or of La Rábida, or of the Cíñuela, or de la Cinta, or the Barco, or the Niño de Barro, or the Fuego Caliente! Be effective, Priests, because YHVH's Plans require it!

In summary, you will start by replacing the statue of Bishop Macarius with the new sculpture of Nuestra Señora de los Milagros, to be carved by the monk according to the vision of the Sefer Icheh. You will install that sculpture in the Convent of Our Lady of La Rábida, but you will immediately devote yourself to the task of promoting the nearby construction of a great sanctuary dedicated to the Virgen de la Cinta: it must house a Brotherhood of sailors and Ship owners, who will request her protection and will congregate around her Cult. The ideal site will be a hill near the sea, from where you can see the Estuary of the Odiel, the City of Huelva, Palos, La Rábida and Moguer. And the image that will be worshiped there, will be very similar to the one the sculptor monk has seen, but endowed with greater sacred attributes: Great Mother Binah will display in her left hand the Cíñuela, that is, the acid Pomegranate of the Warm Life, split in the shape of a vulva and showing through its opening the grains of the Mud Seeds; with her right hand she will hold the Messiah, who will appear fully naked except for his feet, which he will have covered with boots to hide the limping of Dionysus. The Divine Child's left hand will be directed toward the Pomegranate, while with the right he will hold the sefirotic ribbon, the string with the ten measures of the Universe, the symbol of overseas navigators. But in the dress of the Mother of God, well visible and contrasted, must be the Hebrew Letters of the Name of Quiblon, S.A.M., that is, Samekh, Aleph, and Mem. Last, on the image of the Virgen de la Cinta, you will portray two of the Seraphim Nephilim, holding in their hands the Celtic Symbol of the Káalachakra Key.

You will also make other images and sculptures inspired by the recent descriptions. But keep in mind that, in any case, the Messiah Child must be stripped of the sacrilegious book that the Stone Child of the Virgin of Agartha holds, the Book of the Hyperborean Wisdom: instead, you will put a *sphaera orbis terrae*, as a symbol of the Universal Power that the King Messiah will achieve in the Kingdom of Israel Shekhinah. Similar to this, then, will be the images and sculptures that you will distribute in all the places that were necessary.

And now, attention, Priests! we will prophesy to You for the last time. Hear this Message, which will be fulfilled in any time and place because it is YHVH's Word:

YHVH Sebaoth says: Days of Glory will come for the Chosen People. I will descend, Shekhinah, upon him and Reign, in the midst of the Holocaust of Fire in which the impious will be consumed. And in those days, when the Glory, and the Victory, of Israel are near, I will send an unequivocal signal that the hour has come: That Sign will be the fall of Granada, the Mansion of the Jews. In truth, it will always be Granada that marks this time. Granada, which will then be possessed by a decaying Kingdom, will be conquered by a nascent Empire. The Triple Holocaust of Gentile Peoples will be offered later; and then I'll come down; and the glory will begin and the victory of Israel, Quiblon, whose Voice closes the Gate of Hell and opens the Gate of Heaven, will offer me the Triple Holocaust and he will Announce me, and thus Announce The Hour of Israel.

-Rejoice, Priests of YHVH Sebaoth, that today the Lineage of Tharsis has been exterminated and We will announce the next Shekhinah! Comply, carry out firmly and exactly our orders, and soon will come Quiblon to receive the Word

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of Metatron and celebrate the Triple Holocaust awaited by YHVH! May the Victory Netzach of YHVH **Sebaoth** be with you! -Birsha greeted.

-And may the Glory Hod of **Elohim Sebaoth** crown your efforts! --Bera bid farewell.

The next day, the Immortals had departed for Shambhala, leaving the four Priests sunk in dark musings. Of course, Bera and Birsha's devilish arrogance would have been somewhat mollified if they had even suspected that there were still Lords of Tharsis alive and that the Doomed Lineage, like the Phoenix, would be reborn from its own ashes in the House of Tharsis.

### Thirty-Third Day

Dear Dr. Siegnagel:

I hope you have enough patience and time to continue reading. Perhaps this letter has gone on too long, but it has not been possible for me to shorten it more, because I run the risk of obscuring the message that, precisely, I want to reveal with your reading. Indeed, I have limited myself to mentioning only the most salient events in the complex history of the House of Tharsis; with another expository criteria it would have been impossible to even get here. From now on I will try to summarize the missing part even more, not because the message is already revealed, not because what follows is unimportant, but because time is running out for me, because I feel that They are getting closer and closer and I wish that you get the letter before the Golen execute the Sentence. I only ask you Dr., rather, I beg you to read it completely and then judge: I know that my condition of "mentally ill" subtracts no little credit to its content **if it be judged rationally**; but, I don't have to deny it, I trust that in the end you will take **another point of view**.

I must therefore abandon the satanic Immortals, who would soon return to the Temple of Melchizedek, to refer again to the Lords of Tharsis. Now it will be understood how the need that the House of Tharsis had to survive influenced and gave definitive guidance to the Strategy of the **Circulus Domini Canis**, and how this strategy culminated when the inspired management of Philip IV achieved its objectives.

Noso de Tharsis was preparing to return to the Secret Cavern when the **Plague** made its presence in the House of Tharsis. Right away he understood that he was there the only survivor and, mastering the warrior fury that gushed from his Spirit, tried to calmly assess the situation. In the case of an attack of the Golen, there was no hope for the remaining members of the family except for the Stone Men who, like him, were evidently invulnerable. He therefore prepared to await confirmation of what had happened with the expedition of the Count of Tarseval and, during that wait, he verified with horror that the bodies of his relatives were transformed into bitumen of Judea. Upon the arrival of Lugo da Braga and the beginning of the pillage, Noso did not need more information to know the fate of the Count and his Knights: and at that moment he only thought of the Basilica of the Virgin of the Grotto, and in her image, the most valuable thing that was left there for a Stone man. Without thinking twice, he ran to the Church, sword in hand. A party of fifteen soldiers had already arrived, perhaps with the intention of stealing the Golden Chalice, and had to face the fury of the Wise Warrior: unequal combat for the Almogavars and for any uninitiated warrior, that cost them their lives.

Approaching the altar, Noso, who was sure to get there first, checked with astonishment at the statuette of the Stone Child a mutilation: someone had severed the stone hand that expressed the Bala Vruna. But that was not the time to solve the riddle. The Noyo wrapped the busts of the Virgin and Child with a cape and rode a horse to reach the left bank of the Odiel river, where a little-frequented path would lead him towards the Sierra Candelaria.

The news about the extermination of a large part of the family shocked the tough old woman: seventeen hundred years earlier, another Vraya had gone through a similar situation. It was not possible, she said almost to herself, that

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

so much effort was in vain. Despite all the attacks suffered so far, the House of Tharsis always managed to overcome difficult moments, although none so critical like the present; but there was also a lot of progress: the family pattern was almost completed; the Cold Fire Cult for centuries had provided Men of Stone to the Lords of Tharsis; and had preserved the Stone of Venus, the most precious trophy for the Enemy; only one last effort of blood purification was needed, that the family produced a Man of Stone capable of understanding the Serpent with the Symbol of the Origin, that is, one who was able to project the Sign of the Origin onto the Stone of Venus; that Hyperborean Initiate would thus achieve the Highest Wisdom, the location of the Origin, and the Stone of Venus would show them the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar; then the Lords of Tharsis could march towards the destiny that the Liberator Gods had in store for them; and that moment did not seem far away, the House of Tharsis was aware of the imminence with which a Man of Stone would arrive who would be Pontiff and would understand the greatest secrets; they awaited him with anxiety for years but everyone agreed that he would soon arrive; and the signs of the Gods were coincidental. How, then, how could this disaster take place now? where had they failed? perhaps an excess of confidence? had they once again underestimated the Enemy? Undoubtedly that was the reply. A sufficient state of alert was not maintained and the Enemy was allowed to act when it should have been preemptively attacked as soon as it approached the Aracena region. That being the case, what happened was explained, at least strategically, since against the knowledge employed by the Immortals they had no defense outside of Blood Purity.

It was not possible, the Vraya repeated, that the Liberator Gods would have abandoned them at the mercy of the Golen; that blow could not mean the end of the House of Tharsis, not before having completed the family mission; for sure other Lords of Tharsis would still be alive to save the Lineage and enable the generation of the expected Man of Stone. It was necessary to look for them! Noso de Tharsis would have to leave and travel the places where other relatives inhabited, although there was no hope of survival of anyone who was not initiated. And the latter, the Men of Stone, they were all incorporated into the Order of Preachers, working in different monasteries and universities in France and Italy. The Noyo would travel immediately. She would be on Guard; rationing to the maximum the supplies available she would hold out for six months, then naturally she would die right there, if Noso didn't return on time.

The Vraya was right: they were still Lords of Tharsis alive and with possibilities of saving the Lineage; but it was no less true that that would be the most critical situation they had ever faced, including the destruction of Tartessos. That time sixteen members of the lineage survived: now only eight remained, counting the old woman Vraya and the Noyo. Indeed, during his trip to Seville, Cordoba and Toledo, Noso found only the mourning and fear of the non-blood relatives, to whom nothing had happened, and he learned that the Plague knew no distances. Only in Toledo did he meet another Man of Stone, that was already aware that something terrible was happening and was preparing to travel to Turdes: several relatives had also died there because of the strange Plague. Upon learning of the serious news, he decided to leave with Noso towards Zaragoza and Toulouse, in the Languedoc, where the Chief of the **Domini Canis** lived. In Zaragoza they found that the Final Death had turned the beautiful family of one of his cousins to bitumen, mother of twelve children: all thirteen died in the same moment, in the same fateful night; her husband, a Byzantine Knight, a talented Greek teacher, had no consolation. As he told the Men of Stone, the deceased had revealed to him years ago that an esoteric sect integrated by terrible beings called "Golen", had persecuted the Lords of Tharsis since ancient times; exhaling that awful cry, before she died, she had clung to Peter of Crete and he thought he could distinguish the word "Golen", modulated with the last breath. That is why he then swore, over the thirteen corpses, to avenge those deaths if they were actually a product of the Golen black magic, as suggested by the horrible decomposition observed in

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

the bodies: his life, explained Peter, was destroyed, and would have agreed to die a thousand times that night before having to survive enduring the pain of remembering those he loved so much. He would consecrate his existence to seek out the Golen, now his own enemies, and would try to fulfill his oath; he would take revenge or die trying: it was obvious, he said with innocence, that only the fury that ignited in his blood allowed him to stay alive.

Peter of Crete did not know where to start the search when the monks arrived, relatives of his wife, who surely would know how to guide him. The Men of Stone, whose dead relatives numbered by hundreds, were in no mood to be moved by the little drama of the Byzantine Knight; yet they admired his noble naivety, the courage without limits he exhibited, and the wonderful fidelity of his love. It was obvious that he had no idea of the enemies that he faced and that he had no chance before Them; but it would be almost impossible for him to locate them by himself and that Impotence would be his best protection. So the Lords of Tharsis were leaving, without having said a word, when they were reached by Peter of Crete: the man had not believed them the least; on the contrary, he was sure they were hiding something from him and he decided to accompany them; he offered the protection of his sword to the monks, but if they rejected him, he would follow them at a distance. There was no way of persuading him to leave their company. The Men of Stone had no choice: either they allowed him to accompany them or they would have to execute him. They decided the first, for Peter of Crete was clearly **a man of Honor**.

The head of the **Domini Canis** was waiting for them. His name was Rodolfo and he was born in Seville, but in the Order they named him as "Rodolfo of Spain". His wisdom was legendary, but for strategic reasons, he never wanted to stand out in academic circles and he only accepted that priory in the outskirts of Toulouse: from his monastery operated the innermost group of the **Circulus Domini Canis**. He came from the same family as Petreño; and had a degree of kinship as second-uncle of the newly arrived monks, who were cousins to each other. He placed Peter of Crete in a monastery that housed lay pilgrims and then spoke frankly:

-I know everything! The Voice of the Pure Blood revealed it to me at the moment of occurrence. And the internal gaze allowed me to observe the Ritual of the Demons. Now They have left for the Temple of Melchizedek with the conviction that they managed to exterminate the House of Tharsis. So we have a small strategic advantage that we must use wisely to save the Lineage of Tharsis. This is the picture of the situation: from Spain, only you two and the Vraya have survived; here, there are two nuns, who are my nieces Vrunalda and Valentina; and there are two Initiates, one in Paris and the other in Bologna: I already sent messengers requesting that they appear urgently in Toulouse. Gentlemen, we must hold a Family Council!

Fifteen days later the seven were gathered in a secret crypt, under the Church of the Monastery of Rodolfo de Tharsis. In truth, there wasn't much to discuss, since the remaining six would accept whatever Rodolfo proposed, by far the wisest of the Lords of Tharsis. And they were not wrong because his plan, simple and effective, produced extremely strong results against the Enemy strategy, and allowed to save the Lineage of Tharsis. He put it this way:

-First of all, I must confirm that the House of Tharsis is struggling as never before faced with the alternative of extinction; and that the possibilities of continuation of the Lineage are minimal: concretely, they are based on the two Ladies here present. It is not unknown to You that in all the history of our lineage the Men of Stone have always come from the matrilineal inheritance; the message of the Pure Blood is transmitted from daughter to daughter, and only from the Ladies of Tharsis are born the Men of Stone and the Kalibur Ladies. That is why the main priority of the Strategy to follow is to link these Ladies in marriages suitable for our purposes. This means that such marriages must be strictly under our control: everything must be expendable in favor of the family mission, even a sterile husband!

Vrunalda and Valentina nodded.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Rodolfo continued speaking:

-The **Circulus Domini Canis** will give all of you new identities because, naturally, you will no longer return to where you were until now. The Golen should never suspect that we are alive or that any of us belongs to the lineage of Tharsis. We will only return to our names the day that we succeed in breaking the Power of the Golen, either by destroying their satanic Orders, either by strengthening the **Circulus Domini Canis** to the maximum. Meanwhile, we will work in secrecy within the Order of Preachers and will take care to ensure that Vrunalda and Valentina's marriages bear fruit.

We will not be able to return to Spain as long as there is the possibility of being discovered or recognized. We must maintain the fiction that the House of Tharsis effectively became extinct. I know that means leaving the Vraya abandoned to her fate, but that is preferable before risking a new siege of the Immortals in the Secret Cavern. Remember that many have died to keep the Wise Sword and that the Vraya will be just one more of those who will give their lives for such a noble mission. Yet one day we must return to the Secret Cavern to restore the Guard. We will have to foresee then the way to recover the heritage of the House of Tharsis. For that nothing seems better than doing the following: there is an Initiate in the **Circulus Domini Canis**, a young Catalan Count, who would be willing to give up the rights of his rich Mediterranean Manor, in favor of a son of Alfonso III, in exchange for the Tarseval County. I discount that the King of Portugal will grant that favour, taking into account the advantages obtained, in prestige and income, to the beneficiary of the Catalan County. Everything will be arranged by the Order, but there is something else: I have thought that this Count is the ideal consort for Vrunalda.

Here the surprise was painted on all faces. Vrunalda, a fifteen-year-old young girl, who had been a novice at Fanjeaux since the age of thirteen, reddened. Rodolfo explained his plan:

-Do not be surprised, you will soon find he is right. I understand that it must seem crazy the idea of sending Vrunalda to Spain, after the dangers I have confirmed and of the Strategy that I have proposed, but I will show you how it can be possible. If we act with caution and take a reasonable time to adjust details, for example about four years, nothing allows us to anticipate more dangers or difficulties, on the contrary, the presence of Vrunalda in the lands of The House of Tharsis is necessary for the charismatic power of the Stone of Venus to act on her seed. Of course, we will not send her unprotected, because we have the power to endow her with a new personality, whose change will hardly be noticed by the Golen. The fact is that one of the German members of the **Circulus Domini Canis** is a Territorial Lord vassal of the House of Swabia, a widower for many years and devoted to preaching within the order. When his wife died, this Noble entrusted us with his little nine year old daughter as a novice at the Fanjeaux monastery, who passed away three years later, more or less for the date that Vrunalda entered. I've talked to him, and he agrees that Vrunalda take the place of his daughter; he is even willing to swear that she is his legitimate descendant and to die rather than betray such oath. He will take Vrunalda to his castle in Austria and present her as his daughter, who has abandoned the religious life for having been promised to a Catalan Count. For four years he will integrate her into German customs and will supply all of the information about her recent family. I hope that after that time, Vrunalda will be able to pass for a German Lady and respond to all the interrogations about her lineage. For now, here we have already replaced the tombstones and adulterated the death certificates of the monastery, being thus who died, and was buried three years ago, would be at this time Vrunalda de Palencia. What do you think of this plan now?

The smile lit up the faces of the Men of Stone, evidencing that they fully trusted Rodolfo's plan. They approved everything that he had proposed, and listened respectfully to the end of his presentation.

-With regard to Valentina, I will tell you that I have not decided anything yet and that you will have to find a husband who meets the conditions

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

required by us. But, either way, she must definitely disappear as member of the House of Tharsis. Therefore, I also announce that Valentina de Palencia, Dominican nun of the Fanjeaux convent, for all intents and purposes passed away that night the Plague struck the House of Tharsis: her death is recorded in the minutes and she owns her own grave in the cemetery of the Order. While we prepare her future, she will remain hidden in a farm that we own in Saint Félix de Caraman. Such property belonged to a Noble of the Raymond's lineage, which was burned by Simon de Montfort during one of his advances to Toulouse; the only living heir, a confessed heretic, was forced to enter for life in one of the cloistered monasteries of the Order of Preachers. After his death, the rights passed to the Order, which has now decided to sell them to a Roman Knight eager to live in these regions and possessor of much gold to pay. That Knight, "Arnaldo Tiber", is no other than our relative who has just arrived from Bologna, here present: his mission will therefore be to carry out the farm's production and rebuild the Castle, which today is in ruins; he must also marry a Lady chosen from among the families of the **Domini Canis**. Valentina will have to pass as her sister, or her niece, until her situation is resolved. Momentarily, the Man of Stone who comes from Toledo will stay there, and will support in everything the supposed Roman knight. Keep in mind that you will be vassals of the Count of Toulouse and, therefore, of the King of France; but, as the Order of Preachers will reserve the religious rights of the donation, your sword will be in reality at the service of the Pope and the Church. And I suggest that you accommodate in the castle, as head of the garrison or steward, the widowed Knight who has accompanied you from Spain: I have no doubt that he is a trustworthy person.

Things happened as Rodolfo had planned, with a single exception that did not alter the objectives, as will be seen immediately.

The King of Portugal granted the request of the Catalan Knight, strongly supported by the Order of Preachers, and granted the County of Tarseval. This occurred a year after the Plague caused the extinction of the House of Tharsis and by then the Golden had inspected the Villa de Turdes and the Manor House in detail. They would leave convinced that there were no Lords of Tharsis left alive, despite they would extend the search to all of Spain and then to the rest of Europe. But those inquiries would give negative results; or **positive**, depending on their point of view, for in all the places where the members of the doomed Lineage dwelled, they verified that the passage of the Plague had left no survivors.

The brand new Count of Tarseval repopulated the Villa de Turdes with five hundred families from Barcelona and settled a garrison in the Manor House of three hundred Catalan soldiers. Where the Chapel was, at the foot of the Sierra Candelaria, he ordered the construction of a small fortress composed of a tower and wall: henceforth, that place would always be under the observation of the County sentries. With no Noyos or Vrayas to guard in the Secret Cavern, it would be best to keep watch over the Sierra to drive away curious or potential suspects. Three years later, the Count of Tarseval traveled to Austria and linked up with Vrunalda, now transformed into German Lady. The Manor House, remodeled and fortified by the Catalans, then received that shy Lady, who had never finished learning the language of Alfonso X and she preferred to spend the hours praying in the church of the Grotto rather than enjoying courtly customs.

The family was prolific in sons and daughters, thus the continuity of the Lineage of Tharsis was to some extent secured. For the rest, the County enjoyed relative tranquility for the next several years, due especially to the care taken by the Count not to let himself be carried away by struggles of interests sustained by the monarchs of Portugal and Castile. When King Sancho IV reincorporates the region of Huelva, and grants its dominion with life character to Don Juan Mate de Luna, the County of Tarseval passes without problems to the crown of Castile, who confirms the rights and arms of the Catalan Count. The same respect would show Fernando IV and the successive owners and Lords of the country of Huelva. In short, the family that developed

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in Spain, in the former domains of the House of Tharsis, would more than comply with the goals proposed by Rodolfo and the Lords of the Dog, although it would retain up to the middle of the fourteenth century the secret of his lineage.

But not everything happened as Rodolfo expected: there was an exception, but, as I said at the beginning, this did not change the objectives of the Strategy. The problem was raised by Valentina, who was a gifted young woman but extremely passionate. Rodolfo had arranged with a Lord of Flanders, a supporter, both him and his family, of the **Domini Canis**, the marriage engagement between his son and Valentina: the fiancé, a Captain under the command of the Duke of Flanders, was certainly happy with the wedding. But not so Valentina. Why?: Because what no one imagined in that Family Council, had happened in St. Félix de Caraman; Valentina had fallen madly in love with Peter of Crete. Of course, there was something special about the Byzantine Knight since he had already been loved by another Lady of Tharsis, his late wife. But the passion that this time awoke in the Cold Heart of Valentina, overcame all the arguments of Rodolfo and all the reasoning or advice of the Men of Stone; the lady did not listen to reasons: either she married Peter of Crete or the Strategy of the survival of the Lineage would not pass through her. And what did Peter of Crete say to all this? No doubt he was also in love, but, he claimed, the oath contracted in front of his murdered family inhibited him to formalize another marriage: before he had to take revenge, somehow punish the cursed Golen. With that purpose he had gotten there and he was still waiting to be directed toward the den of the Demons. But his patience was wearing thin, and if he didn't get the address required soon, he would depart alone, setting his course, as a wandering Knight, in the hands of God.

As you can see, the situation was tangled but not impossible to resolve. The dilemma that Peter of Crete might present, as to whether or not he would be worthy of marrying a Lady of Tharsis, was already elucidated from the outset with his previous marriage. His family belonged to the Byzantine nobility; in the sharing out of an inheritance, he had been badly offended by the intrigues of certain relatives and, finally, he was forced to flee. One of the Lords of Tharsis met him in Constantinople and offered him that position in Spain. He was now thirty-eight years; and I already exposed the circumstances of his widowhood. In principle, then, there was no insurmountable impediment to make Valentina's wish come true: everything boiled down to convincing the Knight of the importance of that union. But it would not be an easy task to achieve either, since explanations would have to be provided; and many. A new Family Council finally decided to cancel the commitment to the Lord of Flanders and speak clearly with Peter of Crete.

He was told the truth. He was made to understand that the terrible power of the Golen could not be fought by any man if he had only blood and the sword. Wisdom was also necessary; and he could find it within the **Domini Canis**, with whom he was offered to integrate. But they did not hide the mortal danger that would run if her wedding to Valentina de Tharsis was discovered: he would be aware, painfully aware, that in such a case his family might be exterminated again by the Golen. Peter of Crete thus understood that the greatest possible damage to the Enemy would be inflicted by the constitution of a family of the Tharsis blood to secretly perpetuate the heritage of the lineage. And so he did show himself willing to follow the plan of Rodolfo of Spain!

The presence of Peter of Crete was justified by the friendship he had with the Baron of Saint Félix, that is, with the "Roman Knight" who represented the Man of Stone, and later by the marriage with his "sister", a young Castilian woman named Valentina. The couple spent much of their life secluded in the Castle, as well as the family of Arnaldo Tiber, without ever awakening the suspicions of the Enemy about their true origin. For the exploitation of the property, and to cover all possible suspicions among the villagers, the Castilians had the invaluable help of a family of villains who had been enfeoffed the farm. The Nogarets, as they were called, came from an ancient



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Occitan lineage deeply committed to the "Cathar heresy", that is, with the Hyperborean Wisdom. Several of its members were burned by Simon de Montfort during the siege of Albi; the rest of the family would have had the same fate if the **Domini Canis** would not have protected them, accepting in the inquisitorial courts, that they controlled; their conversion to Catholicism and transferring them to Saint Felix de Caraman. To these brave Cathars, loyal to death and brave to the point of recklessness, it linked them with the Lords of the Dog a same hatred towards the Golen Church and its Creator God Jehovah Satan: they only expected a opportunity to contribute in the fight against the plans of the White Fraternity. And that opportunity the Lords of the Dog offered, thirty years later, to Guillaume de Nogaret.

Peter of Crete and Valentina de Tharsis had four children, who lived all their lives in Saint Felix. There were six of his grandchildren, along with ten other relatives of Arnaldo Tiber, who recently returned to Spain as of the year 1315: **and among them was Enrique Cretez, direct ancestor of Lito de Tharsis.** It is clear this way, Dr. Siegnagel, why I have stopped so much to talk about them: I directly descend from that couple formed by Peter and Valentina.

### Thirty-Fourth Day

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, the plans of the White Fraternity seemed to be inexorably fulfilled: **and yet they failed.** What happened, then? This was, Dr. Siegnagel, the question posed on Day Eighteenth. The answer, which you will now be able to understand in more depth, affirmed that two exoteric causes and one esoteric, and fundamental, explained the failure; synthetically, the exoteric causes focused on two men of history, Frederick II of Germany and Philip IV of France; however, they only expressed the action of certain hidden forces, which I called "opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom". The first exoteric cause and the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom have already been exposed. Now it is needed, to complete the explanation, to show how the **Circulus Domini Canis** applies the Coup de Grace to the enemy Strategy directing against their plans the acts of Philip IV of France, the second exoteric cause.

In 1223 Philip II Augustus died, a King anesthetized by the Golen, who remained indifferent during the Crusade against the Cathars and allowed the consolidation of the Order of the Knights Templar in France. He would be succeeded by Louis VIII the Lion, a physically and spiritually weak monarch, who would participate in 1226 in the second Crusade against the Cathars and would die that same year. Since then, and until 1279, Louis IX the Saint governs, who leaves the question of the Languedoc settled by incorporating all the territories to the Crown of France by the forced marriage of the only daughter of the Count of Toulouse with his brother Alphonse de Poitiers. Later, the Guelf King of Aragón Jaime I would confirm Louis IX the Occitan territorial conquests yielding, in the treaty of Corbeil of 1257, the rights of Aragón over Carcassonne, Rodes, Lussac, Beziers, Albi, Narbonne, Nimes, Toulouse, etc., thereby betraying the Cause for which his father, Pedro II, died in the battle of Muret fighting against Simon de Montfort; he would also yield his daughter Isabel to be the wife of Philip III, son of Louis IX. It is that this Jaime I was that child that Pedro II had given as a hostage to Simon de Montfort "for his education": having died Peter II, a delegation of Catalan Nobles negotiated with Innocent III the return of the child, to which the Golen Pope agreed on the condition that he be educated by the Templars of Spain, that is, in the Fortress of Monzón, the same where Bera and Birsha assassinated Lupo de Tharsis, Lamia, and Rabaz. Jaime I was six years old when he was placed in the hands of the Templars, who would dedicate themselves for several years to thoroughly brainwash him and turn him into an instrument of their synarchic politics: it is not surprising, then, his unsympathetic behavior with the Cause of the death of his father or the criticism that he casts on his actions in his book of memoirs. Very opposed to

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Guelf policy of Jaime I would be, instead, the behavior of his son Pedro III the Great, who would put everything at stake against the papal theocracy.

Thus, when Louis IX the Saint died in 1270, his son, Philip III, took the throne taking Isabel de Aragón as Queen, the sister of Pedro III. At that time take place the events that I narrated yesterday, that is, the Catalan Count reconstructs the County of Tarseval and Valentina falls in love with Peter of Crete. Philip III would rule until 1285, the date on which he would be succeeded by Philip IV, the executing arm of the **Domini Canis**. But, what happens meanwhile at the peak of the Golen Power, that is, in the papacy? To answer we must go back to the death of Frederick II, when he was engaged in a successful war against Innocent IV, a war that threatened to end papal privileges forever: under those circumstances, the Golen had him poisoned in 1250. But the Emperor had already caused irreparable damage to the European political unity and left in Italy a strongly consolidated Ghibelline party that would not easily submit to the papal authority. Notably, the hatred the Golen experienced then towards the Swabian house was only surpassed by the one they poured during millennia on the House of Tharsis: that Lineage, like this one, they had sworn to destroy without mercy.

Innocent III and the following Popes decide to despoil the Hohenstaufen of all their rights over Italy, that is, over Rome, Naples and Sicily, and prevent any member of that House from ascending to the imperial throne. Frederick II is succeeded by his son Conrado IV, quickly excommunicated by Innocent IV: he dies in 1253 leaving as heir his only son, the little Conradino; born in 1252. As regent of the child, Manfred, natural son of Frederick II, governs Sicily. An excellent general, this King continues the war waged by his father against the Golen papacy; he receives three excommunications from Urban IV, a terrible weapon of the time but that does not make any harm to the powerful Saracen army that he has formed. Manfred wins everywhere and threatens to finish the purifying work of Frederick; and to the misfortune of Urban IV, he marries his daughter Constanza with the infant Pedro de Aragón, that is, with the future King Pedro III. It is then that the Golen decide to carry out an ambitious maneuver, which would be initially successful but that ultimately ruined their plans: they try to replace the House of Swabia of Germany by the House of the Capetians of France in the role of executor of the plans of the White Hierarchy.

Despite what is said, the plan was not unreasonable because, particularly strengthened, but in turn divided by the feudal character of their states, the German Territorial Lords could easily be weakened in their imperial aspirations; in fact the Interregnum, the current period in which no agreement existed to elect the King of Germany, could be maintained indefinitely. That, then, would be the occasion to support the King of France and assign him the role once entrusted to Frederick II. But the Golen are not thinking in the present King Louis IX, a strong and difficult personality to handle, but in his successor Philip III, weaker and more influenced by the clergy of his court. Urban IV offers the throne of Sicily to Louis IX but the King of France does not accept because he considers the rights of the House of Swabia legitimate: who does accept is his brother Charles de Anjou, Count of Provence. This Knight, hero of the Crusades, wants to be King like his brothers and agrees to become an executioner of the House of Swabia. With his intervention in the affairs of Italy, the Golen succeed in engaging France in their theocratic politics and prepare to restore the Power of the papacy according to the conception of Gregory VII and Innocent III: after will come, they suppose, the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

According to the feudal organization of the Provençal, the Lords only gave troops for forty days, and provided they were not transported too far. Not being able to get anything on that side, the Cistercian Order finances Charles de Anjou a mercenary army of thirty thousand men. That troop of lawless adventurers entered Italy in 1264 and completely defeated Manfred at the Battle of Benevento: then they would indulge in massacres and looting unparalleled, only comparable to the barbarian invasions. In the

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

aforementioned battle, besides Manfred, many Knights of the Ghibelline side lost their lives, among them the father of Roger de Lauria, a boy who grew up in the chamber of the King of Aragón, Pedro III, since his mother was Lady in Waiting of Queen Constanza; Roger de Lauria was, of course, the great admiral of the Catalan navy, the most powerful of its time, with which Pedro III conquered the kingdom of Sicily years later.

Dead Manfred, and ruined the Ghibelline party, only the child Conradino remains in Swabia as the last virile offspring of the rebellious Hohenstaufen. Charles de Anjou agrees with Urban IV the usurpation of his rights: he proclaims himself King of Naples and seizes Sicily. He immediately establishes a regime of terror, directed mainly against the Ghibelline side; the expropriations of property and titles, executions and deportations, occur without cease; in a short time the French are as hated as the Saracens of Holy Land. One of the most illustrious victims is John of Procida, the Sage of the Courts of Frederick II and Manfred; member of a noble Ghibelline family, Lord of Salerno, of the island of Procida, and of several counties, he would not only be stripped of his titles and assets, but Charles de Anjou would commit a cowardly rape with his wife and daughter; he would only save his life thanks to the admirable prudence with which he knew how to treat Golen Pope Urban IV.

A great outcry rises in the following years against French domination. In 1268 Conradino, who was sixteen at the time, went to Italy at the head of an army of ten thousand men, trusting that in the peninsula more troops would join him. Charles annihilates him in Tagliacozzo, horrifically torturing the Knights that he manages to take prisoner. Conradino, the last Hohenstaufen, tries to embark to flee from Italy but is betrayed and led to the power of Charles de Anjou. A unanimous request is raised for the grandson of Frederick II to be forgiven, but Clement IV is inflexible: "Conradino's death is the life of Charles de Anjou"; the Golen are not willing to suspend the extermination of the lineage that caused so much harm to the White Fraternity plans.

After a parody of trial, Conradino is sentenced to death in Naples. Before handing his head over to the executioner, the boy shows his gallantry through a gesture that will mean, in the short term, the virtual defeat of Charles de Anjou: he takes off a glove and throws it at the crowd that has come to observe the execution, as he yells: I challenge a true Knight of Christ avenge my death at the hands of the Antichrist! An instant later he is beheaded in the presence of Charles de Anjou, the papal legate, numerous Cardinals and Bishops, and dozens of Golen who cannot hide their rejoicing at the extinction of the Hohenstaufen lineage: at that time only the King of Sardinia, Enzo, son of Frederick II, remained alive, but prisoner for life in a Castle of Bologna since 1249, and would be promptly poisoned for greater security. However, Conradino's gesture would not be in vain, as there were still Knights ready to fight against the satanic forces; the glove is collected by John of Procida on behalf of Pedro III of Aragón, husband of Constanza of Swabia. Manfred's daughter, and Conradino's first cousin, is now the legitimate heir to the rights that the House of Swabia has over the throne of the two Sicilies and the only hope of the Ghibelline party.

It is necessary to see in the action deployed since then by John of Procida, another aspect of the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom to the plans of the White Fraternity, that is, of the esoteric cause of the failure of these plans. Indeed, that great Hyperborean Initiate took refuge in Aragón, together with other illustrious persecuted by Charles de Anjou and the Golen, and he was incorporated into the Aragonese nobility. The King granted him several Manors in Valencia, from where he made contact with the **Circulus Domini Cantis** and joined its Strategy. He, more than anyone else, deserves the credit of having persuaded Pedro III of the justice of the Ghibelline Cause. For years this Lord of the Dog advises the King of Aragon on the affairs of Italy and plans the way to conquer it; he will be enthusiastically supported by Constanza, who wishes to avenge her father Manfred and the destruction of his family, Roger de Lauria, Conrado Lancia, and other uninitiated Sicilian Knights. In

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

1278 Pedro III felt strong enough to carry out his Sicilian project. He then sends John of Procida on a secret mission to Italy and the Middle East.

The Sicilian Knight travels wearing the Dominican habit. He interviews with the main representatives of the Ghibelline party of Italy and Sicily, who promise to help the King of Aragon, and in 1279 he arrives in Constantinople to agree with Emperor Michael Palaiologos, who is about to be attacked with a fleet by Charles de Anjou. However, the fact that Charles de Anjou does not suspect, is it doesn't exist in the world at that time a fleet more powerful than the Catalan navy of the King of Aragon. The Byzantine contributes thirty thousand ounces of gold to sustain the campaign and John undertakes the return, after passing through the island of Sicily; there he collects the commitment of the Noble Alecimo di Leutini, and others, to prepare an uprising against the French; all these steps are due to the Strategy of Pedro III, who wants to avoid a direct confrontation between France and Aragon and prefers that, instead, it arises from a local plot against Charles de Anjou.

In 1281 everything is ready for the revolt when a maneuver of the Golen compels to suspend movements. Charles de Anjou forces in Viterbo the election of Simon de Brieu, a French Cardinal highly enlightened on the plans of the White Fraternity, who professes a fierce hatred towards the House of Swabia and the Ghibelline Cause. He takes the name of Martin IV and immediately unleashes a terrible persecution of Ghibellines throughout Italy: evidently the Golen suspect there's a plot against Charles and they try to stop it. Martin IV is a typical exponent of the Golen mentality, which was then improperly called "Guelph": of the fanatical paste of Gregory VII and Innocent III, he also possesses the cruelty of an Arnould Amalric; at his request, the killings, rapes and looting continue without ceasing, subjecting the Sicilians to an unbearable regime of terror: in the end Rome itself will end up rebelling against him. But in 1282 this state of affairs came to an end in Sicily. During the celebration of Easter, March 30th, a French soldier tries to abuse a young Sicilian woman in Palermo and, to the cry of "death to the French", the general insurrection breaks out: the French are exterminated in Palermo, Trapani, Corleone, Siracusa and Agrigento; in one day eight thousand die and the rest must flee hastily off the island. Within a month, no living French could be found in all of Sicily.

Those popular reactions were the famous "Sicilian Vespers", that did not happen at random since in those days Pedro III had sailed from Barcelona with his powerful army and was in Africa, a short distance from Sicily. His projects, long elaborated, were carried out with great precision; in June he spots several Sicilian ships: they are ambassadors from Palermo who come to offer the Crown of Sicily to the King of Aragon and the Queen Constanza. Shortly afterwards he disembarks on the island amid the general jubilation of the people, who saw themselves, with that act of sovereignty, free forever from the French and Guelph domination. It was not, then, an invasion but a legitimate royal choice: the Sicilian people, freed by their own means from the French occupation gave itself its own kings, thus restoring the rights of the House of Swabia in the person of the granddaughter of Frederick II. But the Golen don't swallow the bait.

Notice, Dr. Siegnagel, that again the Golen seemed to have won the round: the Cathar heretics no longer existed, nor was it felt the presence of the Gral, nor was there a so-called Universal Emperor like Frederick II who disputed the Pope the Spiritual Power, there was not even a King in Germany, and there was a King in France, Philip III, completely controlled by the Church, and a Financial Templar Synarchy in full swing, and a French King, Charles de Anjou, occupying the two Sicilies and keeping the Luciferic Ghibellines at bay. But suddenly the Coup of Pedro III, which they could not foresee because it was a product of the High Strategy of the **Domini Canis**, was reviving the danger of Ghibellinism and threatened the plans of the White Brotherhood with failure. The Golen were not going to allow it with impunity. In November of that year Martin IV fulminates the excommunication against Pedro III and orders him to withdraw from Sicily and to love Charles de Anjou, faithful

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*vassal of the Pope.* To the indifference of the Aragonese he repeats the excommunication in January and March of 1283, preparing the hand to stab him in the back: in the last bull, in effect, he affirms that the Kingdom of Aragón is a vassal of the Pope by commitment of Pedro II, the grandfather of Pedro III killed in the battle of Muret, and that the Pontiff has the power to appoint as King whoever he deems best; he therefore removes the Crown from the excommunicated Aragonese and deprives the peoples and places who obey him of the sacraments of the Church. **The Golden plan was to fight to the death against Pedro III and enlarge the Dominion of France at the expense of Aragón; it would be the previous step for a King of the Church to be elevated to the throne of a World Government, supported by the Financial Templar Synarchy, and prepare the means to establish the Universal Synarchy.**

In this plan, evidently, the Golden underestimate Pedro III. Truly, all are wrong with the Aragonese because they ignore the spiritual force that he has developed under the influence of John of Procida and the **Domini Canis**. But he soon shows signs of having a foolproof courage; boundless intrepidity; an unwavering loyalty to the principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom, this is, to the inheritance of the Pure Blood of his Lineage; that grants him the divine right to reign without asking for an account from anyone else but Himself; and a monolithic sense of Honor, which is dictated by his Spirit, and which drives him to fight until the death for his ideal, without ever giving up. Formidable enemy is the one the Golden have challenged this time.

The stab in the back meant compromising the Kingdom of Aragón in a war with France, which Pedro III was just trying to avoid. The Golden believe that the presence of Pedro III in Aragón will leave the stronghold of Sicily free to Charles de Anjou to consummate a new occupation. But the island, protected by the Catalan armada, has become an impregnable Fortress: Pedro III calmly retired to Aragón in 1283 leaving the defense in the hands of the reckless and fortunate Admiral Roger de Lauria. Charles de Anjou owns the second major fleet in the Mediterranean, financed by the Cistercian Order of Provence, by the Kingdom of Naples, and by the Pope, but he fails to raise a coherent tactic to confront Roger de Lauria, who in successive shocks will destroy it inexorably. After sinking some ships and capturing others, he seizes the islands of Malta, Gozo and Lipari; then he goes to Naples and lays a trap to the French showing only part of his fleet. Charles de Anjou is absent and his son, Charles the Lame, Prince of Salerno, decides to respond to the challenge thinking of an easy victory: he throws himself then in pursuit of the Catalans with all the galleys available, colliding soon with the rest of the enemy armada. That was the most important naval battle of the Time, in which Roger de Lauria sunk a large number of French galleys, captured as many, and only very few managed to escape. This fate the flagship did not have, which was captured by Roger in person and in which were Charles the Lame, Jacob de Bruson, Guglielmo Stendaro, and other brave Provençal and Italian Knights. The son of Charles de Anjou is taken prisoner to Sicily, where all demand his execution in revenge for the death of Conradino; Yet, Oh mystery of the Hyperborean spiritual nobility! It is Queen Constanza who saves him and commands to be confined in Barcelona.

Days after the defeat of his son, Charles de Anjou arrives in Gaeta but he does not dare to attack the Spanish; that indecision is exploited by Roger to devastate the Calabrian garrison and seize several continental squares; in short time Sicily has a Governor in Calabria who threatens, now by land, the French domain of Naples. But when Charles decides to send the rest of his army to the shores of Provence, to support the advance of the King of France, his ships are taken between two fires off Saint Pol and defeated completely by Roger de Lauria: that disaster, which cost seven thousand French lives, represented the end of the Neapolitan naval power of Charles de Anjou.

Meanwhile, Martin IV delivers in 1284 the blow that, he thinks, would be fatal for the Aragonese: by means of a Bull he offers the investiture of Aragón, Catalonia and Valencia to the King of France for one of his sons, not his first-born. Philip III accepts in the name of his son Charles de Valois and prepares

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

to invade Aragón. The gigantic warrior enterprise will now be financed by the entire Church of France. And, as in the time of the Cathars, Martin IV publishes a Crusade against the excommunicated King of Aragón: the Benedictine, Cluniac, Cistercian and Templar, agitate the whole of Europe calling to fight for Christ, to be crusaders against the abominable Ghibelline heresy of Pedro III. Soon Philip III, who is also King of Navarre, gathers in that country an army **made up** of two hundred and fifty thousand infantrymen and fifty thousand horsemen, **formed** mainly by French, Picards, Toulousian, Lombards, Bretons, Flemish, Burgundians, Provençal, German, English, etc.

With the help of four Toulousian monks who reveal to Philip III a secret passage through the Pyrenees, the Crusaders invaded Catalonia in 1285. Surrounding the King, and permanently encouraging him, go the main Cistercian Golen, who consider that war a matter of life and death for their plans of world domination: hardly that King, who in no way deserved the nickname "the Bold", would have launched the adventure of the crusade without the sustained insistence of Martin IV and the pressure of the French Golen. The Papal legate warns Pedro III **"that he must obey the Pontiff and deliver his Kingdoms to the King of France"**, to which the Aragonese responds: **"it is easy to take and give Kingdoms that have cost nothing. Mine, bought with the blood of my grandparents, must be paid at the same price"**. In Catalonia the resistance becomes fierce; all social classes support Pedro III in what is sensed as a Total War. The Aragonese Knights, the infallible Catalan crossbowmen, the fierce Almogavar warriors, the servants and people's combatants, stop, harass and inflict permanent defeats on the Crusaders. In the end, an epidemic ends up demoralizing them and they choose to retire to the Pyrenees. But at the Collado de Paniza is waiting for them Pedro III, who has advanced to cut them off, and for two days the great battle takes place. The French army is annihilated: of the three hundred thousand Crusaders only forty thousand return alive; King Philip III dies in the campaign and now to France the conquest of Aragón will be impossible. **It is in these circumstances that Philip IV the Fair, accedes to the throne of France.**

### Thirty-Fifth Day

On January 7, 1285, Charles de Anjou died, sick and desperate. In March 1285, Golen Pope Martin IV died. Philip III, King of France, died on October 5, 1285. And at the end of that fateful year, on November 11, 1285, Pedro III of Aragon died, the King who managed to defeat the joint force of the three preceding and largely frustrate the plans of the White Fraternity. Upon his death, his kingdoms are divided among his children, girding Alfonso the triple Crown of Aragón, Catalonia and Valencia, and Jaime that of Sicily, succeeded by Fadrique I. But John of Procida, and the Lords of the Dog, continue advising the Kings of Aragón.

Thus, with the death of Philip III, the Golen assume that their plans are momentarily delayed. But just **momentarily delayed** or their plans are **definitely frustrated**, without them getting to notice it in time? As will be seen right away, the Golen will realize, just too late, that something very strange has happened to Philip's III successor. Indeed, that King, whose education was entrusted to the most learned monks from France, that is, to the Dominicans, **had become an Hyperborean Initiate**, a potential enemy of the White Fraternity's plans. How did such a heresy occur? Who initiated him in the Hyperborean Wisdom? The answer, the only possible answer, would be the incredible possibility that, within the Church, in the Order of Preachers, there was a conspiracy of supporters of the Blood Pact, a group of Initiates in the Wisdom of the white Atlanteans. They do not, of course, suspect the Lords of Tharsis, who they consider definitively extinct, and fail to discover the culprits of the disaster in a timely manner: the blow will be too shocking to assimilate quickly enough. And that inevitable perplexity, that paralyzing surprise caused by the High Strategy of the Lords of Tharsis and the **Circulus Domini**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*Canis*, would mark the beginning of the end of the Enemy strategy; from then on, after Philip IV brilliantly performed his mission, the Golen and the White Brotherhood would have to wait until the 20th century before having another historic opportunity to establish the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

As I said, the Golen would not be able to counter the consequences of the new situation. They had maneuvered for several years to strengthen in Europe the House of France and from its bosom emerged a King hostile to papal hegemony. They had ceded the field of academic teaching to the Dominican monks and it would turn out that the enemies of the One God were infiltrated among them. Even worse, that Order of Preachers had been entrusted with the Court of the Holy Office, in charge of inquiring about the faith. Until then, the Inquisition allowed to eliminate or neutralize oppositions under the threat of the accusation of heresy, but, and this they clearly assumed, the greatest heretics were they: from now on, they should exercise caution because otherwise, like *juu jitsu*, the attacker's own strength could be turned against him.

Unable to subject him to papal authority, the Golen would unsuccessfully attempt to eliminate Philip IV, failure that was due to the security enclosure that the *Domini Canis* set up around the King; when they finally achieved to poison him, in 1314, Philip IV had reigned twenty-nine years and fulfilled with Honor the entrusted mission; and before the greatness of his work, nothing counts the slander of a defeated Golen Church and a Chosen People who saw the loss of their historic opportunity, even if they have been repeated without foundation over seven hundred years.

But, during the twenty-nine years of his reign, they would not have some equivalent political personality to replace or oppose him. The King of England, Edward I, although he intervenes in European affairs, only does it indirectly in the time of Philip the Fair, especially through his allies, the Count of Flanders and the Duke of Guyenne: his fierce war against the Scots keeps him busy on the British island. And in Germany, the Guelph Rudolph of Habsburg, elected in 1273 to end the Interregnum, dies in 1291 dedicated to war against the Ghibellines and to increase the assets of his House; he is succeeded by Adolph of Nassau, who reigns only six years locked in fight with Rudolph's sons; and then Albert I follows, which would get along peacefully with Philip IV and would agree with him that the course of the Rhine would be the border between France and Germany. Nothing could the Golen do with these sovereigns to face a personality like Philip the Fair; and we already know what they could expect from the Kings of Aragón and Sicily. What I want to show you with this, Dr. Siegnagel, is that by losing control over the King of France, the Golen Strategy was seriously compromised.

For fifty years the *Circulus Domini Canis* awaited its opportunity. This arose with Philip IV, on whom they exercised great influence since his childhood, given the high number of infant instructors that were among its ranks. When Philip III died, his son was seventeen years old and had been secretly initiated into the Hyperborean Wisdom. It is therefore possible to affirm that when he began to reign, he already had a clear project about his historical mission; and also had by his side the men who would advise him and who would allow his ideas to be executed. Because it is convenient to clearly differentiate between two complementary objectives, that are set as a goal at that moment: one is proposed by the *Circulus Domini Canis*, and already explained, which sought, simply to stop the enemy Strategy and prevent the Golen from achieving the Synarchy of the Chosen People; another is an objective then, that sprang from the Pure Blood of Philip IV, and that consisted, as in the case of Frederick II, in expressing in its highest degree the Royal Function. Regarding the second, let's not forget that in the entire Capetian lineage, as in all the Hyperborean lineages, there was a family mission shaped by their remote ancestors in times of the fall in the Cultural Pact; and the Lineage of Philip IV was of very Pure Blood, although its last generations had been dominated by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, that is, by the monks and Golen bishops: that

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

dynasty, in effect, began in 987 with the first King of France, Hugh Capet, son of Hugh the Great and grandson of the Count of Paris and Duke of France, Robert; this was, in turn, son of Robert the Strong, **member of the Saxon royal house**, invested by Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne, with the title of Count of Anjou, so that he stopped with his German troops the Norman attacks. In Philip IV it was reborn in this way, as it had happened with Frederick II, a fruit that came from the same Saxon racial root and that had hiddenly developed in the fertile field of the Pure Blood.

It will be seen how both objectives are achieved together; as the Royal Function, assumed entirely by Philip IV, places in society the seed of **nationality**; and how the measures taken in his government, measures based on the Hyperborean Wisdom, were to cause the failure of the White Fraternity plans. Unfortunately, Philip IV would not get to see fully accomplished his wishes for the same reason as Frederick II: the Age was not favourable for the integral application of a Strategy that could only culminate with the Final Battle against the Powers of Matter; such an Epoch is still pending in History and perhaps we are already entering it; but Philip IV came close enough, the most he could, to its objective; and in that undeniable fact lies his Glory.

First of all the **Domini Canis** instructors revealed to the infant in what consisted the Royal Function of the Blood Pact, a concept that Frederick II, seventy years earlier, had clearly understood: **If there is a racial people, a community of blood, always, always, will conform in its bosom an Aristocracy of the Spirit, from which the Sovereign King will emerge: the King will be the one who holds the highest degree of the Aristocracy, the Purest Blood; whoever possesses such value will be charismatically recognized by the people and will rule by Divine Right of the Spirit. His Sovereignty cannot be questioned or disputed and therefore his Power must be Absolute. Nothing is Higher than the Spirit and the King of the Blood expresses the Spirit; And in the Pure Blood of the people underlies the Spirit; and that's why the King of the Pure Blood, which expresses the Spirit, is also the Voice of the People, their individualized Will to tend towards the Spirit. So nothing material can come between the King of the Blood and the People: on the contrary, the Pure Blood unites them charismatically, in a contact that occurs outside of Time and Space, in that absolute instance beyond the created matter which is called The common Origin of the Race of the Spirit. And hence that everything that is materially conformed in relation to the people should be subordinate to the King of the Blood: all wills must join or bow down to his Will; all powers must be subordinate before his Power. Even the religious power, which only reaches the limits of the Cult, must bow under the Will of the Spirit that the King of the Blood manifests.**

Secondly, Philip IV is explained the fall that the peoples of the Blood Pact suffer because of the "war fatigue" and the ways employed by the Priests of the Cultural Pact to distort, deform, and corrupt, the Royal function. In the case of the Roman Empire, the above concepts, inherited from the Etruscans, were contemplated in ancient Roman Law and in many respects would remain present until the Age of the Christian Emperors. Specifically, it would be Constantine who would open the door to the staunch supporters of the Cultural Pact, when he authorizes with the Edict of Milan the practice of the Judeo-Christian Cult; but the biggest damage to the Royal Function would be caused by Theodosius I seventy years later, when he formalized Judeo-Christianity as the **only state religion**. Then would begin the long but fruitful process in which Roman Law would become Canon Law; that is to say, that of Roman Law that was convenient to substantiate the supremacy of the papacy would be preserved in Canon Law, and the rest wisely expurgated or ignored. This process would provide the legal justification to **Cesaropapism**, the papal claim to impose a religious absolutism over the Kings of the Blood, whose most fervent exponents were Gregory VII, Innocent III, and Boniface VIII.

Before the decline of the Empire, the Roman Kings and Emperors attributed themselves Divine origin and this was also stated in Roman Law. The task of the Catholic canonists was, if you will, quite simple: it consisted in replacing



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the "Pagan Gods", source of royal sovereignty, with the "True God"; and to replace the highest representative of the Power, King or Emperor, by the figure of "Peter", the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Although it is obvious, it must be clarified that after these substitutions all Divine origin was banished from the Canon Law, which from now on would be the official Law of the Christian world: Jesus Christ had appeared only once and had said: -- "You are Peter, and on this stone I will build my Church". The Divine right to rule the Church, and all its membership, rich or poor, noble or commoner, corresponded, then, **only** to Peter; and, of course, to his successors, the High Priests of the Lord. Peter had been chosen by Jesus Christ to be his representative and express his Power; and Jesus Christ was the Son of God; and the One God in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Creator God of All Existing; therefore there would be nothing in the world that could be considered higher than the representative of the God Creator. Consequently, if anyone dares to oppose Peter, if he exercises a Power or a Will opposed to that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, if he arrogates a Divine Right, for this, he would clearly be a heretic, a man cursed by God, of a being who by his own insolence has placed himself outside of the Church and to which corresponds, in all justice, to also be suppressed from the world.

Canon Law thus did not leave any possibility for the Kings of the Blood to exercise the Royal Function: the royal Sovereignty proceeded now from the Christian Cult, and the Kings were to be invested by the successors of Peter, the Priests **maximus**. And if royalty was to be **confirmed**, the principle of the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood was thus annulled, such as was convenient to the Cultural Pact. Naturally, as so many times before, peoples will submit to the spell of the Priests and times will come of the absence of King, in which the Royal Function has been usurped by the Powers of Matter. The Kings of Canon Law are not Kings of the Blood but mere governors, agents of state Power, according to the definition of Pope Gelasius I: "apart from the state Power there is the Authority of the Church, from where the sovereignty of that comes". From this Gelasian idea is derived the theory of the Two Swords, formulated by Saint Bernard Golen: state Power is analogous to the "temporal Sword", while the Church authority is equivalent to the "spiritual Sword"; Peter and his successors, therefore, would wield the "spiritual Sword", to which it will have to bow the "temporal Sword" of the Kings and Emperors.

But none of this is true, even if it is codified in the Canon Law. The so-called "spiritual Sword" of the Golen Church is just one **priestly Sword**. And the Power that a Blood King is empowered to exercise by the Divine Right of the Eternal Spirit, is not exactly analogous to a "temporal Sword" but rather a **Sword of Absolute Will**, a Sword whose grip is in the Origin, beyond Time and Space, but **whose leaf can go through Time and Space and manifest itself to the people**. In any case, the King of the Blood wields the **Volitional Sword**, whose action is called **Honor**, and with his touches he embodies the forms of the Kingdom: from those strokes of royal Will, from those acts of Honor, will spring the Legislation, the Justice, and the wise Administration of the Charismatic State.

If Philip IV wishes to present himself as King of the Blood, the **Domini Canis** clarify, he must previously restore the Royal Function, he must abandon the illusory "temporal Sword", which was imposed on his ancestors by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, and wield the true Volitional Sword of the Lords of the Blood Pact, the Sword that manifests the Absolute Power of the Spirit. However, Canon Law, in force at that time, legalizes the hierarchical organization of the Swords according to the Cultural Pact: first the priestly Sword, pontifical; second, the "temporal" Sword, royal. It is therefore necessary to modify the existing legal order, circumscribe the Canon Law to the exclusively religious sphere and establish a separate civil law: the Royal Function inevitably demands the separation of Church and State.

Now, in the face of this demand, Philip IV was not in the situation of starting something totally new, a kind of "legal revolution"; on the contrary, the **Circulus Domini Canis** was preparing the ground for it from the time of Louis IX, grandfather of Philip IV. From those days, in effect, the Lords of the Dog had been subtly influencing the French Court to promote the formation

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of a whole class of **secular legists**, whose secret mission would consist of reviewing, and updating, Roman Law. Philip III, the son of Louis IX, was a King completely dominated by the Cistercian Golen, who kept him in such ignorance that, for example, they never taught him to read and write; his mental makeup, cleverly shaped by the Golen instructors, corresponded more to that of the monk than that of the warrior. The Lords of the Dog never tried to alter this control as their Strategy did not pass through him but through his son Philip IV; however, at the time they managed to influence so that Philip III approved a Law, apparently beneficial for the Crown, which reserved the right to grant titles of nobility to secular lawyers; that legal instrument was later enforced to promote numerous and important **Domini Canis** to the highest positions and magistracies of the Court, until then forbidden to all plebeian classes. Those secular legists, belonging to the **Circulus Domini Canis**, had great dedication to their specific mission and, by 1285, they had already developed the foundations that would allow the **constitution** of a State in which the Royal Function was above any other Power. Philip IV would count from the outset, therefore, with a team of directors and officials highly specialized in Roman Law, who would faithfully support him in confronting with the Golen papacy. From the most prestigious French universities, especially Paris, Toulouse and Montpellier, but also from the Order of Preachers, and even from the new educated bourgeoisie, will come out the legists who will give intellectual support to Philip IV: among the main ones it is worth remembering the Knights Pierre Flotte, Robert de Artois and the Count of Saint Pol; to Enguerrand de Marigny, from the Norman bourgeoisie, as well as his brother, Bishop Philippe de Marigny; Guillaume de Plasiny, Knight of Toulouse and fervent Cathar; and Guillaume de Nogaret, member of the family of villains who lived in the lands of Peter of Crete and Valentina, in Saint Felix de Caraman: his grandparents had been burned at Albi by Simon de Montfort, but he secretly professed Catharism and was a member of the **Circulus Domini Canis**; he was a law professor at Montpellier and Nimes, before being summoned to the Court of Philip the Fair.

### Thirty-Sixth Day

Starting from the preceding concepts, instilled in Philip IV by the **Domini Canis** instructors, his future Strategy is outlined: above all, he must restore the Royal Function; for this, he will try to separate the Church from the State; and such separation will be supported by precise legal arguments of Roman Law. But the participation of the Church was manifested in the three main powers of the State: in the **legislative**, by the supremacy of the Canon Law on civil jurisdiction; in the **judiciary**, for the supremacy of the ecclesiastical Courts to judge all cases, independently and above of civil justice; and in the **administrative**, by the absorption of large incomes coming from the Kingdom, without the State being able to exercise any control over them. The measures that Philip IV will adopt to change this last point will be those that will provoke the most violent reaction of the Golen Church.

When Philip IV acceded to the Throne, the Church was politically and economically powerful, and was embedded in the state. His father, Philip III, had committed the Kingdom in a Crusade against Aragon that had already cost a terrible defeat to the French arms. The monarchy was weak in the face of the landowner nobility: the feudal Lords, by falling into the Cultural Pact, were granting a superlative value to the **property** of the land, abandoning or forgetting the ancient strategic concept of the **occupation** of the peoples of the Blood Pact; therefore, in the time of Philip IV, it was accepted that an absurd relationship existed between the nobility of a lineage and the surface of the lands of its property, so that the Lord who had the most land, pretended to be the most Noble and powerful, even disputing the sovereignty of the King himself. Prior to Philip Augustus (1180-1223), for example, the Duke of Guyenne, the Count of Toulouse, or the Duke of Normandy, individually owned more land

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

than the reigning House of the Capetians. The King of England was theoretically a vassal of the King of France, but on more than one occasion his territorial domain made him a dangerous rival; that was clearly seen during the reign of Henry II Plantagenet, who, in addition to being King of England, was also sovereign of great part of France: Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Aquitaine, Auvergne, Anis, Saintonge, Angoumois, Marche and Perigord. Only when John Lackland made the mistakes that are well known, King Philip Augustus recovered for his House the Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine and Poitou. However, Louis IX, Crusade companion of Edward I, would return to this English King the French fiefdoms.

Since the dismemberment of the Empire of Charlemagne, and until Philip III, thus, there was nothing like the **national conscience** in the Kings of France but an ambition for territorial dominion that aimed to support feudal power: the nobility was then purely **cultural**, it was based on the **titles of the property** and not in the **blood** as would correspond to a true **Aristocracy of the Spirit**. Thus, the territorial expansions of the predecessors of Philip IV had no other objective than to obtain power and prestige in the feudal society: in no way would these possessions have led to the political unity of France, to the absolute monarchy, to the centralized and rational administration, and to the national conscience. Such results were the exclusive work of the Strategy of Philip IV.

But a "Hyperborean Strategy" is not a mere set of measures but the dynamic structure of a finally effective action. The Strategy of Philip IV, was based on the following concept of the Hyperborean Wisdom: **if a people organizes according to the Blood Pact, then the Royal Function demands the strategic way of life**. That is to say, the King of the Blood Pact must lead his people by applying the strategic principles of the **Occupation**, of the **Enclosure**, and of the **Strategic Wall**, complemented with the principle of **Magical Cultivation**, that is, with the white-Atlantean heritage of Agriculture and Livestock. To this concept, which I already spoke about on the Third Day, reference should be made to understand structurally the change in French politics after the advent of Philip the Fair.

In practical terms, the Strategy that Philip IV proposed to implement consisted in the execution of the three principles mentioned by means of three corresponding political facts. I will now explain, in order, how Philip IV understood such principles, linked to the Royal Function, and then I will show how his political acts faithfully responded to the Hyperborean strategy of the **Domini Canis**.

**First: Occupation of the real space.** This principle admits various degrees of understanding; Obviously, in the case of the Royal Function, the occupation has to include essentially the territory of the Kingdom. But who should occupy the Kingdom lands? The King of the Blood and the ruling House, **on behalf of the racial community, that is, of the Spirit**, that this is a people of the Blood Pact. Because the King is, as it was said, "the Voice of the people", "its individualized Will"; the King **must** occupy the territory of the Kingdom for the popular sovereignty to take place. The feudal patrimonial system, product of the Cultural Pact, attempted against the Royal Function as it kept the King separated from the people: the medieval people, in effect, owed direct obedience to the Territorial Lords, and these to the King; and the King could only address the people through the feudal Lords. That is why Philip IV would sanction a law that obliged all the people of France, to swear allegiance directly to the King, without intermediaries of any class: **"nothing material can come between the King of the Blood and the People"**. In short, the **Occupation of the Kingdom, by the King, "is" the Sovereignty**.

**Second: apply the principle of the Enclosure in the occupied real space.** In the most superficial degree of the meaning, it also refers to the territorial area: the own area must be strategically isolated from enemy domain by means of the principle of the Enclosure; this supposes, in any case, the definition of a state border. But this second strategic step is the one that gives reality to the concept of "Nation": according to the Blood Pact, **a people, of common Origin,**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*Blood and Race, organized as a Sovereign State, and occupying and enclosing the lands of its Kingdom, constitutes a Nation. Inside the fence there is the Nation; outside, the Enemy. However, such an ideal separation may be altered by various factors and it is not without struggle that the application of the principle of the enclosure comes to fruition giving birth to nationality: it can happen, as will be seen immediately, that the area of the enclosure exceeds, in certain strata of the real space, the territorial area, and invades the space of other nations; but it can happen, also, that the external Enemy penetrates in the own state area and internally threatens the Nation. The latter is not difficult because of the cultural nature of the Enemy, that is, coming from the Cultural Pact: the "External Enemy" is also the "Enemy Within" because the Enemy is One, its The One and its representatives, that is, the Enemy lacks nationality or, rather, is "international"; the Enemy does not know the principle of the enclosure and does not respect borders of any kind since all the world is for him his campus belli; and in that universal war field, where he tries to impose his will, nations and peoples are included, cities and cloisters, the Cultures that give meaning to man, and the fertile field of his Soul. It is understood, then, that the principle of the Enclosure is a concept broader than what is suggested at first glance and that only its exact definition and application allow to discover the Enemy.*



DOMINIO REAL EN 1180	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #f4a460; border: 1px solid black;"></span>	POSESIONES INGLESAS EN 1328	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #4169e1; border: 1px solid black;"></span>
INCREMENTO BAJO FELIPE AUGUSTO (1180-1223)	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #ffff00; border: 1px solid black;"></span>	PRINCIPADO ECLESIASTICO	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #ff4500; border: 1px solid black;"></span>
INCREMENTO BAJO LUIS VIII Y LUIS IX (1223-1270)	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #90ee90; border: 1px solid black;"></span>	FRONTERAS DEL REINO EN 1180	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; border-bottom: 1px solid black;"></span>
INCREMENTO BAJO FELIPE EL HERMOSO (1285-1314)	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #3cb371; border: 1px solid black;"></span>	FRONTERAS DEL REINO EN 1328	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; border-bottom: 1px dashed black;"></span>
		IGLESIAS GOTICAS	<span style="display: inline-block; width: 15px; height: 15px; background-color: #808080; border: 1px solid black;"></span>

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The principle refers, in truth, to a strategic Enclosure, whose existence depends only on the Will of those who apply and sustain it. Therefore the Enclosure encompasses multiple fields, apart from the merely territorial: **an occupied area can be effectively enclosed, but such a geographic area is nothing more than the "application" of the principle of the Enclosure; it is not the strategic Enclosure itself. The strategic Enclosure never describes a geographic area, not even geometric, but charismatic.** This is clearly seen in the case of the Nation. The members of a Nation admit many national borders in addition to geographical: the territorial limits of Babylon were perhaps marked by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, but the frontiers of fear that inspired its national army, extended to the entire Ancient World; and the same principle can be used to point to any other aspect of the Culture of a Nation, which will always present an area of national influence different from the state's geographic space. But, and this is the important thing: **only the members of a Nation know where its limits begin and end; those who are strangers to it will be able to intuit the regions in which the national is manifested, but the precise definition is only known by those who belong to the Nation. And this perception, which is neither rational nor irrational, is said to be charismatic.**

The Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that **the principle of the Enclosure determines a form and a content: the form is called "Mystic"; and the content, "Charisma".** The members of a Nation, on the other hand, are **strategic subjects.** A Nation, as a product of a strategic Enclosure, determines its own mystical form, which is perceived charismatically by the strategic subjects that belong to it. All Mystic, national or any other, is independent of time and physical space: the manifestation of it is purely charismatic. Hence, all those who perceive the Mystic, that is, those who are under the same strategic Enclosure, acquire **identical knowledge of its form, without difference in perspective:** such unity is possible because all strategic subjects have an a priori connection, which is the Common Origin of the Pure Blood; **in the form of a Mystic, the strategic subjects experience a Charismatic Linkage, which unites them in the Origin, and reveals identical Truth to them.** This understood, the concept of centrality of the Mystic: **every strategic subject is the Center of the Mystic; but, since perception is charismatic, not temporal or spatial, it is clear that the same center is simultaneously in all strategic subjects.** With regard to the Mystic Nation, for example, there is a Center that lies simultaneously in all the members of its people, the strategic subjects: each of them projects the principle of the Enclosure in any field, whether geographical or cultural, and receives the National Mystic charismatically; **and the Nation is one and the same for all.**

And now it will be better understood Dr. Siegnagel, the charismatic character of the Royal Function: according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, **if the Center of a national Mystic is embodied in a man, this, without any doubt, is the King of the Pure Blood, Racial Leader, Charismatic Chief, etc., of that people.** The King of the Blood constitutes, then, the **fundamental Center** of the Mystic of the Kingdom, which is the same center that lies simultaneously in all its subjects: **"so that nothing material can come between the King of the Blood and the people", since between them there is the Charismatic Linkage in the common Origin of the Pure Blood.**

By applying the principle of the Enclosure to his Kingdom, Philip IV perceives the Mystic of the French Nation and also observes, as by contrast, the Enemy, external and internal. Who is the Enemy? There are several degrees to consider. First, the Enemy is anyone who opposes the establishment of the strategic Enclosure: someone who recognizes a national border but does not accept it; someone who presses against any of the national borders. In this case is, for example, another Nation, neighboring or not, but which exercises the unquestionable power of expanding its national enclosure, based on the Divine Right of the Spirit to Reign on racially inferior peoples and occupying their territory: the controversy will be decided by the war, the means by which it is unequivocally determined which Nation possesses the best Hyperborean

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Strategy and, consequently, which is the people of the Purest Blood and who is the most spiritual King of the Blood. But this is a Worthy enemy, since it recognizes the existence of the adversary Nation although he does not respect the limits of its Enclosure: with such an Enemy, it is always possible to agree to a national coexistence agreement, which does not mean, of course, the ultimate peace, since it is not possible to suspend the charismatic effect of the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood: in both Nations, will emerge leaders who will try to resolve the issue. The permanent peace is not conceived in the National Strategy of the Blood Pact peoples but a completely different concept, known as **National Mystic**, and that will be achieved by both peoples at the end of the War: the primary objective of the national war is not, thus, the mere occupation of enemy territory, nor the imposition of a foreign Culture, nor the annihilation of the opposing people; all these goals, placed in the foreground, are due to the strategic deviations introduced by the Priests of the Cultural Pact; the main objective is the incorporation of the enemy Nation to its own national Mystic, the Charismatic Linkage between both peoples and the coincidence with the King of the Blood, whoever he may be; and if it means the destruction of a royal House, the extinction of a Voice of the people, the triumphant Mystic will manifest itself, for all strategic subjects in conflict, in another Voice of the People of a superior charismatic character, that will express everyone equally.

But, in the second degree, we must consider the Enemy which does not admit even the right to exist to the Mystic Nations. With this Enemy there are no possible conciliations of any kind. Of course it does not request them either, since it never openly declares war, which it claims to repudiate, and prefers to operate secretly, **from within the strategic enclosure**. In this way it intends to corrupt and destroy the charismatic foundations of the mystical State and cause the weakening and eventual suppression of the boundaries of the national Enclosure, that is, cause the deformation and disintegration of the mystical form. That Enemy, which must be qualified as **synarchic**, counts in all Nations, and in all sections of state structures, with organizations of agents indoctrinated in the goals of the Cultural Pact: such **satanic internationals** conspire against the very existence of the mystic Nation; and therefore against the application of the principle of the Enclosure and the Charismatic Linkage between the King and the people, which puts the Nation out of its control, that is, out of the control of the White Fraternity, which is the one that encourages, nourishes and vivifies the synarchic internacionalisms. The plans of the White Fraternity, I already amply explained, aim to establish the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People.

That is why those internationals all agreed to support the principles of the Cultural Pact, artfully aiming at weakening the foundations of the hyperborean strategies of the Blood Pact Peoples: To remove the ethical basis for the reality of the Aristocracy of the Spirit, founded on the racial heritage of the Symbol of the Origin in the peoples of the Pure Blood, they **affirmed the equality of all men in front of the Creator Jehovah Satan**. To demonstrate that the Strategic Enclosure, and the Nation defined by it, was just a petty idea, made by mediocre, narrow and selfish men, who would never accept the "High Ideal of Universalism", they used Christianity as an instrument to culturally equalize the peoples and conditioned them to identify the Universal Principle of Power with the Pope of Rome, who undoubtedly wielded the priestly Sword that dominated the temporal Swords of the Kings: the Pope was a true Universal Sovereign, who reigned over the peoples and Nations; in front of his "Greatness and Power", the work of the Kings of Blood was to appear to the sleeping men evidently devoid of mystical character; and the Aristocracy of the Spirit and the Blood, would be, for those fanatical egalitarians, an artificial creation of Nobility, a product of the privileges of feudal society.

And to discredit war as a means of affirming the National Mystic, they proposed the utopia of peace: a perpetual peace that would be obtained in any case if humanity entered the stage of religious universalism, if all the secular powers, the temporal Swords, bowed before the priestly Sword of the Supreme

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Catholic Pontiff; then the wars would end and the Christians would always live in peace, far from weapons and battlefields, and the caprice of the Lords, dedicated to work and prayer, protected by the absolute justice of the Representatives of God and his Law; a single World Government would retain the Power, and it would even be possible for the Two Swords to be in the hands of an imperial Pope; and peace would bring wealth for all equally; but that wealth would be administered fairly and equitably by a single Bank, product of a bank concentration, or **financial Synarchy**, exclusively dependent from the Supreme Priest who would hold the Universal Power. The Christian people, then, should not doubt who really represented its interests and to whom Universal Sovereignty should be granted without question: the occupant of the Throne of Saint Peter, the promoter of the **universalis pax**, the regent of the Dove of Israel.

Against that Christian civilization of Love and Peace, of egalitarian culture, opposed the national borders and the Kings of the Blood; and the pagan civilization of Hatred and War, which invariably occurred within the mystical enclosures; and the Aristocracy of the Spirit; and the strategic subjects that charismatically perceived and knew the limits of the national borders: against them would fight without declaring war, subversively, the internal, and external Enemy, of the Nation, supported by its fifth column forces, in its international organizations, all aimed at the establishment of the World Government and the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People.

And then who was the Enemy of the French Nation? With the advice from the **Domini Canis**, Philip IV rigorously determines the identity of the Enemy, who is deployed in various tactical wings. In order of danger, the different lines of action were carried out by the following organizations: I) the Golden Church. For centuries, already, the Golden controlled the papal election and, from Rome, directed the Christian world. Although the main enemy itself was the Golden, these would oppose Philip IV as an external Enemy through the Pope and as an internal Enemy through their monastic, warrior and financial Orders. II) The Golden Benedictine Orders: the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order, and the Order of the Knights Templar, which used the Kingdom of France as a base of operations. III) The Chosen People, with its permanent corrupting and destabilizing task. IV) The Lombard Banking, owned by the Guelph Houses of Italy. V) The royal English House, controlled by the Anglo-Saxon Golden and owner of large fiefdoms in the Kingdom of France. VI) Certain feudal lords vassals of the King of France, such as the Count of Flanders, who betrayed the King in favor of the royal English House, motivated by commercial and financial interests, which were not oblivious to the numerous and wealthy members of the Chosen People who infected the Flemish and English cities, and by the anti-French influence of the Anglo-Saxon Golden.

Third: **build the Strategic Wall**. It is idle to clarify that Philip IV did not meet the third objective of the strategic way of life because, if such a thing had happened, the history of mankind would have taken a totally opposite course and would not be found today, again, in the moments preceding the establishment of the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People. The application of the Principle of the Enclosure, brilliantly accomplished by Philip the Fair, cost him his life at the hands of the Enemy within, but served to signal the total failure of the plans of the White Fraternity for that Epoch. And the Men of Stone and the Hyperborean Pontiffs, who within the **Circulus Domini Canis** awaited the opportunity to apply the Lithic Wisdom to build the Strategic Walls, had to suspend the project due to the lack of aptitude for initiation of the later Kings, who plunged the Kingdom, already a Sovereign Nation, in multiple difficulties, only one of which was the Hundred Years War.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### Thirty-Seventh Day

We are approaching, Dear Dr. Siegnagel, the outcome of the story of Philip IV, that is, the moment when the plans of the White Fraternity fail, developed over the previous seven hundred years by the Golen.

I already indicated where the King's Strategy should begin: **Occupation** of the real space and **Enclosure**. Then the internal enemy should be eliminated to safeguard the national Mystic, which is the effective field of action of the Royal Function. The concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom that I have exposed in the last Days, and which were assimilated in analogous way by Philip IV in the XIII century, allowed access to a different strategic point of view, from which the acts of his reign acquired their true meaning. Philip IV receives the Crown of France in 1285: he inherits from Philip III, in that moment, the military disaster of the Crusade against Aragón and the obligation contracted by the Kingdom to invest his brother Charles with the Crowns of Pedro III. But Philip IV is not interested in continuing the fight and he only limits himself to stopping the bold strokes of the Aragonese, who, encouraged by their triumphs, carry out periodic incursions and landings on French territory. The peace of Tarascon, agreed in 1291, and the Treaty of Anagni of 1295, put an end to the unfortunate campaign and overshadow the Golen papal hope of ending the influence of the Houses of Swabia and Aragón on the affairs of Italy.

What was the reason for this political change in the House of France? The application of the principle of the Enclosure and the understanding of the true nature of the Enemy: Philip IV, although the Aragonese, like everyone in their time, took time to notice, was more Ghibelline than Pedro III; Aragón could never be the essential enemy of a King of the Pure Blood like Philip the Fair: at best it would be a chivalrous adversary, another Nation fighting to impose its Mystic. That is why Aragón was not on the list of the six main enemies of the Kingdom of France.

By applying the principle of the Enclosure, Philip IV immediately determines the strategic borders of France: to the East, the country ends on the shore of the Rhine; towards the North, in the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel; and heading to the West, the Pyrenees marked the limit of the Kingdom of Aragón. For Philip IV, and for his **Domini Canis** instructors, it was strategically wrong to try to expand at the expense of Aragón, a Nation endowed with powerful Mystic, without having previously applied the principle of the Occupation in one's own territory; hence the failure of the Crusade. Consequently, he would devote a great diplomatic effort to agree to peace with Aragón, which he would effectively achieve, as was anticipated, at a Congress held in Anagni in 1295. Hands free, the King would undertake the enterprise of expelling the English from French territory.

Guyenne was the largest province of France after the Languedoc; from its capital, Bordeaux, came Bertrand de Got, a Lord of the Dog that was Pope under the name of Clement V and who will be discussed later. But that enormous Duchy was in the power of Edward I Plantagenet since 1252, although surrounded by the French Counties of Poitou, Guyenne and Gascony, and the Kingdom of Navarre, whose King was also Philip IV. The opportunity to occupy the English squares of Guyenne would be provided by a conflict between English sailors and Normans in the port of Bayonne in 1292. The English Corsairs seized a French squadron and sacked La Rochelle: nothing more needed the French to seize numerous forts and castles and try to close the enclosure. Two years later, England and France were locked in a fierce naval warfare.

The war against the English foreign Enemy not only meant a change of front in French politics but also provided a good pretext to initiate the administrative reform of the Kingdom. This reform, long planned by the **Domini Canis** legists, should necessarily begin with the **financial separation** of the Church and the State: essentially, it would be necessary to control the ecclesiastical revenues, which were usually turned over to Rome outside all



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

oversight. At the same time, a tax system would be sanctioned to ensure the continuity of royal income. The pretext consisted of the authorization that the Popes had granted Philip III and Philip IV to tax with a tithe the income of the Church of France in order to pay for the Crusade against Aragón: although in 1295 peace with Aragón was made, a year before war broke out with England giving Philip the opportunity to continue with the exactions. That was not legal; however soon it would be thanks to a royal law of at the end of 1295 imposing on the clergy of France the compulsory contribution of a "tax of war" on their income.

Before seeing the reaction of the Golen Church, it deserves a separate comment the attitude that the Golen Pope Martin IV had assumed when he questioned the Kingdoms of Pedro III: it clearly shows the great hatred that he had for the House of Swabia. The fact is that that imposing army, which Philip III led to Catalonia, was not only financed with the tithe of the Church of France: Martin IV suspended the Crusade that Edward I of England was planning to the Holy Land, to derive against Aragón the tithe of the English clergy. But he also spent in full the sums with which Sardinia, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, Slavonia and Poland, had contributed to help the Christians of Palestine. Waiting in vain for help from Europe, the bastions of the East would soon fall into the power of the Saracens: in 1291, Saint John of Acre, the last Christian stronghold, yielded to the Emir of Egypt Melik-el-Asraf. In this way, two centuries after the first Crusade, and leaving rivers of blood behind it, the existence of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem concluded. The Order of the Knights Templar, without the need to simulate the support of the "army of the East", was free to dedicate itself to its true mission: to assert itself as the leading financial power of Europe, maintain a Knights' militia as a base for a future single European army, and promote the destruction of the monarchies in favor of the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

After the deaths of Martin IV and Philip III, Pope Honorius IV continued giving tithes to Philip the Fair in the hope that he would give fulfillment to the Crusade against Aragón. The same criterion, from 1288 to 1292, would adopt Nicholas IV who was a supporter of the Angevins despite belonging to a Ghibelline family; however, he favored the Colonna family, appointing Pietro Colonna as Cardinal; he founded the University of Montpellier, where Guillaume de Nogaret would teach law; and placed under the direct jurisdiction of the Throne of Saint Peter the Order of the Franciscan Friars Minor; the fall of Saint John of Acre caused him great consternation and he published a Crusade to send aid to the Christians and attempt the reconquest; he was making those plans when he passed away from an epidemic that decimated the city of Rome. At the death of that Pope, who represented an encouraging promise in the projects of the King of France, the Cardinals mostly fled to Rieti, in Perugia, leaving abandoned the Holy See for more than two years: during that interval the papal throne would remain vacant. Apparently the twelve Cardinals, six Romans, four Italians, and two French, could not agree to elect a new Pope, but in reality the delay was due to a clever maneuvering of Philip IV and the Lords of the Dog.

The Golen had favored the French presence in Italy because they considered the House of France as unconditionally Guelf: they never foresaw that from its bosom would rise a Ghibelline King. Such confidence was initially rewarded by the terrible repression that Charles de Anjou unleashed on the Ghibelline party and the members of the House of Swabia. And these "services" had the effect of increasing French influence in the affairs of Rome. Philip IV would know how to take advantage of this situation to secretly prepare the resurrection of the Ghibelline party. His main allies would be the Colonna family members, and Cardinal Hugh Aycelin, who communicated with him through Pierre de Paroi, Prior of Chaise, who was Lord of the Dog and French secret agent: all had been offered rich French Counties in exchange for support in the Sacred College. The support consisted, of course, in preventing the election of a Golen Pope or, in the best of cases, appointing a Dominican.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

That of the Colonna was a family of Roman nobles who for several centuries had a lot of weight in the Government of Rome and in the Catholic Church. They owned a series of Manors in the mountainous region that goes from Rome to Naples, so that almost all roads to southern Italy passed through their lands. In those days, there were two Colonna Cardinals: the old Jacopo, Giacomo Colonna, patron of the Order of the Spiritual Franciscans, and his nephew, Pietro Colonna. Pietro's older brother, Giovanni Colonna, in the same period, was Senator and Governor of Rome. It is idle to say that this family constituted a powerful Clan, which formed a party with other Lords, Knights and Bishops; such a party was confronted, with great force, against the second important Clan, that of the Orsini, who were decidedly Guelphs and were controlled by the Golen. Both groups dominated the rest of Cardinals who were to decide in the papal election; until then, the positions were tied, with the Colonna opting to lock all attempts of the Golen and propose, in turn, members of their own Clan.

But the Catholic Church was at that time, an organization spread across the entire Orb, possessor of thousands of Churches and vassal Manors that channeled towards Rome large sums of money and valuable merchandise; its administration could not be adrift for long. Therefore, after two years and three months of discussions, the situation became sufficiently unsustainable to demand the election without further delay. So, seeing that no agreement was going to emerge to appoint any of the present Cardinals as Pope, it is agreed to designate a non-Cardinal. The two groups think of a front man, a weak Pope whose will can be directed in secret. And so, on July 5, 1294, the votes were unanimous, all opting for Pietro di Murrone, an eighty-five-year-old hermit Saint who lived in retirement in a cave in the Abruzzi.

The Spiritual Franciscans, led by Jacopo Colonna, had resumed the ancient monastic tradition inspired by the Rule of Saint Francis and in the apocalyptic vision of Gioacchino da Fiore. Thirty years earlier, Pietro was the guide of various communities of Spiritual Franciscans, but, not satisfied even with the extreme rigor of the Order, he founded his own, which would later be remembered as the "Order of the Celestinians". However, despite Celestinian monasteries spread continuously across the region of the Abruzzi and southern Italy, Pietro had retired to a cave on Mount Murrone to dedicate himself to the contemplative life; he was in that retreat when he had news of his appointment to the post of Pope: he doubted the convenience of accepting but was convinced by Charles II the Lame, son of Charles de Anjou, who, released from the Catalan prison, then reigned in Naples. Finally, Pietro accepted the papal investiture and took the name of Celestine V: the entire Christendom greeted with joy the enthronement of the Saint, from whom they expected to put a stop to the materialism and immorality reigning in the ecclesiastical hierarchy and open the Church to a spiritual reform. It is therefore understood that for the Colonna, and for Philip IV, that election had the flavor of triumph.

But Pietro di Murrone lacked all the instruction and knowledge necessary to administer an institution the size of the Catholic Church; his only government experience came from leading small communities of Friars. Besides, the Saint was not interested in those worldly affairs but in questions of practical religion: the evangelization, the prayer, the salvation of the Soul. This way, he delegated to the Cardinals, and to a group of legist Bishops, the temporal questions, forming a corrupt and interested environment that in four months plunged the Church into a great economic disorder.

The Golen, of course, also hoped to control Pietro di Murrone; they trusted above all in the King of Naples, whom Pietro professed special affection: they supposed that Charles II would not support the intrigues of his cousin Philip the Fair and would continue the Guelph policy of Charles de Anjou; with the help from the King, it would be easy to get the Pope to sanction the measures proposed by them. And they had, in addition, a surprising secret: a Cardinal, Benedetto Gaetani, from a Ghibelline family and openly enlisted in the cause of France, was one of their own. This Golen, Doctor in Canon Law, Theologian

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and expert in Diplomacy, would be close to the Saint without arousing the suspicions of the Colonna, those against whom he nourished within him deadly desires.

Two of the changes introduced by Celestine V, at the request of Charles II, should now be highlighted. He increased the number of Cardinals by appointing other twelve, mostly Italians and French, and reestablished the Conclave law, which forced to replace the vacant members of the Sacred College. And he conferred on the Spiritual Franciscans the authorization to function independently from the Order of Friars Minor. Such provisions favored the French influence on the Church and the Colonna party.

The Golen would not come to control Celestine V. And with the running of the months, they realized that the war between France and England not only strengthened Philip IV but threatened to paralyze the plans of the White Fraternity. There was no more time for subtleties: it was urgent to finish off the saint and put in his place a Golen Pope, a man capable of imposing himself on that beardless King who dared to defy the Powers of Matter: from the Throne of Saint Peter, whose dominion they had exercised almost uninterruptedly for seven hundred years, they would present Philip IV with an opposition as was not seen since the days of Henry IV, Frederick I and Frederick II. However, they did not dare to assassinate Celestine because of the repercussions that that fact might have on the people of Italy, who were impressed with the spiritual virtues of the Pope. Thus arose the idea of convincing the Saint that his Pontificate did not suit the Church, in need of a Pope who took care of other important matters apart from the religious ones, such as the administrative, legislative, legal, and diplomatic. The spokesperson for this idea, and who offered the legal advice to finalize the resignation, was Cardinal Benedetto Gaetani.

Those pressures made Celestine doubt, but the advice was more powerful from those who asked him to remain in his position because the Church required the Holiness of his presence. As the five months of his reign approached, Benedetto Gaetani comes to resort to the crude plot of buying his valet and have him installed from the upper deck, a pipe bearer of voice that looked behind the Christ of the Altar, in a Chapel to which Celestine attended daily to pray: the voice that came from "Jesus" said: "Celestine, unload from your back the feud of the papacy, for it is a weight greater than your strength". At first, the Saint took it as a warning from Heaven, but later he was alerted about the hoax. However, Christmas was approaching and Celestine was preparing to retire to a solitary monastery in the Abruzzi to pray in loneliness, as was the custom of his whole life. On the advice of the King of Naples, he decides to appoint three Cardinals with broad powers in order to act on his behalf during the four weeks of absence: it was then that a Golen Cardinal accused the Pope of carrying out an illegal action. The Church, he told him, could not have four husbands, the papal dignity was not delegable up to that point. This decided the Saint to resign, more disgusted by the intrigues that unfolded around him than by the weight of the arguments wielded.

But renouncing the papal investiture is not the same as abdicating a royal investiture. In the Canon Law in force until then, the possibility was not covered and there had never been a case since St. Peter named St. Linus his successor, in the 1st century. On the contrary, the Canon Law stated that the investiture was for life, since its acceptance had the character of a marriage bond between the Pope and the Church, which was dogmatically indissoluble. To overcome this insurmountable difficulty, the canonist Cardinals Bianchi and Gaetani resorted to childish logical reasoning: the Canon Law governs and formalizes the conduct of the Popes, but, above the Canon Law, there is the Pope himself, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to him corresponds the evident right to modify with his infallible word all law and all dogma; including the issue of resignation from the papal investiture. On 13 December 1294, five months and nine days after being enthroned, Celestine V signed the Bull drawn up by the canonists of Benedetto Gaetani, which confirmed the right of the Pope to resign if deep and well-founded guilty feelings, such as, for example, believing

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

that his conducting of the Church could result in serious harm to it or, simply, the conviction of not being fit for the position, justified it. Thereupon, he took off his tiara, the sandals of St. Peter and the ring, and resigned to his high office.

On December 29, 1294, the Conclave elected Cardinal Benedetto Gaetani, a native of Anagni and a member of the noble families who had given the Church the Popes Alexander IV, Innocent IV and Gregory IX; he took the name of Boniface VIII. Pietro di Murrone, who in addition to being a saint was famous for having the gift of prophecy, before leaving, gave him the following warning: "You have perched like a fox, you will reign like a lion, and die like a dog".

Regarding the legality of his attitude, were raised the most bitter polemics among canonists, which lasted for centuries, as an opinion widespread since ancient times held that the papal investiture could not be waived by any decree. This view, shared by many theologians and canonists of Italy and France, was also supported by the people, who continued considering Celestine V as the legitimate Pope. Fearing a schism the Golen decide to eliminate Pietro di Murrone: Boniface VIII has him seized in a cave in the mountains of Sant'Angelo, in Apulia, where he had retired, and he confines him in the Fortress of Fumone, in Campania; in May 1296 he would be assassinated and his body buried five meters deep.

### Thirty-Eighth Day

The famous **investiture controversy**, filed between Gregory VII and Henry IV, between the priestly Sword and the volitional Sword, would now be renewed by Boniface VIII and Philip IV: but where before the first had triumphed, now the second would prevail, with all the weight that the Absolute Truth can load on the essential lie. Times had changed and it wasn't now about a confrontation between the Priest of the Cult and the King of Blood, in which the first had the upper hand because he dominated the Culture through Religion and the organized Church, while the latter lacked the **strategic orientation** necessary to enforce the **charismatic power of the Pure Blood**. With Philip IV the Golen were facing an Initiate King who was opposed on the plane of Strategies, that is, in the context of the Essential War: the Priest of the Cult and the Cultural Pact, against the King of the Blood and the Blood Pact, synarchic Culture against the strategic way of life; the Golen Pope Boniface VIII and the theocratic concept of the World Government, against the King of the Pure Blood Philip IV and the concept of the Mystic Nation; the plans of the White Brotherhood against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel, this time the quarrel was raised at the level of two Total Strategies, and its resolution would imply the total defeat of one of the adversaries, that is, the impossibility of meeting its strategic goals. But, as it was about the Strategy of the Powers of Matter against the Strategy of the Eternal Spirit, represented by Boniface VIII and Philip IV, it would not be difficult to predict who would emerge victorious. It was best synthesized by Pierre Flotte, a Lord of the Dog who was minister of Philip the Fair: when Boniface VIII affirmed: "I, being the Pope, wield the two Swords", he replied: "It is true, Holy Father; but there where your Swords are only a theory, those of my King are a reality".

Already in October 1294, numerous French provincial synods met to discuss the help that the King demanded in order to solve the war against England. Many approve the transfer, for two years, of an extraordinary tithe, but most Orders send their protest to the Vatican. And here it can be said that one of the most fruitful divisions begins in the bosom of the Church: French Bishops, in great numbers, are being won over by the National Mystic, and they feel charismatically inclined to support Philip the Fair; on the other hand, the Golen Church, represented in France by the Benedictine Orders, that is, the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order and the Templars, furiously oppose the claims of Philip IV: it is the Abbot of Citeaux who raises to Boniface

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

VIII the most virulent claims, after the general assembly of 1296 in which he compares the "servile bishops", who agree to pay taxes, with the "mute dogs" of the Sacred Scripture, while the King is equated with the Pharaoh. That difference, which by then was quite accentuated, was dividing the Church of France into two sides. On the King's side, the nationalist Bishops, some of whom were Lords of the Dog, although the majority consisted of simple patriots who feared deep down a confrontation with the Holy See: Philip IV would not neglect them, assuring them in all cases real protection against any retaliation that their behaviors could cause them; also the University of Paris, the most prestigious school of Canon Law in Europe, was divided: there, apart from the issue of the tax reform, there was still debate on the legality of the election of Boniface VIII, with many canonists considering Celestine V as the true Pope. The following measures of Philip IV, and the strategic movements of the **Domini Canis**, would tend to consolidate the unity of this side, to unite them around the King of the Blood, and to oppose them to Boniface VIII.

On the other side, that of the proper Golden Church, headed by Boniface VIII, the enemies of the Mystic Nation, that is, the supporters of the "external and internal Enemy", the Golden Orders and their secret nucleus: the College of Temple Builders. For Philip IV, and so it would be exposed in the process to the Templars, from such Secret Societies a plot was being prepared designed to weaken the monarchies in favor of a World Government. Against this satanic side, still powerful enough as if to attempt the last defense of the White Fraternity's plans, Philip IV had to strike with all the force of his Volitional Sword, trying at the same time that the blow responded to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy.

Boniface VIII wastes no more time. He decides to apply on the King of France, and extensively to anyone who dared to imitate him, the universal prestige of the Catholic Church. From this prestige arises the principle of obedience to the papal authority, which until then no one dared to disobey without suffering serious penalties in his religious condition, when not punishments of more concrete order. The call for a Crusade to safeguard the Catholic Religion summoned the most fervent adhesions, it set in motion thousands of faithful; and it was only a papal mandate, an order obeyed out of respect for the Holy Investiture of its issuer. Wouldn't it be the right time to apply that prestige over that rebellious kingleet, who dared to interfere in the centennial plans of the Golden Church? But Boniface VIII did not take into account, evaluating the strength of that prestige, the recent loss of the Holy Land, nor the frustrated Crusade against Aragon, nor the Aragonese presence in Sicily, nor the extreme weakness that the war against the House of Swabia had produced in the German kingdom, nor the almost nonexistence of the Empire, except for the title that was still granted to the German Kings, etc. None of this he took into account and decided to press Philip IV through the bull **Clericis laicos** of February 24, 1296.

It prohibited, under **penalty of excommunication**, all lay princes to demand or receive extraordinary subsidies from the clergy; the clergymen, for their part, were forbidden to pay them, unless otherwise authorized by the Holy See; under **the same penalty of excommunication**. It thus arrived at the absurdity that a Bishop ran the risk of being excommunicated, not only for falling into heresy, but also for paying a tax. It will not escape you, Dr. Siegnagel, the Jewish connotations behind such a miserly and greedy mentality.

Philip IV's reaction was consequent. He gathered in France an assembly of Bishops to debate the bull **Clericis laicos**, in which he accused, those who obey it, not to contribute to the defense of the Kingdom and to be, therefore, liable to the charge of treason: the Roman Law was already opposing the canonical Law. He sent some loyal bishops and ministers to Rome to address the issue with the Pope, while he secretly encouraged the Colonna to strengthen the Ghibelline party. But, in addition to taking these steps, he did something much more effective: on August 17, he issued an edict prohibiting the export of gold and silver from the Kingdom of France; another royal edict prohibited

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Italian bankers operating in France accept funds earmarked for the Pope. In this way the Pope was deprived of receiving ecclesiastical revenues coming from the Church of France, including his own fiefdoms.

Boniface VIII, of course, did not expect such a blow from the French King. Philip IV had exposed the new situation to the people through proclamations, libels and assemblies called for this purpose; and he had skillfully exposed it, so that the Church of Rome appeared indifferent to the need of the French Nation, as only selfishly interested in its income: while the Nation had to mobilize all its resources to face a foreign war, it was intended to passively accept, "under penalty of excommunication", that the clergy derived important income towards Rome. These arguments justified before the people and the estates the royal edict, and predisposed everyone against the papal bull: Philip IV was unanimously requested to disobey the **Clericis laicos**, whose content, according to secular lawyers, was manifestly perverse since it forced the King to break the laws of his Kingdom. For Boniface VIII, whose love for gold went hand in hand with his fanaticism for the Golen cause, the deprivation of those rents meant little less than physical mutilation, especially when they were news that the English King Edward I was imitating the measures of Philip regarding the exaction of ecclesiastical tithes, and now he was preparing to disobey also the **Clericis laicos** and seize all of the Church income. Boniface VIII's pain will be better understood if we observe the amounts of the rents in question: Italy contributed 500,000 gold guilders in papal tithes; England 600,000; and France, which had been retaining a part destined for the Crusade against Aragon, 200,000. It was a lode which could not be given up for anything in the world.

Why did Boniface VIII need such amounts? Partly for financing the war with which he planned to break the Ghibelline siege that was developing in Italy, where the Sicilian issue was still pending; and in part to enrich himself and his family, since Benedetto Gaetani was gifted to perfection with the features of the boundless ambitious, of the unscrupulous climber, of the corrupt tyrant, to cite these examples: when he became Pope he immediately annulled the laws and decrees of Nicholas IV and Celestine V that benefited the Colonna, transferring the titles in favor of his own relatives; King Charles II obtained for his nephew the title of Count of Caserta and several fiefdoms; for his sons, those of Count of Palazzo and Count of Fondi; for himself, he took over the old palace of Emperor Octavian, converted then in the military Fortress of Rome, which he restored and rebuilt magnificently, using Church money for it; same procedure he followed with other castles and fortresses in Campania and Maremma, all of which became part of his personal patrimony; he owned palaces, of great beauty, in Rome, Rieti and Orvieto; his usual residences, although the most beautiful and luxurious was undoubtedly the one in his hometown of Anagni, where he spent most of the year; he lived, then, in an environment of luxury and splendor that in no way condescended with his headship of a Church that exalts the salvation of the Soul by the practice of humility and poverty; he lacked the scruples to award charges and favors in exchange for money, that is, he was simoniac; he placed the money, his own or that of the Church, indistinctly, in the hands of the Lombard bankers or the Templars to be loaned at usurious interest; he lacked all mercy when achieving his goals, a quality that he first demonstrated by making assassinate Celestine V, and later confirmed with the bloody persecutions of Ghibellines that he unleashed in Italy; and to complete this picture of his sinister personality, perhaps one last example will suffice: like all Golen, Boniface VIII was fond of ritual sodomy.

Of course, just as the Golen had not had a King of the stature of Philip IV to oppose him, they did not have a Saint Bernard to sit on the pontifical throne: Benedetto Gaetani was the best they had and they entrusted the execution of the Strategy to him. And the best strategy seemed to be, facing the toughness and bravery of Philip IV, to take a step back and prepare to advance two. In other words, an attempt would be made to calm the King by tempering the sense of the bull **Clericis laicos**, which he would try with another bull,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*Ineffabilis amor*, of September 21, 1296, and all available means would be devoted by the Church to end the Ghibelline threat in Italy and Sicily; and as for the pretext of war with England, wielded by the King of France to justify his exactions, it would be neutralized by forcing the parties to make a peace agreement; pure logic: without war, the King would have no reason to demand taxes or contributions to the clergy.

*Ineffabilis amor* is followed by the bulls *Romana mater ecclesia* and *Novertis*, in which he now threatens the King with the excommunication, now manifests his full approval of tithes, as long as the Kingdom was actually found in danger; but what stands out in all of them is the arrogance with which he addresses the King, whom he considers a mere subject. These bulls would raise a wave of indignation in France, since they were read publicly by order of the King, and they would further predispose the French Bishops against the papal intransigence. It is they who meet in an assembly in Paris and request the Pope, the 1<sup>st</sup> of February 1297, the authorization to subsidize Philip IV, who faces at that time the betrayal of the Count of Flanders. This, indeed, had allied himself to the King of England, who was trying to recover the Guyenne, and threatened the North of France. Boniface VIII must yield to the facts and authorize the contributions, leaving *Clericis laicos* in dead letter.

In April 1297, Boniface sent the Cardinals Albano and Praeneste to Paris carrying a new bull: in it he **orders** the monarchs in conflict to establish a one-year truce while the final peace treaty is agreed; the negotiation would be in charge of the Pope. Philip receives them, but before allowing them to read the rescript makes the following warning: --"Tell the Pope that it is our conviction that only to the King corresponds the command of the Kingdom. That We are the King of France and do not recognize competition from anyone above ours to intervene in the Kingdom affairs. That the King of England and the Count of Flanders are vassals of the King of France and that We do not accept another advice other than the Voice of Honor to treat our subjects".

The bull was read, but Philip did not reply until June 1298, when the fortunes of arms were adverse to him before the united forces of England and Flanders. He then accepted the arbitration of Boniface VIII but not as the Pope, but only as "Benedetto Gaetani": in this way he avoided admitting the papal jurisdiction in the matters of the Kingdom.

By the way, the controversy over the legitimacy of Boniface VIII continued more alive than ever. In France, the Lords of the Dog were in charge of updating the debate, while in Italy the agitation was carried out by the Colonna: the preference for Boniface VIII or Celestine V had been transformed there in synonymous of Guelph or Ghibelline. The Colonna, receiving secret help from Philip IV, and now allies to King Fadrique of Sicily, son of Pedro III of Aragon and Constanza of Swabia, presented themselves in the view of the Pope as the firmer candidates for a Golden *vendetta*. They just needed one chance, and this one appeared when Stefano Colonna's anger led him to assault a Papal caravan transporting the pontifical treasure from Anagni to Rome. Stefano Colonna had not acted with the intention of robbery but with the certainty of rescuing the assets of the Church that were in the power of an usurper; that is why he led the treasure by daylight to his Palestrina Castle.

The lesson that Boniface VIII would apply to the Colonna, and the Ghibellines, would be exemplary, though characteristic of the Golden mentality. He first introduced to the people of Rome the act of Stefano Colonna as an unspeakable crime, for which he held all his lineage responsible: --"Cardinal Pietro is the Chief of the Ghibellines and both he and Cardinal Jacopo are to blame for the papal election's delay for two years in Perugia. Now another member of that family dares to rise up against the authority of the Pope, the highest in the Universe, and dares to steal his treasure: that cursed lineage must be banned from the Church". It was in vain that the Cardinals Colonna proclaimed the illegality of Boniface VIII, that they contributed in favor of their accusations, the doubts that the University of Paris argued about the resignation of Celestine V, or that they requested the formation of a General

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

Council of the Church to issue on the case: in less than a month, and with the approval of the Sacred College, Cardinals Jacopo and Pietro are excommunicated and deposed, as well as Giovanni Colonna and his sons, Agapito, Giacomo Sciarra and Stefano. In addition to separating them from the Church and Christianity, in the bull it is ordered to confiscate their assets, properties and titles. Naturally, the Colonna resist and Boniface responds by publishing a Crusade; who participate in it, will obtain the same dispensations as if they had gone to Holy Land.

As the crusaders pass, the Ghibelline massacres are renewed throughout Italy. The Castle of Sciarra, in Palestrina, is taken and, by order of Boniface, reduced to rubble, the earth plowed and covered with salt. Sciarra and the rest of the Colonna must flee to France, completely ruined. Shortly after it's the Spiritual Franciscans' turn: according to another bull, the Holy Office found their doctrines heretical and ordered the dissolution of the Order.

### Thirty-Ninth Day

Only in 1299 would Philip the Fair succeed in ending the war with England. The truce agreed by Benedetto Gaetani unfolded morosely without the nations in conflict yielding their intentions to resume the contest. Finally, by the Treaty of Montreuil, it was put to an end thanks to the conditions of the time: Edward I, King of England, would marry Margaret, sister of Philip IV, while Edward II, son of the Englishman, was engaged to Isabella, a four-year-old girl who was the only daughter of the French; Isabella would carry the Duchy of Guyenne as her dowry, but the English would not set foot on French territory for the moment. The following year, Philip occupies the County of Flanders with his troops and closes the strategic Enclosure.

It is the year 1300, then, when Philip the Fair completes the two first steps of the strategic way of life from the Royal Function: he has carried out the **principle of the Occupation** of the territory of the Kingdom and has applied the **principle of the Enclosure**; and the fields are prepared for the rational exploitation of the Agriculture and Livestock. The Hyperborean Strategy then reaches its highest degree of development and there is almost no power on Earth capable of opposing the King of the Blood and the Mystic Nation. The time of the charismatic State has come, in which King and people are one Voice and one Will. The arrest of the Bishop of Pamiers, which will trigger the last reaction of Boniface VIII, will clearly show the real existence of the charismatic State.

Bernard de Saisset, Bishop of Pamiers was actually a Golen spy. He had been entrusted with the mission of investigating in the Languedoc the existence of a Secret Society to which they allegedly belong the advisors of Philip the Fair. After patient work, he came to an astonishing conclusion: "Indeed, there was an impious conspiracy against the Golen Church; in it, converged the Cathars, reappearing surprisingly organized, the Spiritual Franciscans, recently excommunicated, and some members of the Order of Preachers, especially Spanish; the disputes between inquisitors and heretics were clearly simulated, and it was easily noticed that behind the plot was the hand of Philip the Fair, who protected personally all the accused". Before being discovered by the Lords of the Dog, and arrested and charged with High Treason, the Bishop of Pamiers managed to send his report to Boniface VIII who demanded from the King of France his immediate release. This was not possible without running the risk that more details would be known about the **Domini Canis**, so he was formally accused of being involved in a seditious plan at the service of the Crown of Aragón. He was going to be tried by a civil court, which was in total contradiction with the Canon law, which prohibited bishops from appearing in secular courts.

The need to count with the Bishop of Pamiers to obtain testimony against Philip the Fair, and the challenge it meant at the time the civil prosecution of a Bishop, caused the wrath of Boniface VIII. His answer would be the bull **Ausculata fili**, dispatched to France in December 1301, together with others of



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

less importance. In it, Boniface violently criticized the legal and administrative reform of the King: "Come back, my beloved son, to the path that leads to God, and from which you have departed, either by your own fault or at the instigation of malevolent advisers. Above everything, do not be persuaded that you do not have a superior and that you are not subject to the Pope, who is the head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Such an opinion is foolish, and whoever encourages it is an infidel already segregated from the flock of the Good Shepherd". Those "malevolent advisers" certainly would be no other than the *Domini Canis*. Next, Boniface expresses that, in order to consider the disorders caused by Philip's misconduct, and find a just remedy for them, **summons all the Bishops to a Council in Rome for November 1302**: during which, the King, who is invited to appear, will be prosecuted for his "crimes" and called to correction. Philip IV, of course, not only would not show up, but would forbid the Bishops to leave France without his consent.

The "crimes" that were charged to the King in *Ausculta fili*, today would seem to us perfectly sovereign: it accused him of "having changed the monetary system"; of "creating taxes hitherto unknown"; of "taxing the income that the Church of France remitted to Rome"; to "impose on his subjects national borders"; etc. Copies of this bull were read and burned publicly throughout France, sparking a popular movement of outrage against the theocratic despotism of the Pope.

As I said, Dr. Siegnagel, with *Ausculta fili* there was the opportunity to exhibit the Mystic Nation, with that new structure of the State patiently created by the legists *Domini Canis*. That demonstration was held exactly on April 10, 1302, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, and can be considered as the first **Constitution** of the modern French State. Representatives from **all** the French provinces met there, reason why that congress was called "of the Estates General". But what was really new consisted of the **Three Estates** that made up the Assembly; that is, the representatives of the Nobility, of the Clergy, and of **the Cities**. The latter, present for the first time in a Council presided by the King. We must place ourselves at that time in the fourteenth century to appreciate in its true dimension the innovation it meant to include together with Nobles and Ecclesiastics the representatives of the plebeian class; and this not as a "Democratic right", torn by force from bloody Tyrants or weak Kings, but by the real recognition that **the people participate in the sovereignty**, as affirmed by the Hyperborean Wisdom. Naturally, in the third Estate, were represented the different strata that made up the people of the Mystic Nation: mainly the new and thriving bourgeoisie, formed by traders, merchants and small owners; the guilds of artisans and builders; free peasants, etc.

Outstanding performance in the organization of that first Assembly of the Three Estates fit the Lords of the Dog, especially the three named, Pierre Flotte, Robert de Artois and the Count of Saint Pol. Pierre Flotte spoke to the parliament on behalf of the King, and his words are still remembered: --"The Pope has sent us letters in which he declares that we must submit to him as far as the temporal government of our Kingdom is concerned, and that we must abide not only by the crown of God, as has always been believed, but also by that of the Apostolic See. In accordance with this declaration, the Pontiff summons the prelates of this Kingdom to a Council in Rome, to reform the abuses he says have been committed by us and our officials in the administration of our States. You know, on the other hand, in what way the Pope impoverishes the Church of France by granting at his discretion benefits whose proceeds go to foreign hands. You are not unaware that the churches are overwhelmed by demands for tithes; that metropolitans no longer have authority over their suffragans; nor the Bishops on their clergy; that, in a word, the court of Rome, reducing the episcopate to nothing, draws everything to itself, power and money. These excesses must be stopped. We beg you, therefore, as Lords and as Friends, may you help us to defend the freedoms of the Kingdom and those of the Church. As for us, we will not hesitate, if necessary, in sacrificing for this double reason our goods, our life and, if the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*circumstances demand it, that of our children".* Philip the Fair's position was collectively supported by the Estates General.

The Nobles and the Cities signed letters in which they rejected with harsh terms the accusations against the King and denounced, in turn, the intention of the Pope to turn the Kingdom into an ecclesiastical fiefdom; the letters were sent, not to the Pope, but to the Sacred College. Also, they swore to defend with their blood the independence of France and declared that, regarding the affairs of the Kingdom, there was no one higher than the King, nor the Emperor nor the Pope. The Cardinals, of course, declined to consider charges "for the rude way of referring to the Pope"; but relations were becoming more and more poisoned. During the Assembly, the most heinous crimes attributed to Boniface VIII had been made public: usurpation of papal investiture, murder, simony, heresy, sodomy, etc; and that lack of moral authority, from who claimed to be Supreme Sovereign, was disclosed in all corners of the Kingdom by the publicists of Philip the Fair. The people was then with its King and would not react adversely to any initiative that was intended to limit the ambitions of Boniface VIII.

As for the Bishops, they were faced with the following dilemma: if they attended the Council, they would be considered "personal enemies" of the King; could be accused of treason and, as happened to the Bishop of Pamiers, tried by civil courts. But if they did not attend, they would be excommunicated by Boniface VIII. However, despite the terrible retaliation promised by the Pope for those who did not go to Rome, most of the Bishops were on the King's side, whom they regarded as a more worthy representative of the Catholic Religion: only the Golen and the spies of Philip IV would go in November to the Council; that is, only 36 would go out of a total of 78 French Bishops. But before the Council, on July 11, 1302, an unfortunate event came to mourn the Mystic Court of Philip the Fair: to quell the general uprising that had unleashed in Flanders, Philip sends a mighty army of Knights, annihilated that day in the Battle of Courtrai; and in the field of battle remain forever the invaluable Pierre Flotte, Robert de Artois, and the Count of Saint Pol, three Lords of the Dog whose performance was the main factor in the success of the Strategy of Philip IV. Immediately other **Domini Canis** are promoted, even more fearsome than the three dead: Guillaume de Nogaret, Enguerrand de Marigny and Guillaume de Plasian.

During the Council no resolution is taken against Philip IV because, as in the fable, there would be no mouse willing to rattle the cat. However, Boniface's fury knows no limits when he is informed that, in France, the assets of the Bishops present have been confiscated and they have been promoted a high treason trial. Thus, on November 18 he publishes the bull **Unam Sanctam**, which would be considered the most complete exhibition ever made in favor of papal and priestly absolutism. Unable to take other more effective measures against Philip the Fair, the Golen try to start a legal controversy on the issue of "spiritual power" and "temporal power"; that is why Boniface insists once more using the Two Swords analogy: the tactic is to get to accept, as a syllogism, the truth that the spiritual sword is above the temporal sword; this being admitted, next is the identification of the Pope with the spiritual sword and the King with the temporal sword: the conclusion, evident and logic, is that the King must submit to the Pope because with this is fulfilled "God's Will". The idea was not new, but now it was elevated to official Dogma of the Church and its explicit rejection would imply the sin of heresy.

Let us remember, Dr. Siegnagel, the main conclusions of the bull. To begin with, it affirms the existence of **a single Church**, denying the recent accusation of the **Domini Canis** that, within the Catholic Church, there is a Golen Church, heretical and satanic, of which Boniface VIII would be one of the chiefs; from there the name of the bull: **Unam Sanctam Ecclesiam...** In this one Church "we are forced to believe because outside of it there is no salvation or forgiveness of sins". And this one Church is analogous to an organic body, in which the head represents Jesus Christ and, also, the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ: "Therefore, in this one and only Church there is only one body, one head, and

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

no two heads like a monster has, namely: Jesus Christ and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Peter and the successors of Peter, are the head of the Church". "For this reason, the spiritual and temporal Swords are subject to the power of the Church; the second should be used for the Church, and the first by the Church; the first, by the Priest; the second, by the hand of the Kings and Knights, but at the will and consent of the Priest". "A sword, however, must be subordinate to the other, and the temporal authority to the spiritual power". The King must not interfere in the affairs of the Church, even if it is concerning its income, because if he does so, he makes a serious mistake, he interferes with the "spiritual power", and the Pope is obliged to judge him and call him to order, without, on the contrary, being anyone on the Earth who can judge the Pope: "We see this clearly in the contribution of tithes, both in the glorification as well as sanctification, in the reception of that power and in the government of things. Because, as the truth testifies, spiritual power must institute and judge earthly power, if it is not properly exercised". "Therefore, if earthly power errs, it can be judged by the higher power; but if in truth the supreme power errs, it can only be judged by God, not by any man".

That is to say, that all the accusations against Boniface VIII exposed during the Assembly of the Estates General, and transcribed in the letters to the Cardinals, lack value because they come from those who have no spiritual capacity to judge the acts of the Pope; only God can do it. And to believe otherwise is a manifest heresy: "Therefore, whoever resists this power so ordained by God, resists the law of God, unless he pretends the existence of two principles, like the Manicheans. From what we declare, we say and define that it is entirely necessary for salvation, that all human creatures are subject to the Supreme Roman Pontiff" ("Porro Subesse Romano Pontifici, omni humanae creaturae declaramus, decimus et diffinimus omnino esse, de necessitate salutis"). The glove was thrown in the face of the King of France; and it was clearly noticed, in the words of the bull, the intention to excommunicate him.

In the next four months, Philip the Fair and the *Domini Canis* hold several secret meetings. Boniface VIII's prestige has fallen further lower than ever in France, after the bull *Unam Sanctam*; it is the time, the Lords of the Dog propose, to depose the Pope; once beheaded the Golden Dragon, it will be easier to slaughter his body. However, the argument of the illegitimacy of his investiture does not have the unanimous support of the University of Paris, a necessary requirement to substantiate the claim or imposition of a new papal election. Gains momentum, instead, the idea of filing a charge of heresy; heresy, according to canon Law, is grounds for the removal of the Pope and has a historical background. Of course, to prove such an accusation, and to derive from it the substitution of the Pope, would require the framework of a general Council. Philip IV is then ready to force the convocation of a Council to judge the 'heretical' conduct of the Pope: he trusts in asserting, there, the number of his national bishops. The Lords of the Dog will accompany him by implementing a campaign to denounce heresy against Boniface VIII, as a way of morally influencing on the Bishops and, also, on the Nobles and the Cities. Guillaume de Nogaret and Guillaume de Plasian, offer to act as accusers, the first being chosen to perform a secret mission in Italy, which would not prevent him from starting the campaign of accusations: "publicly begging the King to defend Christians from the wickedness of Boniface VIII", and the second to publicly accuse the Pope.

On March 12, 1303, Guillaume de Nogaret, before the Council of Ministers of the King, reads and signs a manifesto, which is immediately copied and published throughout the Kingdom. He said thus: "The glorious prince of the apostles, Blessed Peter, speaking in the name of the Spirit, told us that, just as in times past, so in those to come, will arise false prophets who will cloud the path of truth, and who, in their greed, and through their deceptive words, will traffic with us, following the example of that Balaam who was satisfied with the prize of iniquity. To impose his punishments and make his threats, Balaam counted on a bestial creature that, endowed with human speech, proclaimed

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the blunders of the false prophet... These things, which were announced by the Father and Patriarch of the Church, we see them now with our own eyes performed letter by letter. In truth, there it is sitting in the chair of the Blessed Peter that master of lies, that despite being Maleficent (Malfaisant) in every possible way, is still called Beneficial (Boniface). He did not enter through the gate, into the fold of Our Lord as a shepherd and farmer, but rather as a robber and thief... Although the true husband of the Church, Celestine V, was alive, he dared to offend his wife by means of illegitimate hugs. The real husband was not involved in this divorce. In fact, according to the human laws, Nothing is more opposed to consent than error... It cannot marry who, while the worthy husband lives, has manslitted the marriage with adultery. However, as everything that is perpetuated against God is a grievance and an insult that is committed against everyone, and as regards a crime so great, the testimony of the first to arrive has to be received, even if it is that of the wife, even that of an infamous woman. -I, therefore, like the beast who, through the power of God was endowed with the Voice of a true man to reprove the blunders of the false prophet, who even got to curse the blessed people, I address my supplication to you, the most excellent of princes, our Lord Philip, by the grace of God the King of France, that after the example of that angel who showed the naked sword to that curser of the Chosen People, you, who have been anointed to fulfill justice, will have to oppose the sword to this other and more fatal Balaam, and prevent him from consummating the damage he is preparing against the people."

The damage consisted of the King's excommunication and the release of all French Christians from fulfilling the oath of allegiance, thus calling the Kingdom into question which could be legitimately conquered by the one the Pope authorized: such were the plans that Boniface VIII was preparing and that Philip IV's spies reported to him periodically. On the other hand, as an effect of Nogaret's manifesto, no official action was taken, but soon the people began to refer to the Pope as "Malefic VIII", which explains why Gascons enjoy in France the same fame that Andalusians in Spain.

### Fortieth Day

On June 13, 1303 an Assembly of the Estates General is held in the Louvre, presided over by the King. In it the complaints against Boniface VIII are renewed and it is formally stated the need to convene a Council to condemn him and appoint a new Pope. The Nobles, the Cities, and the nationalist Bishops accept. Guillaume de Plasian requests to be the accuser of Boniface in the future Council, which is accepted too, and reads a statement where he exposes his arguments: "I, Guillaume de Plasian, Knight, say, I anticipate and I affirm that Boniface, who now occupies the Holy See, will be found a perfect heretic, according to the heresies, prodigious facts and perverse doctrines mentioned below: 1st. he does not believe in the immortality of the Soul; 2nd. he does not believe in eternal life, for he claims that he rather wishes to be a dog, an ass, or any other brute rather than French; thing that he would not say if he believed that a Frenchman has an eternal Soul. He does not believe in the true Presence, for he adorns his throne with greater magnificence than the altar. He has said that to humiliate his majesty and the French he would disrupt the Entire universe. He gave his approval to Arnaud de Villeneuve's book, the protected sorcerer of the Cistercians, who had been condemned by the Bishop and the University of Paris. He had statues of himself erected on the Churches with the purpose of being worshiped together with the Crucified. He has a family Demon, whom he calls 'Bafael' who reveals to him how much he wishes to know: that is why he said that even if all of humanity was located on one side, and he alone in the other, he cannot be wrong, whether it is an aspect of fact or law. He expressed in his public sermon that the Supreme Pontiff, even if he puts a price on all the sacraments and ecclesiastical offices, cannot commit simony, which is a heresy to assert. Like a confirmed heretic, that holds

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

that only his is the true faith, he qualified the French - notably one of the most Christian peoples- of Cathars. He is a disgusting sodomite, as numerous testimonies prove. He is also a murderer: in his presence he had many clerics put to death telling the guards, when they didn't get to kill them with the first hit. Hit, hit, Dali, Dali. He forced priests to violate the secrets of the confessional. He does not observe vigils or fasts. He casts philippics against the College of Cardinals, against the Order of Teutonic Knights, against the Order of Dominican Preachers, against the brothers minors and the Spiritual Franciscans, often repeating that they ruin the world, that they are hypocritical and false, and that nothing good will happen to whoever confesses before them. Trying to destroy faith, he has conceived an old aversion against the King of France, in his hatred of the faith of the true Christ, because France is where the splendor of faith is and was, the great support and example of Christianity. He raised everyone against the House of France, England, Germania, confirming the title of Emperor to the King of Germania, and proclaiming that he did so to destroy the pride of the French, who boasted that they were subject to no one regarding temporal things, that there was no one on earth above their King, adding that they lied through their ruff, and declaring that even if an Angel came down from heaven and said that the French are not subject to Boniface or the Emperor, it would be anathema. He allowed the Holy Land to be lost... employing in his personal wars and his luxuries the money destined to the defense of that site. He has been publicly recognized as simoniac, and still much more, as the source and basis of simony, selling profits to the highest bidder, imposing on the Church and on the Bishop servitude and vassalage, in order to enrich his family and his friends with the patrimony of the crucified, and to make them Marquesses, Counts, Barons. He dissolves marriages for Money... cancels vows of the nuns... in sum, Gentlemen, he said that, in brief, he would make all of the French martyrs or apostates\*.

Impressed by Plasian's accusations, all accompanied by abundant evidence, the parliamentarians agree to invite Boniface VIII to attend the council in order to exercise his defense. However, Philip IV is not satisfied with the collective approval and writes personal letters to the many dioceses from France, while Nogaret leaves for Rome to notify the Pope, Guillaume de Plasian, escorted by a dissuasive royal troop, personally visits each city, town or village, and collects the signature of the estates. As expected, almost all sign when reading the King's letter and hearing the exposition of the official accuser; the only resistance is from the Cistercians and the other Benedictine Orders, main Golen havens: Citeaux, the Cluny, and the Templars, angrily disapprove the behavior of Philip the Fair and they state that there is nothing reprehensible in Boniface VIII. On the other hand, the University of Paris, the Dominicans of Paris and the Franciscans of Touraine declare themselves in favor of the King.

In mid-August, Boniface VIII publishes a bull in which he affirms that only the Pope is authorized to convene a Council and attempts to defend himself against Plasian and Nogaret's accusations. In the end he wonders: how did it come to the absurdity of the Cathars accusing the Pope of being a heretic? But the spies of Philip IV inform him that the decree of excommunication of the King and the interdict of the Kingdom of France is being drafted: the bull has been given in advance the date of its issue: September 7, 1303.

Philip IV decides to strike a hand and capture Boniface before he makes known his infamous resolution. Already in France, he would be tried by the Council and formally deposed, appointing in his place a French Bishop of his trust. To fulfill this plan, he grants Guillaume de Nogaret *carte blanche*, to whom he hands his own sword and says these historic words:

"The Honor of France is in your hands, Sir Knight".

Guillaume de Nogaret heads to Italy accompanied only by Sciarra Colonna, Boniface's most fearsome personal enemy, and by Charles de Saint Félix, a *Domini Canis* who was the grandson of Peter of Crete and Valentina de Tharsis: Nogaret knew Charles as a child, for he was the son of the former Lord of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

family of Saint Félix de Caraman. In Florence, the banker of the King of France, gives Nogaret a large sum, as he had the order to provide the Gascon with whatever was necessary for his mission. From there depart several men addicted to the Ghibelline party to give notice to the allied Lords of the Colonna, in the vicinity of Anagni, Alatri and Ferentino. The Pope is in his palace at Anagni, his hometown in the former pontifical state of Frosinone; the neighboring city of Ferentino, Ghibelline rival of the Guelf Anagni, is the meeting point of the conspirators; the chosen day: September 6, that is to say, a day before the issuance of the bull that would excommunicate Philip IV.

On the appointed day, in maximum secrecy, a dozen Lords arrive, sworn enemies of Boniface VIII, who had been waiting for years for a similar opportunity for revenge: everyone intimately craves an opportunity to execute Boniface, since they consider his transfer to France useless; ironically, Guillaume de Nogaret will have to appeal to all his authority to protect him and thus comply with the Strategy of Philip the Fair. Every Knight had traveled separately, accompanied by a small escort that would not arouse suspicion; these troops were joined by the mercenary troops contributed by Captain Reinaldo Supino, guard of Ferentino who was sold to Nogaret for 1,000 florins. In total, 300 riders and 1,000 infants: those companies would be really meager for the task proposed to carry out, if not for the fact that they had the principle of surprise in their favour, since neither Boniface VIII, nor his Golen henchmen, imagined remotely that they could be attacked on Anagni. Formed a few kilometers away, Nogaret's battalion seemed to come out of nowhere; and nobody in Italy could have known in advance of their existence to warn the Golen.

One of the Ghibelline Knights was Nicola, of the powerful family of the Conti, whose brother Atenolfo, resident in Anagni, would give vital collaboration to the invaders. Through him, he is able to buy the commander of the papal guard Godofredo Busso, for a good bag of gold, while Atenolfo himself would take care of fooling the Anagnians during the attack.

At midnight the warriors of Kristos Lucifer arrive in front of the ancient capital of the Hermics; two Knights carry the banners of France and the Church. Nicola Conti guides them to a door in the wall that has been opened from the inside and all rush to the shout of: "Die Boniface! Long live the King of France!". The horsemen, followed by the infantry, are deployed in various groups down the narrow and steep roads. They go straight to the sumptuous palaces, belonging to the Cardinals and the Pope, and various Churches of splendid ornamentation. The commander of the papal guard joins, together with part of his own, to the intruding forces and begin the siege of the palace of Boniface VIII, who barely has a few men to resist. For once, history is reversed: the plot is the same, the characters similar; it is the fight of the Spirit against the Powers of Matter, of the King of the Blood against the Golen Priests, of the representatives of the Blood Pact against those of the Cultural Pact; but this time it is the King of the Blood who triumphs over the Golen Priest, over the exterminators of the Pure Blood, over the proclaimers of Crusades against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Inside of the sumptuous residence, Boniface's pride plummets. See him there, trembling and crying like a woman, the Demon Golen who wanted to rule over the charisma of the King of the Blood! Maybe he does not cry for the tragedy of the moment but for the future punishment to be imposed by his Lord, the Supreme Melchizedek Priest, and the Masters of the White Brotherhood.

The inhabitants of Anagni, besides, wake up with the surprise that their city is occupied by troops of the King of France. Someone rings the bells calling for reunion and all the families run to the market square; the news are overwhelming: Sciarra Colonna has come up with a battalion provided by the King of France and will surely kill the Pope. Godofredo Busso has gone over to the enemy and the City has remained unguarded. Quickly, in the midst of a great confusion, they name Atenolfo Conti as boss. This, accompanied by some neighbors, previously chosen from among the Colonna and Conti supporters; parley with the assailants. He talks to Reinaldo Supino and returns right away;

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

he vehemently assures that it will be impossible to resist the "French", who already are looting the palaces of the Cardinals: there is only the possibility of joining them and sharing the loot. Desperate, the Guelphs indulge in pillage, stealing side by side with the Ghibellines the cardinal and papal palaces. This is how priceless works of art, treasures of the antiquity, and very rich tableware of gold and silver, disappear; each one takes as much as he pleases and can charge. Some discover the wineries, in charge of satisfying the exquisite palates of the cardinals and quenching their insatiable thirst, and soon the bottles circulate from hand to hand. During the day, few will be the Anagninians that have not stolen something or have been drunk; no one ventures through the streets and the city is under the total control of the few men of Nogaret.

While the night looting is carried out, and the population is entertained in this barbarous task, a feverish warlike activity develops around Boniface's palace, who, aware that with his reduced guard he will not be able to resist a long time, tries to come to terms with the besiegers; his legate receives the conditions: surrender at discretion, lift the excommunication of Philip the Fair, rehabilitate the Colonna, and go prisoner to France to be tried in the Council. Upon knowing them, Boniface resists accepting them and remains in despair: he only manages to wear the Golden priestly garb and wait for his enemies seated on the Throne. Between sobs of bitterness, he fervently prays to the Creator God to perform the miracle of saving him and the plans of the White Fraternity. Is it possible, he asks himself loudly, that the Warlords triumph over him, who is a representative of the Creator of the Universe? If he, who had been entrusted to hold back the temporal Kings, had failed, what new misadventures would ensue then to the Golden Orders, who for so many centuries developed the plans of the White Fraternity? After each of these questions he convulsed and it was obvious he would soon lose his mind.

With the exception of two Bishops, one Spanish and one Italian, all flee from his side as they can; some are captured and killed by the men of Sciarra Colonna, while others are held hostage because they voluntarily surrender, including his own nephew. Those news end up depressing Boniface. At last, a window gives way and penetrate through it Guillaume de Nogaret and Charles de Saint Felix, followed by half a dozen Ferentino soldiers who stay at a safe distance so as not to be recognized by the Pope. Nogaret and Charles approach the Throne: wearing the Papal tiara, replica of the Egyptian crown of the dark Atlantean Priests; wearing the white robe of the Levitical Priests of Israel, on which it is embroidered the Four Leaf Clover of the Golden Priests, stylized as a Celtic cross; in his right hand holding the Cross, symbol of the Spiritual Chaining, and on the left the Keys of Saint Peter, symbol of the Kälachakra Key with which the Traitor Gods to the Spirit of Man consummated their Original Treason; there he sat, his eyes blazing with hatred and terror, one of the most wicked men on Earth.

-Cathar, son of Cathar! --exclaimed defiantly when he recognized Nogaret--. Your master, the King of France, cannot stand against the Law of Jehovah God!

-"Knight, I am of the King of France" --replied the Gascon--, and I can assure you, detestable Priest, that my Lord only knows and respects the Law of Honor, which is the Law of the Holy Spirit, of the Will of the True God; only your God Jehovah, who is a Devil called Satan, whom you obey slavishly, can oppose that Law.

-Damn Golden! --now it was Charles de Saint Felix, or Charles de Tharsis-Valter, or Charles de Tarseval, the one who spoke-- Be assured that the King of France will put an end to you and the diabolical Orders that support you! You can never rule the World as long as there are Initiates like him or Frederick II! But be still more assured that We, the Eternal Warriors of Kristos Lucifer, one day will destroy the Chiefs of your Chiefs, the Hidden Hierarchy of Supreme Priests who keep the Uncreated Spirit in the enslavement of the created matter!

Boniface paled and shuddered with terror when he heard the Man of Stone. Something as a halo of essential hostility detached itself from that Knight with

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

an impressive intensity: what was the death of the Warm Life in front of that other Death sensed through his presence? What the loss of the Life, of the ephemeral joys and riches, of Power in this World or the punishment of the Supreme Priest in the other world that so much frightened him until then, in front of the abyss of eternal Death into which the Eyes of Ice of the French knight plunged him?

Heretics! He screamed out of himself, at moments when a door jumped shattered and rushed in a crowd preceded by Sciarra Colonna- Respect who, by the disposition of the One God, must rule in the whole Orb!

Sciarra, that mortal enemy of Boniface, managed to hear his last words and slapped him violently with the iron mitten, causing blood to flow from his cheek. Nogaret had to restrain him from not piercing him right there with his sword. The people and the soldiers, meanwhile, took hold of whatever valuable object they had within reach.

With the palace taken, Boniface prisoner, and the City under control, the situation was not, however, promising. It was one thing to enter secretly in Italy, and prepare a surprise attack, and another to go out carrying the Pope prisoner. Not even in Anagni could they last long if the villagers discovered how small the number of occupying troops was. In the port of Ostia was waiting for them a ship of the Annibaldi family, allies of the Colonna, but to get there, they would need a significant reinforcement. Sciarra's brothers were in charge of attending with 5,000 men, but were delayed and September 7 passed in tense calm, while the Anagnians were waking up from the surprise. On the 8th, everything was the same but rumors began to circulate among the villagers that they had been victims of treachery and a coup from a few attackers. Hostility began to make itself felt in the form of multiple provocations to the soldiers of Nogaret and it was immediately clear that Anagni would have to be left as soon as possible. Guillaume de Nogaret, Charles de Saint Félix and Sciarra Colonna were deliberating on whether to kill Boniface or risk taking him away with them when they learn that Godofredo Busso has gone back to the side of the Pope and has cut off their entrance to the Palace. Immediately the battle resumes, now bloody, and the three envoys of Philip IV are forced to flee leaving Boniface VIII in the hands of the Guelphs. Days later they are in France, being approved by the Great King everything acted in Anagni.

It is that the life of Boniface would no longer serve Golen interests because he had irretrievably lost his reason: a month after the events of Anagni, on October 11, 1303, he would die in Rome, concluding with him the Age of medieval Golen domination in the Holy See, and failing the imminent realization of the plans of the White Fraternity, that is, the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People. The High Strategy of the Lords of Tharsis and the **Circulus Domini Canis** were triumphing over the Powers of Matter: Philip IV, who appeared as the exoteric cause of Golen's failure, was a Hyperborean initiate who fulfilled to the letter the esoteric guidelines of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But the death of Boniface, Dr. Siegnagel, pointed only the beginning of the end. Still had to be dismantled the financial infrastructure of the Templars, the germ of the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

The crisis that broke Boniface's Soul occurred when his diabolical pride was terribly humiliated by the acts of his enemies: First the Cathar Nogaret, treating him as a subject of the King of France and making him prisoner in his name; Then the mysterious Charles de Saint Félix, transmitting his terrifying power and preaching the failure of the most secrets plans of the Golen Orders; that confirmed Bernard de Saisset's suspicions; the Bishop of Pamiers, that around Philip the Fair there was a conspiracy of the Sons of Darkness; surrounded by enemies, captured in his own palace of Anagni, bathed in cold sweats, Boniface lately understood that he had underestimated Philip the Fair and that he did not take seriously enough the frequent alarms sent by the Cistercian monks and the Templars. Then gripped by a mixture of hatred and terror, he felt that his Soul was becoming hopelessly depressed. Next the **Banditti** Sciarra, daring to beat him and even threaten



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

him with death, while his men covered him with insults. And finally, the betrayal of his hometown, shamelessly plundering his palace, allying with his enemies who were the enemies of the Golden Church, the Church of the One Creator God of the Universe, of the God of whom he, the Priest **Maximus**, was a living manifestation. Oh One God, what ingratitude on the part of his people! perhaps that aggression of his own, for being less important but more affective, hurt more than the previous offenses. And naturally within that pain, the anguish of having been stripped of the gold and silver, from his art treasures of unparalleled beauty gathered in a lifetime of acquisitions, many of them inherited or belonging to the Gaetani family. The weight of failure was unloaded without mitigating, crushing in a few hours Boniface VIII. Too many emotions together, even for a Golden of legendary cruelty, those that afflicted the 69-year-old Pope.

When he was rescued by the people of Anagni his consciousness had situated out of reality and, although many promised to return what was stolen, Boniface was in no condition to understand it. He mechanically requested to be taken to the Lateran Palace. There the Orsini Cardinals, when checking his insane status, kept him apart from the Romans. With wild eyes he exclaimed: *Bafoel! Bafoel! Aliquem ad astra fero!* In some moments of lucidity he exploded in requests for revenge against his enemies and augured the ruin of those who had betrayed him. But then his mind would go dark and he suffered continued fits of rage in which he howled, he foamed at the mouth, and he tried to bite those who cared for him. In the end, on October 13, 1303, he died turned into a raging beast, thus fulfilling Celestine V's prophecy. The Saint had said: -"you have risen like a fox, you will reign like a lion, and you will die like a dog".

### Forty-First Day

The way Boniface VIII died, and the certainty that King Charles II remained indifferent to his downfall, caused great fear among the Guelph Cardinals. Since no one wanted to suffer the same fate, or even worse, nine days later the Sacred College agrees on the identity of the new Pope: on October 22, 1303 they elect Cardinal Nicola Boccasini, who takes the name of Benedict XI and was General of the Dominicans. The new Pontiff, who although he was not a **Domini Canis** was strongly influenced by the Initiates of his Order, tries to carry out a conciliatory policy with the King of France and begin the reform of the scandalous Golden customs that reigned in the high clergy, but he is poisoned with figs before completing a year. As in the case of Celestine V, the deceased had been a solution of convenience between irreconcilable ecclesiastical parties: both sides were intimately confident of dominating the Pope. His death will engulf the Cardinals in a 10-month long discussion under the now inevitable pressure of Philip the Fair.

The King of France offers gold, and protection against the revenge of the Golden, and is getting many Guelph Cardinals to sell their vote. Finally, an arrangement is reached: a cleric non-belonging to the Sacred College will be invested. Philip the Fair meets with Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in Saint Jean d'Angely. The Archbishop is a Lord of the Dog and the King of France requests his collaboration: he wants him to accept the papal investiture and take eight measures that will ensure the Kingdom's Strategy; he does not hide from him that the mission will be extremely dangerous as the Golden will attempt to assassinate him by any means. However, Bertrand de Got agrees. He will also fulfill what he promised: proof of this are the countless slanders that synarchist historians have affirmed on his memory; nevertheless, as in the case of Philip the Fair, all calumnies lose consistency and disintegrate when the Strategy that governed and gave meaning to his actions is known. Be that as it may, the Archbishop agrees to fulfill the mission proposed by the King: first, to condemn the work of Boniface VIII; second, to lift the excommunication of Philip IV; third, that the Church does not receive for five

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

years, of grace, its income from France, in order to clean up the economy of the Kingdom; fourth, rehabilitate the Cardinals Colonna and their family; fifth, to appoint Cardinals certain **Domini Canis** who, from time to time, would be indicated to him; sixth, to approve the determinations that the Kingdom adopts against the Chosen People; seventh, seize the gold accumulated clandestinely by the Cluniac and Cistercian Benedictine Orders; eighth, contribute effectively to achieve the extinction of the Order of the Knights Templar and the dismemberment of its financial infrastructure.

On June 5, 1305, the Cardinals elect Bertrand de Got, who takes the Name of Clement V. He immediately requests to be crowned in Lyon, capital of the County of Provence. Why there? It's another long story, Dr. Siegnagel, which I will not be able to narrate here; but I will give you a synthetic answer. Lyon, is a city built on a site known in ancient times as **Lugdunum**, that in Gallo-Celt meant **hill of Lug**; the name originated because in that hill existed a Temple dedicated to the Cult of the God Lug. Now: such Cult was, indeed, ancient, from the time of the dark Atlanteans, but it remained active even thousands of years after the Atlanteans had abandoned Europe; How?: because their descendants traveled from Egypt so that there would never be a lack of Priests on the Hill of Lug or Lyg, that is, in Lyon. When the Golen came accompanying the 5th century B.C. Celtic invasion, they decided to make Lyon their main sanctuary. There they remained henceforth, during the Roman, Burgundian and Frankish domination, until the days of Philip the Fair. At the time, the Golen practically occupied the region from hundreds of Benedictine, Cluniac, and Cistercian monasteries, and extensive Templar encomiendas: the Cult, of course, had not disappeared but was part of the secret Templar rites, since the Knights were the ones who guarded the exact site of the ancient Temple. To provide just one enlightening example, I will say that it was no accident that Golen Pope Innocent IV convened the XIII Ecumenical Council in the City of Lyon, in June 1245: it had the purpose of decreeing the excommunication of Emperor Frederick II, which materialised after the Pope's violent speech that dealt with "the five wounds of the Christendom", of which the fifth was the Emperor. That is to say, that, to condemn who represented the Universal Emperor of the Blood Pact, the Golen had been located in the most sacred Temple of the Cultural Pact.

Thus, the crowning of Clement V had the character of a challenge raised in the very heart of the Enemy. And the Enemy did not miss so reckless action: a sabotage on a crowded stage, in the moments when the royal procession passed, caused a collapse; Philip IV and Clement V saved their lives by the Will of the Gods, but no luck had the twelve princes who died on the spot, while many others were seriously wounded, among them Charles de Valois, brother of the King; days later Gaillard de Got, brother of the Pope, was assassinated. Philip IV swore then to obtain Lyon for his House, which he accomplished, indeed, in 1307, and purge it of Golen. Clement V, for his part, announced that he would be heading to Bordeaux to tidy up and deliver the Archbishopric, but he fell by surprise at Cluny, where he proceeded to seize the gold; to assuage the pain, that this fulminant revenge would have caused the Golen, just think that the collection of the gold took five days due to its extraordinary quantity. In spite of everything, Clement V did not flee from Lyon, but returned and established his residence there, where he remained until 1309, the year he moved to the walled palace of Avignon, owned by the Church.

In conclusion, Dr. Siegnagel, the Hyperborean Wisdom suggests lending attention to Lyon, especially in our days, because, as well as the Chosen People have proposed to make their voice heard from Jerusalem, when the nefarious work of the Synarchy is consummated, thus also the Golen have proposed to make their voice heard from Lyon at that time.

Logically, Clement V had to simulate some kind of independence from the King of France to avoid a desperate reaction on the part of the Golen. To that end he appeared to be fond of worldly luxuries and pleasures and even cohabitated with the Countess of Perigord, daughter of the Count of Foix, who

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

was no more than a Cathar Initiate who was a liaison with the **Domini Canis** of Toulouse. The display of such alleged weaknesses reassured the Golen, until it was too late. However, Clement V's fidelity to the **Circulus Domini Canis**, and his unbreakable Honor, can be ascertained observing, not his personal behavior, but the way he complied with the mission. To mention some of his most notable decrees let's begin recalling, for example, that in 1306 he confirmed the law of Philip IV by which, in the same day, all the property of the Jews was expropriated and these were ordered, under penalty of execution, to leave France in a very brief time. According to a bull, the Colonna were once again Catholic and they were to be restituted their titles and properties; according to another, the Church committed not to receive a single louis from the Kingdom of France during the following years. At the request of Philip the Fair, his lawyers, managed a **post-mortem** ecclesiastical process to Boniface VIII, who had the approval of Clement V; at its end, the Pope issued the bull **Rex Gloriarum**, in April 1311, where the conclusions are summarized: in that bull, **Res visenda**, it is ordered that all bulls of Boniface VIII against Philip IV were publicly burned; Philip IV was innocent and 'most faithful Catholic'; as they would also be innocent of the attack on Anagni, Nogaret, Sciarra, and Charles; Boniface VIII, on the other hand, was not declared heretic but guilty of **obstinatio extrema**. And let's add that in the course of his pontificate he ended up seizing most of the gold accumulated by the Benedictine orders, always simulating an insatiable ambition, and that he ignored the claims of the Lombard bankers, victims of a law of expropriation that confiscated their properties in France.

It is evident, then, that Clement V accomplished all the goals of his mission or arranged the legal means for them to be materialized. Precisely in an interview held in Poitiers, in 1306, with Philip the Fair, the two Initiates agreed on how to dissolve the Order of the Temple: for Clement V, Lord of the Dog, this represented the eighth objective of the mission and would constitute the most important strategic act of his pontificate; for Philip IV, it meant the neutralization of the "II tactical line" of the Enemy, as I explained on the Thirtieth Day. Naturally, it will not be understood why a powerful King like Philip IV, and a Pope who was the Superior General of the Order, had to carry out a secret planning to extinguish it, without making the effort to imagine what the Order of the Knights Templar actually consisted of in the fourteenth century, the magnitude of its economic, financial and military power. But, if you think about it, it will be clear that the Order was in a position to present various types of responses, military or economic, that could cause serious difficulties to Philip IV. It must be kept in mind that the plans of the White Fraternity relied, to a great extent, on this Order, and that the Strategy of the **Circulus Domini Canis** demanded its destruction to ensure the failure of those plans: the blow, then, would have to be forceful and **surprising**.

The Order, in effect, had more than 90,000 encomienda distributed in the countries that are currently called Portugal, Spain, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy and England. In the France of the early 14th century, including Auvergne, Provence, Normandy, Aquitaine, the County of Burgundy, etc., where the most extensive estates were, existed approximately 10,000 Templar estates: of these, 3,000 were parcels of 1,000 hectares on average each. In total, those properties amounted to 3,500,000 hectares, which represented 10% of the surface of France. But this percentage will not reflect the potentiality of the latifundia if it is not noticed that that 10% of the **total** area of France, that is, including rivers, mountains, forests, and all sorts of unusable land for cultivation, constituted a 10% of the best land, chosen for two centuries with the patience of a Benedictine monk and obtained through donations digited by the Church. And there was more; those parcels, which were composed of thousands of farms in full agricultural exploitation, **were exempt of any kind of tax** since the Order depended directly on the Pope, a privilege that, until Boniface VIII, made them inviolable properties for any temporary Lord. Changing this situation was precisely one

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of the strategic objectives of Philip the Fair, that had led him to confront Boniface VIII and to oppose national Civil Law to Canon Law.

But it was not just about taxes: the Templars, from the advent of Philip IV, had been developing a plan destined to break the economy of the Kingdom through the impoverishment of the feudal nobility and the depopulation of the countryside. Its food products, offered in cities at **dumping** prices or simply given away in monasteries, made useless any attempt of state economic planning or the rational exploitation of national resources; consequently, the Feudal Lords, who **only** had land as a source of income, became poorer because of the devaluation of the fruits of the field while accepting as a solution that the peasants, burdened with taxes and who they could no longer feed, emigrate to the cities. Of course such a subversive task was in line with the Golden Strategy: it required the destruction of the nobility and the weakening of the monarchy as a step prior to the establishment of a theocratic World Government, which would still be a stage prior to the Synarchy of the Chosen People. Faced with the Ghibelline attitude of Philip IV, the Order of the Knights Templar had only intensified a policy that embodied its reason for existing. However, as we see, that policy was going to have a surprising end.

It should be added that the anti-national economy of the Templars complemented in its destructive capacity with the commercial offensive launched over France through the Italian cities. But this has another explanation. When Philip IV received the Kingdom, it was almost an adventure to enter the roads of France to practice trade; the danger was that the route, in general, went through numerous fiefdoms whose Lords, impoverished by the indicated causes, used to levy heavy and arbitrary tributes to the goods in transit: that in the best of cases, since most of the time some Lord, too jealous of his rights, proceeded to strip the merchants of all their cargo. But if this did not happen, the business was equally risky due to the accumulation of levies that added at the end of the road. It goes without saying that the feudal lords, apart from controlling the roads, had their own armies with which they fought among themselves and imposed their own law on each region. Philip IV, when constituting the Mystic Nation, proposed to solve this problem from the outset. On his behalf, Enguerrand de Marigny gave the solution: the King should never resort, except in case of foreign War, to the troops of the Lords. Arose thus, from the School of secular **Domini Canis** Legists, the concept of **internal security**, defined practically on the basis of the hypothesis of the **internal conflict**. Marigny's solution was to create a kind of royal police force, the King's militia, in charge of patrolling all the roads and enforcing the laws of the Kingdom: next to them would go, later, the tax collectors. The royal troops, usually mercenaries, soon brought to reason the Lords and in a short time the roads had not only become safe for the trade, but a single tax was charged in any region of the Kingdom.

It was this situation of security and order that attracted the greed of the foreign merchants. Italian cities, in particular, had fleets that traveled the world acquiring the most varied and exotic items against which there was no possibility of raising any competition. The French cities were thus flooded with imported products that contributed day by day to further destroy the Kingdom's economy: while the foreign traders and merchants were getting rich, often selling smuggled merchandise, the Kingdom had to bear the enormous expense that it represented militarily guaranteeing that internal security. That's why the currency was debased and inflation arose; and the craftsmen's guilds, unable to compete with foreign products, fell into misery and dragged the national industry in the worst depression. Aside from Templar **dumping**, a rigorous analysis of the **Domini Canis** showed Philip IV who were the hidden culprits of that situation: the Lombard bankers and the members of the Chosen People. Lombard bankers financed the Italian companies that operated in France, which the Templar Bank also did. And the members of the Chosen People were among the main interior supporters of the companies and foreign capitals: many of them had family ties with the Jewish bankers of Venice or Milan, or with the owners of large companies, while

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

others betrayed the French Nation for mere love of profit. Philip IV would be inflexible with such vermin: some, he only expropriated, since they lived in other countries; but others he expropriated and expelled from the Kingdom, since they lacked the ethical virtues necessary to deserve the right of residence.

Returning to the Templars, I hope that now, in the light of their disproportionate territorial and productive patrimony, there is a more realistic vision on why the King of France and Clement V should agree to deal very cautiously with the problem of the Order of the Knights Templar. Those 90,000 encomienda, to continue with the example, were attended by 30,000 monks, three thousand Knights, and 270 thousand lays, which represented an eventual warrior force far superior to the **national** army of Philip the Fair: a Templar military reaction would hardly be contained in France at a price other than that of large casualties in the national army, a fact that could determine the end of the Hyperborean Strategy of the Mystic Nation and the resurgence of the papal theocracy; could then, in spite of everything, succeed the plans of the White Fraternity. On the other hand, it is enough to remember what was said on the Eighteenth Day about the financial strength of the Order to understand that if in each of the 90,000 parcels could be obtained money on loan, deposit it, or turn it to any of the others, you were in the presence of the most formidable banking network in the world, only comparable, but not surpassed in volume of infrastructure, to the modern Hebrew financial corporations of Rockefeller, Rotschild, Kuhn-Loeb, or other benefactors of Humanity. It will be easy to deduce that the organization had to have a fine-tuned network of spies, dedicated to obtain the economic and political information necessary to direct the progress of business. Thus, it will be understood that the smallest leak of the projects designed by Philip the Fair and Clement V could quickly reach the ears of the Grand Master and the Golden Top Brass and cause the consequent alarm. A better Strategy would be to expose other different concerns as topics of the interview: a discussion on the question of ecclesiastical revenues, for example; or the situation of Christianity in the East, or the attitude of the King of England, etc. But the true and secret reason for the Poitiers interview, as history was in charge of demonstrating, was to project the Strategy that would make it possible to extinguish the Templars and the dismantling of its gigantic infrastructure.

### Forty-Second Day

All those present in Poitiers, the Lords of the Dog Guillaume de Plasian, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume Imbert of Paris, and Clement V, the Man of Stone Charles de Tharsis, and the Hyperborean Initiate, and King of France, Philip the Fair, agree that the greatest chances of triumph over the Enemy depend on the use of a secret weapon: **cunning**. Cunning is the evolutionary result of an animal instinct and characterizes the behavior of the animal man or animic man, that is, the man endowed with a body and a Created Soul. But there are also men who possess Uncreated Spirit, although in most of the cases it is subsumed in the Created Soul and therefore such men are said to be spiritually asleep: they too can manifest psychic cunning as the Spirit asleep or strategically confused is unable to prevent it. But something very different happens when the man is indeed spiritual, which can only be affirmed if he is an Initiated in the Hyperborean Wisdom: in that case his conduct is governed by the Honor and not only lacking in cunning but in any other characteristic of the animal man, such as cowardice, curse, infidelity, lying, envy, slander, deceit, betrayal, etc. But what is the Honor of the Hyperborean Initiate?: **The act of his Graceful Will**, that is, the act of his Eternal Spirit, which is **pure Grace**. None of those present, for example, possessed cunning in the personality since Honor had guided them throughout their lives; and now they demonstrated an act of the Highest Honor by fighting with all their might for the triumph of the Blood Pact.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But the Golen knew this and counted on the ingenuity of the Hyperborean Initiates to defeat them; They, on the other hand, were **pure cunning** and their main weapon was called **deception**, a pale reflection of the Great Deception with which the One God disguised his miserable Creation. Hence they never expected a cunning reaction from the Initiates, whom they believed were always ready to be deceived and betrayed. --- They were already betrayed once, at the beginning -- they scoffed, twisting their mouths--- and always will be. They pretend to be Roosters, and only are stupid free-range hens! With their otherworldly Honor sooner or later they will offer us their back; and then our daggers of this world will end with them'---. Undoubtedly, the Golen were making a misjudgment by **trusting** the Honor of the Hyperborean Initiates: according to the principles of war, **the Enemy beliefs are weaknesses that can be exploited in own profit**. The Hyperborean Initiates lacked cunning but knew what was cunning; and could use it as a strategic weapon to surprise the Enemy. This is the concept that was defined in Poitiers: if the Golen believed that their enemies would act with Honor, and these were alerted, then they would be the naive; then, they could be deceived by cunning, which They did not expect, and led into a death trap. And the Honor of the Initiates would be safe because nothing in their Spirits would change or affect their strategic orientation towards the Origin: in the midst of an action of war, the Initiates would have played with illusion, pretending to be what they were not; if the Golen, masters in the art of manipulating the illusion of the Created World, fell into the simple incantation of the Initiates, it could only qualify as exploitation of the Enemy's error, something perfectly legitimate according to the laws of war.

If the Templars were attacked from all sides at once, with security they would defend themselves, with unpredictable results; on the contrary, if the attack came ostensibly from the camp of the King of France, while on the side of the Pope, **whom they should trust**, they found protection, they would neglect that side and be fatally defeated: strategic cunning would consist in achieving that trust in the Pope so that he could deliver them, **unarmed**, to the King of France. In other words, the Strategy would require setting up a scene with enough realism to fool the Golen: at the beginning, they should not suspect the plot of the comedy; after the outcome, it would no longer matter. The main actors would be the Pope and the King of France: the Pope would pretend to proceed in good faith, but would prove fearful of royal retaliations; he would make promises and try to **win the confidence** of the Enemy, who would **believe him to be a friend**; Philip the Fair, for his part, would represent the intolérant and ambitious sovereign, trying to attract upon himself all the attention of the Enemy: this would help the role of Clement V. When all was ready in Poitiers, the curtain was raised and the first act of the drama began: this began with the publication of a Crusade against Andronicus Palaiologos, Emperor of Constantinople, who was accused of maintaining the schism of the Greek Church. Since the fall of Saint John of Acre, the Templars had withdrawn to Cyprus, where they held a regular garrison, while the Order of Knights Hospitallers did the same on the island of Rhodes. With the purpose of establishing its participation in the Crusade, Clement V summoned the Templar Grand Master Jacques de Molay. Once in his presence, with total naivety, the Pope manifested his intention to carry out the old idea of Gregory IX to merge all the military Orders: such an idea, of course, caused horror to the Templars as integration with an exoteric Order would put their secrets uncovered. Not suspecting the trap, the Grand Master would try to persuade the Pope of the inconvenience of such a measure: according to his impression, it would not be difficult to deceive a simple mind like Clement V.

After the insane fall of Golen Boniface VIII, the Golen were alerted of the **Domini Canis** offensive, and they knew what to expect regarding the election of Clement V. However, they considered him only an instrument of Philip the Fair and his environment of "sons of darkness": the impression of the Great Golen Jacques de Molay confirmed it; the Pope was permeable to affective influence. The Grand Master would therefore entertain himself in winning the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

friendship of the Pontiff, without imagining that in Paris, Nogaret and Guillaume Imbert were preparing his ruin. And in a few months, Clement V would get the Chief Golen not to distrust his good faith.

Enguerrand de Marigny and Guillaume de Nogaret were elevated to the two most important posts in France: **Coadjutor of the Kingdom and Keeper of the Seal of the King**, respectively. With that power, they implemented a secret operation that had as objective the execution of a simultaneous and effective action in the entire Kingdom: such action took place on October 13, 1307, when **all the Knights Templar of France, including their Grand Master, were arrested on charges of heresy**. In truth, the accrued charges by Nogaret were many and varied, but heresy was emphasized to obtain the intervention of the Inquisition Tribunal, which in France was chaired by Guillaume Imbert of Paris. The strategic success of the **Domini Canis** soon became apparent: while the Grand Master received requests from the Knights to resist arrest, and hesitated on the attitude to assume, Guillaume de Plasian delivers a message to him where the Pope guarantees his help and advises him to renounce defending the Order and submit to his will. This is how the Grand Master orders all Knights to surrender, and he himself trusts the papal intervention. Moreover, as the Golens believed, they still possessed quite a lot of weight within the Dominican Order of Preachers.

Philip the Fair wastes no time: without resistance, his troops occupy all the Templar properties. Terror rages in the enemy Order; hundreds of Knights and monks are imprisoned. By this firm procedure no one doubts the seriousness of the accusation and soon manages to gather enough witnesses and evidence to ensure its settlement. Besides the Inquisition, Philip the Fair convenes the Provincial Councils, the University of Paris and the Estates General to judge the Order. Thus, as it emerged from the darkness of its diabolical foundation, all the people of France would attend the exhibition of the secret Templar philosophy and would know their depraved customs. This is what happens during the three years of public proceedings, when the astonishment, disgust, and horror of the French know no bounds. But what perhaps is more astonishing is that during that period the Templars continued believing that a saving act on the part of the Pope would free them from condemnation.

In the process it is possible to prove that the Templars professed the following ideas and customs: I- the high dignitaries of the Order maintained that Christ, who was mysteriously called Navutan, had been an impostor and not the true God; II- Christ was never crucified for the redemption of the human genre; III- the cross would not be, thus, the instrument of his passion, but a creation of Christ Navutan himself, whom he would have called **Vrune**; IV- all Knights, whatever their grade or condition, should spit periodically that Symbol of Evil, in order to make amends to the Creator God; thus, it was proven that at least once, all the Templars had spat out the crucifix; V- consequently, they denied the Holy Virgin; VI- they officiated the mass according to their own canon and in a foreign language, which later proved to be the Hebrew; VII- they worshiped a hermaphrodite idol with hideous features that was referred to under the nickname of **Baphomet or Bafael** but whose name, which they never pronounced without paling, was **Bera**; VIII- they pretended that idol represented a God more powerful than Christ, who, unlike the Messiah, manifested itself more frequently among men; IX- they stated that that abominable Devil imposed upon them, from the days of Saint Bernard, the obligation of practicing sodomy, a vice to which they had become used to and constituted a natural custom among the superiors of the Order; X- the Grand Master, and the Grand Priors or Preceptors, performed a secret ceremony in which they offered human sacrifices to Baphomet, especially children; XI- the Ritual required the **incineration** of the victim in a furnace provided for that purpose; XII- with the calcined ashes the Templars made a **human bleach**, and they kept it secret as the most precious Good; XIII- they firmly believed that that lye had the power to wash the anointing of the Christian sacraments: as they confessed, by means of such bleach they would have nullified the effects of baptism and communion, which they considered "spells of the Cross", etc.

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

From the beginning the **Domini Canis** decided to distinguish between "Templar" and "Golen". In the Middle Ages it was normal that in a trial for heresy defendants who spontaneously confessed be acquitted, they repented, and they accepted the Christian sacraments; in the process to the Templars such possibility was offered repeatedly and many agreed to confess what they knew. However, the **Domini Canis** were unwilling to allow that the Golen could escape from the trap: for They, who had never forgiven, there would be no forgiveness; only the "Templars", that is to say, the Knights not initiated in the Baphomet Cult, would be given the opportunity to save their lives in exchange for their testimony. It was thus that an overwhelming amount of evidence was gathered against the Golen of the Order provided by their own members, confessed and repentant heretics. And then the process became irreversible, for neither the Pope nor anyone else could save the Order once the people and the Church became aware of their heresies and aberrations; **the Strategy of Philip the Fair and the Circulus Domini Canis had triumphed, now definitely, over the plans of the White Fraternity; the Golen didn't suspected the comedy played by Clement V until it was too late; the Templars, in charge of founding the Universal Synarchy, would be destroyed.**

In this way, the Golen of the Knights Templar were exterminated without mercy, receiving firsthand the medicine that on so many occasions they administered the Blood Pact supporters: ironically, the Inquisition Tribunal, which they used to end the Cathars, now condemned them in an unappealable way to die at the stake: **as in the martial art of jiu jitsu, the Enemy took advantage of their own strength to defeat them.**

The Golen would never forget the process to the Templars. Especially remembered would be the date of May 10, 1310: that day, in the Council of Sens, whose bishopric was exercised by Philippe de Marigny, Enguerrand's brother, were burnt at low heat 56 Knights Templar, the cream of the Golen Hierarchy. Ever since the Lords of Tharsis set fire to the Sacred Forest, and killed the 20 from Carthage, the Golen had not had such a fateful day like that May 10th. Handcuffed each with his back to a robust pole, Sens's fifty Golen formed a long line of condemned, a procession of specters marching towards Hell; at the feet of each post, the stacked wood augured the next end of the Priests of the One God. Before the brothers minor threw the burning torch, a Knight of King Philip, a warrior monk of some unknown Order, was approaching the heretics and uttered a few words in a low voice, which those present took for a pious prayer. However, upon hearing it, the Golen faces turned decomposed with hatred, and some broke out in atrocious curses: those words simply said: **-By Navutan and the Blood of Tharsis!**

Completing the row, as the Golen raised their Soul to Jehovah Satan and demanded an indescribable punishment for the Man of Stone, that Knight, who was none other than Charles de Tharsis, signaled to the Executioners, and the bonfires began to burn. Soon the Golen, and their synarchic dreams, were nothing but ashes; a handful of vile ash that would not be enough to wash away the damage done to the House of Tharsis and so many others that fell annihilated for opposing those insane dreams.

To complete the work it was necessary to legalize the result of the Strategy of Philip the Fair. For this purpose the Pope convened the Ecumenical Council of Vienna, from October 1311 to May 1312. Although defeated in all fronts, the Golen still had the strength to pressure and try to prevent the agreement on the extinction of the Order. There was a secret conference between five Cardinals faithful to Philip the Fair and six delegates of the Council, in which they informed the latter of the dire consequences of opposing the King of France and acquitting the Order, despite the irrefutable evidence gathered against it. But the terror unleashed was very great, and, between the King's punishment and the revenge of the Golen, many remained undecided. The representatives of the King before the Council, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume de Plasian, Charles de Tharsis, Enguerrand de Marigny, etc., showed their eloquence to persuade the Bishops of the need for the Church and Christianity to suppress that focus of heresy. There was even a moment around



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the month of March, 1312, in which the King threatened to advance with his troops on Vienna and settle the scores right there with the Golen: at the time he came to Lyon with his brother Charles, his sons, and a powerful regiment of Knights. At last, on March 22, 1312, it was voted the extinction of the Order and the confiscation of all its property in favor of the Order of Hospitallers of Saint John, of the Church, and of the Kingdom of France. However, there were so many doubts about the Council's agreement, especially since those who had voted in secret, publicly denied having done so, that the Pope was forced to settle the question by a decree: in the bull **Considerantes Dudum** declares abolished the Knights Templar "provisionally" until the Tribunal of the Holy Office does not issue a definitive decision, which it had already done: "**non per modum definite sententiae, sed per modum provisionis... apostolicae**".

The bull and the decree of the Council of Vienna are sent to all Christians countries for execution: the local Order must be extinguished, its members taken prisoner and tried for heresy. In Aragón, the Knights fortify and resist, having to be subjected by Jaime II in military campaigns. Those of Navarre, where Philip the Fair reigned, surrender without question, just as those of Castile and Portugal. In all cases, those who are acquitted as well as the properties of the Order, which were many, become part of the Order of the Hospital or other Orders created for this purpose. In Huelva, the Castle of Aracena is evicted and its garrison replaced with Portuguese troops, but later it would be handed over to the Order of Santiago; before leaving, the Golen sealed the entrance to the Cavern of Daedalus, where a lake of bitumen would remember for centuries the infernal powers of Bera and Birsha.

The Convent of La Rábida then passed to the Order of Saint Francis. This, however, did not prevent the Golen from continuing to prepare for the coming of Quiblon, according to the Orders of Bera and Birsha. On the contrary, the Golen, who considered Rus Baal as the most sacred sanctuary in Spain, arranged for the Convent to be a place of retreat and closure for their staff. The Cult of the Virgen de los Milagros had already been imposed in a vast region of Andalusia, but the one that aroused the most fervor in the congregation, was the Cult of the Virgen de la Cinta, protector of sailors and boat owners, whom they considered the patron saint of Huelva. This popular assertion of the Great Mother Binah was due, above all, to the tireless task of "purification" carried out by the Templars, but which would now be continued with no less dedication by the friars of Saint Francis. What would have to yield, instead, would be the fight opened against the Virgin of Agartha, since the momentary loss of Power of the Golen would prevent them from holding it properly.

These changes, naturally, brought tranquility to the descendants of Vrunalda, for the Secret Cavern was free, for the moment, from Golen stalks. As early as 1312, a Noyo had installed permanently in front of the Wise Sword.

The main Templar chiefs, the Grand Master Jacques de Molay and other three Golen, were still prisoners in the House of the Templar in Paris. For three years, torment was systematically applied to them in order to make them confess certain subtle aspects of the Templar organization; two data especially interested the **Domini Canis**: they wanted to know the ties with the East, with the White Fraternity, if there was a safe route towards the Abode of the Immortals; and know if they were currently in France, or elsewhere in Europe, agents of the Powers of Matter, Masters of the White Fraternity, Golen Immortals, etc. who would be tried to be captured immediately. Yet as terrible as they may be considered, those torments were mere caresses in front of the refined tortures that the Golen applied on more than one occasion to the Lords of Tharsis. Anyway, a public announcement of Nogaret proclaimed that on March 23, 1314 the heretics would be executed on the Isle of the Jews, an islet in front of the royal palace where the Dominicans used to burn the sons of the Chosen People.

On the appointed day, Jacques de Molay, Geoffroi de Charney, Hughes de Pairaud, and Geoffroi de Gonnevill, Priests who had mastered the most secret knowledge of the Cultural Pact, were tied to the stakes and given to the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

purification of the fire. Philip the Fair, the *Circulus Domini Canis* in full, and numerous Lords of Tharsis coming from the South of France for the occasion, contemplated the fiery scene that closed a stage in history, a period characterized by the ignoble attacks on the Pure Blood and the Eternal Spirit: the conspiracy of the Demons was consumed in those four bonfires, on the Isle of the Jews, in the City of Paris, on March 23 of 1314.

The triumph of the Hyperborean Strategy was assured; the plans of the White Fraternity to establish the Universal Synarchy, unable to be materialized for seven centuries, and the coming to Spain of Quiblon would be delayed 180 years.



Facade of the Temple Tower, in Paris

### Forty-Third Day

*General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:*

The possibility of establishing the Universal Synarchy in the Middle Ages had vanished in the Bonfires of the Inquisition. The Enemy would take seven hundred years before having, in the present epoch, another similar possibility. Here, then, would be the time to abandon the subject of the Medieval Synarchy and continue with the history of the House of Tharsis that, as I anticipated repeatedly, would move in part to America and found the lineage from which I descend. However, Dear and Attentive Dr. Siegnagel, it is my wish that you

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

get to understand the Hyperborean Wisdom as deeply as possible, because it is the true cause of the drama of the House of Tharsis. I know that in many places the narration of the history of the House of Tharsis has been obscured by the absence of details, because of the unknown nature of the Hyperborean Wisdom to the profane. Therefore, before continuing with the story, I will take a few days to present a "General Synthesis" of what has already been seen about the Hyperborean Wisdom: fundamentally, I will try to clarify the main ideas mentioned or referred to so far. I think the best way to achieve this objective will be to describe four concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom and define them through a language accessible to you. Such concepts are: "The Culture is a strategic enemy weapon", "The Self, in the Created Man, is a product of the Uncreated Spirit", "The Allegory of the imprisoned Self", and "The Odal Strategy of the Liberator Gods". While the presentation of these topics lasts I will subtitle the Days: "General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom".

Of course, such a synthesis will cause the natural interruption of the narrative on the history of the House of Tharsis. That is why, if you are very interested in continuing with the basic narration, I suggest you skip to day 49. On that day the story continues and your expectation will be satisfied, but I warn you that it is essential that **at the end** you read the missed days, to complete your general knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

In the letter I wrote on the Third Day, I explained that "the principle for establishing the affiliation of a people allied with the Atlanteans consists in the opposition between the Cult and the Wisdom: the sustaining of a Cult to the Powers of Matter, to Gods who stand above man and approve of its miserable earthly existence, to Creator Gods or Determiners of the Destiny of man, automatically places his cultists within the framework of the Cultural Pact, whether or not the Priests are in sight". The first concept is easy to understand as a consequence of this definition. For the Enemy of the Blood Pact, that is, the members of the Cultural Pact, "Culture is a strategic weapon". Throughout my letter, I have already amply shown that truth in the many examples in which members of the Cultural Pact were seen going dominating human societies by controlling the major social variables. However, the Hyperborean Wisdom states that the target of the enemy is more subtle and that its Strategy aims to control the Spirit of Man, in man, that is to say, it aims to control his Self.

When the critique of the modern urban culture of the "Christian West" takes place, they are usually detailed the "evils" that it causes in some individuals: the alienation; the dehumanization; the slavery to consumption; the depressive neurosis and its reaction: the dependence on various vices, from narcosis to the perversion of sex; the ruthless competition, motivated by dark feelings of greed and lust for power; etc. The list is endless, but all the charges deliberately omit the essentials, emphasizing, on evils "external" to the Soul of man, originated in "imperfections of society". As a complement to this fallacy, it is argued that the solution, the remedy for all ills, is "the improvement of society", its "Evolution" towards fairer, more humane forms of organization, etc. The omission is that evil, the only evil, is not external to man, it does not come from the world but lies within him, in the structure of a mind conditioned by the preeminence of the cultural premises that sustain the reason and that distort his vision of reality. The current society, on the other hand, has succeeded in judaizing ordinary man in such a way that he has transformed -- a miracle that genetic biology can't even dream of -- in turn into a miserable Jew, greedy for profit, happy to apply compound interest and happy to inhabit a World that glorifies usury. Needless to say, this society, with its millions of biological and psychological Jews, is for the Hyperborean Wisdom only one bad nightmare, which will definitely be swept away at the end of the Kaly Yuga by the **Wildes Heer**.

In Germanic traditions, the "Wildes Heer" is the name given to the "Raging Army" of Wothan. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Army of Navitan will be present during the Final Battle, together with the Great Chief of the White Race.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

It is now convenient to summarize, several complementary concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom, some of them already explained. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, the animal man, created by The One, is a being composed of physical body and Soul. As a product of an Original Betrayal, perpetrated by the Traitor Gods, the Uncreated Spirit, belonging to an extracosmic Race, has been chained to Matter and lost as to its true Origin. The spiritual chaining to the animal man causes the historical appearance of the Self, an outset of **intelligent Will**: devoid of eternal Spirit, the animal man only possessed a **psychic subject** that allowed him to acquire a certain consciousness and perform primitive mechanical psychological acts, due to the purely archetypal content of such mental acts. But suddenly in history, because of the Original Betrayal, the Self **appears** in the midst of the animic subject, **immersed** in it. Thus, the Self, expression of the Spirit, arises sunk in the core of the Soul without having any possibility of orienting itself towards the Origin, **since it is unaware of being in such situation, that there is a possible return to the Homeland of the Spirit: the Self is normally lost without knowing that it is, and seeks the Origin without knowing what it is looking for. The Traitor Gods chained it to the Soul of the animal man so that the volitional force of its futile search is taken advantage of by the Soul to evolve towards the Final Perfection.** Immersed in the soulish subject, the Self is incapable of acquiring the control of the microcosm, unless it goes through the Hyperborean Initiation, which produces the effect of **isolating the Self, from the Soul, through the Uncreated Vrunes, revealed to man by Navitun.** Hence the Hyperborean Wisdom distinguishes between two classes of Self: the **awakened Self**, typical of the Hyperborean Initiate or Man of Stone; and the **sleeping Self**, characteristic of the sleeping man or "normal" man, ordinary, of our days.

Referring to the normal man, it can be said that the animic subject, with its lost Self incorporated, lords over the psychic sphere, which can be considered, **in broad terms**, as composed of two regions clearly differentiable and distinguishable: the **sphere of shadow** and the **sphere of light**; both regions are separated by a barrier called the **threshold of consciousness**. The shadow sphere is conceptually closely related to the region of the psyche called **Unconscious** that defines the **Analytical Psychology** of Dr. C. G. Jung. The sphere of light is basically the sphere of consciousness, where the activity of the conscious soulish subject runs during wakefulness. The Self, which is essentially a **volitional force**, has nothing to do with the temporal nature of the soulish subject, despite which it remains immersed in it, confused in its history, artificially **temporalized**, in a word, **asleep**. That's why the Hyperborean Wisdom clearly distinguishes between two forms of the Self: the **lost Self** and the **awake Self**. The lost Self is characteristic of the **sleeping man**, of the man lost in the Labyrinth of Illusion of the Great Deception: the man asleep is that **animal man** in whose Soul is chained, without knowing it, an **Uncreated Spirit**.

The awakened Self is typical of the **awakened man**, that is, of the animal man whose chained Spirit has discovered Deception and seeks to find the way to the Origin, the exit from the Labyrinth. The awakened man, the Hyperborean Initiate is one capable of acting according to the "strategic way of life" that demands the Blood Pact. That is, one capable of applying the strategic principles of the **Occupation**, of the **Enclosure**, and of the **Strategic Wall**. Regarding the second principle, with respect to the Royal Function, I said on Day Sixteenth: Philip IV must "**apply the principle of the Enclosure in the real space occupied**". According to this, it would seem that the principle of the Enclosure lies exclusively in the awakened man, who should "**apply**" or "**project**" such a principle in the occupied area; however, according to the hermetic principle: "**The microcosm reflects the macrocosm**", a principle that, as seen in the exposition of Bera and Birzha, is also Kabbalistic: **Adam Harishon is the reflection of Adam Kadmon**; does this mean that the principle of the enclosure must also be present in the macrocosm, for example as a **law of nature**? If this were the case, perhaps it could, at least in theory, be detected in some characteristic phenomenon a certain **enclosure function**, which

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

revealed to us by another way, this time external, the strategic principle mentioned. Although I can anticipate that the result will be negative, it is convenient to examine such a possibility of external search as its analysis will allow understanding various gnoseological and cultural aspects that affect man.

If we accept the hermetic principle of equivalence between macrocosm and microcosm it will be evident to us that **all** the laws of the macrocosm are reflected in analogous laws of the microcosm. But such correspondence is far from being a mere passive reflection between structures. Man, **discovering and formulating laws**, unbalances that relationship and assumes a prominent role. As a consequence of that dominant attitude appears now, separating the Self from the macrocosm, a cultural model elaborated by a **cultural subject** based on principles and concepts of a **cultural structure**. In the Hyperborean Wisdom, Dr. Siegnagel, these three elements are defined and studied; synthetically, I'll tell you that the "cultural subject" is only the animic subject acting dynamically on a "cultural structure" constituted in the "sphere of shadow" of the psyche; likewise, when the animic subject acts in the "rational sphere", is referred to as the "rational subject"; and if it manifests in the "sphere of consciousness", "conscious subject"; but always, the Self is immersed in the animic subject or Soul, be its field of action rational, cultural or conscious.

Thus, the **"cultural model"** is the main responsible for the deformed vision that man has of himself and of the world, since it is **interposed** between the macrocosm and the microcosm. The cultural model is a content of the cultural structure of a collective or sociocultural nature; therefore, it consists of a systematic set of concepts, proposed by the cultural subject and translated into one or two common languages, e.g. mathematical and linguistic. In short, the cultural model is usually composed of mathematical principles and cultural premises. The Self of man when it is confused with the conscious subject, jointly accepts as representations of external entities, as their truth, the cultural objects that come from the intermediary cultural model, cultural objects whose meaning has been proposed by the cultural subject as a premise in habitual language.

Let us now examine what man means by "law of nature". Without getting into complications it can be said that a law of nature is the mathematical quantification of a significant relationship between aspects or magnitudes of a phenomenon. We clarify this definition. Given a phenomenon it is possible that through observation and empirical experimentation certain "aspects" of it may be differentiated. If among the various aspects that stand out, some of them are "significantly related between them", and if that relationship has a statistical probability, that is, it is repeated a large number of times or is permanent, then a "law of nature" can be enunciated. For this, it is necessary that the "aspects" of the phenomenon can be reduced to magnitudes such that the "significant relationship" is reduced to "relationship between magnitudes", that is, a mathematical function. The "Laws" of Physics have been deduced in a similar way.

The concept of "law of nature" that I have exposed is modern and aims to "control" the phenomenon rather than to explain it, following the current trend that subordinates the scientific to the technological. Thus there are phenomena "Governed" by **eminent** laws that are not only accepted as determining factors but rather, they are indissolubly incorporated into the phenomenon itself, forgetting, or simply ignoring, that these are rational quantifications. It is what occurs, for example, when the phenomenon of a falling object is noticed and its affirmed that such a thing has happened because "the law of gravity acted". Here the "law of gravity" is eminent, and although "other laws are known to exist" which "they also intervene but with less intensity", it is blindly believed that the object in its fall **obeys** Newton's law and that this "law of nature" has been the **cause** of its displacement. However, the concrete fact is that the phenomenon **does not obey any eminent law**. The phenomenon just happens and there is nothing in it that intentionally points to a law of nature, and still less an eminent law. The phenomenon is an

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

inseparable part of a totality which is called "reality", or "the world", and which includes, in that character, **all** the phenomena, those that have already occurred and those that will occur. That's why in the reality, phenomena simply **occur**, following, perhaps, some that have already occurred, or simultaneously with others like it. The phenomenon is only a part of that "phenomenal reality" that never loses its character of totality: of a reality that is **not** expressed in terms of cause and effect to sustain the phenomenon; in short, of a reality in which the phenomenon occurs **regardless** of whether or not its occurrence is significant for an observer and complies or not with eminent laws.

Before tackling the problem of the "pre-eminence of the cultural premises" in the rational evaluation of a phenomenon, it is convenient to strip it of any possibility that separates it from pure mechanical or evolutionary determination, according to the "natural order". For this I will establish, after a brief analysis, the difference between phenomenon of "first" or "second" degree of determination, essential clarification given that eminent laws, always correspond to phenomena of the first degree.

For the Gnostic, "the world" that surrounds us is nothing more than the ordering of matter made by the Creator God, The One, in a beginning, and which we perceive in its temporal actuality. The Hyperborean Wisdom, mother of Gnostic thinking goes further by affirming that space, and all that it contains, is made up of multiple associations of a single element called "archetypal quantum of energy", which constitutes a **physical end** of the archetypal monad, that is, of the absolute formative unit of the archetypal plane.

These **quantums**, which are true archetypal atoms, **no** form conformers or structurers, each have an **indiscernible point** by which the pantheistic diffusion of the Creator takes place. That is to say that, thanks to a punctual system of polidimensional contact, becomes effective the presence of the Demiurge in every ponderable portion of matter, whatever its quality. This universal penetration, when verified by people in varying degrees of confusion, has led to the erroneous belief that "Matter" is the very substance of The One. Such the vulgar conceptions of pantheistic systems or those that allude to a "Spirit of the World" or "**Anima Mundi**", etc. In reality matter has been "ordered" by the Creator and "driven" towards a **legal development in time** of whose evolutionary force does not escape even the smallest particle (and in which participates, of course, the "human body").

I have made this synthetic exposition of the "Hyperborean Physics" because it is necessary to distinguish two degrees of determinism. The world as I described it recently, develops, mechanically, oriented towards a purpose; this is the **first degree** of determinism. In other words: there is a Plan whose guidelines are adjusted, and to whose designs tends, the "order" of the world; matter left to the mechanics of such "order" is **determined in the first degree**. But, like such a plan, is sustained by the Will of the Creator, and His Presence is effective in each portion of matter, as we saw, it could occur that He, **abnormally, otherwise** influenced some portion of reality, either to **teleologically modify his Plan** or to **semiotically express his intention**, or for **strategic reasons**; then we are dealing with the **second degree** of determinism.

By "strategic reasons" we mean the following: when the awakened man undertakes the Return to the Origin within the framework of a Hyperborean Strategy he employs secret techniques that make it possible to effectively oppose the Plan. In these circumstances the Creator, **abnormally**, intervenes with all His Power to punish the intrepid.

We can now distinguish between a **phenomenon of the first degree** and a **second degree phenomenon**, taking into account the degree of determination that involves its manifestation. It should be well understood that in this distinction the accent is placed on **the different** ways in which the Demiurge can act on **the same** phenomenon. For example, in the phenomenon of a flowerpot falling from a balcony onto the sidewalk, we can't see anything but a first degree determination; we say: "the law of gravity acted". But if the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

mentioned flowerpot fell on the head of the awake man, we can suppose a second determination or, strictly speaking, a "second intention"; we say: "the Will of the Creator acted".

The first and second degree of determination of a phenomenon is also called, from another point of view, First and Second intention of the Creator.

In general, any phenomenon is susceptible of manifesting itself in the first and second degree of determination. Taking into account this possibility, we will agree the following: when not indicated otherwise, by "phenomenon", it will be understood that whose determination is purely mechanical, that is, of the first degree; otherwise it will be clarified, "of the second degree".

It only remains now that we distinguish between "the two degrees of the phenomenon", to clarify the statement I made at the beginning of this discussion that every law of nature, including eminent ones, describes the causal behavior of phenomena of the first degree of determination. It is easy to understand and accept this since when a second degree determination intervenes in a phenomenon, the natural sense of mechanical chaining has been alienated temporarily in favor of an irresistible Will. In that case the phenomenon already will not be "natural" although it appears to be, but it will be endowed with a superimposed intentionality of a net **evil character** for man.

On the other hand, the first degree phenomenon always manifests itself **complete in its functionality**, which is a direct expression of its essence, and it will always be possible to reduce it mathematically to an infinite number of "laws of the nature". When the phenomenon of the first degree is appreciated especially by a law of nature, which is eminent for one since it **highlights a certain interesting aspect**, it is evident that it is not dealing with the **complete** phenomenon but with that "aspect" of it. In such case you must accept the sad fact that from the phenomenon will only be perceived an Illusion. Sensorially mutilated, gnoseologically deformed, epistemologically masked, it should not be surprising that the Indo-Aryans qualified as **maya**, Illusion, the ordinary perception of a phenomenon of the first degree.

I will now pose a question, whose answer will allow us to face the problem of the "preeminence of cultural premises", based on the latest conclusions: "if all first-degree phenomena necessarily appear full (for example: at 6 A.M. 'the sun rises')", what is the specific reason that its apprehension through the "scientific or cultural model" prevents from dealing with the phenomenon in its entirety, and circumscribes around partial aspects of the same? (for example when we say: "the earth's rotation is the **cause** that has produced the **effect** that at 6 A.M. the sun has become visible in the East horizon"). In this last example it is evident that when explaining the phenomenon by an "eminent law" it only refers to certain partial aspects (the "terrestrial rotation") leaving aside -not seeing it- the phenomenon itself ("the Sun"). The answer to the question posed leads us to touch on a fundamental principle of the epistemological structural theory: **the relationship observed between aspects of a phenomenon, mathematically quantifiable as "law of nature", originates from the pre-eminence of cultural premises from which reason modifies the perception of the phenomenon itself.**

It goes without saying that this occurs due to the "masking" effect that the reason causes in every image reflected by the conscious subject: reason "responds to the interrogation", that is, to the flexions of the conscious subject, **in which the lost Self is immersed**. As if it were a fantasy, the reason interprets and conforms a rational scheme of the representation of the phenomenal entity, scheme whose image is superimposed on the representation and masks it, endowing it with the propositional meaning determined by the cultural preeminent premises.

When a "scientific" observation of a phenomenon is made, the rational functions become preeminent to any perception, "highlighting" with eminence those interesting or useful aspects and "tarnishing" the rest (of the phenomenon). In this way reason operates like masking the phenomenon, previously torn from the totality of reality, and presents it with a "reasonable"

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

appearance and always understandable in the sphere of human culture. Of course nobody cares that the phenomena stay, from there, hidden behind their reasonable appearance; not if its possible to use them, control them, harness their energy and direct their forces. After all, a scientific-technological civilization is built **on** the phenomena and even **against** them; what does it matter if a rational view of the world trims the perceived phenomena and confronts us with a **cultural reality**, all the more artificial the more blind we are? What does it matter, I repeat, when such gnoseological blindness is the price that must be paid to enjoy the infinite variants that scientific civilization offers in terms of enjoyment and comfort? Is there some danger lurking that we cannot technically avert, we who have eliminated many old diseases, who have prolonged human life and created an urban habitat with a luxury never seen before?

The danger exists, it is real, and threatens all those members of humanity possessing hyperborean ancestors; the Hyperborean Wisdom calls it **psychic phagocytization**. It is a danger of psychic genre and of transcendent order that consists in the metaphysical annihilation of consciousness, possibility that can be materialized in this or in another World, and in any time. The destruction of consciousness happens by **satanic phagocytization**, that is, by assimilation of the **soulish subject** to the substance of Jehovah Satan. When such a catastrophe occurs, any possibility of transmutation and return to the Origin is completely lost.

However, it should be repeated that confusion is the main impediment for the transmutation of the sleeping man into Man of Stone. And, to permanent confusion, contributes the gnoseological blindness that I mentioned before, product of the modern rationalistic mindset. You live according to the guidelines of the Western "culture", which is materialistic, rationalistic, scientific-technological and amoral; thinking starts from preeminent cultural premises and conditions the vision of the world making it pure appearance, without being noticed or having any idea of it. Culture, then, keeps in confusion and prevents orienting and marching towards the center of psychic reintegration, transmuting the sleeping man into Man of Stone. Is it by chance that such a thing happens? I have said it many times: Culture is a strategic weapon, skillfully used by those who wish the perdition of the Hyperborean Heritage.

Thus, it is verified that the "intermediate cultural model", between the Self and the macrocosm, makes it extremely difficult to find the principle of the enclosure in the world, as a law of nature.

### Forty-Fourth Day

#### General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The preceding complementary concepts have highlighted the fact that a "law of nature" originates in certain relations that the rational judgment establishes between significant aspects. My purpose is to make clear that although these aspects truly belong to the phenomenon, the relationship that gave rise to the eminent law has been created by reason and by no means can be attributed to the phenomenon itself. The reason, supported on preeminent cultural premises, **uses the world as a projective model or representation** in such a way that any phenomenon expresses **correspondence** with an equivalent intellectual conception. In this way the man makes use of rational concepts of the phenomenon that have a weak link with the phenomenon itself, with its truth.

In conducting reasoning and analysis on the basis of such concepts, the error is added and the result cannot be other than the gradual immersion in the unreality and the confusion. This effect is wanted by the Enemy, I have said. It will be seen later what is the way to avoid it that the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In mentioning the hermetic principle earlier, I said that all laws of the macrocosm are reflected in equivalent laws of the microcosm. But "the laws of nature" of the macrocosm are but representations of a mathematical model originated in the human mind, that is, in the microcosm, as I have analyzed. In the process that gives rise to the "scientific idea" of a phenomenon concur elements from two main sources: the "mathematical principles" and the "preeminent cultural premises". The "mathematical principles" are archetypal, they come from hereditary psychological structures: when we "learn math", for example, we only consciously update a finite number of formal systems belonging to the realm of Culture, but the "mathematical principles" are not really "learned" but "discovered" since they constitute basic matrices of the structure of the brain. The "preeminent cultural premises" emerge from the **totality** of the cultural elements, learned throughout life, that act as content of the systems of the cultural structure and to which the cultural subject goes to formulate the judgments.

The distinction I have made between "mathematical principles" and "preeminent cultural premises", as two main sources that intervene in the act of mentally formulating a "law of nature", will allow to expose one of the most effective tactics the Creator employs to keep men in confusion and the way the Loyal Gods counteract it, charismatically inducing to these to discover and apply the "law of the enclosure". That's why I insisted so much on the analysis: because we are faced with one of the most important principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom and, also, one of the Enemy's best kept secrets.

When the principle that says "for the Synarchy, Culture is a strategic weapon" it is often thought that it refers to "Culture" as something "external", typical of man's behavior in society and of the influence that it exerts on him. This error comes from an incorrect understanding of the Synarchy, which is supposed to be a mere "political organization", and the role that it plays in the Plan of the terrestrial Demiurge Jehovah Satan. The truth is that man tries to orient itself towards the Origin and does not achieve it by the state of confusion in which it is; to keep it in that state contributes Culture as a strategic weapon of the enemy; but if this attack came only from the exterior, that is, from society, it would be enough to move away from it, with becoming a hermit, to neutralize its effects. However it is sufficiently proven that the solitude is not enough to avoid confusion and that, on the contrary, tends to increase in the most hermetic withdrawal, being very probable that in this way the mind will be lost long before it finds the Origin. It is the interior cultural elements that confuse, deviate, and accompany man at all times. That is why the awakened Self must **previously** free itself from the obstacle imposed by the cultural elements if it intends to bridge the gap that separates it from the Origin.

A Self stripped of any morals, of any dogma, indifferent to the deceptions of the world but open to the memory of blood, will be able to march gallantly towards the Origin and there will be no force in the universe capable of stopping it.

It is a beautiful image that of the man who advances intrepidly, wrapped in the warrior fury, without the Demons being able to stop him. We will always present it; but, you may wonder: how is it possible to acquire such a degree of purity? Because the normal state of man, at this stage of the Kaly Yuga, is confusion. I will now explain, in response to such a sensible question, the tactic of the Loyal Gods to **orient** the spiritual men and neutralize the effect of the Synarchic Culture.

In the sleeping man the Self is subject to reason. It is the helm that guides the course of his thoughts from which for nothing in the world would he depart; outside of reason are fear and madness. But reason operates from cultural elements; it has already been seen how the "preeminent cultural premises" participate in the formulation of a "law of nature". So that the yoke that the Enemy has girded around the I is formidable. It could be said, in a figurative sense, that the Self is a **prisoner** of reason and its allies, the cultural premises; and everyone would understand the meaning of this figure. This is because

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

there is a clear analogical correspondence between the Self, in the sleeping man, and the concept of "captivity". For this reason I will now develop an **allegory**, in which the correspondence noted will become evident, which will then allow us to understand the secret strategy that the Loyal Gods practice to counter the **cultural weapon** of the Synarchy.

I will begin to present the allegory by fixing my attention on a man, whom they have taken prisoner and condemned, in an unappealable way, to life imprisonment. He does not know this sentence, as well as any subsequent information to his capture from the outside world, as it has been decided to keep him indefinitely incommunicado. For this he has been locked in an inaccessible tower which is surrounded by walls, abysses and moats, and where it is apparently impossible any escape attempt. A garrison of enemy soldiers, whom it is not possible to address without receiving some punishment, are in charge of permanently monitoring the tower; they are ruthless and cruel, but terribly efficient and loyal: don't even think about buying or fooling them. In these conditions there does not seem to be much hope that the prisoner will ever regain freedom. And yet the real situation is quite different. While **towards outside** the Tower the exit is cut off by walls, moats and soldiers, from **the inside** it is possible to go directly outside, without stumbling over any obstacle. How? By means of a secret exit whose access is cleverly concealed on the floor of the cell. Naturally, the prisoner ignores the existence of this passage, as is not known to his jailers.

Now suppose that, either because he has been convinced that it is impossible to escape, either because he does not know his status as a captive, or because of any other reason, the prisoner shows no predisposition to escape: he does not manifest courage or bravery and, of course, does not seek the secret exit; he just has resigned to his precarious situation. It is undoubtedly his own negative attitude the worst enemy since, if he were to keep alive the desire to escape, or even, if he were to experience **nostalgia** for the lost freedom, he would stir in his cell where there is at least a one in a million chance of finding the secret exit by coincidence. But this is not so, and the prisoner, in **his confusion**, has adopted a peaceful demeanor that, as the months and years go by, becomes increasingly pusillanimous and idiotic.

Having surrendered to his fate, only outside help could be expected for the captive, which can only consist of the **revelation of the secret way out**. But it is not so simple to expose the problem since the prisoner does not want it or he doesn't know that he can run away, as I have said. Therefore, two things must be accomplished: 1<sup>st</sup> get him to assume his condition of prisoner, of a person who has been **taken away** his freedom, and, as far as possible, **remember the golden days** when there were no cells or chains. It is necessary that he becomes aware of his miserable situation and ardently wishes to go out, prior to: 2<sup>nd</sup> revealing the existence of the **only possibility to flee**. Because, it would be enough, now that the prisoner wishes to flee, **only that he knows of the existence** of the secret exit; this one he will seek and find himself.

Posed like this, the problem seems very difficult to solve: it is necessary to wake him up, to **awaken** him from his slumber, **orient** him, and then **reveal** the secret to him. So it is time to ask ourselves: is there anyone willing to help the miserable prisoner? And if there was, how would he manage to fulfil the two conditions of the problem?

I must state that fortunately there are other people who love and try to help the prisoner. They are those who participate in his ethnic group and inhabit a country very, very, far away, which is at war with the Nation that imprisoned him. But they cannot attempt any military action to free him because of the reprisals that the Enemy could take on the countless captives who, in addition to that of the tower, they keep in their terrible prisons. It is therefore a matter of targeting the aid in the planned manner: **wake him up, orient him and reveal him the secret**.

This requires reaching him, but how to do it if he has been locked in the heart of a fortified citadel, saturated with enemies in permanent alert? The possibility of infiltrating a spy must be ruled out due to the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

insurmountable **ethnic differences**, a German could not infiltrate as a spy in the Chinese army in the same way that a Chinese could not spy in the barracks of the 44. Without being able to enter the prison and without the possibility of buying or fooling the guardians the only remaining resource is to **deliver a message** to the prisoner.

However sending a message seems to be as difficult as introducing a spy. Indeed; in the unlikely event that a diplomatic effort obtained the authorization to present the message and the promise that it would be handed over to the prisoner, it would be of no use because the mere fact of having to go through seven levels of security, where it would be censored and mutilated, renders this possibility completely useless. In addition, by such **legal means** (prior authorization), the condition would be imposed that the message be written in clear language accessible to the Enemy, who would later censor part of its content and transpose the terms to avoid a possible second message encryption. And let us not forget that the secret of the hidden exit is just as important for the prisoner to know as it is for the Enemy to ignore it. And the first thing: what to say in a mere message to get the prisoner to **wake up, get oriented**, understand that he **must** escape? As much as we think about it, it will become evident at the end that the message **must be clandestine** and that it **cannot be written**. It cannot be **optical** either because the small window of its cell allows only to observe one of the interior courtyards, to where signals from outside the prison do not usually reach.

Under the conditions I have set forth, it is certainly not obvious what way can their **Kameraden** solve the problem and help the prisoner to escape. Perhaps the light will come if we bear in mind that, despite all the precautions taken by the Enemy to keep the captive disconnected from the outside world, **they failed to isolate it acoustically**. (For this they should have kept him, like **Kaspar Hauser**, in a soundproof cell).

I will now show, as an epilogue, the mode chosen by the Kameradens to provide effective help; a help such that 1st: **wakes up** and 2nd: **reveals the secret**, to the prisoner, **orienting him towards freedom**.

When deciding on an acoustic route to get the message across, the Kameraden realized that they had a great advantage: **the Enemy ignores the original language of the prisoner**. It is then possible to transmit the message simply, without double meaning, taking advantage of the fact that **it will not be understood by the Enemy**. With this conviction the Kameradens did the following: several of them climbed a nearby mountain and, armed with a huge conch shell, which allows to greatly amplify the sound of the voice, began to broadcast the message. They did it uninterruptedly, for years, for they had sworn not to abandon the attempt while the prisoner was not free again. And the message came down the mountain, crossed the fields and rivers, crossed the walls and invaded every corner of the prison. The enemies were surprised at first, but, as that language to them didn't mean anything, they took the musical sound as the song of some fabulous and distant bird, and in the end they got used to it and forgot it. But, what did the message say?

It consisted of two parts. First the Kameradens sang a **children's song**. It was a song **the prisoner had heard many times during his childhood**, there, in the **golden fatherland**, when the black days of war were still far away and perpetual captivity could only be an impossible nightmare to dream about. Oh, what sweet memories that melody evoked! what Spirit, no matter how asleep it was, would not wake up, feeling eternally young, hearing again the primordial songs, those that he would listen enraptured in the happy days of childhood, and which, without knowing how, turned into an ancient and mysterious dream? Yes; the prisoner, no matter how asleep his Spirit was, even though oblivion had closed his senses, would end up waking up and remembering! He would feel the nostalgia for the distant homeland, would check his humiliating situation, and he would understand that only that who has infinite courage, with boundless fearlessness, could perform the feat of escape.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

If such were the feelings of the prisoner, then the second part of the message will give him **the key** to find the secret exit.

Notice that I have said **the key** and not **the secret exit**. Because it happens that by means of the key, the prisoner **must seek** the secret exit, a task that must not be so difficult considering the small dimensions of the cell. But after he finds it, he must complete his feat by **descending** to incredible depths, traversing corridors plunged in impenetrable darkness and **climbing**, finally, to remote peaks; such the complicated path of the enigmatic secret exit. However **he is already saved**, at the very moment **he starts returning**, and nothing and nobody will be able to stop him.

We only need, to complete the epilogue of the allegory, say a word about the second part of the acoustic message, the one that had the key to the secret. It was also a song. A curious song that told the story of a forbidden and sublime love between a Knight and a Lady already married. Consumed out of hopeless passion the Knight had undertaken a long and dangerous journey through distant and unknown countries, during which, he became skilled in the Art of War. At first he tried to forget his beloved, but past many years, and having verified that the memory was always alive in his heart, he understood that he should live eternally a slave of an impossible love. So he made himself a promise: it wouldn't matter what adventures he had to run on his long road, nor the joys and misfortunes that they would involve; inwardly he would remain true to his love without hope with religious devotion, and no circumstance could remove him from his firm determination.

And so the song ended: remembering that somewhere on Earth, now turned into a warrior monk, marches the valiant Knight, provided with mighty sword and spirited steed, but wearing around his neck a bag that contains the proof of his drama, the **key** to his love secret: **the Wedding Ring** that will never be worn by his Lady.

Contrary to the children's song in the first part of the message, this did not produce an immediate nostalgia but a feeling of modest curiosity on the prisoner. Hearing, coming from who knows where, in his ancient native language, the story of the gallant Knight, so strong and courageous, so **complete** in battle, and yet so sweet and melancholic, so **torn** inside by the Memory of Love, the captive felt prey of that modest curiosity that children experience when they sense the promises of sex or intuit the mysteries of love. We can imagine the prisoner reflecting, perplexed by the enigma of the evocative song! And we can assume, too, that finally he will find a **key** in that **Wedding Ring**... which according to the song would never be used in any wedding. By induction, the idea of the **ring** will lead you to seek and find the secret exit.

So far the allegory. We must now highlight the analog relationships that link the prisoner with the Self of the sleeping man.

### Forty-Fifth Day

#### General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

In order for the analogue relationship to be clearly evidenced I will proceed according to the following method: first I will state a premise regarding the allegorical story of the "prisoner"; secondly I will affirm a premise referring to an analogous situation in the sleeping man; in third place, I will **compare** both premises and draw the **conclusion**, that is, I will **demonstrate** the analogy. It is understood that I cannot expose **all** of the correspondences without the risk of extending indefinitely. Therefore I will only highlight those relationships that are essential for my presentation and I will leave, as an exercise of imagination, Dr. Siegnagel, the possibility of establishing many others.

Just remember that in the sleeping man, the lost Self finds itself immersed in the conscious animic subject, that is, confused with the evolutionary animic subject or Soul. Here I have preferred to consider the lost Self linked directly to

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*reason*, that is, to the **rational** animic subject, by virtue of being this subject the closest to the World and who first receives the impressions of external entities. By "reason", in any case, it must be understood, "the evolutionary animic subject" proper to the animal man, who evolves by the confused action of the Self, that manifestation of the chained Spirit.

- 1 -

a - The prisoner is at the mercy of his guardians, who keep him in perpetual captivity.

b - The Self, of the sleeping man, is a perpetual prisoner of "reason", that is to say, of the evolutionary animic subject.

c - The "prisoner" and the Self are analogous.

- 2 -

a - The "guardians" are the dynamic intermediaries, mean by the way, between the "prisoner" and the "outside world".

b - "Reason" is a dynamic intermediary, very poor, between the Self and the "outside world" (in the sleeping man).

c - The "guardians" and "reason" are analogous (remember that when reason elaborates a "law of nature", the "mathematical principles" and the "preeminent cultural premises" intervene).

- 3 -

a - The "guardians" use their "own language", different from the prisoner's language, which he has forgotten.

b - "Reason" uses logical modalities, different from the "primordial Hyperborean Language", original of the sleeping man which he has forgotten because of his strategic confusion.

c - The guardians' "own language" is analogous to the logical modalities of the cultural structure. The prisoner's "native language" is analogous to the "Hyperborean Language" of the sleeping man.

- 4 -

a - The first environment of the "prisoner" is his "cell" in the tower, which contains it almost completely with the exception of the openings (door and window) through which the senses can only very weakly extend.

b - The first environment of the Self is the "sphere of shadow", which contains it almost completely.

c - The "cell" of the tower is analogous to the sphere of shadow of the man asleep.

- 5 -

a - In the "cell" there is a "barred window" through which the prisoner gets a precarious but "direct" image of the outside world.

b - Establishing permanent contact with the Self is the "sensory sphere", by means of which it obtains a precarious but "direct" image of the outside world.

c - The "barred window" is analogous to the "sensory sphere" (or "the senses") in the sleeping man.

- 6 -

a - In the cell there is a "barred door" through which the guards enter, and with them the censored news, that is, from where the prisoner gets an "indirect" image of the external world.

b - The Self can form an "indirect" image of the outside world through "reflection", that is, the act by which information is received "reasoned".

c - The "barred door" is analogous to the act of reflecting or warning.

- 7 -

a - The "prisoner's" cell is in a "tower" and the latter in a "walled courtyard". Surrounding the walls are "deep moats", and then other walls, and other moats; and so on until completing seven laps of wall and moat. The

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

seven security circuits of this formidable "prison" are connected by drawbridges, "corridors", gates, "lifting grids", etc. Beyond the last wall the "outside world" extends, the Enemy's country. In short: the "prison" is a static structure that stands between the prisoner and the outside world.

b - A complex static structure interposes between the Self and the outside world so-called "cultural". The "reason", to make the information of the outside world "reasonable", rests on certain elements of the mentioned static or "cultural" structure, for example the "preeminent cultural premises", which signify concepts about the perceptions of external cultural entities or objects.

c - The "prison" is analogous to the "cultural structure". Also: certain parts of the "prison", walls, moats, bridges, etc., are analogous to certain parts of the "cultural structure", that is, the "preeminent cultural premises". Bear in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, that, in the allegory, both the "Guardians" like the "prison" are intermediaries between the prisoner and the exterior world. But the "gatekeepers" are "dynamic" intermediaries (analogously to the "reason" in the sleeping man) while the "prison" is a "static" intermediary (analogously to the "cultural structure" of the sleeping man).

- 8 -

a - Beyond the last wall of the prison stretches the "exterior world", that reality that can never be seen by the "prisoner" due to the structure of the "prison" that limits his movement and that a permanent "guard" takes care that such a situation is maintained.

b - The Self, in the sleeping man, is habitually submerged in the depths of the cultural structure, floating lost among its artificial and static elements and at the mercy of the implacable tyranny exercised by reason. The cultural structure completely surrounds the Self, except for some cracks, where faintly the "sensory sphere" appears. Beyond the cultural structure, as object of the instinctive and sensory spheres, the "external world" extends, the reality that can never "be seen" (in its truth, "as it is") by the lost Self.

c - The "outside world" beyond the prison is analogous to the "outside world" beyond the "cultural structure" that holds the Self in the sleeping man.

- 9 -

a - On a nearby mountain, the Kameraden try to help the "Prisoner" to escape from the "prison". For this they send a message, in their native language, using the acoustic medium. In this message there is a "nursery rhyme", to "wake up" the prisoner, and a "love song", with the "key to the ring", for him to find the secret exit and flee.

b - In a hidden "center" called Agartha, the Loyal Gods try to help sleeping men break the chains that hold them down to the material world of the Demiurge. To do this, they charismatically send a message in the "language of the birds", using the Vrunes of Navutani. In this message there is a "primordial memory", to awaken and orient man, and a "Song of Love", with the "key of the ring", so that he looks for the center, returns to the Origin, and leaves, as a God, the material Hell of Jehovah Satan.

c - Many analogies can be established between "a" and "b". I will only highlight the most important: The Kameraden are analogous to the Liberator Gods.

I believe that the preceding nine arguments constitute an effective demonstration of the analogical correspondence that exists between the "allegory" and the situation of the sleeping man. But this is not all. I have saved three components of the allegory, nursery rhyme, Song of Love, secret exit, to make a last analogical correspondence and draw the final conclusion.

As the validity of the existing analogical relationship has been evidenced in the preceding arguments, it will not be necessary to resort to the same method in the next comment: I'll take the analogies I mentioned for granted.

I will now recall the reasons that led me to develop the allegory. I proposed to show, in an analogical way, the method used by the Loyal Gods to counter the action of "Culture", strategic weapon of the Synarchy. I previously clarified

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

that the "interior cultural elements" are the true instrument that the Synarchy uses to keep man "asleep", that is, in confusion. In this state the Self is subject to reason with the cultural structure, the source from which all mental activity is ultimately nourished. Thus it happens that the Self, that is, the present consciousness of man, is "directed towards" the world through the cultural structure "by reason; the result, I said it several times, is a warped image of the world and a state of psychic confusion that greatly hinders the "strategic reorientation" of men. Against this situation the Loyal Gods, like the Kameraden of the allegory, prepare to come to the aid "by sending a message".

The main objective is to "circumvent all the walls" and reach the prisoner, the Self, with a message of double meaning: 1st. awaken; 2nd. orient. For that the Loyal Gods "transmit the message", charismatically, for **many millennia**; some hear it, wake up and leave; others, the most, continue in confusion. Sure, the message is not easy to recognize because it has been emitted in the language of the birds... and its sounds can only be perceived with the Pure Blood.

Is it clear then? The message of the Loyal Gods permanently resounds in the blood of the sleeping men. Who does not hear it is because he suffers from the strategic confusion or is unaware of its existence, which is the same. But how should the charismatic message fulfill its function? In two steps. In the first place the Gods speak, in the blood of man, of a primordial memory, of something happened at the beginning of Time when the Spirit had not yet been captured by the Gods of Matter. How the Gods manage to do it is a very great Mystery, of which only They can answer. This "primordial memory", the "nursery rhyme" of the allegory, has been induced with the purpose of "activating" the Memory of Blood proper to the sleeping man.

If such a thing occurs, then the sleeping man will experience a sudden "nostalgia for another world", a desire to "leave everything and go". Technically it means that the Memory of Blood has arrived "there where the lost Self was found": on the conscious subject. Such a contact, between the Self and the Memory of Blood, is carried out independently of the cultural structure and the reason; And that is the goal sought by the Loyal Gods. It has thus been possible to reach the marrow of the Self, by way of the blood; it will be then, in that brief moment when the "Song of L-ove" will be heard.

I will now speak of the second part of the message, which I have called allegorically, "Song of L-ove". First of all I will say that such a name is not capricious because the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that, from its Origin in the physical Universe, that is, from its synchronization with Time, the Spirit remains chained to Matter by a Mystery of L-ove. When the Memory of Blood, activated by the first part of the message, opens a path (non-rational; non-cultural) towards the Self, then the Loyal Gods sing the Song of L-ove, they make the man participate in the Mystery. If his blood is pure enough so that the charismatic message can be consciously assimilated then the man has the possibility of "orienting himself" towards the Origin and stay definitely awake.

The Mystery of L-ove can only be revealed by the Pure Blood, internally, in a transcendent contact with the Self that is done without intervention of cultural or rational categories. It is, therefore, an absolutely individual experience, unique for each man. Who knows the secrets of the Mystery of L-ove is a transmuted Hyperborean Initiate, that is, an Immortal Man of Stone.

The Mystery of L-ove is a personal discovery, I repeat, unique to each man **about the Truth of his own Fall**. No one can know this secret and continue the same. And no one, much less, would dare to talk about it once the Supreme Experience has taken place. On the contrary, many times the lips are sealed forever, the eyes are blinded, and the ears closed. Not a few hairs turn white, let alone minds that sink into the darkness of madness. Because only an infinite value can sustain, alive and sane, the one who has seen the Deception of the Origins and has understood, at last, the Truth of his Fall. Being the weight of the secret so terrible it is understood why I say that there can never be a hint of the Mystery of L-ove and only someone irresponsible or crazy would

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

affirm the contrary. The Hyperborean Wisdom provides **blood purification techniques** that are intended to **bring the Mystery closer**. But the Mystery itself is discovered internally, it is unique for each man and **it is not advisable to talk about it**. At most some suggestions can be offered, such as those I exposed on Days Eight and Ninth when narrating the Cold Fire Ritual.

The allegorical story of the prisoner has made it possible to expose the simple method employed by the Loyal Gods to guide men asleep. The charismatic message manages, if it is heard, to "wake up" the man putting him in contact with his Blood Memory. Then it makes him participate in the Mystery of L-ove, Supreme Experience that **nullifies**, we said, the cultural Strategy of the Synarchy. But **it is not possible** to know in what the Mystery of L-ove consists until we have lived it individually. There are only the **general indications** left by **those who were transmuted and left**. On the basis of these indications it can be affirmed that the Mystery of L-ove is experienced in **seven different ways** by man and that, precisely, is the reason why the Hyperborean Wisdom foresees seven initiatory paths of liberation.

According to the way in which the Mystery of L-ove has been gnostically perceived will be the Path of Liberation adopted and that is why it is often spoken of a "Path of the Mutation" or "of the Ray"; of a "Dry Path" or "Right-hand Path"; of a "Wet Path" or "Left-hand Path"; of a "Path of the Strategic Opposition" or "Path of the Warrior Gnosis for the Absolute Orientation"; etc.

I will not speak, of course, of all the paths of liberation but of that which has a special relationship with this story, that is, the "**Path of the Strategic Opposition**", which was followed by the House of Tharsis. But the Path of the Strategic Opposition is the ultimate interpretation of the ancient Mystery of the Labyrinth, founded by Navutan after the sinking of Atlantis: to the House of Tharsis, the second part of the Song of L-ove, which was "**heard**" during the **Ritual of the Cold Fire**, revealed the Mystery of the Labyrinth as a way of individual liberation. It is worth saying that the Lords of Tharsis, **always**, understood the Mystery of the Labyrinth when transmuting into Men of Stone. With regard to the allegory of the imprisoned Self, we must understand that **Navutan's solution to the Mystery of the Labyrinth**, to the Mystery of the spiritual chaining, to the Mystery of Death, is analogous to **the solution of the Song of L-ove**: it consists of a mode to 1st., awaken; 2nd., orientate. Such a way is what is lately called "Path of the Strategic Opposition" and that necessarily includes the use of the Vrunes and the principle of the enclosure.

In the allegory, the second part of the message was quite long because it also referred to "the other ways" of liberation that can "open" the Mystery of L-ove. But the prisoner has found the key in the **Wedding Ring** and this means, analogously, that he has opted for the Path of the Strategic Opposition. The message has reached him "acoustically", that is, gnostically, and, by becoming aware of its content, by means of the revealed key, he finds in the cell **a ring**, which allows to **open the secret exit**.

The "cell", according to argument 4, is analogous to the sphere of shadow. But, as the substratum of the sphere of shadow is the cultural structure: **a ring "hidden"** on the floor of the cell undoubtedly corresponds to a **mathematical principle**, to an archetypal symbol integrated, "concealed", in the scheme of a relationship.

The allegory allows us to understand, then, that the Liberator Gods with their charismatic message, **discover a mathematical principle** that remained unconscious in the cultural structure, which we call "**principle of the enclosure**". Hence:

- 10 -

c - The "Ring" in the prisoner's cell is analogous to the "principle of the enclosure", mathematical principle, or Collective Archetype that remained unconscious in the sleeping man and that the message of the Liberator Gods **un-covers**.

I showed, days ago, that in the mental process that gives rise to the "scientific idea" of a phenomenon, elements from two main sources concur: the "mathematical principles" and the "preeminent cultural premises". This is



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

verified mainly by formulating a "law of nature", which explains the behavior of a phenomenon establishing causal relationships between aspects of it. I'll give a simple example: you want to "measure" the side of a regular polyhedron. Here the phenomenon is a body shaped like a regular polyhedron, that is to say, a "phenomenal entity". The "graduated ruler" is used for this, that is, a flat surface on which the units of length are engraved and of which we are sure that one of its sides is perfectly straight. The zero of the ruler is made coincide with the "beginning" of the side to be measured. It is now observed that the "end" of the side coincides with the number five of the ruler and it is stated without further ado that "in the polyhedron, the side measures five centimeters". It has been carried out, as will be seen, a series of subjective operations whose conclusions, however, can be confirmed by other observers; this possibility of verification is what gives weight of "law of nature" to the fact mentioned.

But it happens that in the ruler, which is believed to be numbered, there are actually engraved signs representing numbers, not numbers themselves. The numbers are mathematical principles of the cultural structure, that is, subjective elements, which intervene in the act of "recognizing that the side limit coincides with the sign 5". If it says "it measures five centimeters", the assertion of an empirical quality: "there is a proportion (that is, a mathematical relationship) between the length of the side of the polyhedron and the length of the terrestrial meridian". This proportion is fixed or constant (= 5cm.) and constitutes a "relationship between aspects of a phenomenon", that is, a "law of nature".

The centimeter is equal to one hundredth of a meter and this to one ten-millionth of a quarter of terrestrial meridian.

The phenomenal entity appeared **complete**, integral in its manifestation. However, it is not possible to apprehend it in its entirety; as soon as you observe it a part of it becomes eminent, standing out over other aspects. The unity of the phenomenon has been broken in favor of the **plurality** of qualities that one is able to attribute to it. **Two** square faces are distinguished, and on each face, **four** edges and **four** angles, etc. Then its practiced the **measurement** of an edge or side and established a "law of nature": "the length of the side is proportional to the length of the terrestrial meridian and its ratio is 5 cm".

In this operation that has just been described, the "mathematical principles" (when **two** faces, **four** edges, etc. are distinguished) and the "preeminent cultural premises" (when the face, side, or any other quality turned eminent). The two sources concur in the rational act of "relating" (measure) aspects of the phenomenon and postulate a "law of nature" (measures 5 cm.) that can be universally proven.

I hope I have made it clear that the **mathematical principles** (the **one**, the **two**, the **square**, etc.), as they are intrinsic properties of the mental structure, **intervene a priori** in the formulation of a law of nature. As to the "numbers" of the world, those that appear engraved on the graduated ruler, they are only **cultural signs of representation** that are distinguished thanks to the conventional learning. There were ancient peoples that represented the numbers with knots or ideograms; it is presumable that an instrument of measurement composed of a stick on which hieroglyphs have been engraved, would not mean, in principle, nothing for us if we cannot "read" the signs, that is, make the numerical representations.

The epistemological analysis of the way in which man establishes a law of nature must lead fatally to the conclusion that it would be impossible that the principle of the enclosure was located in the world as the property of the entities and could be formulated in a sociocultural language. On the contrary, what can happen, in any case, is that the principle of the enclosure is projected, consciously or unconsciously, about a phenomenon and is later discovered in it as an eminent relationship between qualities; naturally, it will depend on the type of phenomenon represented by the complexity with which the principle of the enclosure is empirically recognized and introjected into the psychic structure.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In short, the "principle of the enclosure", discovered to the conscience by the message of the Loyal Gods, is also a mathematical principle and as such will intervene "a priori" in all phenomenal perception. Natural numbers (which are in the mind) allow to "count" (one, two) the halves of that apple (which is in the world). The enclosure principle (which is in the mind) allows to apply the "law of the enclosure" on this phenomenon (which is in the world). I have come a long way to reach this conclusion. I will express it now in a general way: **the principle of the enclosure will make it possible to determine the law of the enclosure in all phenomena and in any relationship between phenomena.**

But the principle of the enclosure is generally unconscious and only those who get to hear the message of the Loyal Gods can incorporate it into the sphere of consciousness. And only they, the awakened men, will be able to apply the law of the enclosure in a warrior Strategy that ensures the Return to the Origin.

Earlier I mentioned **Navutan's solution to the Labyrinth Mystery** and said that it includes the use of the Vrunes and the principle of the enclosure. Now I will add that such solution, called **Tirodinguiburr**, is translated into **the Archemonic technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom**. Such a technique, which is essential to dominate in the "strategic way of life", allows defining in the Universe a "strategic Enclosure", to which I referred on Days 3 and 36. Well then, according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, **every strategic enclosure is technically an "Archemona" or "Infinite enclosure"**. In other words, the awakened man discovers the principle of the enclosure and projects it in the world: **this is not enough to constitute a strategic enclosure**; the principle of the enclosure is a mathematical principle and, therefore, is an archetypal element, that is, **created by The One; an element created by The One could badly be used to try isolating yourself from The One's Strategy**; therefore, the law of the enclosure must be modified to obtain the desired isolating effect; in what way? **indeterminating** or making **infinite** the real enclosure; this is achieved with the use of the Uncreated Vrunes: **the inclusion of the Uncreated Vrone in the law of the enclosure produces the "strategic Enclosure", the infinite Enclosure within which it is possible to practice the strategic way of life and develop a Strategy to Return to the Origin.**

The Path of the Strategic Opposition is applicable to every awakened man that has a strategic enclosure and a **lapis oppositionis**. The latter element is only a **Stone of Opposition**, that is, a Stone that represents The One and against which the strategic opposition is performed, that allows to approach, inversely, the Origin. The **lapis oppositionis** is situated **outside the Archemona**, in front of the infinite point of the strategic enclosure: when the Hyperborean Initiate makes the strategic opposition, the interior of the Archemona turns into a liberated square, with its own **Space** and **Time**, independent of the space-time of the Created Universe; thus **isolated**, without abandoning at any time the strategic opposition, the Initiate **advances** without obstacle towards the Origin, **leaves the Labyrinth, frees** himself from the material prison.

I will clarify the etymological meaning of the word Archemona and the philosophical meaning that denotes in the Hyperborean Wisdom. Archemona, first of all, is a word composed of two Greek words, arke, **principle** and monas, **unity**. The Initiation by the archemonic technique allows arriving at a **unique principle** of the psyche, that is, to the egoic individuation of the Selbst, from where it is feasible to experience the absolute possibility of the Spirit in the Origin: such is the Hyperborean sense of the Archemona.

For the Men of Stone, Hyperborean Initiates of the House of Tharsis, the "world" in which everyday life occurs is simply a "battlefield", an **Arena** occupied by mortal enemies to whom it is due fight relentlessly because they "cut the way of Return to the Origin", "obstruct the retreat" and intend "to reduce man to the vilest slavery" which is "the submission of the Eternal Spirit to matter", its "chaining to the evolutionary Plan of the Universe, created by the Demiurge and his court of Demons". The world is, then, for the Men of Stone, the **Valplads**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In Nordic mythology and in the **Eddas**, the Valplads is the battlefield where Wothan chooses those who fall fighting for Honor, Truth, in short, for the Virtues of the Spirit. The House of Tharsis, based on the Hyperborean Wisdom, extended the concept of Valplads to the whole "world". But the "world" is the macrocosm, within which subsists the potential microcosm of the awakened man; the reality of that "world", which surrounds as Valplads the awakened man, is Maya, the Illusion of the Great Deception. When the awakened man has placed himself in his Archemone and frees the inner area through the Strategic Opposition, indeterminating or making infinite the real enclosure, the **lapis oppositionis** found in the Valplads, its place is said to constitute the **fenestra infernalis** of the Archemona, the infinite point of the Strategic Enclosure: the **fenestra infernalis** is the closest point between the liberated area and the Valplads, and in front of it are confronted the awakened man and the Demiurge Face to Face, two Total Strategies are confronted, the Hyperborean and the Satanic.

As a last thought regarding the allegory I will say that when the prisoner "pulls the ring" and discovers the secret exit he is making an action analogous to when "the awakened man" applies the law of the enclosure, according to the archemonic technique, and "opens" univocally and irreversibly a path towards the Origin.

The method that the Loyal Gods employ to counter "Culture", a strategic enemy weapon, has then been explained. They send their message that aims to **awaken** in man the Memory of Blood and **orient** him towards the Origin, its "secret exit". For the latter they induce him to discover the "principle of the enclosure" and then apply the "archemonic technique".

The principle of the enclosure is **infallible** for the proposed strategic purposes and it can both be applied individually and collectively. History abounds in examples of men who have applied techniques based on the Hyperborean Wisdom to immortalize themselves as Gods or to lead a people of Pure Blood towards collective mutation; as proof of those glorious actions have remained numerous stone constructions that nobody understands in our days because for this we would have to have a vision founded on the principle of the enclosure. To the awake man, knower of the archemonic technique, a single look at the megalithic constructions, or at Montsegur, or over the K.Z., is enough to correctly interpret the Hyperborean Strategy on which their construction was based.

The Castle of Montsegur, it is worth clarifying, was built by the Cathars according to the archemonic technique, as well as the K.Z. or **konzentrationslager**, "Concentration Camps" of the German Black Order **44**, which were not sinister prisons as the synarchic propaganda claims but marvelous "Magic machines" to accelerate collective and racial mutation, based on the archemonic technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom: within the isolated area of the K.Z., the most nefarious racial elements of society, that is, the degenerates, criminals, vicious, and even the Jews, could be transmuted and reoriented in favor of the National Strategy.

I will finally say that whoever is aware of the principle of the enclosure **has surpassed** the enemy cultural Strategy and can perform the double isolation, **of the Self and the microcosm**.

The principle of the enclosure will allow to set the limits of the conscious subject, isolating the Self from the preeminent cultural premises, and moving it toward the "center" or Selbst.

The archemonic technique will **then** make it possible to isolate the microcosm from the macrocosm, gaining a time and space of its own, that is, immortality: the microcosm or physical body will have transmuted into **vajra**, the incorruptible matter.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### Forty-Sixth Day

#### General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

On the previous day I mentioned "a Strategy that the Loyal Gods use to counter 'the Culture', a strategic enemy weapon" and I explained it, by means of an allegory, as consisting in a charismatic message. This message had two objectives: 1<sup>st</sup>: **to wake up**; 2<sup>nd</sup>: **orient** towards the "Secret exit", "center", or "Origin"; and, in that particular example, the "exit" was found after discovering "the ring", that is, after having made conscious **the enclosure principle**. However the second part of the message, the **Song of Love** offered, whoever listened to it, the possibility of "finding the way out", by other six different routes to Strategic Opposition, which is based on the principle of the enclosure. In any case, this Strategy as I have described it, with its seven possible ways of liberation, responds to purely individual objectives, that is to say, it is directed exclusively towards the sleeping man. That is why now it is my turn to declare that it is part, the "individual" part, of a major conception major, which is called Odal Strategy.

The Odal Strategy is fundamentally aimed at obtaining the individual liberation of man, but, on certain favorable historical occasions, the Gods try to "orient" the Race as a whole to force collective mutation. In this case the "leaders", many times "sent" by the Loyal Gods and other times "inspired" by Them, are in charge of projecting charismatically in the people the strategic guidelines, seeking to **reintegrate it into the essential War**. For such a task to be carried out with probability of success, it is necessary that the "Leaders" have an external element, located in the world, that irrefutably represents the Divine origin of the Race. This external item must also give proof of the commitment assumed by the Gods to "induce" men to resume the war against the Creator and their resolution to "wait" for the Kalpas that are needed while they win the Liberty. For these conditions it can be understood that this "external element" is a true **Stone of Scandal** for the Creator and his demonic hosts and that all his Power, that is, the Great Deception, is put into achieving destroying it or, failing that, preventing it from remaining within the reach of man. But, despite the annoyance that such an action would cause in the Enemy, the Gods have fulfilled their part of the Primordial Pact and, with admirable contempt towards the Power of the Forces of Matter, they deposited it in the World and protected it from any attack so that the men or their charismatic leaders **discover it and make use of its meaning**.

The Odal Strategy of the Gods is, then, addressed to the inner self of every man by the "Charismatic Songs", trying to awaken in them the Memory of Blood and of inducing them to follow some of the seven paths of liberation. But it also tries to promote the Race as a whole so that it ceases marching in the "evolutionary" or "progressive" direction of History and, rebelling to the Plan of the One, in a reverse jump, transmutes the "animal tendencies" of man and recovers his Divine Hyperborean nature. To achieve this second purpose, no longer individual but racial, I have said that it has an "external element". What would be, specifically this "external element", this "thing", to which I have attributed such wonderful properties? Its about something whose single description would take several volumes and that, in previous Days, I have called "**Gral**". Being impossible to reveal here a Mystery that has been impenetrable to millions of people, I will try, as usual, to "approximate" it through some comments.

I was asking what that wonderful thing called **Gral** will be **specifically**. I'll start there. Specifically, the Gral is a Stone, a Crystal, a Gem; of this there is no doubt. **But it is not a terrestrial Stone**; neither of this there are doubts. If it is not a terrestrial stone, one may wonder what its origin is: the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that **it comes from Venus** but does not assure that it be its origin. It can be assumed, then, for want of other precision, that the Lords from Venus brought it to Earth, from that green planet. But the "Lords of Venus"

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

are not originally from Venus but from Hyperborea, an "original center" that does not belong to the material Universe and whose "Memory of Blood" has led to many sleeping men to misidentify it with a vanished "nordic" or "polar continent". According to the Hyperborean Wisdom the Gral was brought to the Solar System by the Gods **immediately after they stormed through the Gate of Venus to settle in K'Taagar, that is, in the Valhalla.** However, there is another specific aspect that should be taken into account: the Gral is a Gem that is of the greatest importance to the Gods, to the point that **They are not willing to give it up or lose it.** For camaraderie and solidarity towards the sleeping men it has been placed in the World; but in the end of Time, the Gral will be recovered and returned to its place of Origin.

What is the reason for this interest without measure in preserving the mysterious Gem? Because it has been momentarily removed from The Most Beautiful Jewel that has never been seen in the Universe of The One, of that jewel that nobody would be able to imitate in this or in other Worlds: neither the Master Goldsmiths nor the Builder Devas or the Planetary, Solar or Galactic Angels, etc. Because the Gral is a Gem of the Crown of Kristos Lucifer, He who is more Pure than the Purest of the Loyal Gods, the only one who can speak Face to Face with the Unknowable. Kristos Lucifer is the one who **being in Hell is beyond Hell.** Being able to stay in Hyperborea, in the light of the Unknowable, Kristos Lucifer has wanted to come to the rescue of the captive Spirits starring in the incomprehensible sacrifice of His own **self-captivity.** He has installed himself as the Black Sun of the Spirit, "illuminating" charismatically, from "behind" Venus, through the Paraclete, directly into the blood of the sleeping men.

How has a Gem of the Gallant Lord sullied falling here, to the Earth, one of the most disgusting sewers in the Seven Hells? Because he has so disposed. Kristos Lucifer has given the Gral to men **as guarantee** of his commitment, of his sacrifice, and **as an irrefutable material proof of the Divine Origin of the Spirit.**

The Gral is, in this sense, a **reflection** of the Divine Origin, which will guide like a beacon the faltering course of the Rebel Spirits who decide to abandon the slavery of Jehovah Satan.

You have already seen what the Gral is: a Kristos Lucifer Crown Gem; You will now see what the Gral **represents** for the captive Spirits. First of all the Gral is linked to the **incarnation of the Spirits** and its first meaning must be sought in connection with such a Mystery. This is explained if we take into account that millions of years ago, when the Traitor Siddhas allied with the Demiurge Jehovah Satan to carnalize the Hyperborean Spirits, Kristos Lucifer handed over the Gem so that **the Truth of the Divine Origin could be seen with mortal eyes.** That is why the Gral, placed in the World as proof of the Divine Origin of the Spirit, **gives meaning to all the Hyperborean bloodlines on Earth.** For it the blood of men, still mired in the most tremendous confusion, will always claim its **extraterrestrial heritage.**

The presence of the Gral, in principle, **prevents the Enemy from denying the Hyperborean ancestors.** But just as the Gral gives a cosmic sense to the History of man, connecting him with the eternal Race of the origins, and **divinizes** the Hyperborean lineages of the Earth, so also for the Demiurge, by the presence of the Gral, this lineages become "cause for scandal" and object of persecution and scorn, punishment and pain. The **Divine Hyperborean Lineages** will be, as from the Gral, **heretic lineages** "condemned forever" (a manvantara) by Jehovah Satan. The Gral has come to wake up undesirable memories, to enhance the past of man; it will then be the memory and the past what will be most attacked and to erase its influence will largely aim at the Synarchic Strategy. If one is capable of noticing this attack, which is evident to the gnostic gaze, it will be understood in greater depth the **historical** function of the Gral. To put it in evidence I will dedicate the following paragraphs.

The main crime of man has been to deny the supremacy of "God", that is to say, of the terrestrial Demiurge Jehovah Satan, and to rebel to his slavery. But man is a miserable being, immersed in a Hell of Illusion in which he feels

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

foolishly "at ease", with no chance of breaking the spell by himself. If he has denied the Demiurge and has "rebelled" it has been by virtue of an outside agent, but: what "thing" in the world can be able to awaken man, to open his eyes to the forgotten divinity? "If such a thing exists, the Demons will say, it is the most abominable object of material Creation". But that "thing", that "abominable object", is not of this World and of it the captive-Spirit-man has "eaten". That "green fruit", which later will be called Gral, is a food that nourishes with the **primordial gnosis**, that is, with the knowledge about the Truth of the origins. By the Gral, the forbidden fruit par excellence, man will know that he is Eternal, possessing a Divine Spirit chained to matter, proceeding from a World impossible to imagine **from the terrestrial Hell** but for which he **feels nostalgia** and to which he **wishes to return**.

**By the Gral, man has remembered!**

Here is his first crime. Remembering the Divine Origin will henceforth be a terrible sin and those who have committed it must pay for it, that is the Will of the Demiurge, the "Law of Jehovah Satan". There will be his Ministers, the Demons of Chang Shambhala, who are in charge of executing the sentence collecting the punishment in a currency called: pain and suffering. The instrument will naturally be the incarnation, repeated a thousand times in transmigrations "controlled" by the "Law" of Karma, cynically stating that pain and suffering are "for the good" of the Spirits, "to favor their evolution". If "evil" lies in the blood then it will be weakened by favoring racial mixing and making it impure by poisoning it with the **fear of sin**. The result will be the **strategic confusion** of the Spirit and the complete darkness about man's past. "In the past there is nothing worth rescuing", will assert for millennia the reasonable people, in chorus with the Demons of the Fraternity. Theology, and even Mythology, will speak about the evil of man with the language of the Demiurge: "sin", "fall" and "punishment." The "Science", on the other hand, will show us a more discouraging panorama: it will "prove", making use of fossil filth, that man descends from a proto ape called "Hominid", that is, of that miserable and despicable animal man who was the ancestor of the sleeping man. "Science" has brought the past of man to its most dramatic degradation linking him "evolutionarily" to reptiles and worms. For the modern man there will no longer be Divine ancestors but apes and trilobites. It really takes a superhuman hatred to wish man to humiliate himself in such a sad way.

But let's leave the sad, let's be optimistic, why look at the past, will say the Synarchy with the Voice of Science and Theology, if man is "something projected into the future"? In the past there is nothing worthy of respect: some primitive marine crustaceans sunk in the silt trying to gain the terrestrial environment, driven by "evolution"; millions of years later apes decide to become men: driven again by the miraculous "law of evolution" they become biped, they make tools, they communicate by speaking, they lose their hair and enter history; and then comes the History of man: the documents, civilization, culture. And in history the "Evolution" continues unrelenting, now converted into a more inflexible law called dialectic: the mistakes of humanity, the wars, the intolerance, the fascism, are "mistakes"; the successes, the peace, the democracy, the UN, the Sabin vaccine, are "Successes". From the struggle between successes and errors, a higher stage always arises, a benefit for the **future Humanity**, confirming the evolutionary or progressive trend. Isn't it that progressive trend in history **all the good that can be expected from the past?**

So let's be optimistic, let's look to the future; there are all the goods, all realizations, the theologian assures that after a **future** trial of the good, the gates of paradise will be opened to them, the Rosicrucians, Masons and other Theosophists, place in the future the moment when, partially concluded the "Spiritual evolution", man identifies with his monad, that is, with his "Divine Archetype" and is incorporated into the Cosmic Hierarchies dependent on the Demiurge; and even materialists, atheists or scientists, present a blissful image of the future: they show us a perfect society, without hunger or diseases, where

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

a man, technocratic and dehumanized, happily reigns over legions of androids and robots.

I will not go into detail about an obvious fact: it has been tried to **erase** the past of man by disconnecting him from his Hyperborean roots; this past **has not been completely erased**, but, in compensation, a metaphysical fracture has been created between man and his Divine ancestors, so that, at present, an abyss separates him from the primordial memories; an abyss that has a name: **confusion**. At the same time, with such a sinister purpose, man has been "projected towards the future" euphemism used to describe the **illusion of progress** that suffer the members of modern Civilizations. Such "illusion" is generated culturally by powerful "force ideas" skillfully used as a strategic weapon: the "sense of history", the "historical acceleration", the "scientific progress", the "education", "civilization versus barbarism", and so on. The men, conditioned in this way, blindly believe in the future, look only towards it, and even fatalists, who envision a "black future", admit that if an unpredictable exception or a miracle offer a "way out" to Civilization it is found, anyway, in the "future"; the past is in any case a reason for general indifference.

This "obvious fact" undoubtedly represents an important triumph for the Synarchy; but a triumph that is not definitive. Indeed, Dr., you have seen that the maximum pressure of the Synarchic Strategy is applied to **erase** the past, obscure the memory of the Divine Origin, and that such an attack occurs as a **reaction to the gnostic action** of the Gral. But the Gral **is not just** a forbidden fruit, consumed by man in remote times, immediate to his enslavement.

The Gral is a reality that **will remain** in the world while the last Hyperborean Spirit remain captive. By the Gral it is always possible that man **wakes up and remembers**.

But, to enjoy its gnosis, it is essential to understand that the Gral, as a **reflection of the Origin**, illuminates in the blood **from the past**. Its light comes in the **reverse sense of time** and therefore no one who has succumbed to the Synarchic Strategy may be influenced by it. You already saw that a powerful cultural Strategy projects man into the future" and tries to erase his past and confuse his memories. But the Gral **should not be sought looking to the future** for thus it will never be found. In truth, the Gral **should not be sought at all**, if with such a verb, **to search**, we understand an action that implies "movement". Only those who have not understood its metaphysical meaning "seek" the Gral and believe, in their ignorance, that it is an "object" that can be "found". I will remember one of the medieval stories about the Gral that, though deformed by its Judeo-Christian adaptation, retains quite a few elements of the Hyperborean Tradition. In it Parsifal, the pure madman, goes in "search" of the Gral. Due to ignorance he commits the nonsense of undertaking the search "traveling" knightly through different countries. This "displacement" **essentially points to the future**, because in every movement there is an immanent and inevitable temporality, and, naturally, Parsifal never "finds" the Gral "looking for it" in the world. Years of futile search go by until he understands this simple truth. Then one day, completely naked, he appears before an enchanted castle and, once inside, **the Gral appears to him** (he cannot find it) and his eyes are opened; he notices then that the **throne is vacant** and he decides to claim it, finally becoming a King.

The following should be seen in this allegory: Parsifal understands that the Gral **should not be sought in the world** (Valplads), through time (flowing Consciousness of the Demiurge), and he decides to make use of a **Hyperborean Strategic Path**. For this he **places** himself "naked" (without the preeminent cultural premises) in a castle ("square" fortified by the law of the enclosure), desynchronizing from the "time of the world" and creating an "own time", inverse, that "points to the past". Then the Gral **appears** and "opens his eyes" (Memory of Blood). Parsifal notices that "the throne is vacant" (that the Spirit can be recovered) and he decides to claim it (he undergoes the purity tests of the Secret Ways of Liberation) and becomes King (transmutes into Man of Stone).

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I hope I have made it clear that the Gral should not be sought because it appears when man's consciousness has become desynchronized from the time of the world and has been stripped of the cultural mask. I want to show now another aspect of the enemy reaction motivated by the presence of the Gral.

For the Gral man commits the crime of awakening; he has sinned, and the punishment is charged with the currency of pain and suffering, by the incarnation and the law of Karma. The Law enforcers, and those who are most offended by the Hyperborean memory of the awakened men are the "guardian angels", that is, the Demons of Chang Shambhala and their White Fraternity. There is, apart from this, a **direct reaction of the Demiurge** that should be known. But as such reaction has been repeated many times since the Hyperborean Spirits have been chained to the yoke of the flesh, a full exposition should encompass an enormous period of time, which goes beyond the official history and is lost in the night of Atlantis and Lemuria. Of course, I won't be able to embark on such a story and that is why I will only refer to the reaction of the Demiurge **in historical times**, but it should not be forgotten that everything that is said about this **is not exclusive to an Epoch**, but it has already been and will surely be again. A short introduction will allow you to understand such a direct reaction.

When the question, naive, is made about how are the worlds where the captive Spirit comes from, believing there may be some image representing the unimaginable Hyperborea, the Hyperborean Wisdom usually responds with a metaphorical figure; thus says to the ignorant apprentice: "imagine that a speck of dust receives a faint reflection from the True Worlds, and suppose that, then, this speck is divided and reorganized into infinite particles. Make another effort of imagination and now suppose that the material Universe that you know and habit has been built with the pieces of that speck of dust. The Hyperborean Wisdom tells you: if you are able to reintegrate in an act of imagination the immense multiplicity of the Cosmos in the original speck, then, seeing it in its entirety, you will perceive only a faint reflection of the True Worlds. **If you are able to reintegrate the Cosmos into a speck of dust you will see only a deformed image of the Homeland of the Spirit. That's all that can be known from here**".

The metaphor becomes transparent if one considers that the Demiurge has constructed the Universe by imitating a clumsy and deformed image of the True Worlds. He has insufflated his Breath into Matter and ordered it with the purpose of "copying" the faint reflection that he once received from the Uncreated Spheres. But neither the substance was adequate nor was the Architect qualified to do so; and, added to these evils, the perverse intention of pretending **to reign as God of the work**, just like (?) the Incognizable. The result is in sight: an evil and insane Hell, in which, long after its creation, by a Mystery of Love, countless Eternal Spirits were enslaved, chained to matter and subject to the evolution of life.

The main feature of the Demiurge is evidently **imitation**, by means of which he has attempted to reproduce the True Worlds and whose result has been this vile and mediocre Material Universe. But it is in the different parts of his Work where it is noticed the amazing persistence in imitating, repeating, and copying. In the Universe "everything" is always a copy of "something": the "atoms", all similar; the "cells", which divide into analogous pairs; the "social animals", whose herd instinct is based on "imitation"; the "symmetry", present in infinity of physical and biological phenomena; etc. Without going into further examples, it can be said that the overwhelming formal multiplicity of reality is just an illusion product of the crossing, intersection, combination, etc., of a few initial forms. In truth, the Universe has been made from counted different elements, no more than twenty-two; that support, by their infinite combinations, the totality of existing forms.

Bearing in mind the imitative principle that governs the work of the Demiurge, now it can be taken into consideration his **direct reaction** to the presence of the Gral.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I said that the Gral *divinizes* the Hyperborean lineages by proving irrefutably the truth of the Origin and that the reaction of the Demons has been to consider them as *heretical lineages*, deserving the most terrible punishments.

But while the Devils were busy punishing the men with the heavy chains of Karma, quite another would be the attitude of the Demiurge. He, according to his characteristics, has wanted to *imitate*, and even surpass, the Hyperborean lineages, founding a *Sacred Race* that represents him directly, that is, that *channels his will*, and, through it, reign over the incarnate Spirits. A "Sacred Race" that rises in the midst of the peoples condemned to the pain and suffering of life and who, triumphing over them, ended up inflicting the final humiliation of submitting them to the Synarchy of the Demons. Then the Hyperborean lineages, sunk in the mud of the spiritual degradation, will exhale their last moans and those cries of pain, those screams of terror will be the sweet music with which the Sacred Race will gift his "God" Jehovah Satan, the Demiurge of the Earth.

As I have said the Demiurge has tried this endeavor many times; "the Gypsies", for example, are the ethnic remnant of a "Sacred Race" that prospered in the last Atlantis, when the Traitor Gods subdued the Hyperborean lineages to the Sinarchy of Horror. The Incarnate Spirits were there precipitated to the most infamous practices: the Divine blood was degraded and confused by the indiscriminate mixing of Races, and, what is worse, they managed to make fertile intercourse between men and animals with the aid of black magic; thousands of human victims sacrificed themselves to quench the thirst for blood of Jehovah Satan, worshiped there in his Aspect of "God of the infernal armies". The cruelty, the collective orgy, different forms of drug addiction, etc., were all "customs" that the Hyperborean lineages had adopted while in the eyes of the "Sacred Race" shone with joy the gaze of the Demiurge and the Synarchy of Horror exercised its orichalcum tyranny. In such a state of degradation no one was able to receive the light of the Gral or hear the Chant of the Gods. That is why Kristos Lucifer decided to manifest himself *in the sight of men*. He did so, accompanied by a guard of Liberator Gods, and this determined the end of Atlantis...

But this is an ancient story. In recent times the Demiurge has resolved to *repeat* again, in imitation of the Hyperborean lineages, the creation of a "Sacred Race" that represents him and to which will be reserved the high Destiny to reign over all the peoples of the Earth. With the Blood Pact celebrated between Jehovah Satan and Abraham the "Holy Race" is founded, and their descendants, the Hebrews, will constitute the "Chosen People." As well as the Hyperborean Spirits, divinized by the presence of the Gral, represent the "heretical lineage" par excellence, the Hebrews, in front of them, will present themselves as the "Purest lineage on Earth." Israel, a people chosen by Jehovah Satan to be its representative on Earth, what titles will it display as *irrefutable proof* that such is His Will? The Demiurge, following his usual system of "imitating", reasons this way: "If by the Gem of Kristos Lucifer, the Gral, the Hyperborean lineage has been divinized, also by a 'Stone of Heaven' will be consecrated the Lineage of Abraham. I will put in the world a Stone in which My Law will be written as *irrefutable proof* that Israel is the Chosen People, before whom other nations must humble".

Such is the direct reaction of the Demiurge. He chooses from the scum of humanity the most miserable people and after making a pact with them makes them grow in the shadow of mighty Kingdoms. When he decides that the time has come for the "Sacred Race" to fulfill its historical mission, he "renews the pact" by delivering to Moses the key to Power. Then Israel, the purest lineage on Earth, crosses the millennia and marches toward its future of glory, as the Empires and the Kingdoms sink in the dust of History. Without a doubt the reaction of the Demiurge has been effective and powerful have resulted the effects of His Stone, the force of His Law. Thus, the question arises, what actually is that Jehovah Satan delivers the Hebrews as an instrument of power and universal domination?; I will repeat it synthetically: the "Tablets of the Law"

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

contain the secret of the twenty-two voices that the Demiurge uttered when he ordered matter and by which has been formed all that exists. The set of symbols contained in the Tablets of the Law is what is known since ancient times as **Acoustic Kabbalah**. In Atlantis this knowledge was originally the patrimony of another "Sacred Race", but later on, the Guardians of the Lithic Art, ancestors of the Cro-Magnon and parents of the White Race, came to dominate it completely.

"The Tablets of the Law" are then "the Stone" that the Demiurge has placed in the World as metaphysical support of the "Sacred Race" in imitation of the set "Hyperborean lineage / Gral". However, as in all "imitations" of the Demiurge, a too precise equivalence should not be seen here. The Gral, from the past, reflects for each one of the men the Divine Origin and constitutes an attempt by Kristos Lucifer to come to the aid of the captive Spirits or, in other words, the influence of the Gral points to the individual and to the spiritual. The Tablets of the Law, on the contrary, point to the collective, between Jehovah Satan and the Hebrew people, and furthermore their Kabbalistic content reveals the keys that allow mastering all material Sciences.

If the strategic confusion, incarnation, chaining to the Law of Karma, etc., are terrible evils that afflict the Hyperborean Spirits, the terrestrial coexistence with a "Sacred Race" of Jehovah Satan is undoubtedly the scariest nightmare, worse still than any of the misfortunes mentioned. Because, from the renewed covenant with Moses, the **racial enmity** between the Hyperborean lineages ("heretical") and the Hebrew lineage ("sacred") will be permanent and eternal, with the irreversible disadvantage for the first that the Hellish will of the Demiurge will irresistibly express itself through the seconds.

After the "appearance" of Israel, man only has the dramatic alternative of returning to the Origin or finally succumb.

Digging into the Hebrew myth of Abel and Cain, under a veil of slander, an accurate description of racial and theological enmity can be appreciated between Hebrews and Hyperboreans. In this myth, Abel, who is a shepherd of flocks, represents the basic **type** of Hebrew and Cain, the farmer, the figure of the man of Hyperborean lineage. Legend has it that Jehovah Satan found pleasant the blood offerings of Abel the shepherd, consisting of the sacrifice of the firstborn lambs "with their fat", and instead despised the "fruits of the earth" that Cain exhibited. Such an attitude on the part of the God of Matter constituted a revelation for Cain: the discovery of the true intentions of the Creator and the materialistic and servile essence of the shepherds. So Cain decided to kill Abel, the created Soul, which motivated Jehovah to denounce that he was bearer of a mark that betrayed his status as a murderer. This sign would be recognized in all ages, by those who were "like Abel", in those who proved to be "like Cain".

That special affective criteria of Jehovah Satan has been perpetuated through the centuries in the hatred that the Hebrews feel towards the Hyperborean lineages, hate that, don't forget, comes from the Demiurge since **"Israel is Jehovah"**. Foolish men, that is, those who have had their brains washed to later turn them into fanatical Bible believers, they always find it difficult to justify Jehovah "God's" predilection for Abel's bloody sacrifice and the contempt for Cain's agricultural production. However, everything becomes clear if one reads under the cabalistic, encrypted language of the Genesis, an ancient interpretation of the Fire Holocaust. Indeed, **"the holocaust of the firstborn lamb with its fat"** [Genesis 4, 4], represents the Holocaust of the final Death of Humanity and its transformation into the bleach that will "wash away the Abominable Sign that is engraved on the Warm Stone": Abel's oblation would later be burned, just as the Hebrews do until nowadays with the bodies of the sacrificed animals, and "the fat" mixed with the ash, would form the soap, the lye, which would wash the symbolic stain of the "sin of Cain"; such a "sin" is, naturally, to be a "farmer", a sower of cereals, worshiper of the Goddess Ama, or Ceres, or Demeter, or the Virgin of Agartha, the mother of Navutan, that is, who gave the seed of wheat to men, the Seed of the Stone Child. The "mark of Cain" is, then, the Token on the Warm Stone, the Symbol of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Origin that causes the chaining of the eternal Spirit to Matter; that is why Cain, by bearing that mark, will never be able to die: he will be "Immortal", as are all men who possess Spirit, even if they ignore it for being "asleep".

Robert Graves, and the Rabbi Raphael Patai, in the book "The Hebrew Myths", have extracted and synthesized the Myth of Cain from numerous Talmudic midrash. Here is one of the official Hebrew versions, demonstrating the Luciferic spiritual character of Cain and Abel's "created" nature: Cain responded to God's reprimand with a cry that blasphemers still repeat: --There is no Law nor Judge!--. When he soon after found Abel in a field he told him: --There's no future World, no reward for the righteous, no punishment for evildoers. This World was not created with mercy, nor is it ruled with compassion. For what other cause has your offering been accepted and mine rejected? Abel simply answered, --Mine was accepted because I love Jehovah God; yours was rejected because you hate him--. So Cain decided to hit and kill Abel".

It is interesting to go deeper into the figure of Cain. According to the Bible he was, besides being a farmer, the first who **built walled cities** and the inventor of weights and measures. His descendant Tubal-Cain (mythical unfolding of Cain himself) was a manufacturer of weapons and musical instruments.

If we now observe this figure of Cain, in the light of the Hyperborean Wisdom, it will be found that it possesses many of the characteristic attributes of the Hyperborean lineages. Above all, the association of Agriculture with the building of walled cities is an ancient Hyperborean strategic formula recently employed, for example, by the Etruscans and the Romans, and which has been perfectly expressed by the German King Henry I, the Fowler. On the other hand, the invention of weights and measures, which the Hebrews attribute to Cain, the Greeks to Hermes, and the Romans to Mercury, allows to identify Cain with those two Hyperborean Gods. And finally: the accusation of assassin and the weapons manufacturer status, clearly reveals that the figure of Cain represents **fearsome warriors**, the Men of Stone: to report or to point out that quality clearly aims the denunciation of the famous mark.

In the Bible, the sacred book of the "Chosen People", in the myth of Abel and Cain, the rules of the game are perfectly revealed. In Jehovah Satan's "preference" for the Hebrew shepherds, represented by Abel, and in the contempt and punishment of the Hyperborean lineages, symbolized by Cain, the metaphysical conflict of the origins appears layed out, but updated now as a cultural and biological confrontation. The Hebrew Sacred Race has come to bring the Presence of Jehovah Satan; (**conscious Presence**, different from the **pantheistic breath** with which the Demiurge animates matter) to the plane of human life, of incarnation, of pain and suffering. That's why the old transcendent enmity between captive Spirits and Demons transforms into immanent enmity between the Hyperborean lineages and the material Universe, given that the Sacred Race is **Malkuth**, the tenth Sefirot, that is, an Aspect of the Demiurge. The latter must be understood as follows: **Israel is the Demiurge**: It is worth clarifying. According to the secret teachings of the Kabbalah and as you can read in the Book of Splendor, **Sefer Yetsirah**, or in the Book of the Holocaust of Fire, **Sefer Icheh**, that is, going to the most reliable sources of the Hebrew Wisdom, for the "creation" of the "Sacred Race" Jehovah Satan manifests one of his ten Aspects or Sefirot. The tenth sefirot, **Malkuth (the Kingdom)** is the people of Israel itself, according to the official Hebrew texts, which has a metaphysical link with the first Sefirot, **Keter (Crown)**, which is the Head or supreme Consciousness of the Demiurge. In other words: there is a metaphysical identity between Israel and Jehovah Satan or, if you will, **"Israel is Jehovah Satan"**.

As I said before, the enmity between the Sacred Race and the Hyperborean lineages, enmity that has been declared in the myth of Abel and Cain, means a confrontation between these and the material Universe, given the character of Malkuth, splitting of the Demiurge, held by Israel. With Malkuth, the Demiurge has wanted to impose **the royalty** of the Hebrew sacred lineage on

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the other peoples of the Earth. If these Gentile peoples **have forgotten the past**, and submitted to the Plan carried out by the White Fraternity, then they will gladly accept **the Hebrew superiority** and the world will march happily towards the Synarchy. But, alas those **Goym** who do not renounce their Hyperborean inheritance and persist in remembering the conflict of the origins! There will be no place for them on Earth because with the Presence of Malkuth, the sacred lineage of Israel, the Demiurge ensures their persecution and immediate annihilation. Dramatic fate that of the captive Spirit! For millennia **remembering the Origin**, that is, exhibiting a heretical lineage, was punished by the Demons with a strong Karma, and the pain, the suffering, were so terrible that it ended up being forgotten. But, while this degradation was going on, deep in his heart, seething in his blood, the condemned person could participate in the Memory of Blood and access the Gnosis; it was his right: if he managed to rise from the swamp of confusion no one could prevent him from receiving the light of the Gral or listening to the Chant of the Gods. With Israel not even this miserable opportunity to wake up would be possible because the conflict was posed in biological, racial, cultural terms... : whoever engages in the contest must now risk everything for by facing Israel he is facing the same Demiurge. Israel advances in history with irresistible force. Its great ideas are dominating, little by little, the Culture of the West in parallel with the growth of its financial power. Who will be able to oppose the joint force of Judeo-Christianity, Judeo-Masonry, Judeo-Marxism, Zionism, Trilateralism? Who could "break" the banks of **Rothschild**, of **Jacob Schiff**, of **Kuhn and Loeb**, of **Rockefeller**, etc.? and who will compete with the Hebrews in the fields of Science or Art? I already described the fantastic **Material Power** achieved by the Templar Synarchy in the Middle Ages; think, Dr. Siegnagel, what such a Power must represent today; against these organized forces man does not have the slightest chance. That is why, in the face of such formidable Power, the only valid strategic alternative is racial confrontation: to the Sacred Race of Jehovah Satan oppose the Hyperborean lineage of the captive Spirits. And in this clash of lineages, in this war brought to the blood ground, the awakened man, he who remembers and wishes to return, must listen to the Song of the Gods and, following a secret path of liberation, find "the exit", return to the Origin, and transmute into Man of Stone. He will have thus complied with the first part of the Odal Strategy. But if a charismatic Leader, awake and transmuted, puts himself at the head of a racial community and decides to guide the men **as a whole** Back to the Origin, he may apply in its entirety the Odal Strategy, taking advantage of the presence of the Gral. In this case the Leader will raise Total War against the demonic forces of the Synarchy, but he will especially exert his maximum pressure **on the Sacred Race** as it **directly** represents the Enemy, that is, the Captivating Demiurge. However, only in modern times, when the universal presence of the Synarchy and the power of the Sacred Race are in evidence, it will be possible that some Great Chief correctly identifies the Enemy and declares against Them the Total war.

The irreconcilable enmity between the Hebrew sacred lineage and the heretic Hyperborean lineage could be exemplified by considering the infinite times that clashes have occurred and describing the various results. For sure there would be material to fill several volumes, which is why I must be prudent and refer to what is strictly necessary for understanding the Odal Strategy of the Loyal Gods. It is with this criterion that I will consider just one example, but an example that will be highly clarifying.

After the sinking of Atlantis, and under the guidelines of the Cultural Pact, the Hyperborean lineages have always agreed that Human society should be organized around three main functions: Regia, Priestly and Warrior. The **harmony** and **independence** of the three functions would ensure a certain balance appropriate for times of peace and prosperity, that is, **when society progresses materially towards the future**. In different epochs of its history many peoples of Hyperborean lineage experienced brief periods in which the equilibrium of the three functions allowed to enjoy that social, mediocre and courteous tranquility, which actually concealed a total absence of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

charismatic contact between the mass of the people and their Leaders, a typical situation characterized by general indifference. When a society is stabilized in this way the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala affirms that it "evolves" and that it "progresses". It is then of the interest of the Demons to bring Humanity to a state of permanent equilibrium of the three functions; for what purpose?: to prepare the advent of the Synarchy, that is, the Concentration of Power in the hands of a Secret Society or hidden brotherhood. What is the purpose of concentrating power in the hands of beings that act in the shadows? The answer is related with the manifestation by the Demiurge of "Malkuth", the Sacred Race: the Power over the nations belongs (at this stage of the Kali Yuga) to Israel as inheritance from Jehovah Satan and proof of his theological lineage. While the time of Israel comes, the Synarchy will be the regent of power concentrated by the White Fraternity.

It is understood that the Loyal Gods, in the face of such a conspiracy, seek to destabilize the synarchic equilibrium of societies and charismatically influence in men in order to awaken one of them and transmute him into a Hyperborean Leader. This is fundamentally the objective of the Odal strategy. That is why the Chant of the Gods calls unceasingly in the Pure Blood and the Grail is a permanent presence that shows, to whoever wants to see it, the reflection of the Divine Origin of the Spirit. But it should not be believed that the Odal Strategy is only successful when a true transmutation of the sleeping man into a Man of Stone occurs; that is undoubtedly the most important success, but that itself is not very frequent, especially in the case of Leaders or Conductors of peoples. There are, instead, other cases, not as showy or obvious as a transmutation, but whose beneficial influence on the organization of societies has motivated that they are also considered as successes of the Odal Strategy. I refer specifically to those Leaders who, with a certain degree of unconsciousness, listen to the Charismatic Song and intuit some principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom. Since they are not fully awake and ignore the origin of the "message", they proceed to apply in the government of their peoples the strategic principles taking them by own invention. I could abound in examples, but it will be of particular interest for you, Dr., to consider the case of those who have "discovered", without knowing it, the principle of the enclosure.

When in the mental structure of a Leader has been incorporated the "principle of the enclosure", his Pure Blood, and with it the Chant of the Gods, impels him to apply the "law of the enclosure" in all his concrete acts. They arise thus from particular societies to political, philosophical, moral theories, etc., conceived and executed according to the law of the enclosure, within the framework of the Odal strategy. A typical example is the idea of the "Universal Empire". It's worth commenting.

When the Odal Strategy succeeds in awakening the Divine nature in some Leader, it is possible that his subsequent activity will cause notable social changes. If he is King, that is, if he exercises the Royal Function, he will advance in a Ghibelline way over the Priestly Function and, with the support of the Warrior Function, he will try to expand the boundaries of his State. If the Leader is a remarkable warrior, he will soon be girding the crown and then, crushing the Priestly Function, getting down to the task of organizing a military state. In most cases the imbalance of the three functions is done at the cost of the Priestly Function which is usually lunar and synarchic. The important thing is that the Leader, King or Warrior, applying the law of the enclosure in his vision of society generally concludes by agreeing on the idea of the Universal Empire as the most appropriate to demonstrate the superiority of his Race and to perpetuate the memory of his Lineage.

The universal State of Accad; the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires; the great Persian Empire, destroyed by Alexander the Great; the Roman Empire; etc., have been conceived in the same way: by the application of the law of the Enclosure, within the framework of the Odal Strategy, made by the Hyperborean Leaders in the course of the millennia. I cannot fail to mention that many "modern ideas" record the same procedure in its conception: such

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the different variants of "nationalism"; the "fascism"; the "falangism"; the "national-socialism", the "federations" and "confederations"; etc. These and many other political theories are the product of the application of the law of the Enclosure by some modern Leaders. In the case of "fascism", "national-socialism", etc., it is evident that they have a fairly close connection with the ancient idea of the Universal Empire which eloquently explains why such ideologies have been persecuted to annihilation by the Chosen People and the forces of the Synarchy.

It is just that, precisely the idea of the "Universal Empire", which is Hyperborean and arises from the application of the law of the Enclosure, is irreducibly opposed to the idea of the "Universal Synarchy" fostered by the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala, and carried out in favor of the Chosen People.

I had set out to give an example of the irreconcilable enmity between the Hyperborean heretical lineage and the Hebrew sacred lineage and this has become evident in the opposition between Universal Empire and Synarchy, that is, between their respective ideal conceptions of society. Equipped with these keys anyone can review history and draw his own conclusions from it; thus it is not necessary to insist more on it.

I said earlier that the "Sacred Race" was created by the Demiurge in imitation of the Hyperborean lineages and showed that "The Tablets of the Law", and the terrible knowledge with which they were written, were given to the Hebrews in the likeness of the Gral. I may now add that the "imitation" did not conclude there; on the contrary, for centuries an infernal historical falsification was prepared that in fact came to mean an infinitely more offensive tort than the imitation of the Hyperborean lineages or the Gral. I am talking about the usurpation, vulgarization and degradation perpetrated against the Divine figure of Kristos Lucifer.

I already mentioned that, during the days of greatest spiritual decline in Atlantis, Kristos Lucifer **manifested himself** in view of the sleeping men. His Presence had the virtue of purifying and guiding many men, who, thanks to this descent into Hell made by the Galant Lord, were able to thus embark on the path of Return. Yet the cowardly reaction of the Traitor Gods, who resorted to the use of black magic to prevent the rescue, eventually led to an all-out war that only concluded when the last Atlantis had disappeared. And although the Atlantean continent disappeared devoured by the waters and thousands of years of barbarism and strategic confusion erased these facts from history, it is no less true that the drama lived was so intense that it was never completely obscured in the collective memory of the Hyperborean lineages. That is why when the Demiurge conceived the sinister idea of imitating, roughly, the redemptive image of "Kristos Lucifer descending among men" it was inexorable that such infamy would unleash irreversible changes and definitive confrontations.

What was the Demiurge up to this time? Although it seems incredible he wanted to produce, in **imitation** of the Hyperborean transmutation, **a leap in Humanity**. But let us not be too surprised: what was sought was a leap forward, **into the future**, and above all, an attempt was made to **gird** the members of Humanity, without any distinction due to its Race or religion, to a universal **psychological "type"** or a **collective Archetype**. That Archetype, of course, was that of the Hebrew Race because what was ultimately wanted was to **judaeize** humanity and prepare it for the World Government of the Synarchy.

To carry out such an ambitious plan they would set in motion numerous forces, which would concur towards the figure of the Messiah and would make possible his terrestrial Ministry. For the mission of "preparing the vehicle" through which Jehovah Satan would manifest himself to men, was commissioned one of the Masters of Wisdom of the White Fraternity, who would be known, during his incarnation, as Jesus of Nazareth. Nor was the question of the lineage neglected and that is why the Master Jesus incarnated in the bosom of a Hebrew family whose genealogy could be traced back to Abraham. But the physical body of the Messiah would possess a constitution different from

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

that of a simple Hebrew: Mary would be pregnant "with the gaze" by one of the Demons of the Hierarchy, the "Angel Gabriel", who actually uses the "intersection of fields" method, one of the three forms of parthenogenesis that exist: in this way it was also imitated the Virgin of Agartha, Ama, the Mother of Navutan, who was pregnant on Venus by another "Angel", the "Seraph Lucifer". The Master Jesus would animate that superior body for thirty years, but it would be the sect of the Essenes, which during all that time would be in charge of developing his esoteric potentialities, training him in the secrets of the acoustic Kabbalah. In this task the Essenes would be assisted by the Masters of the Hierarchy, and these by the Traitor Gods; all of Chang Shambhala had concentrated on sustaining the Messiah since on the success of his mission would largely depend the future "evolution" of Humanity. If the work of the Messiah triumphed the whole of humanity would be "civilized", that is, judaized, and "barbarism" would end, that is, the mythological memory of the Divine ancestors.

The most horrifying thing about this conspiracy was that the Demiurge and his Demons counted this time on the Memory of Blood that the Hyperborean lineages still kept from the Kristos of Atlantis to "attract" them towards his imitation, the Jesus Christ, and through a fantastic confusion finally subdue them. With what colossal hypocrisy the scam was planned and executed! After Jesus Christ who would be able to distinguish between the Kristos of Atlantis and his caricature? Only a few have suspected the deception, Gnostics, Manicheans and Cathars, and against them has fallen the anathema of the Dark Forces, the persecution and annihilation. It's just that this Jesus Christ, as Judaic Archetype that it is, allows many interpretations, all "legal", according to the convenience of the Synarchy: there is a redeeming Christ, a Christ of piety; a Christ "who will come"; a Christ-God, a Christ-man; a Christ-Social revolutionary; a Cosmic-Christ; a Christ-Avatar, etc.

What no one will ever be allowed to conceive (or "remember") is a Kristos of Uncreated Light, that is, a Kristos Lucifer. After Jesus Christ that will be the greatest sin, the greatest heresy and the deserved punishment will be exemplary punishment.

"In the year 30 of the Christian Era the Word became flesh and dwelt among the men". He by whose Word the World was created, clothed himself in the garb of his Hebrew Archetype, Malkuth, and manifested to men in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Phenomenon of phenomena, Wonder of wonders, What a prodigious sight it must have been to see the Demiurge made man! Must recognize that this time there was an undeniable quality to his hellish idea of imitating the Kristos of Atlantis and taking advantage of the Blood Memory of men. The result is in sight. Little by little the peoples came out of "barbarism" and "Civilization" spread to the last corners of the Earth. And the men slowly but inexorably have adapted to the Jewish psychological pattern. How was this success achieved? For what collective alchemy did the ephemeral life of Jesus Christ succeed in influencing the peoples for millennia until ending in its complete judaization? Was it just the Blood Memory of the Kristos of Atlantis what determined such a result or were there other hidden factors that contributed to the confusion of Humanity and its current judaization? Without going into too much detail, given that the topic takes a long time, I can say that the Hebrew Archetype of Jesus Christ, which was found like all Archetypes on the Archetypal Plane, was precipitated to the physical plane or updated during the incarnation of the Demiurge in the body of Jesus of Nazareth. Such an update of the Malkuth Archetype means that it has been established a permanent force on Earth, which acts in an equivalent way to gravitation "pushing" man towards the Jewish form. This is due to a reason that is also a terrible secret. Jesus Christ has not disembodied! On the contrary, he has since placed himself "in the center of the Earth", next to the King of the World, radiating from there his "archetypal power" (today we would say "genetic information") in infinite geotopocentric axes that start from the terrestrial center and cross the spinal column of men. This is the permanent archetypal force of Jesus Christ. But it is not the only one: an emotional Jewish

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

influence also acts on man, radiating from Israel's own "Chosen People" since the Sacred Race is part of the occult anatomy of the Earth fulfilling the function of **heart chakra** or **anhata chakra**.

Regarding the last question, it is worth noting that the "animal-man" created by the Demiurge millions of years ago to "evolve" according to the Plan followed by the seven Kingdoms of Nature, naturally tended to form a **type** that responded to some basic Archetypes. However, from the year 33 of the Christian Era, it can be assured that the Judaic archetype of Jesus Christ is now the psychological archetype of man, that is to say, the **type** towards which it tends by evolution. This means that in men, who possess by the ancient Mystery of Love an animal heritage, animal tendencies will unconsciously propel you towards the Judaic Archetype. Only the purity of blood can prevent the prevalence of the animals tendencies and the consequent danger of psychologically corresponding with the Judaic archetype.

I have already shown how the Demiurge brought the original conflict to the terrain of racial confrontation, after creating the Sacred Race in imitation of the Hyperborean lineages divinized by the Gral. Now it has just been seen how a new imitation, this time of Kristos Lucifer, has meant another destructive advance against the Hyperborean lineages. The mighty shaping force of the Judaic Archetype of Jesus Christ, acting from the center of the Earth at all times and places has increased tremendously the sleep in which the "blood consciousness" of men has been found since long ago. On the battlefield of the blood now fight relentlessly two esoteric forces: the Chant of the Gods and the archetypal Judaic tendency of Jesus Christ. And the "awakening" has become, then, a terrible and desperate struggle fought inside and outside of each one, **often unconsciously**.

That is why, after Jesus Christ, it will no longer be possible to qualify the peoples or organizations but will have to specifically address the degree of confusion of men. It must be so because in many cases entire synarchic organizations may fall under the command of one man suddenly aware of some Hyperborean principle (product of the esoteric struggle that is being waged within him), who could even "twist" momentarily its course.

And, vice versa, in other cases it may happen that a group classified as "Hyperborean" is conducted by more or less Judaized characters. At the end we will have Hebrews (blood Jews) who rebel against Jehovah and dramatically attempt to regain their Hyperborean heritage, which may occur more frequently than it is usually imagined, as we will find many times people who "by the Blood" claim to be perfect "Aryans" but which psychologically prove to be more Jewish than the Talmud. A telling example we will obtain by observing the Catholic Church in which coexist the worshipers of Jesus Christ and the Demiurge with nationalist priests and patriots serving the cause of Kristos Lucifer and the Loyal Gods without knowing it.

One must therefore be cautious when qualifying human organizations and, even in those that are clearly synarchic, always stop to evaluate the degree of confusion of the men with whom we deal. It is considered a sample of strategic capacity the ability to locate the "fair man", even within a synarchic organization such as Masonry, to whom we will speak later trying to **isolate him** from the organization in which he militates (appealing to the application of the law of the enclosure) by using the appropriate symbols in order to be able to **address his Hyperborean part**.

An example of what I have been saying is the case of the soteriological heresy, of Pelagius, also called "Pelagianism". Early in the 5th century this British Bishop began to defend the theory that man, by himself, is enough to star in his salvation. This is possible, according to Pelagius, because "there is in man a principle of spiritual perfection". It is thus evident that the Hyperborean lineage predominated in Pelagius. His Pure Blood soon allowed him to realize that the "salvation" of man (his "orientation") depended on "a spiritual principle", which should be "discovered" and "cultivated" internally. But where Pelagius's "heretical" position was clearer was with regard to original sin: man has not sinned at all and "if Adam sinned, his sin died



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

with him; it was not transmitted to the human descent". Ultimately "man is free" and "born without sin"; from there to raise the injustice of pain and suffering, or any other punishment imposed by Jehovah Satan, there was only one step. Consequently the persecution against Pelagius began immediately and did not end until he was eliminated, in Africa; it was carried out by the most important ecclesiastical authorities of his time, which proves the fear that his ideas produced, among those who stood out were Popes Innocent I and Zosimus, Saint Jerome and the Gnostic apostate Saint Augustine.

At the Synod of Carthage in 411, were condemned seven propositions, synthesis of his doctrine. They are worth remembering here now so to check that they are derived from the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Here are the seven doomed propositions:

1 - Adam, mortal by his creation, would have died with or without sin.  
2 - Adam's sin harmed him alone, not the human lineage. 3 - The children just born are in that state in which Adam was before his prevarication (that is: before tasting the forbidden fruit of the Grail). 4 - It is false, that neither by the death nor by the prevarication of Adam the whole human race has to die and that it has to be resurrected by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 5 - Man can easily live without sin. 6 - The right life, of whatever "free man" leads to Heaven in the same way as the Gospel. 7 - Before the coming of Jesus Christ there were "impeccable" men, that is to say, that in fact, didn't sin.

### Forty-Seventh Day

#### General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

While the Golen marched with the Celts towards Europe, the Kingdom of Judah, in the Middle East, was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and its population carried away in captivity to Babylon in 597 B.C. They were released in 536 and, twenty years later, in 516, they rebuilt Solomon's Temple without finding the ark with the Tablets of the Law. In the 4th century they were dominated by the Greeks of Alexander and in the second century they allied with the Romans against the Greeks (140 B.C.). After the death of Julius Caesar, the Senate of Rome granted the title of King of Judea to Herod I, in the year 37 A.J.C. and in the first year of the Christian Era (or in 4 B.C. if you will) was born the Savior, Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ.

After Herod I the Romans took away from the Chosen People the possibility of having a King of his lineage and placed in power a series of procurators who tried in vain to tame the growing social unrest. The "Crucifixion of Jesus Christ", which did not exist, or the "fight against the Christians", which is usually given as an explanation of the bellicose and suicidal attitude of the Jews, are not correct, the true cause of the discomfort being the fact, sensed by all members of the Sacred Race, that the Hebrew Archetype "would be thrown into the Gentiles". It was palpable to them, by virtue of sharing the substance of the Demiurge, the judaizing action that would be carried out from then on over the entire world. What was not so clear to them was: in what way, after the presence of Jesus Christ could be fulfilled the old covenant with Jehovah Satan, the promise that the sacred lineage would inherit the power over the other nations? It would take several centuries and the work of eminent Kabbalistic Rabbis for the Hebrews to regain faith in their role in history. But while that time came the patience of the Romans was exhausted long before: in the year 70 A.D. General Titus destroyed Jerusalem, Solomon's Temple, and "scattered" the Jews to all corners of the Roman Empire. With the Diaspora of the year 70 begins the modern history of the Chosen People, whose culmination is about to occur in our days, when the Synarchy transfers in its hands the totality of world power.

When in 313, Emperor Constantine the Great recognized Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, a difficult Epoch began for the Sacred Race. The reason was that in the peoples recently Christianized, the Blood

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Memory of Kristus Lucifer predominated more than the judaic archetype of Jesus Christ, a fact that almost always led to a widespread anti-Jewish sentiment. Although in the long run would end up winning the permanent influence of the "geotopocentric ray" of Jesus Christ, over the Hyperborean memory, and the masses would end up judaized, meanwhile the Sacred Race would be in danger of being exterminated. But the "threat" would soon be conjured.

If there was really an effective danger against the Hebrews, it is something that will be necessary to doubt because in the fifth century Saint Benedict of Nursia founded the Order in which will enter, en masse, the "Christian" Golen who will engage, from then, to the task of mediating between the Church and the Synagogue.

As I reported in previous days, the Tablets of the Law were where Solomon had hidden them and they were only found by the Golen Templars in the Middle Ages. Those Tablets have been made by the Demiurge Jehovah Satan to imitate the founding action of the Gral. It is necessary to inquire then, what was of the Gral, the metaphysical "model" of the Tablets?

Contrary to the question about the Tablets of the Law, which forced to refer to facts of history, the question of the Gral will take me to a strictly esoteric field. But first of all it should be clarified that the question has been badly posed. I have already clarified that the Gral should not be sought; I will add now that it is an object which cannot be appropriated and which, therefore, must still be where it always was. It is a mistake, then, both to "look for" the Gral and ask: what has become of it? But, you will ask yourself, how should that Mystery be faced, then, to gain some additional knowledge, free from paradoxes? The only way, in my opinion, to advance in the knowledge of the Mystery consists of deepening the analogies that link the "orienting function towards the Origin," of the Gral, external function, with the "secret paths of spiritual liberation," of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which are internal functions, "orienting towards the Origin".

In this sense, a very significant analogy can be established between the "Gral Stone" of the Odal Strategy and the "**lapis oppositionis**" used in the path of the "Strategic Opposition".

I have already explained, synthetically, that the Path of the Strategic Opposition consists of the use of the archemonic technique, that is, in the arrangement of an Archemona or Strategic Enclosure and a **lapis oppositionis** outside the enclosure, in the **fenestra infernalis** that leads to the Valplads. Applying the law of the enclosure to the Archemona, it is possible to isolate the Valplads area, that is, it is possible to free an area in the World of the Demiurge. But this is not enough: it is necessary that the Initiates are desynchronized from the Time of the World and generate their own time, reverse, that allows them to go towards the Origin. For this they practice the Strategic Opposition against the **lapis oppositionis**, which are located on a Rune in the Valplads, in front of the **fenestra infernalis**.

Now it is my turn to approach the Biggest Secret, the one that explains the method used by the Gods to maintain, permanently, eternally if you will, the Gral in the World. I will begin by looking into the following: which is the Residence of the Loyal Gods? We can start from a known answer, that I have repeated many times: the Gods reside in K'Taagar, in the Valhalla of Agartha. Such an answer is correct, but insufficient, since it would be possible to ask in turn what is the Valhalla? where is it located? Faced with these questions two criteria can be adopted: one, drawing on elements of Nordic mythology and say, for example, that "at the top of the Ash Iggdrasil is the Valhalla, site where the warriors killed in combat go to reside, ruled by Wothan, etc". And a second criterion, which seems to me more correct, is to strip answers of folk ornaments and express them with symbols of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which can be easily interpreted through analogies.

With this criterion it is possible to immediately affirm that the Valhalla is the place liberated by the Gods (or Aces) somewhere in the Universe of The One. This place, naturally, has the dimensions of a country and is totally fortified.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

In it live the Lords of Venus and many Gods and Valkyries, who are constantly preparing for the fight while they await the end of the Kaly Yuga and the awakening of the captive Spirits. Their countless warrior Gods, immortalized with their vajra bodies form in the ranks of the Wildes Heer, Wothan's furious army, and guard the ramparts of the Valhalla, although the Enemy would never dare before such a fearsome Hyperborean garrison.

The Gods have liberated the stronghold of the Valhalla by applying, with Their Powerful Wills, the law of the enclosure around the stone walls. The conquest of own time that reigns in Valhalla, and that makes them independent of any "cycle" or "Law" of the World of the Demiurge, proceeds from a wonderful operation of Strategic Opposition. But what was the stone, the **lapis oppositionis**, that the Gods used in their Hyperborean Strategy?: Since the Conflict of the Origins took place, millions of years ago, the Gods practiced the Strategic Opposition **against a precious extraterrestrial Gem provided to such effect by the Gallant Lord, Kristos Lucifer. That stone is called Gral: "und dieser Stein ist Gral genannt". (Wolfram Von Eschenbach).**

The analogical relationship between archemone and Valhalla becomes more evident even if it is considered that this has a "**porta infernalis**", equivalent to the "**fenestra infernalis**" of that one. The **porta infernalis** is an opening in the wall that is permanently guarded by attentive sentinels. In front of the **porta infernalis**, but outside the Valhalla, that is, in "the world", **is situated the Gral, on a Vrune**; against it, it has been said, the Gods practice the strategic opposition.

It is necessary to go a little deeper in the description of this disposition due to its extraordinary importance for the approach to the Mystery of the Gral.

First of all, I will say that the Gral, like a **lapis oppositionis**, **was deposited in the Origin, on a Vrune and it is still there: on the Vrune and in the Origin.** This is not a play on words but a property of the Gral that must be examined carefully: the Gral, as a reflection of the Origin cannot become in time like the material "things" created by the Demiurge; in other words: the Gral cannot be in the present. In truth the Gral is in the remote past, in that time and place where it was placed, and therefore **it must not be sought** using "movement" (and time) to achieve it, as such attitude **points to the future**, that is, in the opposite direction, as I have already explained. But if the Gral is in the past, if time does not drag it down towards the present with its unstoppable fluency as it happens with material objects, and **it has always remained there** (in the past) how is it that we have come to know of it? and, most importantly, how can it act in the present, as required by the Odal Strategy, **regardless of time?** that is, by virtue of which "element" is the Gral connected, "from the past" with "the present", for example, with a Hyperborean Leader? The solution to these problems has constituted, since ancient times, a dangerous Secret... that now I will try to reveal. The enigma is solved by reasoning in this way: although the Gral **has always remained in the past**, a property that only possesses in the Universe the Gem of Kristos Lucifer, **the same has not happened with the Vrune that held it** (and still holds it). Here is the Big Secret: while the Gral, a reflection of the Divine Origin, remains as such "situated in the Origin", the Vrune upon which it was seated has spanned the millennia and has reached the present. By the way, the Vrune **is always present**", which means: "in any historical circumstance". I'll talk a bit about the Vrune.

It is known as **Vrune of the Origin** or **Vrune of Orichalcum**, but it should be clarified that such names not only designate the "symbol" of the Vrune but also the **terrestrial Stone** that was the primary seat of the Gral. That is why when the Hyperborean Wisdom refers to the "Vrune of Orichalcum", what it's really all about is a stone, very old, of a blue violet color, in which the Gods embedded a vrunic orichalcum sign. It is therefore necessary to know its origin and the reason for its construction.

I have already mentioned on other occasions that in the beginning the Gods entered the Solar System "through the door of Venus" and that a group of them, the "Traitor Gods", was "associated with the Demiurge's Plan causing later, in combination with him, the catastrophe of the captive Spirits". The

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Hyperborean Spirits were chained to Matter by having fallen into a cosmic trap, the Mystery of Love, but I won't talk about it for now. The effect that occurred in the evolutionary World of the Demiurge by assimilating the confused Spirits is what today we would call: a collective mutation. To the evil of the imitative ordering of matter, made by the Demiurge, was then added the evil of the mutation of his Work and the chaining of the Spirits, that is, the modification of the Plan carried out by the Traitor Gods. And to "control" such an evil enterprise the Traitor Gods decide to found the White Fraternity, in which the different deva manifestations of the Demiurge must organize. The "headquarters" of Power, Chang Shambhala, is also the key to the collective mutation of the seven Kingdoms of nature. Indeed: in what way did the Demiurge maintain **the stability of the form on Earth** and how was it ensured, before the mutation, that the seven Kingdoms evolve according to his Plan? There are two principles that intervene in the execution of the Plan, one static and the other dynamic. The Plan rests **statically** on the Archetypes and **dynamically** on the Breath of the Solar Logos. In other words, **it was a force from the Sun**, physical vehicle of the Solar Logos, the one that maintained the evolutionary momentum in the seven Kingdoms of the terrestrial nature. Well: to cause any permanent alteration in the Demiurge's Plan **it is essential to intercept the current energy from the Sun that, crossing the ocean of prana, converges on the Earth**. To meet this condition the Traitor Gods were installed from the beginning **between the Sun and the Earth**, in a **fixed** position that never lets a ray of light pass, that is, not a photon, without first having been intercepted. This statement may sound fantastic, and it really is, but more fantastic and senseless has been the construction of Chang Shambhala, since what we have described is the "technical" function of the seat of Power of the Traitor Gods.

Here is another "Secret" that is no longer such; the "location" of Chang Shambhala can now be determined from this data: it is always between the Earth and the Sun. Actually Chang Shambhala is very close to the Earth, which will give an idea of its enormous size. However, this is not a matter of caprice but rather, it was constructed that way due to the demands of its **modulating** function of the solar genetic plasma.

Of course, there will be many who say foolishly that all this is a nonsense given that "the traditions of Tibet and India" claim that Chang Shambhala is a Kingdom located in Asia, between the Altai mountains, the desert of the Gobi and the Himalayas". A comment of this type will undoubtedly constitute a nonsense greater than my claims. In principle the mentioned "traditions of the Tibet and India" are products of the strategic misinformation that during centuries has deployed the Fraternity so that the truth is ignored. And in second place I will say that the most serious data of the Tradition, since there are some credible data, always mention the location of "**The Door of Chang Shambhala**" and never the Kingdom itself. This subtle distinction is highly suggestive since the fact that in a certain geographical place there is a door **does not imply that the Kingdom is immediately behind**. A primitive mind could understand it like this, conditioned by the belief that the straight line is the shorter distance between two points, and in fact such a thing happens frequently. But here I am handling the information on another level and that is why I will advance four verses from the Song of Princess Isa, that you will already have the opportunity to know when I tell the story of Nimrod, "The Defeated".

"But even though Dejung is far away,  
its doors are everywhere.  
Seven doors has Dejung,  
and seven walls surround it".

The oriental legends refer to these "induced doors", which "they are everywhere" and lead to the Kingdom that, evidently, does not occupy a simple geographic location.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

A reference to such remote events as the perverse association between the Traitor Gods and the Demiurge, was intended to serve as an introduction for a fact that I will highlight immediately: when the Demiurge agrees with the Traitor Gods to give them control of the Hierarchy he gives them **the Tiferet sign** representing one of the ten Sefirot and allowing full control on the formal Aspects of Creation. The Tiferet Sign is the symbolic expression of the "material manifestation of the Divine Archetypes", Aspect that is usually synthesized as "**Beauty of the Demiurge**". In case you have not understood well its convenient to repeat that the Demons of Chang Shambhala remained in possession of a sign representing the **entire** Tiferet aspect of the Demiurge, allowing access to it and sharing its Power. Naturally, the Tiferet sign is the key to Maya, the Illusion of the Real, and therefore: the most terrible tool of sorcery. Whoever observes the Tiferet sign, which is quite complex, "from the world", that is, karmically incarnated, runs the risk of sinking into an abyss immediately, losing all point of reference and consequently the reason. For this motive, the Hyperborean Wisdom recommends applying the law of the enclosure to the Tiferet sign to be able to observe it without danger. It is not superfluous to point out that in every Hyperborean offensive against the Demons of Chang Shambhala sooner or later there is a confrontation with the Tiferet sign since its nefarious influence is relied upon to defeat awake men.

After the Traitor Gods received the Tiferet sign and built Chang Shambhala it was no longer possible for the Loyal Gods to remain on the terrestrial surface. But neither did they wish to leave the Solar System leaving behind them billions of captive Spirits. And so they planned the Odal strategy. But before, what status did a captive Spirit present?: basically the loss of the Origin and the consequent unconsciousness, that is, the loss of one's own time. The chaining to matter parts fundamentally from the chaining to the "immanent flow of the Consciousness of the Demiurge", that is, of synchronization to the Time of the World. The captive Spirits, linked to Time, would take millions of years to regain their conscience, if they ever succeeded. In these circumstances the Gods, in a wonderful display of courage and fearlessness, start the Odal Strategy.

The first problem they had to face was staying "independent" of Time, but not "outside of it", since they would have to closely follow the misadventures of the captive Spirits to help them avoid the strategic confusion and eventually rescue them. On the other hand, the independence of the Time was necessary so that the Gods could conserve their own time, their consciousness of the Origin, otherwise they would run the risk of falling too in the Great Deception. But, as long as the eons followed, the Gods should have a pleasant place, suitable to be occupied and defended by a garrison of terrible star warriors. These were the main problems; there were others, but I'll pass them by in tribute to brevity.

The procedure to follow was as follows. The Loyal Gods sought a site on Earth suitable for their purposes. As such a site **was going to disappear**, after the Strategic Opposition, they did not choose it **within a continent** as this would have perhaps caused a cataclysm, which would further delay the fate of the captive Spirits. Instead they searched among the islands and they chose one of them, located in what today would be the extreme north, but that in those days was a tropical zone, proceeding immediately to **enclose it**. Being a huge island, the work to be done, to build a cyclopean wall of stone around its perimeter, would seem today an impossible task. But the Hyperborean Wisdom available to the Gods gave them the solutions to finish quickly with such work and in a short time a colossal wall transformed the paradise island in impregnable fortress. It is not possible to describe the extraterrestrial architecture of the walls because I would get lost in explanations and I would not advance a lot; I will only say that in some sections the construction was similar to the pre-Inca fortress of **Sacsayhuaman** near Cusco in Peru, but such resemblance, I must also say, was very approximate, since Sacsayhuaman is **still too human**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

They made a single opening in the wall, which will surprise those who do not know the strategic principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom. And outside of this opening, which I have already named with a modern denomination: *porta infernalis*, the *Orichalcum Vruna* was placed. The time has come to return to the Greater Mystery.

The Great Chief, *Kristos Lucifer*, audaciously installed in an unthinkable place, behind *Venus*, as the Black Sun or expression of the Origin, decided to respond to the vile conspiracy of the Traitor Gods with an act of war. It was to fulfill His Will that the Liberator Gods occupied the island and they walled it, initiating the Odal Strategy. But the Odal Strategy was aimed at "awakening" and "orienting" men, individually or racially, we have said it, then: what was the "act of war" with which *Kristos Lucifer* responded to the Betrayal of the Gods of *Chang Shambhala*? Specifically: the war coup was given by the *Gral*.

The Hyperborean Gem, removed from the Forehead of the Gallant Lord and sitting in the World of the *Demiurge*, would prevent the Demons from denying the Divine Origin of the Spirit, since its untarnishable brilliance would cast off the reflections of the Primordial Homeland. The *Gral*, when Divinizing the Hyperborean lineages, constituted the greater challenge as it threatened to send the infernal plans to failure. The conflict would be, from then on, eternally raised by anyone who managed to wake up, whatever the Hell it was in, since the *Gral* would be settled on the physical plane, that is, in the lowest of the infernal regions, and **its glow would be seen from all corners of the World**, including the astral plane and all those "purgatories" that the Demons prepare there to deceive the Spirits; even in those subtle planes of the monads emanated by the *Demiurge*, where there are also Hyperborean Spirits completely idiotized, who have been led to believe that "they must remain there while their 'other bodies', denser, evolve". Finally the *Gral* was, if the metaphor may be permitted, a glove thrown at the face of the Demons, for a challenge to which they, due to their cowardice, would not be able to respond.

But it was not so easy to get the *Gral*, once it entered the physical plane, to stay simply located in one place, for example on an altar. Due to its timeless character, as a reflection of the Origin, the *Gral* like a true universal thinner would go through everything and out of sight... especially if for whoever looked at him, **the Time of the World should pass**. The *Gral* cannot be seated on any flowing substance under the impulse of the *Logos Breath*, in other words, that flows temporarily, as **it would be lost in the past, since its essence is always in the Origin**. What to do? You have to "prepare" a material seat in such a way as to support the *Gral* even though it remains in the past and although the Time of the World actually elapses for this seat. Can something like this be built? Only if between the substance of the seat and the *Gral* is interspersed a sign that neutralizes temporality. This means that the sign must represent **the reverse movement** to that used by the *Demiurge* to build the Solar System. Such a sign, which is the height of heretical symbols, was used by the Gods to build the seat of the *Gral*, which I have called *Vruna of Orichalcum*.

Attention to this because I will say it only once: **from the Vruna of Orichalcum**, which is a very complex sign and of tremendous magical power, **it is derived prior mutilation and deformation, the Swastika Rune**, about which so much nonsense has been written.

To build the seat of the *Gral*, a crystalline stone of a violet blue color was chosen, similar to an agate. In its upper part, in an area slightly concave, was embedded an *Orichalcum Vruna* skillfully chiseled by the Loyal Gods. And once the seat was completed, it was deposited outside the walls of the island, in the direction of the *porta infernalis*, but many miles away, in a continental region.

It will be difficult for anyone to imagine the wonderful spectacle of the *Gral* descending into the seven hells. Maybe if you think of a Green Ray, of blinding brilliance and gnostic influence on the watcher, before whom the Demons turn their fierce faces frozen with fright; a Ray that, like mowing blade of invincible Sword, goes tearing the four hundred thousand worlds of Deception seeking the Heart of the Enemy; a Green Flying Serpent that carries between its

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

teeth the Fruit of Truth, until then denied and hidden; if you think of the Ray, of the Sword, of the Fruit, of the Serpent, maybe that's how it is possible to intuit what happened at that crucial moment when the Truth was put within reach of the captive Spirits. Yes because since the Gral settled on the Vrune of Orichalcum the Tree of Science was planted within the reach of those who, completely confused, lived in Hell believing they inhabited a Paradise. From now on they could eat its fruit and their eyes would be opened!

**Hallelujah for Kristos Lucifer, the Serpent of Paradise! Hallelujah for those who ate the forbidden fruit: men awake and transmuted!**

What was the next step of the Gods? Before the fall of the Gral, but when this phenomenon was already occurring in other planes, they applied the law of the enclosure on the island's walls **isolating the interior area from the exterior**. To understand the effect that such a strategic action produced, one must have present that **this was the first time that an area was liberated** in the Solar System. When a ring of fire seemed to erupt from the imposing walls and it could no longer be seen towards the interior of the island, enveloped in a strange vibrating and flaming cloud, the Demiurge began to feel his substance amputated. The strategy of the Gods aimed to win over him, not only the flat area of the island but also its relief, its mountains and valleys, its lakes and forests, its plants and animals; the island, a vast country, was also a gigantic Noah's Ark that should receive for millennia the men who managed to wake up and flee from the material chains and also those who have been transmuted fighting to the death in battles.

An entire country subtracted from the immanent control of the Demiurge was a new experience, but, however this would have been possible, the truth is that the island was still there: hidden by a barrier of fire but in the same place. That is why the Demiurge's reaction shook the Earth, seeking to affect in some way that incomprehensible phenomenon and regain control of the "Area". Terrible tsunamis agitated the adjacent seas and winds never seen blew uselessly against the titanic walls; the sky was darkened by the ash clouds of suddenly awakened volcanoes and the ocean floor threatened to split open and try to swallow the "liberated" island.

The world seemed to have gone mad, showing the terrifying spectacle of all the forces of nature "uncontrolled", when, "as if it were the height of abominations, the Gral descended on Earth".

What could I add to give an idea of what happened there? I already said that it is very difficult to describe, and even mention, an event that generated a perpetual irritation in the Demons. Maybe this comment will tell you something, Dr., if you remember the Kabbalistic explanations of Bera and Birsha: "when the Gral fell on Earth, beyond three hundred and seventy times ten thousand Worlds, the Great Face of the Elder let out a howl of horror **that can still be heard reverberating** in the confines of the Cosmos".

As soon as the Gral had settled on the Rune of Orichalcum the Loyal Gods practiced the Strategic Opposition achieving, this time, the walled island to become invisible, disappearing forever from the surface of the Earth. From then on the sleeping men would speak of the Valhalla, the abode of the Gods, and also of Hyperborea, the "island swallowed by the sea", since the original Myth, transmitted charismatically by the Gods, has suffered different falls into exotericism due to the blood impurity of the men asleep.

### Forty-Eighth Day

#### General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The question that started the preceding esoteric commentary was what has been of the Gral...? As an answer, it was obtained that it is wrong to inquire about the Gral since this is virtually **The Origin**, and it has never moved from there. Its seat, on the other hand, the Vrune of Orichalcum, has the dimensions of a material object and it is given to suppose that, to a large extent, it is affected by the physical laws. It is then possible to reconsider the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

problem: what has become of the Vrune of Orichalcum? Is it still holding Kristos Lucifer's gem? in this last case, the answer is affirmative: the Orichalcum Vrune has been, since then, the seat of the Gral, a situation that has not changed at all in modern times. Regarding the first question, it should be understood that it would be an impossible task to summarize here the complete itinerary followed by the Vrune of Orichalcum to this day; this would oblige mentioning disappeared Civilizations and, many of them, completely unknown to the official Culture. I will then refer to historical times, beginning by establishing some guidelines that will allow to face the problem in a correct way, avoiding so many superstitions or misinformation.

1st. - The Orichalcum Vrune many times has been confused with the Gral. Indeed; I have already shown why the Gral should not be sought; however, on some occasions there actually **has been transportation** and thought, with reason, that it was the Gral. But the Gral is not an object which one can appropriate, and even less manipulate or transport. With all verisimilitude what has been transported is the Vrune of Orichalcum, within the framework of a racial Strategy. In that case, the confusion cannot be attributed solely to strategic enemy action because, in the degradation of the ancient Hyperborean myths, the greatest responsibility falls on the blood impurity of men.

2nd. - The presence of the Orichalcum Vrune among the members of a community of Hyperborean lineage has the virtue of favoring the charismatic link and legalizing the conduct of its Leaders.

3rd. - The presence of the Vrune of Orichalcum is the presence of the Gral and the people to whom the Gods have entrusted their custody is undoubtedly, at that time, the purest Hyperborean Lineage on Earth.

4th. - To certify if a certain people has been in possession of the Vrune of Orichalcum, we have to study its Hyperborean architecture of war:

**The possession of the Vrune of Orichalcum requires the construction of stone structures with peculiar topological properties.** These constructions may not seem made for war, but such an appearance is due exclusively to the ignorance that exists about the Hyperborean Strategy. An example is the "castle" of Montsegur, on mount Pog, in the French Languedoc. This construction, which is not a fortress by any means was raised to allow the Hyperborean sect of the Cathars to **receive and keep** the Vrune of Orichalcum. The principles that there predominate are those of the "law of the enclosure" and the "Strategic opposition" being useless task trying to make Montsegur an astronomical observatory or a solar temple. But as the architecture of Montsegur has been projected in function of the Orichalcum Vrune whoever does not attend to this key will never reach any positive result.

5th. - We must distinguish between the seat of the Gral, which we call Orichalcum Vrune, and the Sign of the Origin, which the Orichalcum Vrune represents. I said that in the blue-violet stone the Gods embedded a figure of Orichalcum and we name the whole, stone and figure, Vrune of Orichalcum. But the Sign of the Origin, which was chiseled in Orichalcum and embedded, possesses by itself the power of presenting an "affinity" with the Gral. That is why many Hyperborean lineages, who did not reach the High Honor of guarding the Orichalcum Vrune, received instead the Sign of the Origin as a reward for their Pure Blood and recognition of the effort made on their Strategy. This is how the Sign of the Origin had, with the course of history, a particular proliferation among certain lineages that proudly incorporated it into their banners. Naturally, the Leaders tried initially of partially veiling its symbolic content by simplifying the figure, that is, removing some suggestive elements, but, after the fall into exotericism and the vulgarisation, **the true aspect of the Sign of the Origin was forgotten**; I already said, for example, that the Swastika proceeds by mutilation and deformation from that Primordial Sign.

However in many cases, due to the extraordinary blood purity of some lineage, the Sign of the Origin was displayed in full, allowing the Leaders to



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

use their enormous power to cast the light of the Grail on the mass of the people. I could give several examples from Asian communities bearers of the Sign, but we have at hand the case of the Saxons who had engraved the Sign of the Origin on a tree trunk which was considered a column of the world, *universalis columna*. The end of such bold determination also deserves a comment. When in 772 Charlemagne conquered Teutoburger Wald he quickly proceeded to destroy the *Irmingsul* log and execute five thousand members of the Saxon nobility. Not satisfied with this, after three decades of heroic resistance, the Saxon Race, of the purest Hyperborean lineage, was totally "Christianized" (after the execution of its purest offspring). I have known that many educated Germans consider "fortunate" this dreadful Carolingian campaign. Thus, for example, Professor Haller is of the unabashed opinion that "without submission of the Saxons today there would be no German nation "because" for the future history of the German nation, as it is today, the incorporation of the Saxons into Charlemagne's empire was an essential precondition". This generalized opinion is based on the analysis "a posteriori" of historical events, and therefore, considering that the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty made it possible two hundred years later that the Saxon blood came with **Otto I** to take the lead of the Western world, it is taken for granted that the domination and "conversion" of the Saxons was "necessary" and positive. Here's my humble opinion: the Judeo-Christianization of the Saxons represents the heaviest blow that the Infernal Powers inflicted the Hyperborean lineages in the Christian Era, greater even to the conversion of the Vikings, the Celts or the destruction of the Cathars, only comparable to the annihilation of the Goth Kingdoms. And the destruction of the *Irmingsul* tree, with the loss for the West of the Sign of the Origin, is a very difficult catastrophe to evaluate.

6th. - It is not essential, or even necessary, that the V rune of Orichalcum is found in the bosom of a people so that the influence of the Grail acts on it. The Grail acts on men **from the Origin**, property that cannot be affected by any physical variable, wherever it is found the V rune of Orichalcum. That is why it is to a certain extent absurd to attribute to this or that people having reached "a high degree of Civilization" because "it was in the possession of the Grail", since the Grail cannot be in possession of anyone because it is, by disposition of the Gallant Lord, proof of the Divinity of **all** captive Spirits. What a people can have **in custody** is the V rune of Orichalcum, but only as a reward and recognition of a **previously** obtained racial purity. In other words, the fact of having, in custody the Orichalcum V rune is not the cause of the greatness of a people but conversely, the purity of its lineage earned it the High Honor of being depositary of the seat of the Grail.

But, although the V rune of Orichalcum **is only given to those who deserve having it**, it is true that its close presence affects the environment creating a mutant microclimate. That is why the Gods usually deposit the V rune of Orichalcum, during the Dark Ages, in places suitable for influencing the less confused lineages.

7th. - From all that has been stated so far, it is clear the capital importance that it would have for a community of Hyperborean lineage to get custody of the V rune of Orichalcum. It is therefore necessary to deal in detail with this possibility. The problem can be summed up in the question: why do you need a King, or whoever exercises the Royal Function, to find the Grail, that is, the Orichalcum V rune? Next, Dr. Siegnagel, I will invite you to a brief reflection on the attitude to be adopted when becoming aware of the events carried out by the Liberator Gods, and then I will respond to the problem delving a little more about the symbology of Grail.

A deep meditation is required on the symbols I have presented to grasp its ultimate meaning, which must always be perceived as dramatic and tragic, full of spiritual urgencies. No one who has ever taken awareness of the incredible sacrifice made by the Gods by keeping the Grail in the world for millions of years through Strategic Opposition, that is, by a constant and continuous act of Will, no one who has understood it, we repeat, will be able

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

to remain impassive, in the midst of confusion, without experiencing urgency to break free from the chains of the Demiurge and depart, trying to alleviate, somehow, the task of the Gods. No one to verify with his blood the truth of these symbols will be able to prevent Honor, the only moral of the man, to urge him insistently to "abandon everything" and leave. But that departure will be "with weapons in hand" ready to give battle without quarter to the Demons and feeling that the blood has been ignited by the Fury of the Warrior; by the "essential hostility" towards the work of the Demiurge, transmuting the weak organic substance of the physical body in vajra, the incorruptible matter. Its the least that man can do to respond in any measure to the aid that the Gods have rendered to the Hyperborean lineages, making possible with their Hyperborean Strategy that the Gral **gives proof of the Divine Origin**.

I now go to the pending question.

The Stone-Gral, the Gem of Kristos Lucifer, **is sustained in the World by the Opposition of the Gods**, where it fulfills its function of reflecting the Origin and Divinizing the Hyperborean lineages, but, **for being temporarily related with the Valhalla**, it also points, to every awakened man, a path to the abode of the Immortals. That path is the one that the fallen Warriors follow in battle, the Heroes, the Champions, led by the Hyperborean women, those that were promised to them at the beginning of time and that during thousands of years, for fear that poisoned their blood, they had forgotten. If the value shown in the feat has been sufficient purge, unfailingly She will be there, next to the fallen Warrior, to heal his wounds with the Frozen Love from Hyperborea and guide him on the reverse path that leads to the Valhalla. **And that path begins in the Gral**. To the House of Tharsis, for example, the white Atlanteans promised that one day, when the Blood of the Lords of Tharsis was purified enough, a Noyo or a Vraya would see in the Stone of Venus the Lithic sign of K'Taagar, which would indicate the moment of departure: such Sign would show, as it turns out, the way to the Valhalla, the Abode of the Loyal Gods.

But it should not be thought by this that the Light of the Gral points to the individual salvation of sleeping men, for this we have the "Chant of the Gods" and the seven secret Paths of spiritual liberation. On the contrary, within the Odal Strategy, the Gral must fulfill the fundamental role of **restoring the Royal Function**, that is: it must serve a racial or social purpose. That's why the Gral will be required in all cases in which an attempt is made to establish the Universal Empire or any other system of government based on the social application of the law of the enclosure: monarchy, fascism, national socialism, aristocracy of the Spirit, etc.

The historical facts that lead to the "search for the Gral", always similar, can be symbolically summarized as follows. In principle the Kingdom is "**terra gasta**" or the "King is sick" or simply the throne has remained headless, etc. There may be many interpretations, but essentially the symbol refers to a depletion or decline in the charismatic leadership and a power vacuum, whether the Government is exercised by a King, Caste or Elite. The best Knights set out to "search for the Gral", in an attempt to put an end to the evils that plague the Kingdom and bring back the ancient splendor. Only one manages to find the Gral and return the well-being to the Kingdom, either by "curing the King" or "crowning himself". Curiously the Triumphant Knight is always presented as "stupid", "pure crazy", "naive", but especially as "plebeian".

The "best Knights" here are equivalent to any of the multiple social forces that are preparing to launch themselves on the Royal Function when there is acephaly or power vacuum. Finally "one of them" triumphs and restores the order in the Kingdom; "He was the plebeian and now he is King, with the approval and consent of the people". In my interpretation this obviously means that one "social force" has predominated over the rest (the "other Knights") **and has replaced the existing order** (which was in doubt) **by a New Order**, unanimously accepted by the people. But if the problem boils down to a mere struggle for power: why does the new King need (or new Elite, Aristocracy, Caste, etc.) to find the Gral?: **because the Gral confirms the Royal Function**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

When in times of crisis an Elite or a Charismatic Leader accesses to power, with intentions of royal restoration, must hasten to **legalize** its situation because if not another Elite or Leader will come to question its titles and will also try to occupy the vacant place, thus succeeding an endless series of battles, political or military. But if there is a struggle for Power, **no one has its control** and it may happen that in the end the Kingdom ends up divided between several factions. It is necessary to settle the question, consult an infallible judge, an undisputed and transcendent authority. Here is where it arises the need to resort to the Gral. Why the Gral? Because the Gral is also the **Tabula Regia**, the "list of Kings"; **it says who should govern, who should rule, because it reveals who has the Purest Blood**. But this revelation is not simply oracular and arcane but through the mediation of the Gral the purity of the Leader, his right to Conduct, will be known by all and recognized by all, charismatically. Hence, the pure madman, of Hyperborean lineage but of plebeian Lineage, after "finding the Gral" is "recognized by the people" as undisputed King.

When a Hyperborean lineage relies on the light of the Gral for the choice of its Leaders, it can be properly said that a dynasty of "Kings of the Gral" will succeed each other. During the reign of one of these it may happen that the lineage attains such a high degree of purity that it becomes worthy of obtaining the custody of the Vruné of Orichalcum. This is what happened, for example, in the thirteenth century in the French County of Toulouse when the Orichalcum Vruné was entrusted to the Perfect Cathars. It will be argued, against this assertion, that the Cathars were Manicheans, that is, heirs of a Gnostic tradition, and that is the reason by which they were annihilated, there being only a circumstantial relationship between them, the County of Toulouse and the Occitan population. Such an argument, of modern Golen origin, tries to divert attention from the most important fact of the Cathar epic: its relationship with the Gral. The fact that they were Gnostics, which nobody disputes, and that they taught one of the seven secret liberation Paths based on the Song of Love of the Loyal Gods, origin of the troubadour culture, which few know, does not explain their relationship with the Gral. The Gral, within the framework of the Odal Strategy, has a purely racial meaning. If the Orichalcum Vruné was entrusted to the Cathars, it is because these actively participated in techniques of collective transmutation, **which cannot exclude the Royal Function**, and not simply "because they were of Gnostic affiliation".

A Theme connected with the property to be Tabula Regia that the Gral owns is that of the Imperial Messiah and its imitation: the Jewish Messiah. In principle I will say that one is King of the Gral for the purity of blood, an absolutely individual attribute that does not depend neither on the Race, nor on the Race, nor on any other material patrimony. A King of the Gral exhibits purely personal virtues such as the Courage, the Intrepidity or the Honor and never bases his prestige on material possessions or in the value of gold. The authority of a King of the Gral, for these reasons, comes exclusively from his personal charisma, which extends to the rest of the people thanks to the "link" established between the King and **each one of them**, in his blood, **through the mediation of the Gral**: that is the beginning of the psychosocial Mystic. That is why a King of the Gral, **in his community**, is recognized through the people. Naturally, **all the peoples** would have their King of the Gral if the action of the Synarchy and the Hebrew Race, with its "Democracy", "Socialism", "Communism", etc., would not have usurped the Royal Function. Anyway, it is worth asking: would there be, at the universal level, for the Hyperboreans, the possibility that a King of the Gral would be recognized by all? We would be dealing here with a person of undeniable purity whose majesty would be evident to all the lineages on earth, those who may or may not accept his power but to whom they could not deny the right to rule. Well, it is easy to answer that the only Lord who accredits, for all the Hyperborean lineages, such right, is **Kristos Lucifer**. If He presented himself before the Hyperborean lineages, his right to **Rule by the Blood**, based on his undeniable purity, may be accepted or rejected, but never unrecognized.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But the idea of an Imperial Messiah does not come from mere speculation. It was in the black days of Atlantis when, in response to the clamor of the Gods, the possibility arose that the exalted Presence of Kristos Lucifer manifest before the sight of men. In those days the confusion of the Captive Spirits was so complete that no one responded to the Chant of the Gods and was not even able to perceive the Light of the Gral. That is why it was announced for centuries the coming of the Imperial Messiah, the King of the Kings of the Gral, who was to restore the Royal Function to reestablish the spiritual Aristocracy of the Hyperborean Leaders and destroy the synarchic Hierarchy imposed by the Demons. The prophecy was finally fulfilled with the arrival of Lucifer, the Kristos of Atlantis; but his Divine Presence was cowardly resisted by Chang Shambhala's Demons who resorted to black magic and opened a gap between the infernal regions of the astral plane and the physical plane. From then on it became generalised a terrible contest that only ended when the continent of Atlantis "had sunk in the waters of the Ocean". It is irrelevant to relate events here that today nobody remembers and that, perhaps, it is not convenient to remember. I'll just add that when the Demiurge, as I have explained before, conceives the sinister idea of copying the Presence of the Kristos of Atlantis, he decides to "announce" also the arrival of a "Messiah" imitating in his own way the figure of the Imperial Messiah. But the differences are huge. Here are some:

1st. - The Imperial Messiah comes to restore the Royal Function; the Hebrew Messiah comes to exercise the Priestly Function. 2nd. - The Imperial Messiah accredits his right **by the Blood**; the Hebrew Messiah credits his right **by the Heart**. 3rd. - And that is why the Imperial Messiah will be recognized by the people **by the Blood** (charismatically); and that is why the Hebrew Messiah will be recognized by the people (judaized) **by the Heart** (emotionally).

### Forty-Ninth Day

Starting today, Dr. Siegnagel, I will resume the story interrupted on the Forty-third Day. I believe that in the last five Days I have clarified enough the fundamental concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom and that it was worth the stopping, for this, in the history of the House of Tharsis. The hinge of History occurred when the Hyperborean Strategy of Philip IV triumphed over the synarchical plans of the White Fraternity and the staff of the Order of the Knights Templar was sent to the stake. And in that feat, the House of Tharsis did not play a minor role, actively operating in the **Circulus Domini Canis**, that would attract upon them the Attentive Gaze of the Liberator Gods, of the Lords of Venus, who would give the Lineage an unexpected course. But I will not anticipate the facts.

At the bonfires of the **Domini Canis** Inquisition, the plans of the White Fraternity turned to ashes. Two main facts confirmed that end: the dismemberment carried out by Philip IV of the Financial Synarchy; and the flight to Scotland of the College of Temple Builders, where centuries later it would give birth to **Freemasonry**. On this last fact, it is worth remembering what was said on the Sixteenth Day, when I explained why the College of Temple Builders needed to rediscover the Tablets of the Law: **"With those Tablets in their possession, the Golen would be in a position to build the Temple of Solomon in Europe, thus fulfilling the plans of the White Brotherhood and raising the Chosen People to the Throne of the World"**. Philip IV, warned about these intentions by his instructors **Domini Canis**, suspends the activity of the three guilds of **masons** as soon as the trial of the Templars begins, under the accusation of complicity and participation in the crimes of these: the blow is aimed at the Guild of the **Builders of Solomon**, who make up the Order of the Knights Templar as minor friars after receiving training in the Cistercian; do not forget that the real name of the Order, designated by Saint Bernard Golen, is **"Order of the Temple of Solomon"** or **"Ordo Templum Salomonis"**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Builders of Solomon quickly go underground and flee from France, but not before losing several members to torture and bonfire; What information was expected to be obtained from them?: the identification of the Temple of Solomon, if it had already been built, or the revelation of the place of its future location and the progress of the works. Note that the Golen built in the XIII century Cathedrals such as Chartres, Reims, Amiens, Strasbourg, Metz, Narbonne, etc., and that any of them could conceal the sought-after Temple. However, there were two conditions that were taken into account by the **Domini Canis**: one, the requirement that the Temple contained in its structure the Secret of the Serpent, which was projected on the basis of the twenty-two letters of the Sacred Alphabet of Jehovah Satan; and the other, that the location of the Temple corresponds to the most sacred place for the Golen. But this was already known: the most sacred site was Lyon. However, even knowing the sacred place, it was not easy to discover the Temple because the builders of Solomon preferred to die without speaking, and the City refused to reveal their secret. In fact, neither the Cathedrals of Saint Jean or Saint Martin, both built with the **Gaullic** method, had nothing to do with the Temple of Solomon because in it the Secret of the Serpent and the twenty-two signs of the Sacred Alphabet did not appear.

When finally, in 1310, Philip the Fair acquired the rights to Lyon, he sends a group of **Domini Canis** specialists in Golen Architecture to inspect the region inch by inch. This attempt would only be successful a year later, when they were found in a Templar mission on Mount Fourvieres, the foundations of a Temple that conformed in all its measures to the archetypal proportions of the Universe: the Golen planned to end their construction simultaneously with the establishment of the World Government, and all was ready there to be put together like a "puzzle"; in nearby deposits were found the stones cut and marked, the beams and furniture, the altar, the stained glass, the ritual instruments, etc. And everything was painstakingly destroyed by express order of the King, who also authorized the **Domini Canis** to occupy that site "as if it were a liberated area in the Universe", and to fortify it "with a Strategic Wall of stone". The remains of that construction based on the Hyperborean Wisdom are still preserved.

In 1314, then, the Enemy endured a general disaster and the danger that forced the House of Tharsis to hide for forty years disappeared: the Golen terror would be defeated by the **Domini Canis Terror**, because it was led by the Men of Stone, who for that matter were also Men Without Fear. Of course, the danger of the Final Death, represented by Bera and Birsha, had not disappeared, far from it; but the Immortals were in another sphere of Reality and for the moment they would not return to deal with the House of Tharsis. On the other hand, the Golen were knocked out and would not spot the survivors of the House of Tharsis.

But something very strange was happening now in the family. Due, perhaps, to the progress made by the Lineage in the fulfillment of the family mission; or perhaps, as a result of a kind of "genetic concentration" produced in the survivors after the quasi extermination of the Lineage; or for another unknown cause, the truth was that the family hereditary characters had notably differentiated as from the two matrilineal branches founded by Vrunalda and Valentina. Among the descendants of both Ladies came Men of Stone, but only the sons and grandsons of Valentina showed a vocation to be **noyos** or **vrayas**; the Stone Men who originated from Vrunalda's blood, on the contrary, detested riding guard in front of the Wise Sword and had only one goal: to attack the Enemy as soon as possible. While the Valentinians appeared gifted to interpret the Great Plans of the Liberator Gods, and contribute to their orderly execution, the Vrunaldians intended to take immediate action; within the framework of the Essential War, it could be assured that the first were pure **strategists**, the second, perfect **tacticians**.

All the Men of Stone, without exception, continued to review in the **Circuitus Domini Canis**. However, during the Reign of Philip IV, the Valentinians had dedicated themselves to projecting the Strategy of the Mystical Nation and

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

secretly advised the King on how to fight the Golen, while the Vrunaldians were among the bravest and boldest Knights that the English and the Flemish had to face, and among the most terrible inquisitors that the Templars endured; also the Vrunaldians, for being Spaniards, participated in numerous episodes of the Reconquista and the repression of Judaism and the religion of the infidels. Around 1310, when the triumph of the Blood Pact Strategy was on the horizon, one of the Valentinians appeared at Cerro Candelaria and located the Secret Cavern. After burying the Vraya, whose corpse still sat in front of the Wise Sword, and restore the Perennial Lamp Flame, he took the position of Noyo and reestablished the millennial guard; the Vrunaldians would supply him from the Catalan fortress that then existed instead of the Chapel, at the foot of the Hill.

That Noyo was a relatively young but very wise Man of Stone; he remained in the Cave for the next five years, during which it was completed the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templar and the Golen power collapsed in France. Among the members of the House of Tharsis, of course, the defeat of the Golen had caused a climate of general rejoicing; but nobody expected that something new would happen, something related to the Secret Cavern, to the Wise Sword, to the family mission, to the Blood Pact. However, the first days of June 1315 all received the same encrypted message: it was a summons from the Noyo to attend an extraordinary family meeting to be held on the 21st in Saint Félix de Caraman. That day, in Valentina's Castle, the Lords of Tharsis held a Family Council for the first time in forty years.

The meeting was scheduled for 21:00, but at 19:00 almost all of them were found in the main hall of the Castle: only the Noyo was missing who, according to La Castellana, upon arrival had locked himself in a tower, without descending all day. Many did not know each other, and the introductions and greetings created a festive atmosphere. While they ate a cold and light dinner they did not stop telling each other news and commenting on the latest events in France: the names of Pierre Flotte, of Guillaume de Nogaret, of Guillaume de Plasian, of Clement V, and other Lords of the Dog, were pronounced with great respect and admiration; but that of Philip the Fair was at the height of the general veneration. And it was no wonder: the Great King, by sanctioning more than 350 laws of **Domini Canis** origin, had transformed France into the first Nation of the West. And also, and mainly, he had destroyed in great measure the Golen infrastructure, in addition to eliminating the Templar staff and forcing the rest to flee. Therefore, those who were virtual survivors of the Bleach, laughed joyfully remembering the Templar bonfires.

The moment they raised their glasses in the direction of the coat of arms of the House of Tharsis, which dominated the room from the upper wall of the hearth, Noyo made his entrance, joining the toast.

**Honor et Mortis!** -he screamed with thunderous voice.

**Ad Inimicus!** -the present responded with vehemence.

The bellicose group consisted of eighteen Lords of Tharsis, ten Knights and eight Ladies, all Men of Stone. Of these, twelve were Vrunaldinians and six Valentinians. The seventeen fell silent, looking expectantly at the newcomer. The Noyo began to speak immediately:

-Ladies and Gentlemen: You must be sure that if I cited you with so much haste it has not been on a whim but because an urgent matter demanded it.

-As he spoke, he gave his words a tone of gravity such that, something unthinkable in a Man of Stone, suggested the influence of a **strong impression**. Such an effect could not be caused by that assembly; **it had to be something else.**

-In truth -he continued- this meeting was requested by Him, who immediately you will know. I, for my part, know that prudence advised to still wait a few years, before holding a Family Council.

Some sound was issued from each throat for a murmur rose and won the living room. Everyone was amazed at the revelation that they would receive a visitor since, in the long history of the House of Tharsis, never had the Stone

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Men been gathered in the presence of a stranger. Once the collective exclamation dissipated in space, the Noyo took up the word:

-Don't worry, Men of Stone, that the Secret of the House of Tharsis will be safe: **our guest is not of this world; He will come here from K'Taagar and then return to the City of the Gods.** But, it is necessary that I relate to you the circumstances of my encounter with Him, one of the Liberator Gods of the Spirit of Man, one of the Lords of Venus. As you know, for five years I have been keeping the guard of the Wise Sword: in that period of time I did not stop contemplating the Stone of Venus, but nothing different did I notice in it. Day after day I concentrated on its contemplation, hoping to observe the Sign of the Origin, or the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar, but nothing new was happening: only the dancing signs of Illusion, the Created Archetypes by the One God, that are also within us, they passed vainly in front of my sight. However, one day something different happened; it was in May, shortly before I sent for You.

The account was followed with superlative attention.

Without a doubt, the Noyo had had a wonderful experience, but certainly extraordinary, out of the ordinary, irregular. The Liberator Gods had not manifested themselves to men for thousands of years: since the Age of the White Atlanteans.

--Well, that day, after several hours of meditation, I stayed numb in front of the Wise Sword. I do not know how long I stayed in that condition. I only remember that a musical sound went waking me up, until I clearly distinguished the Word "Tirodinguiburr" modulated in the Language of the Birds; coincidentally, staring at the Wise Sword, I saw the Vrunes that make up that word shining perfectly sharp in the center of the Venus stone. My astonishment had no limits, as you can imagine, when I heard, emerging behind my back, a Voice, endowed with the Majesty of the Eternal Spirit, who spoke my name. When I turned my face I found myself before a Being full of Light, who was watching me smiling near the Right Angle of the Secret Cavern: I understood then that it was He who was projecting the Tirodinguiburr Sign on the Stone of Venus and tried to get my attention. I quickly returned to contemplate the Vrunes but, believe me Men of Stone, it will be difficult to communicate what happened in that instant.

A prolonged sigh accompanied the Noyo's last words. After a second of hesitation, during which the sparkle in his eyes faded and the attention seemed to turn inwards, he continued firmly.

--In that instant, Gentlemen, I understood the meaning of the Tirodinguiburr Sign. And its understanding infused me with the Highest Degree of the Hyperborean Wisdom. It was the Eternal Spirit who freed and isolated himself, like never before, from the Illusion of the Created Forms! Yes, my own Spirit, fixed and planted, like a menhir that remains and appears in the temporal current of the Soul, all of a sudden sustained in the Origin, in its eternal and infinite instance! I already knew everything! I had returned to the Origin, I had freed myself from the chaining in Matter, and understood the reason for the Fall! If I had wanted to, I could have left right there for Hyperborea! But I couldn't do it; not while the family mission was not fulfilled; not while You stayed here in the middle of the Demons; not while we have left to fight the Final Battle against the Powers of Matter! Honor prevented me from leaving; and maybe that decision was what That Being was expecting, for only then did He speak:

-**"Oh, Noyo of Tharsis!"** He said- **Don't be surprised to feel the Solid Ground of the Spirit! The Gods are with you; it is the Will of Navutan who sustains you now in the Universe, the Vrunes of His Name! And the Grace from Frya! And the Kalibur Power of the Vrunes of Death! I've come up to you to confirm your existence and that of your House; to engrave in the Cold Stone the Sign that will place it in the Origin and determine that it prevails over the Bleach of the Final Death! I will tell you what to do, Oh Keeper of the Stone of Venus! It is necessary that the Initiates of your House coincide with me somewhere in the Universe, whatever this may be; once together, I have to convey to them the**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*Message of the Gods! I will leave you this Stone: place it in the same way in front of the Right Angle, and I'll be there in the precise moment!*

-That said, He vanished as mysteriously as He had appeared, and I found myself absolutely alone in the Secret Cavern. The Stone of Venus already did not reflect the Tirodinguiburr Sign but I could see it if I wanted to. Anyway, after reflecting for five days, I decided to approach Turdez and send messengers to summon you and to arrange the meeting requested by the Lord of Venus.

A few minutes passed without anyone managing to say anything; everybody had become as if spellbound by the story of the Noyo. Finally, one of the Men of Stone interrogated:

-The stone; What did the Lord of Venus mean when he spoke of leaving you a Stone?

-Well, the fact is that when He vanished by the Right Angle --answered the Noyo-- a curious Stone appeared where He was, without me being able to explain how it got to that place in the Cave.

-And what have you done with it?

-"I have transported it here!" -The Noyo untied a leather bag that was fastened at the waist and drew from it a rough piece of black basalt. The Stone was a small column 8 or 9 inches high with a rectangular base; without hesitation he handed it to the questioner. It soon circulated from hand to hand until it returned to the Noyo, who then spoke again.

-Ladies and Gentlemen: I propose you to try the contact with the Gods, as They themselves have suggested. I have arranged a tower of the Castle for that purpose and I think it's time to head there.

-Yes! --approved several voices in unison-- Let's not waste any more time!

### Fiftieth Day

The Tower in question consisted of a square enclosure, built with solid granite blocks, the four corners of which were perfectly aligned with the cardinal points. All the furniture had been removed except for three long, backless benches, on which sat the Men of Stone; The single candle in a candelabrum lit faintly the west angle. In front of that corner, on the ground, the Noyo deposited the tiny column of rock: after properly orienting it he joined the Men of Stone.

-I have placed the Stone in a similar way to how I found it in the Secret Cavern --he said--. Now we only have to Wait and Observe.

At the beginning nobody noticed anything because the phenomenon was taking place very slowly. However, at one point, without the Men of Stone being able to determine when, **the vertex of the corner appeared strangely brilliant.** Then everyone saw a vertical line of white light where the two planes of the walls met at right angles. That luminosity completely covered the vertex and caused the sensation of emerging from a thin fissure, as if the walls were separated by an infinitesimal crack, a window into another world. But the vertex of light was what was seen **in relation** to the walls of the tower; because if the vertex was **aligned with** the Stone, the image changed suddenly and the phenomenon acquired its most curious character: thus observing, **the Stone seemed strangely embedded in the right angle;** but that vision lasted only a moment, because immediately **the angle moved forward** and the Stone was lost in the line of light. This surprised; however, when examining the vertex of light **in relation** to the walls, the Stone appeared again where the Noyo had placed it.

As everyone was gazing at the vertex of light, they all saw the arrival of the Lord of Venus. And to no one escaped that **his entry was the product of a step:** the last step of a march that no one dared to imagine by which way it had been done. Yes; the Lord of Venus came **walking; crossed** the right angle, and **stood on the Stone;** and now he was dominating the tower and looking at the Men of Stone. The Noyo immediately rose to his feet and announced:



## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

-Ladies and Gentlemen, this is **Captain Kiev!**  
-**Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!** -greeted the Lord of Venus,  
expressing with his right hand the *bala mudra*.

**Hail, Right!** -the Men of Stone answered in chorus.

That Being, clearly human in appearance, was truly resplendent: a purplish halo stretched several inches around him, allowing to appreciate the clothing details. This could not be simpler, as it consisted only of three garments: a kind of fine scaled coat of mail, that covered his whole body except the head and the hands; a pair of short boots; and a belt with an octagonal buckle, on which were engraved a set of indecipherable signs; the three garments had been made with unimaginable materials. Compared to the Men of Stone, the Lord of Venus was a giant: one cubit taller than the Vrunaldians, who counted themselves among the tallest Knights of Castile. He had blonde hair, quite short, and pleasant features on the face, with a very pale complexion. But what impressed the most, because it gave him the undoubted aspect of a being from another world, or belonging to an unknown Race, were his eyes lacking the pupil, only composed of an emerald green iris: those eyes, devoid of human expression, testified to the disturbing evidence that the History of man has forgotten something; something that may be inevitable to remember in our Epoch, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel.

After the salute, Captain Kiev continued speaking; although he did not move the lips everyone could hear him perfectly, and no one wondered about the prodigy. The Men of Stone noticed at once that with That Being there wouldn't be any kind of dialogue: the Lord of Venus had come to bring a message and after communicating it he would go away.

-**Blood of Tharsis: I bring you the greetings of Navutan, the Lord of the War!**  
And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open well Your senses, because this is a unique opportunity, perhaps unrepeatable before the Final Battle! In truth, it has been the feat that you have starred in helping to destroy the Enemy's plans which has motivated this visit: in the abode of the Gods, the Lord of the War and the Lords of Venus, have drunk the Mead with Your Ancestors! There, in the Abode of the Gods, You have earned a place with the Heroes of the Hyperborean Race! And on Earth, you have conquered the right to exist, even in the midst of the biggest Illusion of the Great Deception! It's the Will of Navutan that Your house exists until the day of the Final Battle and that its members accompany the ranks of the Gods carrying the banner of the Eternal Spirit! That is why He has revealed You through me Tirodinguiburr, his Forgotten Name, the Key to the Labyrinth Mystery: so that Your Spirit may be redirected towards the Origin and never go astray again.

Understand, Lords of Tharsis, that the sleeping man is only aware of a World, an Earth, a History, which he considers "Real", but that the captive Spirit shares in the Illusion millions of possible Worlds, of similar Lands, of similar Histories. You are awake men, but the sleeping man lives, without knowing it, in millions of Worlds at the same time: his consciousness, sometimes remains all life referred to a particular World; or eventually passes from a World to another without noticing it; but the sleeping man is unable to distinguish a World from another because the Illusion is very intense, too deep a sleep. Different is the point of view of the captive Spirit, that underlies chained in the Soul of the sleeping man. For the Eternal Spirit any of these Worlds can be "real", it can be lived as real, but all are equally illusory. For the Spirit, many of the men that believe to exist, and many of the things that are believed to exist, are not real, that is, they are pure illusion. For the Spirit, it's only Real the World that It itself affirms as such, there is only the man in whom It manifests Itself with better strategic orientation.

That's the way it is, Lords of Tharsis! For the Spirit, Reality depends on the strategic orientation. And the awakened man will only exist if he has strategic orientation with respect to the Origin, because it is from the Origin that the Spirit sees the man awake and says -He is there, ex sistit-.

What is, then, the strategic orientation?: At a given moment, simultaneously, certain men awaken here and there, in some of the possible

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Worlds: it is the Spirit of the Man who evokes them and towards whom they are directed. Each of these Worlds is "real" for the man awake that inhabits it and perceives it. And from each of those "real" Worlds an awake man marches towards a point that is common to all the Possible Worlds: the Origin of the captive Spirit. In one place is the awakened man and his captive Spirit, in another the Origin and the absolutely free Spirit. What separates the awakened man from the Origin?: A distance called "Labyrinth", which can only be leveled by means of the Vrunes of Navutan. The Spirit awakens the sleeping man; the awake man acquires the Hyperborean Wisdom; the Hyperborean Wisdom reveals the Vrunes of Navutan; and the Vrunes of Navutan constitute Tirodinguiburr, the Secret of the Labyrinth. With the Key of the Vrunes, the awake man orients himself in the Labyrinth and finds the Origin, the only thing truly Real to the Spirit. The time required to complete the orientation is given to him by the Immortality of the Stone Seed, that the Grace of the Virgin of Agartha sows in the Heart of those who seek the Origin.

The orientation must be strategic because in the Labyrinth the Enemy will try to twist his course towards the Origin: it will try to confuse, to divert, to stop, that is to say, to disorient the awake man; and the awake man will have to use a Strategy, to advance oriented, will have to develop a way of behaviour that neutralizes the enemy action and allows to concretely reach the Origin.

The Labyrinth is made up of the paths of Illusion, which bifurcate in all the Possible Worlds. If the strategic orientation is weak, the distance between the awakened man and the Origin can be very extensive; and the Time it takes to travel it similarly long. However, if the strategic orientation is strong, the awakened man can be very close to the Origin and the spiritual liberation can be instantaneous. This happens because the strategic orientation and the Labyrinth are contrary: the lower the strategic orientation, the more complex the Labyrinth will be; the greater the strategic orientation, the Labyrinth will be more simple; the maximum strategic orientation, the Origin patent, dissolves the Labyrinth of Illusion. Also, if the movement is guided by the strategic orientation, the Time and the Space of the Labyrinth become relative; the Origin is located far or near, according to the strategic attitude of the awake man. So the reality of the awake man is relative with respect to the absolute Reality of the Origin.

The reality of the awakened man depends on the strategic orientation. We have seen several men awake, each one in his "real" World, simultaneously searching for the Origin; each with a different grade of misdirection in the Labyrinth, each with a different strategic orientation. Which, then, is the Real World, if they are all relatively real from the Origin?: Of all the possible Worlds, "real" are the Worlds that affirm the Spirit of the awakened men; of all the "real" Worlds, Real is the World where the awake men possess the best strategic orientation and where they sustain a triumphant Strategy against the Enemy of the Spirit: and the Reality of that World is affirmed by Navutan, the Lord of the War. The Lords of Venus of K'Taagar, from the Origin, detached from Time and Space in the Labyrinth, permanently scrutinize the millions of Illusionary Worlds as they await for the last sleeping men return to the Path of the Spirit and Declare the Essential War on the Powers of Matter. They discovered Your World, Lords of Tharsis, and revealed it to Navutan. And the Lord of the War, flattered by Your Exploits, decided to affirm it as Real. From the Origin, the Great Ace distinguished Your World by saying:

There it is, ex sistit, the real World of the Lords of Tharsis, who do not stop fighting for the Freedom of the Eternal Spirit! So there is a World where sleeping men are able to wake up and face the Powers of Matter! Hahaha; and they are good: they just won a Battle! With Them I will send the Great Chief of the White Race! Counting on the help from these Wise Warriors, and those Heroes who join them, they will defeat the Powers of Matter and put an end, in the Beginning, to the Essential War!

Understand this, Lords of Tharsis, and you will know why I have come and what is the Grace that Navutan has dispensed You by granting Real existence to Your World!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Because that's how it is! The World where You live and where the Enemy has been recently defeated, will be the Real World for the Lords of Venus and for Navutan, the Lord of the War! In this World will start the Final Battle, when Man definitively faces the Powers of Matter! And in this World, the World of the Lords of Tharsis, must be realized all those who try to liberate their Eternal Spirit and leave towards the Origin, the Warriors, the Heroes, the Hyperborean Initiates, the true Gnostics, the Men of Stone! Hear: Those who seek and find the Blood of Tharsis in their World will seat the Spirit on the Cold Stone that is in the Origin, in the Stone that is sustained outside the Created Universe and that will still be in the Origin when the Created Universe no longer exists! Conversely, those who pretend to ignore the Blood of Tharsis, or are not able to find it, will found their World in Illusion and be turned into Bleach at the End of Time, when All Returns to The One at the End of His Day of Manifestation, when the End is equal to the Beginning, and the Illusion dissolves into nothingness, and only The One exists in His simple eternity.

Because only the Spirit is Eternal! Who does not find his Spirit will die of Final Death even though he thinks he is Immortal. And the first who are going to die are the Souls that are Closest to the End, where they have approximated looking for a chimerical and vain archetypal perfection. Those whose Souls evolve by imitating the Final Goal proposed by the One Creator God, those who deceive themselves by identifying Good with the "Universal Peace" and deprive their Spirit of the opportunity to fight, those who worship the One Creator God and love the Material Universe, those who fear Jehovah Satan and serve the Powers of Matter, those who persist in affirming that the Spirit is Created and want to bring It on his knees in front of the supposed Creator, those who shelter under the Dove of Israel, those who make up the Hierarchy of the White Fraternity, the Priests of all Cults and those who believe that one can be a "Gnostic" and a Priest at the same time! Those will die of Final Death! Those will be reduced to Bleach by Will of its Creator!

In summary: Those who participate in the Cultural Pact will live in the Illusion of the Soul and they will die of Final Death! And those who remember the Pact of Blood, and find the Blood of Tharsis, will live in the Reality of the Spirit and will eternalize Beyond the Origin!

Do you understand, Lords of Tharsis, what it means to other Captive Spirits the Reality of Your World?: Your House has made a commitment to man, to whom you have shown that you can triumph over Evil, you can defeat the Demons. From now on, Your mission will be to accompany History without entering History. Because before the End You will contribute to break History and start the Final Battle. You will have to be attentive to History, and monitor the movements of the Enemy in History, to act in the opportune moment. A Great White Chief will then come to Your World: He will possess the Power to raise the Final Battle against the Enemy of the Spirit. He will be an Envoy of the Lord of the War and will follow the path indicated by You: you will design, build, and keep clear that way; and you will use for it the Time that is necessary, the Centuries demanded by the Illusion of History.

The Great White Chief, the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage, will come once, twice, three times, to Your World. The first time, He will break History, but he will go away, and cause the foolish laughter of the Demons; the second He will raise the Final Battle, but will leave, in the middle of the Roar of Terror of the Demons; the third He will guide the Race of the Spirit towards the Origin, but He will leave forever, leaving behind the Holocaust of Fire in which the followers of the One God will be consumed, men, Souls, and Demons. But those who follow the Envoy of the Lord of the War will be Eternal!

You tried to fulfill the family mission and you kept the Wise Sword. Now I will give You instructions to carry out another mission: prepare in the World the advent of the Envoy of the Lord of the War. It is His Will that it be so! But you will not be able to carry out this mission by working as up to today: the Strategy requires that efforts be divided and that only a part of You takes care of everything. We, ask that You separate once more, the penultimate! It is necessary that in the preparations for the coming of the Great White Chief, only

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Sons of Vrunalda of Tharsis intervene: with this objective they will have to move from now to their estates of Germania, where the Ladies will be head of the Lineage and will support the fiction of their German and Catalan lineage. There they will remain alert until the Epoch when a German Emperor arises, affectionate to the Hyperborean Wisdom; He, with the collaboration of other people who at that time will join You, will be the one who lays the foundations of the future Order in which the Envoy will receive the Highest Initiation. That Lineage of Tharsis, What a Honor for Him! will stand alongside the Great White Chief when he declares Total War to the Powers of Matter. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the First Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of the War!

The Children of Valentina of Tharsis, on the other hand, will have to return to Spain and settle permanently in Turdes. There they will dedicate themselves to keep the Wise Sword and fulfill the family mission, until the Epoch when a Stone Man will emerge who will see in the Stone of Venus the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar. Such an image will show him a path, which he must follow without hesitating. He will then take the Wise Sword and, accompanied by the remaining Men of Stone of the lineage of Valentina, will leave for a distant and unknown Country where he will be the head of a new Lineage. Yes, Lords of Tharsis! That Initiate will be allowed to initiate the Race by transmitting the family inheritance by male line! But, after Him, his descendants will continue the matrilineal initiatory tradition and it will be proven that the Men of Stone still come from that line! And that Lineage of Tharsis, What a glory theirs! will actively participate in the Final Battle! Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Race, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Second Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of the War!

Finally, I will give You a warning. When failing the plans of the White Brotherhood in Europe, there is a part of them that has also been neutralized, and of which You ignore everything: it is the one that refers to the mission of Quiblon, the Great Sacrificer. He was coming to Announce the Glory and Victory of Israel with the Synarchy of the Chosen People, and he was going to offer three peoples as a Holocaust to The One. The Synarchy will not be able to materialize for now due to Your determined action, but it is possible that in a not too distant Time the Enemy sends Quiblon anyway to force the march of History: it will then be very difficult to stop him. You can only attempt a general attack against the Chosen People, to whose Race He will belong, but most likely will get to fulfill his mission. But this will not prevent the Destiny of Glory of the House of Tharsis from being fulfilled.

Lords of Tharsis: I have said everything I had to say and it is not appropriate, for strategic reasons, to add nothing else. I reiterate the greeting of Navutan and I say goodbye until the Final Battle. Or until you coincide with me in another Kairos. Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis! --wished them the Lord of Venus, as he raised his right arm to express the bala mudra.

Hail, Captain Kiev! --answered the Men of Stone, practicing also the bala mudra, which was the ancient secret greeting of the House of Tharsis.

### Fifty-First Day

Immediately after the greeting, the Lord of Venus turned his body and penetrated through the illuminated vertex of the right angle, leaving behind him the Men of Stone in deep thought. The first to react was the Noyo, who observed that the Stone had disappeared along with Captain Kiev: my ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, despite all their Hyperborean Wisdom, did not come to understand, at that moment, that the Stone was the Lord of Venus.

The next day, the Family Council decided to comply exactly with the instructions received.

That Noble, who accepted Vrunalda as his legitimate daughter, did not leave other heirs to his Austrian Manors than his supposed grandchildren. The children and grandchildren of these, including the twelve present, took care

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of his heritage in the East although without abandoning the Spanish family base of Turdes. Now they would all settle in Austria, while the Valentinians would leave Saint Félix de Caraman to settle in Spain. From here, Dr. Siegnagel, I will refer only to the branch of the Valentinians, from which I descend, to continue the story. About the Vrunaldians the only thing I will comment is that they fulfilled their mission to perfection: they became strong in Austria and when the expected Emperor, Rudolf II Habsburg, emerged, constituted with the invaluable collaboration of the English John Dee and seven families of the German Nobility, the **Einherjar** Secret Society; such a Society functioned for more than three hundred years in the most absolute secrecy, acquiring its members the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom, as High as ever possessed formerly by the House of Tharsis; in the 19th and 20th centuries they gave birth to several external Orders intended to Announce the masses of sleeping men the next Coming of the Great Chief of the White Race and **locate him to administer the Hyperborean Initiation**; the penultimate of those Orders was the **Thulegesellschaft**, charged with guiding the **Führer Adolf Hitler** born at the end of the 19th century, to the Stone Men of the Einherjar; and the last of the Orders formed by Them was the Black Order **44** secretly inspired by the Thulegesellschaft, but actually run by the Men of Stone of the super secret Einherjar; the Vrunaldians thus achieved the Honor of accompanying the Great White Chief, the Führer, in his Total War against the Powers of Matter, as the Lord of Venus had predicted so many centuries before.



John Dee

The Valentinians were then the only representatives of the House of Tharsis in Spain; especially, the only ones who would dedicate themselves to fulfill the family mission. From Saint Félix de Caraman they were accompanied by ten of the descendants of Arnaldo Tiber, who wished to continue living near their cousins. They settled in the old Manor House and established excellent relations with the Catalan population of Turdes, which was pleased with those new Lords coming from the Languedoc who understood their native language. The Noyo resumed the Guard in the Secret Cavern and soon had the company of another Man of Stone who, still impressed by his experience with the Lord of Venus, had decided to consecrate himself to the Custody of the Wise Sword. In a similar situation were found the six attendees at the meeting in Saint Félix de Caraman, but it would not be possible for everyone to leave the World because it had to be payed attention to the patrimonial interests of the House. Spain industrialized rapidly and required, in the main cities, all sorts of raw materials; in Turdes, the new town of Catalan origin reactivated the mineral

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

production, completely abandoned by the Lords of Tharsis in the last centuries. Thus, as if the millennia had not passed, the gold and the silver were once again extracted from the mountains by the Lords of Tharsis. Despite the attention that the new situation demanded, towards the middle of the fourteenth century everything was under control: by then, five of those six initiates had already secluded themselves in the Secret Cavern.

When the Valentiniens arrived in Huelva, the County belonged to Seville. Alfonso XI of Castile yielded it in 1338 to the Grand Master of Santiago, with which the Golen danger reappeared: besides being a Celtic Order eminently Golen, many Templars had taken refuge in it after the process promoted by Clement V, and then they began to infest the region. However, fourteen years later, the infant Don Pedro takes it away from the Great Master to give as a gift to Maria Padilla. At the end of the 14th century the House of Las Cerdas, of the Kings of Castile, gives it as a dowry of one of its Ladies and is now held by the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, until the end of this story.

The influence of the House of Tharsis on the Order of Preachers is maintained in the following years, as the *Circulus Domini Canis* continued operating in secret, trying to direct the Inquisition against members of the Chosen People and the Golen, seeking to promote the Mystic Nation model legally perfected during the reign of Philip the Fair and materialized in part by that Great King. This influence was felt, above all, in Spain, where thanks to the popular enlightenment campaigns of many preachers, among them Don Ferrán Martínez, Provisor of the Archbishopric of Seville and Lord of the Dog, were unleashed violent persecutions against Jews culminating in the 1391 massacres in Seville, Córdoba, Toledo, Écija, Logroño, Burgos, Ocaña, and thirty other regions. From Castile, that fire went on to Aragón; in Valencia the people exterminated five thousand Jews and in Barcelona about eleven thousand; until the Balearic Islands reached the popular fury against the followers of Jehovah Satan. In danger of being annihilated in Castile and Aragón, they found safe refuge in Portugal, where the marrano Don Moisés Navarro, entrenched in the Government, had obtained two local bulls from the Popes Clement VII and Boniface IX, who prevented the compulsive conversion of the Jews; that Hebrew invasion, however, was to cause in short term the hostility from Christian settlers.

The Valencian Dominican Saint Vicente Ferrer, who possessed the charisma of the gift of languages and had preached in all the countries of Europe in their own languages, actively participated in the anti-Hebrew campaign: he was the one who inspired the bull of Benedict XIII that prohibited the Israelites from possessing the Talmud and forced them "to wear tabards with a bright red sign so that it could be known to all and it would be possible to avoid the damage that their treatment brings to the Christians". This was in 1412, when the persistent Israelites began to return en masse to Spain. Soon the persecutions were resumed, which were acquiring such fury that in 1473 led to the Chosen People to propose to King Henry IV the sale or rental of the City of Gibraltar to settle in it, a very Hebrew solution that was logically rejected.

After the death of this King, his sister, Isabel I, married to Fernando of Aragón, received the Throne of Castile. In 1478 the Catholic Monarchs addressed Pope Sixtus IV to request the dictation of a bull authorizing the operation of the Inquisition in Castile; the purpose: to prosecute those guilty of heresy, especially the Jews. Quickly issued, the bull allowed the formation of the Courts of the Holy Office, entrusted to the Order of Dominican Preachers. The promoter of that initiative of the Catholic Monarchs was the prior of the Dominican of Seville, Friar Alonso de Ojeda, Lord of the Dog, who knew how to convince Queen Isabel of the advisability of involving the Inquisition in combat against the satanic forces. At first the bull only acted as one more threat, but thanks to the tireless management of the *Domini Canis*, Friar Alonso de Ojeda, the Provisor Don Pedro de Solís, the assistant Don Diego de Merlo, and the King's secretary, Pedro Martínez Camano, the Kings are persuaded of the need to implement the Inquisition with all its vigor to remove Judaism and heresy from the social body. Thus, the Kings appoint in Medina

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

del Campo the first inquisitors, the Dominican friars, Miguel Morillo and Juan de San Martin, who will act legally seconded by Friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo de Tharsis, uncle and father of Lito de Tharsis, respectively. Two edicts drawn up by them, granting a term for the repentance of the heretics, after which they would be judged, produced numerous conversions, but nothing prevented two thousand Jews from being burned in less than a year.

When in 1483 the prior of the Convent of Santo Domingo de Segovia, Friar Thomas de Torquemada, is appointed Inquisitor General of the Crown of Castile, Friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo de Tharsis go on to review as their legal advisers, who are entrusted with the drafting of the Manual of the Modern inquisition. The application of these laws would clearly demonstrate how it was useless to pretend the conversion to Christianity of the Jews, to which they falsely agreed while continuing to practice Satanism in secret. Faced with the evidence, the Catholic Monarchs decreed on March 31, 1492 the expulsion of the Jews from the Kingdoms of Castile and Aragón within four months, a more benign measure than that of Philip the Fair but equally effective. Asylum was given to them again by Portugal because his King, João II, had been educated by Jewish instructors and completely underestimated the danger those represented for the health of the Kingdom. But this time the protection would not last long, because in 1495 João II died, leaving as heir to the crown Manuel I: unfortunately for the Hebrews this King was married to a daughter of the Catholic Monarchs and highly enlightened about the motives of the Spanish Inquisition. In 1497 he signed a decree similar to the Castilian of 1492, by which Jews are expelled from Portuguese territory. The fate of the Chosen People would now lead to Holland, particularly Amsterdam, which earned the nickname of "The New Jerusalem", and other important cities, as well as the Netherlands, where they soon controlled the springs of power, practiced the speculation and turned those nations into the banking and Masonic powers that we know today.

Behind all these Spanish persecutions against the Chosen People, naturally, there was the House of Tharsis, which tried to stop the arrival of Quiblon. But such a goal, as Captain Kiev suggested, would be very difficult to achieve: in 1484 the Great Hebrew Magician was already in Spain and in 1492 he would consecrate the "new lands of India", inhabited by three "sacrificeable" peoples, to the "Glory of Jehovah God".

Quiblon was a converted Jew from Galicia, whom in the Middle Ages were called **Gynovese**. He was secretly educated as a Rabbi and Kabbalist. To favor his High Mission, an apocryphal story was soon invented, obscuring all the data that allowed to know his origin and erasing the traces of his footsteps. This would be dealt with during the following centuries by his Race brothers. As required by the Kabbalah for those who are to receive from the Shekhinah the Voice of Metatron, the Rabbi should possess Seventy Names; of which we know only a few: **Scolnus, Scolvus, Scolvo, Skolvus, Skolto, Kolonus, Scolom, Skolum, Colum, Colom, Colombo, Colón**, etc. It is worth to say, that I am referring to Cristophoro Colombo or Christopher Columbus, the famous Admiral better known for the "discovery" of the American continent than for his esoteric activities.

Quiblon came to fulfill the prophecies of Bera and Birsha, to offer the Holocaust of Water, Mem, to **YHVH Sebaoth**, and for this he had prepared for many years and been through many definitive tests. In particular, Quiblon must have shown his mastery in order to **open the Gates of Paradise and close Hell's Doors**. This last proof was demonstrated in 1477, when he traveled to Greenland as a Danish Navy pilot to **close the Gates of Thule**. It is convenient to refer to this Major Magic operation to understand his subsequent actions.

It all begins with an inexplicable and disturbing event that occurred in the 14th century: **the Viking population of Greenland, about ten thousand people during the thirteenth century, disappeared without a trace in the following century**. To understand what happened we must go back to the tenth century, to the time when the Golen Catholics control the Normans and advance towards Northern Europe, submitting to blood and fire the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

barbarian and pagan peoples of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. It is then that one of the last Stones of Venus that remained in the power of the peoples of the Blood Pact is transported to Greenland. It is done by Erik the Red, a Wise Warrior of singular courage, whose determination leads him to the impossibility of returning to his homeland: he would be the one who would give its current name, Green Land, to the frozen island in the year 986. And his family would form a Lineage of Noyos and Vrayas that would take care of the Stone in the following centuries, when cultural relations with the European peoples had already been reestablished. Those relationships would attract Catholic missionaries towards the Viking settlements, but the Stone would not fall to the Golen for the Custodians would hide it in extremely wild Northwest Greenlandic Regions.

In 999, Leif Eriksson brings the first Catholic priest, who is followed by many more on successive trips; however, the resistance of the Northwestern to the Cultural Pact would extend throughout the 11th century. Either way, Erik the Red's prosperous colony, with more than 200 farms, already had 12 churches and two convents in 1124. Pope Paschal II appoints the first Bishop, Erik Grunpsson in 1121, followed by sixteen more until 1409. In 1290 reached the island the First **Domini Canis**, Thor Bjorn, who is in charge of fighting the Golen and calls a member of the House of Tharsis to his aid. Thus it is founded, in Gardar, the famous Monastery of Our Lady of Thule, where they were written two poems of the Edda, the **Atlakvidha** and the **Atlannmal**. In Gardar, precisely, there was the Golen Monastery of Saint Bernard. And in this City would center the fiercest opposition between the Golen and the **Domini Canis**, because the first suspected that the Stone of Venus was very near and they were reluctant to leave the place without having found it. At last, in 1312, thanks to a bull from Clement V, who had just finished off the Templar Synarchy in combination with Philip the Fair, the Golen are forced to leave Gardar: it is then that the Viking Noyos declare to the people of Gardar to have seen the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar in the Stone of Venus, a stone attributed to a Wothan heritage that they even call 'the Eye of Wothan'. The Noyos propose to the people of Gardar to leave to where the Stone points and everyone accepts, preparing immediately for war: why? it is what I will explain from tomorrow, Dr. Siegnagel. The important thing now is to know that not only the population of Gardar, but the entirety of the Greenlanders, except for a few Catholic priests who conveniently hid themselves so as not to be executed by the enraged Vikings, decided to leave "for the Valhalla, the Abode of the Gods".

It is that those people of Pure Blood, suddenly woke up to the Hyperborean Wisdom that arises from the Eternal Spirit and freed itself from the spell of the Cultural Pact: it had transmuted and only longed to leave for the Origin, without mattering the nature of the Enemy that stood in its way. In 1354 the King of Norway, Erik Magnusson, who learned that the people of Greenland "had returned to paganism" and "was preparing to abandon the establishments", sends his official ship "The Greenland Knarr" under the command of Paul Knutson in order to find out what happened. Golen Bishop Arni travels on the expedition, who leads the mission of 'evangelizing' again the Northwest settlers: but in Greenland they find absolutely no one, even though Arni encourages them to explore the region inch by inch until 1363, when he died. From that moment there would be several expeditions that the Kings of Norway would dispatch in the next hundred years to find out the fate of their subjects and attempt to repopulate the abandoned colonies: such attempts would prove useless, because they would never get to know what happened to the ten thousand Vikings nor there would be any who wanted to inhabit the ghostly cities.

However, the action of the Greenland Vikings would cause a great concern to the Demons of the White Fraternity, those who, from their Den in Chang Shambhala, would impose on Quiblon the test of closing the Gate of Thule as a means of accessing the Highest Priesthood of the Order of Melchizedek. In 1476 Quiblon resided in Portugal, where he studied the Hidden Arts and held a position as cartographer in the **Tesouraria** of the King. That year King



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Christian of Denmark requests his cousin, King Alfonso V of Portugal, "a very good pilot and cartographer to guide his next expedition to Thule", which was aimed at "locating the Christian colonies of those from whom there was no news for more than a hundred years". It was the opportunity awaited by the Rabbis: the remarkable influences that the Hebrews then possessed in the Portuguese court are put into play to facilitate the appointment of Quiblon as pilot of the trip to Greenland: they get it easily, appearing in the royal warrant as **Johannes Scolvus**. In 1477, therefore, Quiblon appeared in front of to the shores of Greenland, ready to employ all of his Science, and his faith in the One Creator, to **close the Gate of Thule**: he succeeds in his mission, and the White Fraternity, and all Jewry, understand that with Quiblon has come to Earth one of the Highest Priests in History, one who will be able to speak with the Word of Metatron.

The expedition of Scolvus, Columbus, found no one in Greenland in 1477. But **since then the Thule Door will be closed again**. He is a great Hebrew Magician, perhaps as great as Solomon, the one who has reached the frozen lands of the North to fulfill the Ritual, to pronounce the Words, to express the Gestures. It was necessary that it be so because the Door **was forced** by a brave Viking people, of the purest Hyperborean blood, against whom nothing the magic of the Golen can do. Well, it has always been this way: the Golen have easily dominated the Celts, Iberians, Ligurians, Basques, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, and even Latins, but, in the case of the Germans, it is necessary that the greatest Masters of the infernal arts take care of them.

I understand, Dr. Siegnagel, that it is almost impossible to understand in what Quiblon's mission consisted if I do not clarify the nature of that "**close the Gate of Thule**" performed in Greenland. However, what corresponds is to explain how the aforementioned Door to K Taagar, or Agartha, was opened, and what other action did the Vikings take before leaving, action of war normally executed by all the peoples of Pure Blood in situations alike, and which caused the worried reaction of the Demons of the White Fraternity. Starting tomorrow, then, I will tell you in a few words the story of Nimrod, the Defeated, a King of Antiquity who knew how to **open the Door and hit the Enemy before departing**: its knowledge will clarify completely the question.

### Fifty-Second Day

In the second millennium B.C. an invasion brought the **Kassite** Hyperboreans to Assyria. They were natives of the Caucasus and carried a Stone of Venus next to the banner of the lion-headed eagle. The eagle with the lion's head and wings deployed, imprisoned between its claws two rams that were the symbol of the God Enlil, Jehovah Satan, worshiped in Mesopotamia by all the tribes, among them the **Hamite or Habiru** shepherds who would go with Abraham to Palestine and Egypt. This same banner would be carried after, thousands of years later, by other "barbarian" peoples, also from the Caucasus, this time from Germanic Race, but between the eagle's claws would no longer be found the rams but the lamb, symbol of that God of the shepherds who tried to usurp the Millennial Hyperborean figure of Kristos Lucifer.

The Kassites came following the dictates of their Archer God **Kus** who had made a pact with its Initiates in order for the said people to participate in the Essential War. In the City of Borsippa, north of Nineveh, King Nimrod using the numerical technique of the Ziggurats had a huge tower built over a telluric energy vortex. Here is what was intended: "to attack the Abode of the Immortal Demons", that is, Chang Shambhala. This purpose, which today may seem the product of an unbridled fantasy, is nevertheless perfectly possible and the proof of this is in the success achieved by Nimrod when his **Elite of Warrior Archers** targeted and downed several of the "Immortal Demons".

In ancient times, when the influence of the Kali Yuga was not so important and in some Atlantean remnants were still preserved the memories of the Hyperborean Wisdom and the war against the Demiurge, the task of founding

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

towns and cities demanded the contest of specially gifted Initiates. It was the same for the elevation of idols or sacred effigies whose **utility**, which was not the mere adoration, today has been forgotten. The most important element that was taken into account for such foundations was the **location of the telluric energy currents**. **Second** were the astrological coordinates to which, however, the blindness of men tends to give prominence in some Epochs. Precisely the power or survival of any city depends on the correct geographical location in which they are built and if, for example, cities such as Rome or Jerusalem have lasted for millennia is because they are based on great centers of force. Thousands of years ago those in charge of specifying the site of a city were called **Cainites**, sacrificer Initiates who knew the Magic of the Spilled Blood. These sacred murderers, who were dowers, that is, "sensitive" to the forces of the Earth, after detecting a suitable vortex made the human sacrifice destined to "polarize" the telluric energy and obtain a phenomenon of "resonance" with the Blood of the Race, so that the place becomes a "friend" of its inhabitants and "enemy" of future invaders. Of such ritual murders, for example, we remember Romulus that to ensure the inviolability of the walls of Rome had to execute his twin Remus, etc.

I will make a brief parenthesis to consult the Hyperborean Wisdom on some guidelines that need to be taken into account, in order to interpret correctly the war action undertaken by King Nimrod.

It can be properly considered that the **power** of a people to free itself from the satanic yoke of the Synarchy, depends directly on the esoteric-Hyperborean conditions of its Initiates. If there are men awake, sufficiently capable of locating telluric energy currents and vortices, and they do not despise the combat that inevitably entails this "position taking", then the Race is on the way to mutation, it has become a Hyperborean "closed circle". For reasons of blood purity its always the peoples called "barbarians" who are closest to these Hyperborean praxis, but those same peoples, as they become civilized, or synarchized, lose **power**, and then their **possibility of mutation** is weakened. The **Hyperborean racial purity** of a people is evaluated in the **capacity of its men to awaken** the Memory of Blood. The **Hyperborean racial power** of a people is its **capacity to oppose** the illusory reality of the material world. It means taking an active part in the Essential War and therefore it supposes some Hyperborean strategic conception. Power is evaluated then for the clarity of the goals and strategic objectives that are capable of formulating the men and by the effective steps that are taken in this regard. The result of the action is never qualified by some material guideline; even more: the action is never rated at all. For the Hyperborean Wisdom what matters is the Strategy; that is: the clarity of goals and objectives and the way of obtaining them, that is, the **power**. In any case, the action qualifies itself, regardless of the "results". The "success" or "failure" of an action does not make sense in the Hyperborean Strategy since such words refer to concepts made from an incorrect perception of the world, of Maya, the illusion. This can be illustrated by an old Hyperborean sentence that says: "for the Wise Warriors every war lost on Earth is a war won in other Heavens".

Returning to the Hyperborean concept of **racial power**, I can say that, in general, a **powerful people** is one that, having identified the Enemy, passes to the war action within the framework of a "Hyperborean Strategy". And in particular, that a **people of great power** is one capable of **crossing the threshold** and moving the theater of operations to the plane of the Immortals.

There are many ways to **cross the threshold**. The sleeping men, the "Initiates", in synarchic Satanism, for example, do so during their "Ritual Death", crawling abjectly before the sinister "Guardians of the Threshold", sometimes wrongly called "Watchmen", "Watchers" or "Egregores". After demonstrating their "evolution" through oaths, pacts and alliances they receive the "enlightenment", that is, they lose all contact with the Origin and suffer the definitive chaining to the Universal Plan of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. Then they can cross the Threshold and "participate" in a thousand ceremonies or different covens, according to the sect or religion that "initiated" them,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and which have the surprising characteristic of occurring only in the conscience of the adept for it is a miserable illusion. The "Immortals" of Chang Shambhala will never make anyone participate in their meetings except to destroy him, however, there are not few imbeciles who think they know the *sancta sanctorum* of the White Fraternity and its "Planetary Instructor", the King of the World.

But there is another way of "crossing the Threshold" that does not require humiliations or promises and that does not imply the total blood confusion of the man as in the case of the synarchic initiation. It is the one that consists of standing proudly, arms in hand, before the Guardians of the Threshold... and destroy them.

It will be said then, but where is the Threshold? Isn't it an "initiatory" symbol? It is not. The Synarchic Strategy is based on confusing, that is, making dark what should be light. And a widely used tactic is to give unreal sense, symbolic, to what you want to hide and, on the other hand, exalt as real and concrete what you want to "reveal". Thus, a reality like the existence of "induced" or "dimensional" doorways is considered by the reasonable people a fantasy and, for example, utopias such as communism, socialism, the U.N. or the World Government, are fanatically regarded as real possibilities.

The Threshold, that is, the entrance to the plane in which the Immortal Demons dwell, can be **determined and opened** if you have an appropriate technique. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches how to open "induced doors", for use in offensive tactics, in seven different ways. One is by using the lithic technology. Another is Vrunic. A third takes advantage of the telluric energies. A fourth is phonetic, etc. But all are based on the **distortion of space**, on the intersection of planes, and in the time domain.

Once opened the Door, by any system, you must proceed with energy and decision to inflict as many casualties as possible on the Enemy. This possibility may produce surprise but the truth is that the "Immortal Demons" of Chang Shambhala **can die**. These "Immortals", "Masters of Wisdom", Gurus, Golen, Sages of Zion, Men in Black, etc., are hopelessly linked to the Demiurge. They are Immortal as long as the material "Creation" lasts, that is to say, as long as the Demiurge keeps **his will set in the manifestation**. Its existence is the fate of the animal man. But keep in mind that on the "White Island" of Chang Shambhala, along with the "Immortal Demons", coexist, in a higher hierarchy, the Two Hundred Hyperboreans from Venus that caused the collective mutation on Earth and chained the Eternal Spirits in the animal-men that the Demiurge had created. The Two Hundred Hyperboreans are the Traitor Gods of Atlantis and the Lords of the Flame of Lemuria. They are truly Immortal but as they have taken a physical body in order to copulate with the Human Race, fulfilling their absurd roles of Manu, they can be violently disincarnated, an action that, apart from upsetting their plans, has the virtue of destroying the **genetic matrix** of the alleged **root Races**.

It is then possible **to kill the Immortals**, who are only Immortals if violence is not exerted against them because they inhabit a space fold in which time **passes in a different way**, so that their bodies remain physiologically stable at a "certain age". With this terrible affirmation I will close here the doctrinal parenthesis that I opened earlier. We are already, in the light of the above, in a position to interpret the feat of the Hyperborean King Ninrod. For example, the Kassites can now be qualified as **great racial power** for having carried, according to the previous definition, the theater of operations to the Lair of the Immortal Demons. I will continue then, with the story.

I will repeat what was said at the beginning. The Kassites had made a pact with their God Archer Kus to participate in the Essential Contention. They were fearsome warriors, perfectly capable of dealing with beasts, men or Demons.

They wandered for years until the Cainite Initiates decided that the most powerful "Serpent of Fire", that is, the telluric energy vortex, is found within the city limits of Borsippa, which already existed and was inhabited by a tribe of Habiru shepherds. This did not represent any difficulty for a people determined to fight infernal Demons. In a short period of time the Kassites

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

dominated the plaza and their Cainite Initiates performed the Rituals necessary to "calm" the Serpent of Fire.

Immediately afterwards they put into practice an adequate Strategy for the imminent offensive. From it we must highlight two tasks that demonstrate the ability of the Cainite Initiates. The first consisted of training an Elite able to resist the powerful magic that the "Demons" would use when opening "The Gate of Hell". This Hyperborean Elite, distant ancestor of the 44, would have the sacred mission to exterminate the Demons, a mind-blowing work in which they would surely lose their life or their reason.

The other task was perhaps the simplest to perform but the one that would require greater dexterity in the management of the Hyperborean Wisdom: build the "magic Tower" that, thanks to the harmony of its exact dimensions, its shape and its functionality, channels the telluric energy dispersing it around the "Eye of the Spiral" of energy. In the architecture of Temples the most important thing, from the point of view of the "ritual functionality", is the plane of the base, its symbol. The most commonly used are: the circular, cross or octagonal base, although they have also been built with a rectangular, pentagonal, hexagonal base, etc. But in the Hyperborean architecture of war are often constructed buildings similar to fortresses whose base plane is almost always a "labyrinth". This figure should be used due to technical requirements of the channeling of telluric energies and I can add that the application of the "labyrinth technique" is another of the seven ways to open induced doors. Of course, I will not stop repeating, that the products of these hyperborean techniques are not automatic, that is, they include in their functionality the participation of trained men.

Nimrod's war plan then consisted of three steps: 1st.) open the door to the plane of Chang Shambhala; 2nd.) access the famous Threshold of the synarchic initiation; 3rd.) attack, attack, attack...

To complement this colossal Strategy there were a series of logistic details such as the choice of weapons or the possibility of using the ancient "magic armors" of Atlantis. Regarding the weapons the Cainite Initiates decided that the warriors would use arrows built according to an old formula: the feathers would be of ibis; the rods, of acacia from the Caucasus; and the stone tips would be small stalactites perfectly conical collected from deep and mysterious caverns that a shaman tradition claims are connected to the Hyperborean Kingdom of Agartha.

As for the "magic armor" it is easy to imagine today, in light of the modern, electronic technology, what would a "precipitating electrostatic field of matter" look like, enveloping the whole body. However this "electronic shell", called **magic** in the time of Nimrod, was a common defense in the days of Atlantis, up to about 12,000 years ago. The Cainite Initiates only managed to endow for a few hours of such a protective field to King Nimrod and his General Ninurta because no one else in the people had the necessary conditions of purity to apply the ancient technique. Only two warriors when Atlantis had entire armies using the "metal coat"! This technique suffered a slow degradation until it disappeared completely due to the blood confusion. In the beginning, when the Gods came to Earth millions of years ago, they clothed their physical body with a "cuirass of fire". Later in distant Lemuria, the Initiates, Kings and warriors, materialized minerals so they used to be called "Men of Stone". And finally in the middle of the Atlantean Kaly Yuga, the Traitor Gods materialized metal armors around their body that protected them from blows of sword or spear in the manner of our medieval chain mail. The Atlantean cuirass of materialized metal is, on the other hand, the origin of the Jewish legend according to which Nimrod possessed the "garments" that Adam and Eve wore in Paradise. He would have gotten them from Ham, one of Noah's sons and, later, after fighting with Esau, another great hunter, he would have lost them. These legends are found in the Talmudic Midrash Sefer Hayashar (12th century) and Pirque Rabbi Eliezer (90-130 A.D.) and also in the Babylonian Talmud (500 A.D.), etc.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Guardians of the Threshold also have armor and powerful weapons, among them, for example the **Om ray**, an Atlantean weapon with which the sweet "Masters of Wisdom" of Chang Shambhala often disintegrate disciples who are disobedient.

It seems like a terrible enemy, armed like this, but that is pure appearance, only material power. Nimrod's warriors would bear the Hyperborean Sign of **Hk**, the Rune of Fire that no "Immortal Demon" can face. And much less the Two Hundred Hyperborean Traitors. That Sign represents for them **the truth**, the inevitable memory of the abandoned Divine Origin. And, as with the Gorgon, it is not possible for Them to look at it without taking serious risk.

When the Tower was ready it was placed, in the turret at the top, a metallic column of iron, copper, silver and gold, topped with a gigantic Emerald. This stone had been given to the Kassites by the God Kus when he engaged them in the fight with the Demiurge Enlil, Jehovah Satan, whose Dwelling was in Babylon. And according to what the Initiates told between whispers, the Sacred Stone had been brought from Venus by the Gods who accompanied Kus when they came to Earth, before man existed. During the many decades that the journey of the "barbarians" lasted, from the slope of Mount Elbruz, in the Caucasus, the possession of this "Present of Heaven" was the encouragement that made it possible to face all kinds of penalties. It was the **Center** around which the Race was **formed**; it was the **Oracle** that made it possible to hear the Voice of God and was the **Tabula regia** where the Names of the Kings could be read. It was also the **Primordial Sign** before which the Demons would recoil in terror and against which no infernal potency had power. Through it **would open in the Heaven, the Hell's Gate**, and relentless combat would be waged against the servants of the one who chained the Eternal Spirit to Matter. Many peoples have been called "barbarians" by other more "civilized" peoples, alluding to their "savagery" and "unconsciousness". But you need to be a "barbarian" to agree with the Gods and take part in the Essential War. Only the **guarantee** of the blood purity of some "barbarians", intrepid and immune to satanic traps, can decide the Gods to put in the world the **cornerstone** of a Sacred Race. In other words, the "traps", the temptations of Matter, are lying everywhere and that is why you need to be a "barbarian" or a "fanatic", but also naive, "like a child", or like Parsifal, the pure madman of the Arthurian legend.

After the construction of the Ziggurat, messengers were sent to the remaining Kassite towns and villages as its Kingdom included Nineveh and other minor cities, as well as numerous northern camps that reached as far as Lake Van and even reached the slopes of the Ararat. Thousands of Ambassadors came to Borsippa to appreciate the Tower of Nimrod and pay homage to **Ishtar** the Goddess of Venus and Kus its racial God, husband of Ishtar. As well came from the South, from Babylon which they had just conquered, a small number of their Hittite cousins, with whom the Kassites left together many decades ago, from the Caucasus.

Everything was prepared for the summer solstice, the day that Chang Shambhala is "closer" to our physical plane. That day the town of Borsippa was gathered next to the great Ziggurat and a contrast of emotions was guessed on all the faces. The Kassite invaders, hunters and farmers, that is to say, Cainites, openly demonstrated their wild joy at completing an undertaking that had absorbed several generations. And in that raging joy the yearning for the next fight throbbed. An old Aryan proverb says: "the fury of the warrior is sacred when his cause is just". But if that thirst for justice leads to face an Enemy a thousand times superior, then **necessarily** a miracle must occur, a mutation of the human nature that takes him further beyond the material limits, outside of Karma and the Eternal Return. Leonidas in the Thermopylae is no longer human. He will be a Hero, a Titan, a God, but never a common man. That is why the people of Nimrod in their holy fury sensed the next collective mutation; he felt elevated and saw the deceptive reality of the Demiurge Enlil dissolve. They boiled of courage and thus drastically purified their blood. And that Pure Blood, seething with fury and courage, crowding

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the temples brings the Memory of the Origin and parades before the inner sight the primal images. It **subtracts**, in a word, from the miserable reality of the world and **carries** the true spiritual essence of man. In these magical circumstances it is not strange that an entire people gains the immortality of the Valhalla.

Contrasting with this warrior euphoria, there was a terrible anguish portrayed on the faces of numerous citizens. They were the ones who made up the primitive Habiru population of Borsippa, shepherds and merchants, who had always worshipped the Demiurge Enlil.

According to their traditions, Jehovah Satan had preferred the Sheperd Abel and despised the farmer Cain which is coherent since "shepherd is the trade of the animal man", son of Jehovah, according to what the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches. For these reasons they experienced a deep hatred against King Nimrod and the Cainite initiates. A hatred as only cowards can feel, those who, in everything similar to the rams and sheep that they graze, call themselves "shepherds". That hatred of the warrior is the one that hypocritically disguised exalts the "virtues" of sentimentality, charity, fraternity, equality, and other falsehoods that are well known, for suffering them, in this **civilization of sheperds** in which the Judeo-Christianity of the Synarchy has sunk us. And that hatred that I am considering arises from and is nurtured by a source called **fear**.

Fear and Courage: here are two opposites. We have already seen the transmuting power of the courage, whose expression is the Warrior's Fury. The fear instead expresses itself by the cowardly and refined hatred, which after multiple distillations gives the envy, resentment, slander and all kinds of insidious feelings. The fear is thus a poison for the purity of blood as the courage is an antidote. The exaltation of courage elevates and transmutes; it dissolves reality. The exacerbation of fear, on the other hand, sinks in matter and multiplies the chaining to the illusory shapes. That is why the Habiru shepherds of Borsippa, muttered the prayers to Enlil while, hypnotized with terror, they gazed at the Cainite ceremony.

In the early morning, when Shamash, the Sun, had just awakened, drums and flutes were already electrifying the air with their monotonous and howling rhythm. On the different terraces of the Tower the Initiated danced wildly while repeating incessantly Kus, Kus, invoking the God of the Race. The Hierophants, fifty in number, officiated the pre-battle rites installed around the enormous labyrinthine mandala built on the floor of the upper turret with lapis lazuli mosaics, an exact replica of the labyrinth at the base of the Ziggurat. Blue was the predominant color throughout the enclosure standing out with an intense and flickering brilliance the great green Emerald consecrated to the Spirit of Venus, the Goddess whom the Semites called Ishtar and the Sumerians Inanna or Ninhursag.

While the Hierophants remained under the roof of the turret above, outside, in the side corridors King Nimrod and his two hundred archers were preparing to die.

The war climax was "**in crescendo**" as the hours passed. Around noon, an ash-colored ectoplasmic vapor could be observed that slipped through the columns of the upper turret and turned languidly around it, wrapping in its whimsical scrolls the imperturbable warriors. Inside the turret, the steam covered the entire enclosure but did not surpass the waist of the tallest of the Hierophants.

The crowd that stood petrified watching the peak of the enormous Tower suddenly witnessed, astonished, a phenomenon of embodiment of the steam. At first, only a few noticed it, but now it was visible to all: the cloud took definite shapes that lingered for a moment to dissolve and re-embody again. The main "motive" of the mysterious reliefs of the steam consisted mainly of figures of "Angels". Angels or Gods; but also Goddesses and children. And animals: horses, lions, eagles, dogs, etc. And chariots of war. It was a whole Celestial Army that materialized in the vaporous cloud and slowly spun around the turret. And as chariots of war passed by, drawn by spirited winged

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

steeds, the Warrior Angels were clearly rooting for Nimrod. So did women, but it is convenient that we stop for a moment in Them because the mere contemplation of its Hyperborean beauty is enough to illuminate the heart of the most passive man and wrest it from the clutches of Deception. Oh, the Hyperborean women! So beautiful! They wore a short skirt fitted at the waist by a thin cord from which it hung, at the side, the scabbard of a graceful and fearsome sword. The crossed arch over the chest and, behind her back, the nourished quiver. The gold and silver braids of a hair that appeared as soft and light as the wind. And the Faces. Who would be capable of describing those forgotten Faces, after millennia of deception and decadence; Faces that, however, are burned into the warrior's Soul, almost always without him knowing it? who would dare to speak of those sparkling eyes of cold courage that irresistibly incite to fight for the Spirit, to return to the Origin, eyes of steel whose gaze will temper the Spirit until the previous moment to combat but that, after the fight, miraculously, will be like a balm of frozen Love that will heal all wounds, that will calm all pain, that will resurrect eternally the Hero, the one who tenaciously stays on the Path of the Return to the Origin? And who, finally, would dare to even mention their primordial smiles before which all human gestures pale; in view of whose singing sounds are extinguished the music and rumors of the earth; transmuting laughter that could never resonate amid the misery and deception of the material reality and that, therefore, can only be heard by those who also knows how to hear the Voice of the Pure Blood? Unable to try to sketch the pure image of those Hyperborean women, eternal companions of the Men of Stone, whose projection in the ectoplasmic vapor was produced thanks to the powerful will of the Cainite Initiates. I will only add that these images were huge. While the other figures turned at some distance from the Kassite warriors, They broke loose to embrace and caress them, and then its size could be appreciated. They were twice the height of King Nimrod, the tallest warrior in Borsippa.

The people clearly saw these effusions and, although it was evident that the Goddesses spoke to the warriors in an imperative tone, while pointing towards the heaven, no one, among them, could have heard if really those ghosts emitted some sound because the frenetic rhythm of the flutes, drums, eardrums and harps, was deafening. But maybe the Hyperborean women were speaking directly to the Spirit, perhaps their voices would be heard within each warrior as they say the Augur's feel...

Wrapped in that frenzy, but momentarily stunned with amazement by the disturbances of the white cloud, the citizens of Borsippa did not notice when one of the Initiates gave up the dance. She ran up the floors that were missing to reach the turret, but before entering the steam took the form of a crowd of winged children who fluttered around her spilling over her head etheric liquids of no less etheric amphorae. However such supernatural manifestations did not stop her. Anointed from head to toe by the graceful cherubs she moved resolutely forward and entered the turret. The fifty Hierophants, noticing her irruption, ceased all chanting, all invocation, and turning they stared at her. At last the Initiate stopped its light step ahead of the entrance to the labyrinth and, without saying a word, she pulled a cord and dropped her robe, becoming completely naked... except for the jewels. These were extremely strange: four **serpentine** gold bracelets, which she wore rolled one on each ankle and one on each wrist, a necklace similar to the bracelets; a tiara studded with opaque, milky stones; two earrings and two serpentine rings and a red stone in the navel.

Of the whole set, what impressed the most, due to the exquisite design and skill of the goldsmiths, were the bracelets. Each one went around three times; those of the left leg and arm with the tail of the snake out and the flattened head into body; the bracelets wrapped on the leg and right arm showed the serpent as "coming out" of the body; on the necklace, the snake pointed with its tail towards the ground and the head, strangely double-headed this time, was just under the chin. All snakes had small green stones embedded in the eyes; and the body carved and enameled in bright colors. When seeing these

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

wonderful pieces of goldsmithing nobody would have suspected that they were actually delicate instruments for channeling telluric energies. The girl is breathtakingly beautiful. She can be watched as she confidently walks through the labyrinth, that she seems to know very well because it can hardly be distinguished the floor, under the dense cloud of ectoplasmic vapor. If she were to go wrong, if she came across a fence, it would be taken as a bad omen and the operation should be suspended until next year. But the Initiate does not hesitate, she has the Thousand Eyes of the Blood open and she sees down there, at the base of the Tower, how telluric energy, like irresistible fire serpent, also roams the resounding labyrinth. And everyone trusts Her, in the terrible mission that she has undertaken, which begins there but continues in other worlds. They trust because she is a magician Initiate, born fifth in a family of dowzers, with blood so blue that the veins are drawn as bushy trees under the transparent skin. Everyone thinks of her as she walks the labyrinth singing the hymn of Kus.

The Hierophants hold their breath as the slender legs of the Initiate skilfully traverse the last sections of the mosaic-labyrinth: now she is about to reach the "exit". She has succeeded!

But that triumph means death, as will be seen immediately. Right at the end of the labyrinth is the stone and metal column where it shines with a rare brilliance the Hyperborean Emerald. The Initiate stops in front of it and, raising her eyes to heaven, ascends the three steps leading to the base of the column, which is short because the Emerald barely reaches the level of the pubis. Curious thing: the Emerald has been carved in the shape of a vagina, with a central indentation, which is possible to see because it is in the upper facet, which is faced with the roof of the temple. On the contrary, despite being naked, it is not possible to observe the sex of the Initiate because a fold of flesh covers her lower belly, absolutely hairless. This physical characteristic, that today only Bushman women conserve, is the most evident proof of her Atlantean-Hyperborean lineage. The Cro-Magnon women possessed a "natural fur skirt" and the ancient Egyptians of the first dynasties too, as can be seen in numerous bas-reliefs.

The Initiate has traveled the labyrinth, has "guided" the serpent to the upper temple and led it through the stone and metal column. Now her fiery head begins to press under the Hyperborean Emerald magically turning it on and bathing the huge enclosure with green light and all its occupants. Outside the rumbling of drums and flutes has acquired a rhythm so fast and with such intensity that it is impossible to think or do anything other than gazing at the Ziggurat, the turret at the peak surrounded by Nimrod and his archers. The latter, meanwhile, observe through the columns the interior scene, invisible to the people gathered at the base of the Ziggurat.

### Fifty-Third Day

It is already noon, the precise moment when Shamash is high. The deep voice of one of the fifty Hierophants addresses the beautiful Initiated, speaking in short sentences, pronounced with the cadence of a ritual prayer:

-Oh Princess Isa:  
The fate of the Race is in your hands.  
We have traveled many lands  
and crossed countless countries,  
to get here,  
looking to give the Final Battle.  
Years of roads and hardships  
since we left the sacred mountains  
**where we were born twice**  
and on whose summit Kus gathered us  
and he spoke to us of the Primordial Times.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

We got to know in those distant days  
~~that we are not from here.~~  
And, after remembering our Divine Origin,  
How could we stay there  
deceived by Him, the "Elder" Enlil?  
Yes, everything was debased in our sight.  
The fields were suddenly scorched.  
The flowers made their perfume horrible,  
and the heat of Shamash no longer seemed good to us.  
Suddenly we saw the stunted spikes  
and even the mountains lost their imposing height.  
All that happened when we looked at the world  
after Wise Kus  
told us about the forgotten Heaven  
filling our chest with nostalgia.  
That's when we decided  
to undertake the Path of the Return to the Origin.  
And take on the betrayal of the Demons  
that had tricked us with their magic.  
Many of us were the ones who left  
from the sacred mountain,  
towards different directions.  
And many are the Kings  
that with their Hyperborean peoples  
have been searching since then  
the way to Heaven.  
But Kus had warned us  
that some would not arrive soon  
if they were deceived again  
by the cunning Demons.  
But he directed us accurately  
because we have no other goal  
than to conquer Heaven.  
We are guided by the invincible Nimrod  
whom He fears  
because his blood is pure  
as blue as the sea  
and as red as the dawn of Shamash.  
We are a courageous people like the lion  
and we fly high like the eagle,  
but our eye is sharp  
and our claws tear the Enemy to pieces.  
We are a tough people  
who does not know forgiveness  
and does not give respite in the fight.  
Nimrod leads us  
archer like there is no other on Earth.  
The stars drew him  
hunting in the sky.  
We carry with us  
the Green Stone of Kus  
so that we don't get lost again  
What more can we ask for?  
Stand back, infernal Demons!  
because there is an awakened people here  
who you won't be able to frighten  
nor ever deceive.  
On guard, you damn Demons!  
because an untamed Race has risen  
that will present You combat to the death.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Today the road has come to an end.  
Gone is the great sea Kash  
and the country of Kashshu;  
buried in the trodden roads  
our women and children remain,  
our elders and the best warriors.  
Many have fallen for the glory of Kus  
and for following the heroic Nimrod,  
**the chief who will lead us to victory  
in this or other heavens.**

At Borsippa we have camped.  
To build the tallest tower in the world  
and tame the Serpent of Fire.  
Like our Ziggurat there is no other  
neither in Babylon nor in Assur,  
nor in distant Egypt,  
nor in the land of the Aryans.  
Since the Flood covered the Earth  
and punished the Demons  
that inhabited the islands of Ruta and Daitya  
no other Tower like it has been seen.  
The Gods rejoice for us  
and the Demons fear us.  
How much we have worked to build it!  
Oh Isa, this effort must not be in vain.

The Initiate was in the same place, standing in front of the Emerald of Kus,  
keeping respectful silence as her eyes, beautifully slanted, kept fixed on the  
Hierophant.

He continued with his monologue:

We have come here to die fighting  
and you, sweet princess  
you have chosen to die first  
to open the Door of Heaven for us.  
We will punish the Demons  
and we will avenge your death, divine Isa,  
daughter of the Serpent of Venus!

The beautiful Cainite Initiate visibly paled; however her eyes shone fiercely  
as these brave words sprang from her mouth:

-The Builder of Worlds of Illusion,  
the infamous Enlil,  
has sunk into an eternal sleep,  
while his fertilized body  
is born and reborn in everything that exists.  
He has allied himself with the Demons  
who live in Dejung,  
the city a thousand times cursed,  
the city of Horror and Deception,  
the Seventh Wall of which  
has a hidden entrance  
in the country of the yellow men.  
He has trusted the demons  
to continue his wicked work.  
And they have chained us  
and prevent us from returning to the world of Kus,  
where the palace is  
of the true God HK,  
whose Name cannot be pronounced without dying.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But even though Dejung is far away  
its Gates are everywhere.  
Seven Doors has Dejung,  
and Seven Walls surround it.  
The Demon Dolma holds the keys  
but only the mad would let Her guide them.  
How will they besiege then  
the brave Kassitas  
Dejung's fortress?  
If the demons already know  
of our holy purposes  
and if his eye is fixed on us  
from the Kampala tower?  
We will do it as our God Kus, the Lord of Venus  
taught us,  
waking up from sleep  
the miserable Enlil and forcing him  
to open the Gate of Heaven  
and to build the bridge  
on the gloomy walls  
of Dejung Kampala.  
Kassite Initiates: See all  
that Enlil has awakened!  
The God Who Sleeps is an idiot,  
likes flutes and drums,  
of dances and songs  
and that they adore His Name,  
but he also wants blood  
for he is the father of priests,  
of filthy shepherds and sacrificers.  
Only the **Pure Blood**  
will make the monster sprout  
from the depths.  
Proceed Hierophants!  
That Isa is willing  
to die in the war,  
of all, the first!  
I will travel the worlds  
where the dead watch  
demons lurk  
and the Gods wait.  
Kus will accompany me  
whom everyone respects.  
And in the name of Nimrod  
I will force the Beast  
to open the Doors  
for the sake of our deed.  
Proceed Hierophants  
that Isa is willing!

At that moment three things happened simultaneously: the Sun reached its zenith; the music stopped abruptly, flooding the ears with silence; and with an accurate stab the Hierophant took the life of the beautiful Kassita Princess. The jade knife cleanly slit her snowy neck above her two-headed collar. Two Initiates held the lifeless body as the blood fell gushing over the glittering gem and into its uterine cleft, now turned into a greedy throat. Then the most marvelous things began to happen that human eyes had contemplated since many centuries ago.

Those inside the turret could see a terrifying scene: when the blood fell, the light that emanated of the Emerald was extinguished for a moment, but then,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

like an arrow, a column of fire rose quickly from the floor of the turret enveloping the pedestal and the gem. The Princess's body lay on the ground, impossible to see under impenetrable clouds of geoplasmic vapor that, at every moment, became more dense. Yet a spectral image, with its same naked beauty, could be observed clearly next to the column of fire engaged in a kind of struggle. The fiery wonder, which at first did not exceed the thickness of an elephant's leg, was now as wide as a six-man circle. Initially it had fiercely meandered like an infernal snake, but then, when expanding, it slowly assumed the unmistakable figure of the Dragon. It was a Flaming dragon whose hideous image grew sharper every moment, in the extent to which the struggle with the ghost of Princess Isa increased.

It should be clarified that only a few minutes had elapsed since the Princess expired until the moment when the monster of fire materialized. It should be clarified because from then on everything happened too fast... or maybe the witnesses lost the notion of time.

Suddenly the jaws of that primitive beast, that Leviathan, Rahab, Behemoth, or Tehom-Tiamat let out a terrible roar, while a huge blaze swept the room consuming and charring numerous Hierophants. Only the survivors were able to observe the incredible spectacle of that beast of fire **ridden** by the dead Initiate. Princess Isa, her ghost, had climbed onto the monster's head sitting between the triangular fins of the scaled back. That bold action caused the monster to emit the infernal roar and the deadly flame. Despite such a reaction and the fierce jerks of the beast, the Princess imperturbably repeated these words:

--Spirit of Enlil, El, Yah and Il  
who fertilizes the Earth  
and who produces life  
and who deceives men  
with your false opulence  
and those illusory riches that you offer.  
God you were once on high  
but now you've fallen  
and you have become completely idiotic,  
don't chain us too  
in this infernal universe  
that you have built  
imitating the true Heaven.  
**We will leave**  
because we are already sick of you,  
of all your traps,  
and the demons that support you,  
Open the entrance to the hellish den  
where your cowardly henchmen dwell!  
I conjure you to do it  
in the name of the true God,  
father of Kus  
who you betrayed!  
By **HK!**  
I conjure you to open the door  
on behalf of **HK!**

Upon hearing this Blessed Name, the beast instantly retreated towards the floor of the turret, coiling around the column of stone and metal. His head, however, swayed menacingly without this boast affecting the presence of the spectral Initiate, who held herself firmly on its back. The Telluric Dragon showed no intention of obeying, an attitude that led the brave Princess to act drastically. Leaning down she stretched her hand making the gesture of touching her own blood in the full basin of the Hyperborean emerald. Then she said:

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*This blood that has been shed today  
and towards which you have rushed,  
Lord of all things,  
is my blood: a holy blood  
of the lineage of the Gods of Venus.  
In it **is the memory**  
of our Divine Origin  
and the true God **HK**.  
With its substance I have anointed my fingers  
and now I will trace on your forehead  
the Sign of the Origin.  
Before him there is no defense.  
I conjure you to open the Door  
Enlil, King of the Shepherds,  
by the Name of **HK**  
and the Sacred Sign!*

*The Princess quickly drew her symbol on the monster's forehead and behold, the greatest prodigy had not yet been achieved. The hideous creature of fire shot upward, like a spring, through the roof of the turret and carrying the beautiful rider on its head.*

*Those who were outside, in the corridors of the Ziggurat and around its base, were still silent because only a few minutes had passed since the music stopped and because the terrifying roars emitted by the monster, invisible for them, were enough to silence any throat. At the moment that the Princess drew the primordial Sign and the Dragon rose, a cry of horror sprouted from all mouths. Just above the turret, not far from its roof, the Heaven moved as if a cloth had been torn.*

*A black opening was now clearly visible to all those who were witnessing the strange phenomenon. And the most curious and **abnormal** thing was that the dark hole **completely hid** the Sun, despite the fact that the Sun by being much higher, **should have been seen** from some far angle. However no one saw more of the Sun, although its light continued to illuminate the midday as if it were at its zenith. It is understandable that when subjected to such intense emotions, no one worried about the fate of the Sun for, while terror had paralyzed the cowardly Habiru, the Kassites howled in fury, raising their fists to the sky. The spectacle was impressive and justified any distraction. The fire monster, after the Heaven's Gate opened, had totally transformed. At first it seemed as if the hideous head would have slipped into the gloomy opening since it was only visible a glowing cylinder, like a beam of fire, rising from the turret and going into the heights. But it soon became apparent that a metamorphosis was happening and after a few seconds a new prodigy offered itself to the bewildered view of the inhabitants of Borsippa. It first became bulbous and covered in protuberances, while changing color and staining brown; later, very quickly, the bulbs spread outward and transformed into sharp branches covered with sharp spikes and some green leaves; barely a few seconds later it was a gigantic hawthorn tree that stood tall, incredibly, on the Ziggurat of King Nimrod.*

*From the base of the Tower only part of the trunk and the superior foliage could be seen, as the top seemed to be lost inside the Gate of Heaven while the roof was hidden from view, inside the turret. But what is worth noting is that, as soon as the metamorphosis was completed, disappeared any trace of fire, energy or plasma, and the phenomenon stabilized not producing more changes. It seemed then as if the hawthorn tree had always been there... if it weren't for the sinister rip from Heaven that atrociously suggested all kinds of abnormalities and disturbances of the natural order.*

*But no one had enough time to be horrified. No sooner had **the Heaven opened** two figures ran swiftly to the last ramp, the one that led to the terrace*

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

of the turret, and, already there, they tightened the arches pointing towards the Threshold. They were Nimrod and Ninurta, the King and the brave General, the only warriors who possessed the metal cuirass and who therefore advanced first, protected by the Elite of Archers.

The King and the General pointed their bows towards the darkness of the opening trying to distinguish a target when, suddenly, two figures emerged brandishing swords. The Demons, with the appearance of "man of white race", five cubits tall, seemed to float in the air, but somehow obtained a point of support because they managed to unload their swords on the heroic archers. The blades flashed when flying through space but bounced without penetrating the armor of Nimrod and Ninurta. However the impact made them roll in a daze across the roof of the turret that served as the last terrace.

A shower of arrows then fell on the "Immortal Demons" and, although many of them bounced off their armors, many others penetrated riddling them. The wounded giants fell next to King Nimrod who quickly beheaded them, raising their huge heads before the excited crowd.

As King Nimrod did this and then threw the bloody trophy, General Ninurta, accompanied by part of the Warrior Elite, began to climb the Enlil tree that linked Heaven to Earth. For the first time in thousands of years a group of Wise Warriors was preparing to take Chang Shambhala by assault!

Please allow me, Dr. Siegnagel, to make a brief pause in the story so that I can express in a poem what goes through my Spirit when evoking the last marvelous feat of that Hyperborean people who knew what they were doing, amid a world that was pure confusion. Then I will take up the story again in the precise moment when Nimrod's warriors were preparing to invade the Threshold of the synarchic initiation.

Courageous Kassite warriors!  
His feat will eternally illuminate  
all the Hyperborean peoples  
who decide to take Heaven by storm  
and return to the primordial origin  
from whom Jehovah Satan has deprived them.  
Because They fought the Demons  
and woke up from the Great Deception.  
But so far no one has managed  
to equal the glory of Nimrod, "the Defeated."  
That's why those of us who stay here  
we must try again  
Together with Kristos Lucifer "the Envoy".  
The God of those who "lose" during the Kaly Yuga,  
and the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of man  
waiting for the appointed time  
in which twelve men  
of the purest blood  
and a Siddha  
meet at the end of the Kaly Yuga  
on American soil.  
Then the Gral will be found  
and after a thousand years of betrayals  
will drop the blindfold, waking up;  
the door will be opened again  
and Chang Shambhala with its Demons  
will be definitely annihilated.  
But so far no one has managed  
to equal the glory of Nimrod, "the Defeated."  
It is true that few tried:  
some Iberians, some Celts,  
Trojans, Achaeans, Dorians or Romans,  
many Goths and many Germans.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But no one so far has managed  
to equal the glory of Nimrod "the Defeated".  
Perhaps in Montsegur the Cathars  
or the Teutonic Knights  
of Frederick II Hohenstauffen,  
or the greatest of all,  
our Führer, with his magic Axis  
and a courageous people that by no means retrocedes;  
perhaps He as no one has looked for it.  
And thus many won the eternity  
and from this Hell they have left.  
But not definitely  
for a Final Battle will be fought  
and Nimrod will return  
Along with the great Heroes of the past.  
Odin, Wothan, and Wiracocha,  
Heracles, Indra and Quetzacoatl,  
from the Valhalla they will come singing,  
surrounded by exquisite Valkyries  
and music of the past.  
And They will raise huge Armies  
of Living, Immortal and Resurrected.  
A single virtue will be required:  
it's called **honor** and it dignifies the man  
that has awakened from Deception.  
The War will be Essential  
and the Demiurge and his hosts, defeated,  
will finally release the Eternal Spirits  
that came from Venus  
so that they return where God waits,  
in a World that has not been created.  
And leaving the Universe of Matter,  
from madness, from Evil and the Great Deception,  
those who return will sing in chorus  
the feats of Nimrod, "the Defeated"!

I will now continue with the story. The Enlil tree possessed widely spaced branches and straight lines, which were actually huge spikes, so they could be climbed as if it was a gigantic ladder. This is exactly what the brave Kassites did preparing to climb the tree and lay siege to the "Heaven's Gate". As soon as General Ninurta and fifty warriors had climbed enough they found that they were in front of the entrance to a cavern, or at its image. They leaped boldly from the tree, not yet knowing if they could make their feet in the mysterious world they entered through the "Gate of Heaven", and found themselves in a clearly rocky ground. Some turned to look and saw the tree that was lost in unfathomable heights; and also the edge of an abyss, a few elbows from where they stood, by which it was distinguished, many feet away: the roof of the turret from which the gigantic trunk emerged; the Ziggurat; the people's men gathered around; and the walled perimeter of the city of Borsippa. Contrasting with the intense light outside, where it was still noon, a soft gloom reigned in that place. Yet there was enough light to distinguish the details of the sinister cavern: there were seven stone steps and, from the last one, a passage that was lost in the distance. But upon the entrance, following the curve of its arch, seven triangular banners were nailed. Each one had written the same legend, in as many different languages. In their own Kassite language they could read:

Don't dare to put your feet on this **threshold**  
if before you have not died to the passions  
and to the temptations of the World.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Here you only come to be reborn  
as Initiates in the White Fraternity,  
but to get such a privilege  
it is necessary to die first.  
Adepts: if you are still alive,  
if the flame of the primordial desire  
still burns in your hearts,  
if you keep the **memory**  
and feed the **purpose**,  
then run away, while you have time!

Obviously it was a strategic maneuver. The legend, apparently intended for presumed initiation followers, was aimed at disconcerting and provoking doubt in the intruders. However, far from achieving these objectives, the message drew instant laughter from the Kassite warriors.

Nimrod and Ninurta were already climbing up the hawthorn tree, followed by another squad of archers. Soon they were reunited and as nothing happened they prepared to enter the infernal cavern.

-Isa, Isa! King Nimrod began to shout, alarmed by the absence of the Initiate whom no one had seen since the Dragon rise to Heaven. At that moment someone noticed that the banners had erased their tempting message and rewritten themselves, persisting in that tactic of addressing warriors with deceptively spiritual words:

-Kassite travelers,  
in this place will only find madness  
who does not have a just Heart  
and a sweet and devoted Soul  
able to worship the Great Architect of the Universe  
and serve him in his Great Work.  
You do not fully possess these virtues.  
However, you are fortunate, Kassites!  
Though mistaken in your **purpose**  
having known how to get here favors you  
and that is why we will make you an offer  
**for this one time, now and forever:**  
we offer you to serve, together with Us,  
to The One, Lord of the Great Breath,  
Creator of the Earth, the Sky and the Stars,  
of countless Worlds like this,  
and other so strange and subtle **lokas**  
that are inconceivable to any mortal.  
You are brave and pure, Kassites,  
but you have been deceived by the Demon Kus  
who showed you a non-existent Paradise.  
You must abandon him, and accept the Plan of The One.  
We now offer you to **pass the tests**  
and serve the One God at Our side.  
Think about it Kassites,  
you have killed two of our **Hiwa Anakim**  
the Holy Guardians of the Threshold  
and that is a serious fault for which you must purge.  
However we still offer you to serve,  
in the ranks of the Fraternity, to the only God.  
If you decide now, if you accept the deal,  
you must leave your weapons on the Threshold  
and strip yourselves of all aggressive intentions,  
**and of the cursed signs that you carry.**  
Do it soon Kassites!



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

because it is a unique opportunity that we give you.  
Do it and you will be able to cross safely  
the hallway before you.  
But keep in mind that you must cross it  
with repentance in the Soul  
because immediately you will arrive at a Very Holy place  
called 'The Temple of Sapience',  
where you will be Initiated into the Mysteries of The One.

Nimrod and Ninurta looked at each other hesitantly; they expected to find enemies trained for combat but there was only stupid magic there. The banners, with the words that have been seen, had mysteriously attracted the attention of the Kassites. Among the warriors, some could not read, but strangely, the message reached their minds just the same. And, although they did not understand many of the concepts used, they **knew** perfectly well that they were trying to **buy** them, once they were made an **offer**; bribe them to give up the fight and surrender without fighting. The Kassites defeated, disarmed with "words"? And what would be the price charged for such a cowardly surrender? Nothing less than serving the hated Enlil... A murmur rose from the Warrior Elite: they were trying to deceive them, and apart from that, his God Kus had been insulted. The blood boiled in the veins of the heroic Kassites. But the message continued:

If you accept our generous offer  
you will become the **Warriors of the Rose**,  
you will learn the **Doctrine of the Heart**  
and, thanks to this Wisdom,  
you will discover in your own Heart  
Him, That by whom you are everything,  
the Ancient of Days,  
the Lord of the Eternal Summers,  
the Kumara Sanat.  
If you accept, you will always fight for Him  
and for his Chosen Habiru People,  
whose seed is very close to you.  
If you accept you will return to the world  
as Adept Initiates  
in the Mystery of the **Kalachakra**  
the most powerful Science on Earth.  
And thanks to its secrets  
you will be the strongest men,  
there will be no enemies that can confront you.  
You will be respected magicians,  
Victorious generals,  
Invincible kings,  
very rich men,  
depositories of a Power  
like never seen.  
You will share the glory of reigning in the World  
Along with the **lineage chosen by Him**  
in the not-too-distant day when Him,  
as **YHVH**-Sebaoth  
will appear before numerous peoples,  
worshippers of Matter,  
and will lead them with a firm arm  
from the Synarchy of his Power...

-Nooo! Nimrod's voice boomed like thunder. Don't look at the damn banner! His voice is outside, in the World of Deception. What does your Pure Blood say to you, Kassite warriors? Didn't we learn from Kus the Hyperborean that they

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

would try to buy our weapons? And didn't Kus tell us, back in our distant mountains, that yielding to the Devils would be our end?

He drew his sword and with one swift movement he inflicted himself a wound in the left hand.

-Listen, he continued, I, Nimrod, who has led you victoriously in a thousand battles, I tell you that we must fight to the death these vile Demons who dare not face us. I tell you that they lie and that with their promises only seek to lose us --he raised his hand, from which flowed abundant blood- Here is my blood, which is the purest in the world! With her I will trace the **HK** Sign on this infernal banner and then we will go in to kill the Demons. Our Sign is invincible!

With his right thumb, drenched in blood, he drew the Sign of the Origin and instantly it seemed as if a fire consumed the seven enchanted triangles.

-Let's kill the Demons! --all the warriors shouted in chorus.

However, they were unable to enter the tunnel. The remains of the banners were still smoking on the floor when the Demons of Shambhala, who secretly observed the reaction of the Kassites, prepared to use one of their terrible Atlantean weapons: the "OM cannon". First it was a soft sound, penetrating and sharp, like the song of the cicada. Then it started to rise in tone and volume until it became unbearable.

-Isa, Isa! Nimrod and Ninurta shouted as a duo. Indeed, descending from above by the thorns of the Enlil tree, was in sight the specter of the Kassite Princess. She was staring at them and seemed to speak energetically but, at first, nobody heard anything, because the monosyllable of El issued intensely stunned almost everyone. However, it was impressive the faith that the Kassites felt for the Initiate of Kus and perhaps this confidence made them hear soon, or think they hear, her instructions.

-Get behind Nimrod and Ninurta! Gaze fixedly at the Sign of **HK** that they have engraved on their backs and let the Voice of the blood flow through you. Its rumor will extinguish anything that disturbs you. And you, brave Chiefs: you have a powerful weapon; you will see that it protects you. Look at me and trust me, your pain will soon cease.

Leaping up to the King and the General the Initiate put her hands on the heads of those Heroes producing the exaltation of a kind of aura shining around their bodies. This operation produced obvious relief because a second later they were both cursing, though they still couldn't hear their own oaths.

While in Heaven the events that I have just narrated were taking place, below, next to the Ziggurat, the rest of the people lived curious experiences. When Nimrod threw the heads of the Demons the commotion was very great and a short time later they hung strung on spears. These heads were quite larger than those of a normal man, although they did not double them in volume. Long blond hair framed a square face with eyes ragged and black and huge hooked nose. The mouth was full-lipped, detail that was perfectly appreciated since the Demons lacked beards.

The pikes were driven before the image of Kus while the Initiates transported the enormous bodies to proceed, before the God of the Race, to rip out the hearts of the Demons. An Initiate made the opening in the white chest and extracted the heart, which was curiously on the right side. She then removed the organ from the other Demon and raised the bloody entrails in her hands for the people to see. And here an umpteenth prodigy happened because, at the contact with air, the hearts were transformed into flowers, with the consequent terror on the part of the crowd composed of men and children. They were **two red roses** with a piece of prickly stem each, but no one recognized them as such because roses did not yet exist on earth, and these were probably the first to be seen by human eyes since the sinking of the last Atlantis. The Initiate contemptuously threw them at the feet of Kus and they all returned to the Ziggurat where, on that endless noon, stood the gigantic hawthorn tree.

The Elite of two hundred archers had already climbed the Enlil thorn tree and penetrated into the black opening. Around the Ziggurat the rest of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Kassite Army: infantry, sappers, spearmen and auxiliaries, and numerous non-Elite archers. There were also several squads of warriors from other cities who had come to Borsippa as escorts of Ambassadors and Nobles. And they all raised their fists to Heaven and shouted: Kus, Nimrod; Kus, Nimrod! -- encouraging him, now, invisible King and intimately wishing to receive the order to climb the hawthorn to collaborate in the struggle. Several Princes and Military Leaders were with the troops, but no one would have dared to give any orders without first receiving signs from Nimrod or from Ninurta.

Accompanying the shouting of the troops was a chorus of women and children, who made up the rest of the people. But the Habiru shepherds, of course, continued in fear, invoking in a low voice to Yah, El, Il, Enlil, their beloved Demiurge. And the Initiates, who timidly first, and then with some urgency, had climbed to the upper turret to inquire about the fate of the Hierophants, verified that all had perished. And that's why they cried out loud and cursed the sinister thorn tree. For the Initiates who did not die when the terrible tongue of fire scorched the turret were now strung in thick and long spikes that covered the entirety of the blue enclosure. The Kassite people had lost its Elite of Cainite Initiates; its luck was now only in the hands of King Nimrod!

But then, the sound of the OM cannon began to invade the realm of the city and soon it became so unbearable that many fell to the ground fainting in pain. A new cloud of geoplasmic vapor, now gushing out from the soil of Borsippa, spread rapidly. The mist rose to a height equal to half a man and covered those who collapsed senselessly. The first to roll, almost instantly, were the Habiru; men and women; children and the elderly; they all fell on the spot, struck down by the penetrating sound. And then occurred, perhaps, the penultimate great phenomenon of that glorious day.

Suddenly, as mysteriously as it had formed, the mist began to dissipate exposing numerous men and women who lay lying on the ground or trying to get up. But the wonder was that the Habiru, **in their entirety**, had disappeared. And the devilish sound, the monosyllable of El, also ceased at that time.

The Kassites, when verifying that the Habiru were not in sight, thought they had fled since many of them were their slaves or servants and this presumption increased their fury. But the Habiru had not fled: all their community experienced the selective effects of the OM cannon whose sound, conveniently tuned, has the property of producing teleportation. In different places, many miles apart, the shepherds "met" upon regaining consciousness and although at first they cursed Nimrod and his "magic", attributing to him the guilt of their involuntary trips, having news of Borsippa's fate, they thanked their God Yah for having saved them. Many awoke in Nineveh or Assur, but others were to end up as far away as Ishbak, Peleg, Serug, Tadmor or Sinear. In fact, many families took years to reunite, separated by distances of two or three hundred miles, which helped to spread, in a distorted way, Nimrod's feat in the Middle East. By the way, in Borsippa, an archer leaned out of the black opening in the sky and shouted:

-Warriors, on the attack! Nimrod wins!

This call was longed for by the Kassite people and caused that, an instant later, thousands of warriors rushed to the assault of Heaven.

### Fifty-Fourth Day

When Nimrod and Ninurta became convinced that the sonic beam OM could not stand against them they prepared to invade the Threshold. The corridor was wide enough so that they could advance five at a time, which they did on the run. In front was the ghostly figure of Princess Isa, followed by Nimrod, Ninurta, and the rest of the archers, minus a dozen who stood on guard at the entrance. That cavern, built in order to frighten the aspiring to serve the Demiurge, had its walls covered with monstrous bas-reliefs and mysterious and impious legends. There also existed side doors that led to

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

certain "chambers" where the Demon Dolma usually appears in her lascivious nudity, surrounded by a court of prostitute Priestesses. She is in charge of "guiding" and "bewitching" the followers who ignore the dangers of sexual magic.

These and many other hallucinatory traps, intended to confuse and submit the will of the naive aspirants who usually venture across the Threshold, were mounted, lurking, in all the endless length of the sinister corridor. But none of such tricks could stop those who were beyond the senses; those who only heard the Voice of the Pure Blood; whose determination had led them to fight to Heaven.

The Kassite vanguard had traveled a length of two stadiums when the tunnel abruptly concluded giving rise to three rooms, one after the other, in whose entrances large inscriptions in various languages allowed to know that they were in the "Temple of the Ignorance and the Learning" or in the "Temple of the Fraternity" or in the "Temple of the Sapience". The first room was empty, except for an altar with the hated symbols of Enlil. The second had two altars and two huge basalt columns at its entrance. The third boasted a sumptuous altar with a coffin and, engravings on the walls and ceilings, the most obscene and cursed symbols that no one could conceive without to losing the mind. And in all the rooms there were rich carpets and tapestries covering floors and walls; and aromatic incense that permeated the space, softly lit by several oil lamps. The three rooms, so curiously decorated, were undoubtedly an unusual spectacle for those brave men who minutes before were in a humble desert city. However, these strange environments could not be duly appreciated by the Kassites for the fight began so soon as they entered the first room. There a group of the "Guardians of the Threshold", **Hiwa Anakim**, similar to those that Nimrod beheaded moments before, closed the way.

Despite having a fierce appearance, and being quite large in size, those black magic carbuncles are not very effective in fighting. They have been born of the copulation between the Traitor Gods and the female animal man in the Sabbath ceremony, which is very ancient, from the time when those practices destroyed Atlantis. Many thousands of such demonic beings live in Chang Shambhala (or Kampala or Dejung, etc.), they are total imbeciles and serve in the "Armies" of the Great White Fraternity. However, there are people more imbeciles than the **Hiwa Anakim**: they are those who, when they see them, take them for "Angels" or "aliens".

The Guardians surrounded a bald, half-naked old man of yellow race, which looked like an inhabitant of the distant Kuen Luen Mountains. He had in his hands a **Dordje** or Scepter of Power, that is, a very powerful transducer that allows to operate as a "key" or "trigger" in all the large resonant machinery that is the material Universe. The Scepter, a rod with a spherical head of stone, emitted a red ray that struck the chest of General Ninurta throwing him fulminated down on the floor. But the Enemy had no time to rejoice at this blow as a accurate arrow pierced the heart of the yellow Demon causing, such an extraordinary response, great confusion among the Hiwa Anakim. Now the clash became inevitable; while some Demons dragged the corpse of the old man to the "Learning Classroom", others went, sword in hand, towards the Kassite warriors. A rain of magic arrows fell upon them, but in such a small environment the distance soon shortened and it was necessary to fight hand to hand. Several riddled Demons had already fallen and some were not long in following them by the effect of the Kassite swords. Nimrod opened a clearing between the attackers and, followed by his squad, moved into the next room. There the fight became fierce and it became clear that the number of Demons was high.

But Nimrod was fired up. He had distinguished, through the second room, a resplendent character, who was leading the attack. He peeked out at times to the Temple of the Sapience from a door that seemed to lead to a large courtyard, but after shouting orders he moved aside to make way for other clumsy Hiwa Anakim. He was a Nephilim, one of the "Traitor Gods", but Nimrod, impressed by his Divine aspect and his great white wings, took him for Enlil

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

himself. He carefully aimed and fired when the image of the Nephilim was drawn on the door. The arrow made a gentle curve in space and struck directly in the Demon's chest, bouncing as if it had struck against a rock.

-Dog Nimrod! -cried the Nephilim, his face disfigured by hatred. Is this how you respond to our offer? Now you will die, you and all yours. They will be the prey of our Hiwa Anakim who, by the way, have a good appetite.

With that said he turned away from the door, while a crowd of Demons stormed towards Nimrod as he watched in horror as many Hiwa Anakim devoted themselves to fiercely devouring the fallen warriors. This vision elicited a cry of horror from the Kassite King and while his sword kept off the attackers, he observed that the casualties were terrible among his Elite of archers. That was the moment when he gave the order to seek reinforcements. A few moments later thousands of warriors stormed the cursed Temples of the synarchic initiation.

Soon the Hiwa Anakim were overwhelmed and Nimrod had time to gather his surviving archers. Less than half remained but the reinforcements arrived were impressive, to the extent that they threatened to saturate the three Temples that had already been taken. An exit had to be tried towards the outer courtyard. Nimrod spied through the door where he saw the Nephilim and found that it lead to the courtyard of a huge palace, in the middle of a cyclopean city. A breathtaking stage.

The thing is that they were in the heart of Chang Shambhala, very close to the Palace of the King of the World. The spell of the Cainite Initiates had been so effective, supported, of course, by the Mystery of the Pure Blood, that the Serpent of Fire had leveled the Seven Walls for them. The Synarchic Initiation Tunnel traverses them, so that the Demiurge's disciples can reach the Mastery of Wisdom. But it is convenient that I make a few clarifications. Despite all that the Cainite Initiates and Nimrod have been seen to do, it is not magic the key to reach Chang Shambhala, but Strategy. It would be worthless if someone could "open the door" if his Spirit is found dogmatized or is the victim of any of the psychological tactics the White Fraternity employs to achieve the Universal Synarchy. That's why Nimrod's **real feat was to traverse the tunnel and the three Temples** with weapons in hand, what speaks, and will speak forever, of the Purest Blood of the Earth. Because those places **are the most powerful deception chambers that exist in the world**. Nothing can match them, not drug treatments that can be used by the Secret Services of the West, completed with hypnosis, or any other "psychic programming" system. Who end up there, people useful to the Synarchy, Heads of State, religious, Kings, rich and influential people, CEOs of corporations, etc., "return completely bewitched, ready to work hard to fulfill their mission". They are the "Initiates" of the Synarchy, they have "died" and "been born again"; but what has actually died in them is the Spirit, the Memory of the Blood, that now, plunged into a total **strategic confusion**, they will never **feel** anymore.

In the courtyard outside the Temple of the Sapience, where the brave Kassites had entrenched, a whole legion of Hiwa Anakim sword in hand and several squads of Sheidim, the earthy-skinned dwarves, waited restless. These huge-headed dwarves are the product of the ritual copulation between men and certain animals, during the orgies of Atlantean black magic. Transported en masse to Chang Shambhala, after the hecatomb, they inhabit gloomy caverns and perform all sorts of tasks for the "Masters". Lately they have been "rediscovered" in the West as escorts of the crews of U.F.O.s, but, in truth, it is a millennial terrestrial species. They master a paralyzing antipersonnel weapon that feels cold and it can cause fainting but is not life threatening. They are aggressive and are fearful if you do not know them and do not have the necessary knowledge to neutralize them. But when the odds are stacked against them they are cowards and flee in disbandment. They are fierce carnivores but they do not like human flesh like the fierce Hiwa Anakim. They are responsible for the theft of cattle, mutilations of animals and blood suction, just as the Hiwa Anakim usually lose their fast with unsuspecting citizens who never "appear" again.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The view of the outer courtyard couldn't be scarier, but Nimrod wished to face the cowardly Nephilim and avenge the horrific casualties among his men by the cannibalistic giants. For this he drew a simple Strategy. He would send the infantry in horde followed by a vanguard of spearmen. Behind would be the Elite of archers protecting the rear and permanently shooting at the safest targets. In the confusion Nimrod would try to reach the Nephilim.

The Emin Nephilim whose name was **Kokabiel**, one of the two hundred Traitor Gods who came from Venus, followed the Path of the Right Hand and founded the White Fraternity or Hidden Hierarchy of the Earth, was leading his nightmare hosts shielded behind a huge water fountain. His appearance was dazzling as these Demons are proud and take pleasure in showing a beautiful appearance, vainly trying to compete with Kristos Lucifer, Lord of the Uncreated Beauty.

Nimrod gave the order to attack and a horde of Kassite warriors rushed into the tight formation of the Demons. The dwarves shot their "belt" weapons and produced some stumbling among the first warriors, but it was soon seen that the momentum they carried would make it impossible to stop them like that. Dozens of arrows began to rain as the two vanguards collided, generating a tremendous skirmish. In that moment Nimrod, who had apparently headed the other way, fell of two jumps on Kokabiel trying to cut his throat with a sharp Jade dagger. That weapon, from China, had been recommended by Isa as very effective to bring down the Demons.

Rolling in a deadly embrace two Hyperborean enemies, the white Nimrod and the tenebrous Kokabiel, played their immortal and illusory lives trying to stab each other. It was something that had not been seen since 8,000 years ago.

But their bodies belonged to two different Races. Kokabiel was huge, almost twice the size of the valiant Nimrod, and that physical advantage, added to his hate that constituted an almost palpable, burning energy, put in trouble the Kassite King.

-Die, Dog Nimrod! -the Nephilim shouted as he pressed the neck of the Kassite King, caught in a deadly wrestling hold.

-Die and return to the infernal world of mortal humans! --the bones of the unfortunate King began to creak.

-You imbecile Nimrod! Did you want to conquer Heaven? The punishment will be terrible. We will chain you in such a way that you will return to mineral consciousness or, still worse, to the elemental world of the etheric larvae. And it will take you millennia to remove the Wheel of Karma, damn Nimrod. And with your people we will make a definitive example. It will be wiped off the face of the Earth! But your defeat will be always remembered by the Habiru lineage of YHVH. --Crack! sounded gloomily Nimrod's spine when breaking.

Ha, Ha, Ha, --Kokabiel laughed cynically--. Yes, that name suits you: "Nimrod, the Defeated". So you will be remembered, dog Nimrod. Ha, Ha, Ha. **Ahhaha!** -The Nephilim howled horribly when he realized that the jade knife had penetrated up to the hilt at his waist.

Throughout the fight Nimrod had tried to sink the weapon but it slipped on the electrostatic shell with mineral precipitation that protected him. At last, when he felt himself dying, he spread his conscience in the Blood, in the Hyperborean manner, and he let the last effort of his arm be guided by the primordial impulses. And then his hand, dreadfully armed, shot up directly to a point on the Nephilim's waist, just above the liver, where a chakra vortex created a weak point in the armor.

Now Kokabiel was dead, and would never live in this Universe again, such is the mystery that the Nephilim Demons from Chang Shambhala try to hide. But Nimrod agonized beside the gigantic corpse...

When Kokabiel fell, a sudden bewilderment was generated among the demonic hosts. Yet the voices of other cowardly Nephilim incited them to fight without backing down. The slaughter was terrible and the blood already covered much of the courtyard, strewn with hundreds of corpses. A squad of sappers began to set ablaze the adjacent corridors and soon the Palace was

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

burning, which was evidently evacuated. Amid the confusion, some warriors sat the archer king against the rumbling fountain and saw him smile as the twinkling of ravenous tongues of fire cast dancing shadows across his face. They also saw him speak to the spectre of Isa. Some were even able to hear with clarity what they said:

-Oh, Isa. Where have you been Princess?

-Far away, Courageous Nimrod, the dead Initiate replied. The monster of fire Enlil transported me out of the terrestrial world, to the House of his Master Shamash, the Sun. There I saw a City of Fire, with the most infernal Demons that no one can imagine. There were eleven "Gods" like Enlil. And one, oh Nimrod, who cannot be described by any mortal without risking losing his sanity. The scariest and most abominable monster imaginable in an eternity of madness. And he dwelt in Shamash! And all, Oh Nimrod, everything that exists, everything we saw here, in this Hell, and in many other worlds that the monster crossed, everything was alive, throbbing, and it was part of Him!

But you must rejoice, O Nimrod, because not even He could stand against the primordial sign of HK. --Become a tree! -Shamash ordered the Dragon Enlil- and confuse in the primordial gnosis of your fruits that **Sign** that reminds us of the **Unknowable!**

-Suddenly, intrepid Nimrod, I found myself at the top of a hawthorn tree, an Apple tree, a Rose bush, an Almond tree, a tree that was all at once, a tree whose fruits contained the Secret of the Serpent, the Wisdom of the Creator Enlil, the Knowledge that the Demons take care of because it is the inheritance of the animal men and the Peoples Chosen by Him. That tree hung from black abysses and it went as far as Shamash. I began to descend and many hellish creatures stalked me, but they all fled when they saw that I was carrying the Sign. I was very worried because I had to fulfill the mission of finding the Path of the Return to the Origin, as it was entrusted to us by the Cainite Sages. All the hope of the Race was placed on me and I could not fail. And to top it all off I perceived the Voice of Shamash that spoke to the **Dog of Heaven** and said:

-Oh Sirius! Oh Zion! Oh Divine Can! Your never tainted Face must contemplate how the followers of Kristos Lucifer, the envoy of the Unknowable, rise up against the Plan of The One, defy cosmic laws and seek to leave the Universe of the Suns. Will we, the Architects of All the Worlds, allow the **slave Spirits** to free themselves from the yoke of cycles, of the manvantaras and pralayas? Answer, Oh You, who lives in the Peace of The One. Tell us if we can accept that the anointed Lucifer, the Kristos, reveals the Mystery of the Vril to the Spirits tied to the evolution of our Holy Wills. Well behold, The Envoy has taken up residence in our Mansion, and from there encourages the Redemption of the Pure Blood. He illuminates the insides of men with a **new Sun that nobody sees**, a Black Sun that reminds the Divine Origin of the Spirit and awakens the Nostalgia for the Return. Will we allow this abomination, Oh Sirius? If they discover the way back to the Uncreated Worlds, what will become of our planetary chains, entrusted to the doubtful development of the monads? We must stop it! Oh Sirius-Zion, Shepherd Dog One who cares of the Cosmic Flock, sink your teeth into the Redemptive Serpent and release us from the threat of the spiritual liberation so that it may continue eternally the **slavery of those who are similar to the Unknowable without knowing what they are!**

-Oh Nimrod, fear not! -exclaimed the Princess when she saw that the face of the dying Kassite King was darkening. We have triumphed, Oh You, the victor of Kokabiel! As the Demons made their blasphemous voices heard all over the world I was trying to fulfill the mission of the Race and find the Path of Return. For this I concentrated my attention on the Black Sun, since that is the only way of preserving the **strategic advantage** gained by blood purity, when a very vivid light departed from behind that Racial Center. It was a **green ray**, of an ineffable purity, that crossed the Uncreated Center and revealed, for our Race, the Original Door of the Lost Mansions. Oh Nimrod, in an instant everything became clear, all confusion dissipated! I could no longer lose myself because now I knew that we had never lost our way, nor

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

confused, nor sinned, nor fallen. We had never even moved. Oh, Nimrod! As the entirety of the Great Deception dissipated, I was certain that we would not have to go back because we were there without knowing it. We have conquered the Freedom of the Spirit, Brave Nimrod! **And the absolute possibility of being our own creation, of being the womb of our own birth. It is the Will of the Incognizable, Divine Nimrod, that we can do it all!**

Princess Isa spoke the last words, accompanying the final sigh of the Hyperborean King: -He already possessed the Secret of the Return when he descended from the hawthorn, when I saw you at the entrance to the infamous initiatory cavern, but it was good to give proof of the purity achieved by the lineage of Kus that the Final Battle between the Kassites of Nimrod and the Demons of Chang Shambhala will be fought. So that the racial memory of the men still in chains may endure the memory of this feat and is evoked at the end of the Age of the Fish, when the Thirteen Gods recover the Crown of Lucifer and definitely awaken the Hyperborean peoples. Then Chang Shambhala will fall with its Demons, and in an endless Holocaust of Fire will succumb the cursed work of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan.

Nimrod lay dead on Chang Shambhala. Next to him, with a grimace of unspeakable horror on his contorted face, was the corpse of the Nephilim Kokabiel, who had been a Master of Sorcerers and Magicians. His Science had turned out useless in the face of the tenacious decision of the pure Kassites and this failure showed that for man, transmuted into Man of Stone, it is always possible to fight against the Demons and win. Of course that spiritual victory can be also a defeat, if it is measured with the rod of the animal man. Because, in fact, it is considered as "defeat" any victory that does not entail a material success verifiable with the moral standards of the "synarchized" societies. For the morality of a society is a function of its Culture and, it has already been seen, "Culture is a strategic weapon" for the Synarchy. That's why those who fight against the satanic forces, the awakened men, will always be branded as "defeated". And that is why the Great Being that illuminates the Inner Path of men, Kristos Lucifer, is called the God of the Losers: because all his followers always "lose" during the Kaly Yuga.

Thus lay Nimrod, the Defeated, dead on Chang Shambhala. His braves Kassites had been completely exterminated in a vast area of the Cursed City, as far as their warrior fury led them. In the reverberating light of the last fires could be seen the frightful ossuary into which they became the Temples and courtyards. The first Palace, called "Mansion of the Manus", where the annals of the Root Races were deposited and which was used by the Masters of Wisdom to train their envoys, was reduced to ashes. A huge Monastery and several shrines dedicated to "minor deities", always destined to train "envoys" or to deceive them tactically, also suffered the effects of fire. Compared to these important losses, the resistance offered by the Demons had been minimal. Only the vile Kokabiel and the Chinese Master who used the Dordje risked their skins, merely sending legions of Hiwa Anakim giants and Sheidim dwarves against the Kassite warriors. As it would be said now, they used a "tactical mass" composed of "robots" or "androids". The thing is that **they cannot risk their lives as they are very few**. Millions of years ago there were two hundred. Nimrod killed one... Surely it is hard to believe that so few are capable of so much. But it must be thought that They have the "support" of thousands of "Masters", that is of animal men "Initiates", Souls of superior evolutionary degree, and they count with the **strategic control of the planetary consciousness**.

That interminable "noon" remained unchanged throughout the entire Battle of Nimrod and its approximate extension can be considered as about twelve hours. At the time when the Kassite King expired and the fight was extinguished at Chang Shambhala, the last prodigy shook Borsippa. They had already gone up to Heaven all the available warriors, more than four thousand, including some visitors, and the city looked strange then. With that crowd composed mostly of women and children who did not stop shouting, their protests overlapping against a background of warrior music played by the Cainite Initiates. And that imposing tower, standing up to Heaven in open



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

challenge. And that hawthorn tree at its top, that pinkish tree that symbolizes the sublimation of matter on the part of Him and his fitting into the Cosmic Hierarchies whose supreme ruler is the one who calls himself "One". And that endless noon, without the image of Shamash... Truth is Borsippa featured a weird look on its last day!

There were no more slaves in Borsippa; Yah's lineage, Abram's blood, the Habiru shepherds, would be saved. But there were no cowards to run away either when the **silver lentil** appeared in the sky. All were speechless with amazement as the great **silver eye** emerged from a suspicious cloud. And all died in their positions when the atomic beam struck the Tower of Nimrod. The heat developed was so tremendous that the sand melted and it dripped like water. A deadly hurricane, an expansive circle of fire, set out from Borsippa killing any living being within ten miles.

Another of the Atlantean tactical weapons was used, thus fulfilling the pray that Enlil and Shamash would make to the Dog of Heaven, Sirius-Zion, and that Princess Isa would witness. And once the attack was complete, the silver lentil disappeared from all physical sight to return to the **center** where it had been **projected**, in Chang Shambhala.

As the smoke cleared, only a seventh part of the Tower of Nimrod remained standing; Shamash continued its journey to the West and the hawthorn tree and the Heaven's Gate no longer existed. The nightmare was over; the Threshold was at except to continue rendering their services to the synarchical initiations and the Sons of the Midnight Sun had failed again.

Only the racial memory of Nimrod's great feat and the charred remnants of his Tower, such as can still be seen today in the Tower of Borsippa, with the sand vitrified by nuclear heat still adhering, after millennia, to its walls. And they would also endure the calumnies invented by the Habiru shepherds and collected by the Arab and Jewish tradition. In the Talmud and in various Rabbinic writings can be read, conveniently altered, part of this story. The Tower of Nimrod is mentioned there "from which its archers shot arrows to Heaven", the "Luciferic pride" of the Kassite King, his Tower "confused" with that of Babel, etc. Clay tablets have also been found engraved in cuneiform script, which more objectively tell the facts, and numerous Kudurru, engraved stones that used to be placed in Temples or as territorial limits, with references to the feat of Nimrod.

Perhaps of all the falsifications made around this Hyperborean feat, the most insidious is the reference by H.P. Blavatsky in the Secret Doctrine, where it is written that "an elite of Assyrio-Babylonian priests discovered the escape from the Plan of Evolution of the Solar Logos and abandoned the Planetary Chain, together with their people, towards the 'stars', where they **continue their evolution**". In other words, the aforementioned Synarchy agent intends to capitalize on Nimrod's feat **in favor of the synarchic theories**.

The rest of the Kassite people continued to dominate for a time but finally merged with their Hittite cousins because, it has already been said, "a Race that loses its Cainite Initiates is a dying Race" and, together with Nimrod, they had parted forever the Elite of Cainite Initiates. However the Hittite expansion led to re-inhabit Borsippa again, which was partly rebuilt, but no one dared to touch the ruins of the terrible Tower.

In Chang Shambhala the story of Nimrod is always present and with the purpose of avoiding future attempts of this type is that many 'envoys' have been busy for centuries removing evidence about it and confusing about the tactical methodology used in the attack. Bera and Birsha have been two of the Immortals of the White Fraternity who have worked the most in this regard. However, several Hyperborean peoples imitated, to a greater or lesser extent, the feat of Nimrod: one of them was the Viking people of Greenland, who "opened the Door", later closed by Quiblon-Columbus. Another, more recent, is the German people of the Third Reich who had the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Elite of Cainite initiates of the Black Order **44**, the Führer of Germany was thus able, with prospects of success, to undertake again the collective mutation of the Race and attempt the conquest of Heaven. **But the results of this new**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*Hyperborean feat will surely appear, to those who are under the effects of the Synarchic Magic, as a "defeat".*

To conclude this summary of the history of Nimrod I will say that the Kassite King, his brave General Ninurta, his Initiates, and all the people who died in Borsippa, undertook the definitive Return to the Origin guided by the indomitable Princess Isa.

Meanwhile the idiot Hiwa Anakim Demons devoured their bodies in Chang Shambhala and the King of the World uttered his evening Prayer, delayed twelve hours that day by the indelible feat of Nimrod.

In a Museum of La Plata, in Buenos Aires, is the famous Kudurru of Kashshu, discovered in Susa, where it was part of the spoils of the Elomite King Shutruk-Nakhunte from the 12th century B.C. On it is engraved the regal figure of Nimrod **stepping on the Moon and the Sun**, and with an eight-pointed star, symbol of the planet Venus, over his head. Next to him, a Ziggurat, reminds of his famous Tower. Below this image are two columns of cuneiform writing in the Hittite language where the death of the King is mentioned and it is warned that no one should forget his feat. I will transcribe part of that text according to the scholarly version of Professor Ramirez of the University of Salta, universally considered as the most exact:

### The Death of Nimrod

From a famous tower  
whose ruins are here  
King Nimrod to Heaven has departed.  
One day he will return!  
But he has not gone  
to the Gods to kneel down.  
With the bow stretched he has climbed  
willing to kill.  
His arrows have wounded Shamash  
but he soon has managed to heal.  
But Nimrod is gone  
though he will one day return.  
A Goddess guides him,  
Isa is her name,  
she is the same Ishtar,  
and a people accompanies him,  
they are the brave Kassites  
who will fight alongside him.  
For Nimrod has departed  
and with us he no longer is  
although the legends say  
that one day he will return  
with his bow stretched  
willing to kill.

### Fifty-Fifth Day

Much like King Nimrod's Kassites, behaved the Vikings of Greenland in the fourteenth century, Dr. Siegnagel. That was why the Demons of Chang Shambhala sent Quiblon there in the year 1477, to close the Thule gate that they had opened. Back to Lisbon, after successfully completing his mission, Quiblon prepares for the next big step: *navigating towards the West, in the direction of the Gates of Earthly Paradise and K'Taagar. The first he should open and hide it so that it was only employed by members of the Chosen People and their allies, the Golen. The second, "another door of Thule", should be closed permanently: the Gate of K'Taagar, or of Agartha, was the same that*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*the White Atlanteans reached thousands of years ago marching Eastwards and that on medieval maps was listed as "Country of Catigara", the Kingdom of the Great Khan or the Prester John; that "Land of Catigara", would now be attacked inversely from the West, and its entrance sealed with the Cabalistic use of the Sefirot. After the Quiblon mission, Catigara would disappear forever from Western Culture. Or what is the same, K'Taagar would disappear: the House of Tharsis had, then, the days numbered to perceive the Lithic Sign in the Stone of Venus and leave for the Abode of the Liberator Gods.*

About the Gates of K'Taagar, located in the Extreme West, I will tell you that there were four "open" in the Quiblon Epoch: three in America and one in the Antarctica. Of the three Americans, Quiblon only managed to close the Center Gate, the most direct and the one taken by the White Atlanteans, which was located in the Bermuda Triangle. The one in the North was later sought unsuccessfully by members of the Chosen People, but could never be found, as the Redskins, the custodial Race, were in charge of hiding it and protected it very well. The same happened with the Southern Gate, guarded by the Inga Atimurunas, who employed Lithic Wisdom in order to prevent the Golen from finding it. And the Antarctic, ignored for centuries by the Enemy, would only be used in the 20th century by the Black Order 44 to drive the Führer to the Abode of the Loyal Gods of the Spirit of man.

The Duke of Medinacelli, Don Luis de la Cerda, was, in addition to a direct descendant of King Alfonso X, the Wise, a faithful Initiate of the White Fraternity. Quiblon stayed in his Castle in 1484, when he definitely left Portugal to settle in Spain and carry out the most important mission of his life: receiving the Word of Metatron, the Shekhinah, and performing the Water Holocaust, Mem; and, with that Power, sacrifice to YHVH the Three pagan Empires existing beyond the Dark Sea. In those days, the Golen were heavily infiltrated in the Order of Saint Francis, which in Huelva occupied the Sanctuary of Nuestra Señora de la Cinta, in Palos the Convent of Nuestra Señora de La Rábida, in Moguer the Monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Granada, etc. From those churches they secretly encouraged the operation of a Templar Masonic lodge to which they adhered many laymen of the Andalusian nobility, including the Duke of Medinacelli: the Initiates of the lodge held the title of "Knight Templar" and repeated the ancient Rites of adoration to Baphomet of the Order extinguished in 1307. This lodge is the one that grants Quiblon the last initiation and prepares him esoterically to receive the Shekhinah. He remains dedicated to that task in the Medinacelli Castle until 1486, the date on which the Duke himself announced to the Catholic Monarchs the presence of the man who will discover for Spain the vast and rich countries of the West.

The sovereigns are dedicated to completing the Reconquest and this will cause, inevitably, sooner or later that Granada falls into Christian hands: that would be the signal expected by Quiblon. Then he will receive the Word of Metatron and his Power will be incomparable. Until then he will show himself as a humble explorer, only eager to serve the Kingdom; after the fall of Granada, as Bera and Birsha prophesied, his voice will be the Voice of YHVH and his ambitions will go hand in hand with his Power; and no one, not even the Kings, will be able to resist the requests of whom is going to travel to the Gates of the Earthly Paradise. But it is necessary to make known in advance the plans of Quiblon, familiarize the Kings and the Court with the future Admiral of the Ocean Sea. And that is why already in 1486 the Golen arrange the first interview of Quiblon with Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, who were in Córdoba at the time.

Obviously, the **Domini Canis** were also members of the Court and were willing to stop any Jew or convert who tried to come up with a plan resulting in "the Glory and Victory of the Chosen People", or in "the Triple Holocaust of some peoples unknown to Jehovah Satan". Captain Kiev, The Lord of Venus had revealed 180 years before that that would be announced by a Hebrew

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

"Quiblon", who would be difficult to stop. Thus, the **Domini Canis** kept alert, but were completely unaware that the Power of Quiblon would manifest in the end, after the symbolic fall of Granada. And in consequence they did not suspect that Columbus, an insignificant and hallucinated man, could be Quiblon, the Major Representative of the Powers of Matter. Any way, Friar Hernando de Talavera, the **Domini Canis** that the Kings named to study the Columbus exploration proposal, gave an adverse verdict and sought to discredit the visionary envoy of the Golen.

However, the Court was infected by Knights Templar or Golen, who supported Columbus for years: Cardinal Pedro González de Mendoza; the Senior Accountant of the Kingdom, Don Alonso de Quintillana; the dominican preceptor of Prince Don Juan, Friar Diego de Daza; the King's Waiter, Don Juan Cabrero; Commander Don Gutiérrez de Cardenas; Franciscan astronomer Friar Antonio de Marchena; etc. And, the most effective help: that of Luis Santángel, the Scribe of Ration of the Aragonese Crown, kind of secretary to the King of Aragón; who was a powerful banker and belonged to a Hebrew family recently converted to Christianity. This sinister character, in combination with a group of Jewish bankers from Genoa, would be the financier of the expedition of Columbus, in 1492: he would then offer a loan of one million maravedis at such low interest, 1.5%, that it would practically decide the Queen to authorize the Quiblon trip.

In 1491 the Kings are in front of Granada, in a very big bivouac that will result in the settlement of Santa Fe. Columbus arrives there, anxious for contemplating the taking of Granada and undertaking his mission. However it will be again Friar Hernando de Talavera, who is preparing to occupy the position of Archbishop, who frustrates his plans and prevents him from meeting with his Majesties. But the fall of the city is very near and Quiblon senses the manifestation of YHVH. So he goes directly to the Convent of La Rábida, in Rus Baal, a place consecrated to the Great Mother Binah: he hopes that the Love of the Goddess, the Virgin of the Miracles, will help him in the face of the imminent events of destiny. And in La Rábida the Golen staff is waiting for him to develop the Ritual of the Sefer Iche, the Ceremony that allows the Intelligence of Binah to deposit in the heart of the Initiate the Mud Seed of the archetypal man: only this time the Love of Binah will facilitate the expression of the Child Metatron, a Reflex Aspect of Keter, the Crown of The One.

The ultimate boss of the Golen is Friar Juan Pérez, superior of the Convent of Nuestra Señora de La Rábida and Supreme Priest of the Order of Melchizedek. They will support him in the Ritual, the laity, and the Knights Templar, Pedro Velazco and Garcia Fernández, as well as the Franciscan Antonio de Marchena. On January 2, 1492 Boabdil surrenders Granada to Don Fernando and Doña Isabel; hereafter Archbishop **Domini Canis** Hernando de Talavera orders the heretics, Arabs and Jews, to convert to Christianity: otherwise they must leave Spain; fifteen days later, in La Rábida, the prophecy of Bera and Birsha is fulfilled.

Quiblon, wearing the Franciscan habit, stands in front of the magnificent sculpture of the Miraculous Lady: this work is generally attributed to the Apostle Saint Lucas but in truth, as it turned out on the Thirtieth Day, it was carved by a Templar monk of the XIII century. The Golen have just performed the Ritual and the **Great Sacrificer has received the Shekhinah**. Quiblon then feels like possessed by the Universal Soul of YHVH and falls to his knees before the image of the Mother of God, whom he sees **as if she were alive** and whose **Love without limits** consumes his heart. A prodigy is produced and the Pomegranate of Her Stick begins to bleed; but Quiblon does not notice it: he hears instead the Great Mother Binah speak to him in the purest Hebrew language:

*Holy Quiblon, Great Sacrificer,  
Son of the Elder of the Elders  
His creative Word is your sacred Voice!  
The Seminal Logos of the Father*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*is in the Reason of your Mind;  
but the sweet love of the mother  
your heart burns with passion.  
I am Binah, the Mother of the Meshiah,  
I am Binah, the Mother of Metatron.  
I am Binah, The Intelligence of God.  
I am the one who will guide your course  
in the dark Sea of Terror.  
Who, then, can stop you,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon?  
Through Me you understand the Mystery of the Temple,  
through Me you receive the Life of Rimmon.  
Give the Father the Blood.  
For Me, I want the Love.  
There are three Empires waiting  
its prompt destruction.  
Rivers of Warm Blood,  
will spill the Spanish.  
This arrogant Race,  
of albino distinction,  
will be the sharp dagger of the Sacrificer.  
As a Race, the Blood  
of the Pagan Peoples  
they will offer to God.  
But, one by one mated  
with the survivors  
they will procreate without restraint  
the Sons of Horror.  
This will be my reward  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon.  
Give the Father the Blood.  
For Me, I want the Love.  
And that superb Race,  
of the brave Spaniard,  
will sink into the marsh  
of the Lower Passion.  
What will be left of it  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon?:  
Thousands and Thousands of Sons of Horror.  
And in those New Men  
my Mud Seeds will germinate better.  
I don't want the Race;  
I require the Love.  
I have many children.  
Of Mortal Men, Mother I Am.  
But my Firstborn Son  
is the Chosen People,  
the People of the Lord.  
Over the Mud Men  
to him corresponds  
to Rule without Fear.  
For his is the Kingdom  
Malkuth, from YHVH Sebaoth.  
He is beautiful like an Angel,  
he's tough like God,  
is Shekhinah, the Wife,  
he is the Meshiah, he is Metatron.  
he has my Intelligence.  
he can act with Rigor,  
But if he does descend*

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

to the Low Passion;  
there is no sin in his acts;  
for him there is Forgiveness.  
It is the Joy of the Father,  
It is the Understanding of the Mother,  
he is the Chosen People,  
the People of the Lord.  
My firstborn son,  
of all the best.  
His brothers erred  
cooling the Heart;  
receiving the Stone Seed  
of the Enemy of Love;  
of Infinite Blackness  
after the Death of the Soul;  
of the Frozen Blackness  
after the Death of the Body;  
of the Black Naught without Creator;  
of Eternal Blackness  
after the Final Death;  
Of the Naked Truth  
after the Kälibur Death;  
of the Black Abyss of the Bottom of Its Own.  
Because of her Punishment will thunder.  
Because of her Pain will puncture:  
the Tyranny of the Chosen People,  
the Judgment of the Nations,  
the Holocaust of Fire,  
the Bleach, the Terror.  
She is the Evil on Earth,  
She is the Death of the Soul,  
She has cooled the stone,  
She is the Enemy of Love.  
I have many children.  
Of the Mud Man I am Mother.  
I am Binah, who cries  
on the Cold Stone  
that the Virgin of Agartha  
put in her heart.  
I am Binah, the Mother of Metatron  
I will guide your course, Holy Quiblon,  
where Three Kingdoms await  
their prompt destruction;  
Give the Father the Blood  
Great Sacrificer;  
And reserve the Mother  
the Heat of Love.  
Open soon The Path  
for the Chosen People,  
the Redeemer People;  
and close the senses  
to the Eternal Blackness  
that cools the Heart.  
I am Binah, of your Soul  
Mother I am, I am Binah,  
who will give you enlightenment.  
I am Binah, who blesses you now.  
Son of the Ancient of Days,  
never forget your Ancestry,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Only the Great Sacrificer has heard this message, but all those present understand that the Virgin of the Miracle has spoken internally with him. And Quiblon, seized by mystic ecstasy, remains on his knees for hours, absorbed in the contemplation of the Cosmic Mother. The Golen retreat at last prudently, leaving the Rabbi Admiral in the privacy of his celestial visions; They, for their part, have seen the Mother of God weep for Her Children separated from the Law of Love, and her Pomegranate bleed with Passion; and they have collected her tears and her Blood, for Glory and Victory of the Golen Church and the Synagogue of YHVH Sebaoth, to give Testimony of the Shekhinah of the Chosen People, the descent of the Malkuth Kingdom.

Days later, the Golen prepare to show their secret move, an authentic "card in the sleeve": Friar Juan Pérez is Queen Isabel's confessor; he can smooth out all the obstacles for Quiblon to express himself before the Kings; and then, as if the Miraculous Lady was interrogating, "who can stop you Holy Quiblon?" Thus, the Golen Juan Pérez goes to Granada and arranges the famous interview; Luis Santángel and the Genoese Jewish bankers prepare to finance the venture that will be an infallible escape route for his brothers of Race; and the **Domini Canis**, taken completely by surprise, can do nothing this time to sabotage the White Fraternity's plans. In April of 1492, Quiblon, the miserable Jewish convert, who shortly before lacked even clothing and food, claims for himself and his descendants the Admiralty of the Ocean Sea for the Crown of Castile, the viceroyalty of all lands discovered and the countries to be conquered, the tithe on all the products that were brought to Spain, either loot or merchandise, etc. And so inordinate demands are agreed by the Kings in the capitulation of April 17, 1492, signed in the Santa Fe camp, in front of Granada. It is that nobody, not even the Catholic Monarchs, can oppose the Word of Metatron: Granada, the City of the Jews, has fallen into the power of the Gentiles, analogously to what happened with Jerusalem, destroyed by General Titus fourteen hundred years before; and like then, now the diaspora of the Chosen People will come. But this time the dispersion will not last long; the Chosen People will be promptly reunited and oriented towards its Destiny of Glory: for that the Order of Melchizedek has sent Quiblon, the Holy Elder has entrusted him with his Word, and the Mother of God will guide his steps.

On August 3, 1492, exactly on the 1422nd anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem, Quiblon departs from the Port of Palos, in Huelva, with three Caravels that hold the Cross of the Order of the Knights Templar. The majority of the crew is composed of Jewish converts and carries a Ladino, Rabbi Luis de Torres, who translates Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arabic. On the contrary, no Christian priests travel in the Ships. Upon his return, on March 15, 1493, after having closed the gate of K'Taagar, having opened the Gate of Paradise for his Golen brothers and Jews, and having started the Great Sacrifice of the Pagan Peoples, Quiblon goes directly to the Sanctuary of Nuestra Señora de la Cinta: he must thank the Mother of God for her Guidance and Protection.

The Lords of Tharsis understood very late that Christopher Columbus was actually "Quiblon", the Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity of which warned Captain Kiev. When everything was clear to them there was no remedy: Spain as a whole, blind like Perseus, was preparing to throw itself on the triple neck of Medusa. They were defeated by a man they underestimated from the start, a man who, ironically, never hid too much to hide his intentions, a man, Dr. Siegnagel, who signed S.A.M., that is, **Samekh, Aleph, and Mem**, the initials of Quiblon meaning "**S**hekhinah, "**A**"vir, and "**M**etatron, the triple immanent principle of the Kabbalistic Tree Rimmon. Notice, Dr. Siegnagel, the facsimile of the signature of Columbus, which I attach, and you will see that on the left there is a monogram formed by the Hebrew letters **Beth** and **He**, initials from the traditional **Borush Hasheim** greeting, and then S.A.M., in a vertical column.

The dots correspond to an Aramaic indication of "word," and the remaining letters complete a "magic table", or Kadisch, which can be read in various directions, according to Kabbalistic forms: the "S", on both sides of the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

"A", mean "Shaddai"; the "Y" is the initial of YHVH; and the "X" means "Christ", which was synonymous of Messiah among the Spanish Jews. In the last line, very clearly, it is read "Cristo Ferens" which does not mean "Cristoforo", as claim the Golen, but "Heir to the Messiah", since ferens was equivalent to inheritance in the Middle Ages. Those initials S.A.M., from Quiblon, were also found in the mantle of the Virgen de la Cinta, according to the instructions that Bera and Birsha gave to the four Priests, and as can be seen today in her Sanctuary.

### Fifty-Sixth Day

The terrible Inquisitor that Ricardo de Tharsis was, was married to a sweet Lady who was granddaughter of the Count of Tarseval, that is to say, who was his second niece. From that union, Lito de Tharsis was born in 1502, whom the father thought to reserve as his successor in the task of exterminating the Spanish Jews and Golen. For that purpose, from a young age he subjected him to rigorous instruction in various Dominican Convents and in the Faculty of Theology at the University of Salamanca. There he received his Bachelor's Degree and Doctorate in Laws, graduating at seventeen and immediately joining the Court of the Inquisition. During his time at the University, the young Lito had shown signs of illustrious intelligence that even led him to surpass his own teachers, but, as he was also noble and humble, such a virtue far from causing the resentment from his peers and superiors produced general admiration. What most astonished everyone was his prodigious ability to assimilate the most disparate languages: apart from Latin and Greek, and Spanish dialects such as Castilian, Catalan and Basque, he spoke fluently in Arabic, Portuguese, French and German.

In 1522, Ricardo, realizing that this predisposition for knowledge had to be guided, sent him to Turdes so that the Men of Stone initiated him into the Hyperborean Wisdom. The Noyos had restored the Virgin of the Grotto in the Private Chapel of the Manor House, although the Child of Stone now lacked his right hand, strangely mutilated on the Night of the Bleach. Lito de Tharsis, who, according to the Men of Stone was experiencing the deepest transmutation for as long as anyone could remember in the House of Tharsis, used to spend all his free time in the Chapel, penetrating as no one in the Mystery of the Uncreated Life and the Kalibur Death of Pyrene. When he received the Hyperborean Initiation, now with the contest of the Vrunic Sign Tirodinguiburr, he warned the Stone Men that in addition to depositing the Seed of the Stone Child in his Heart, the Virgin had revealed him an **Inner Star**, a green Star that he could reach whenever he wanted: taking an intimate spiritual path and placing his Self in that Star, the Ancient Lithic Science of the White Atlanteans had no Secrets for him. It was, he said, like ascending to the top of a mountain and contemplating a vast contextual landscape that discovered the strategic meaning of the megalithic constructions. And together with the lost Wisdom, in the inner Star, he had rediscovered his Beloved of the Origin, who awaited him since his Loss and Fall, beyond Hell and Paradise, to return with him to the Homeland of the Uncreated Spirit.

Undoubtedly, Lito de Tharsis then possessed the second degree of the Hyperborean Initiation, that is, he was a Hyperborean Pontiff, a Stone Builder capable of bridging between the Created and the Uncreated. At the House of Tharsis they began to suspect that they were in the presence of the Initiated announced by Captain Kiev, the one who would see the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar in the Stone of Venus. That presumption began to assert itself when Lito manifested his vocation for the Noyvrayado and decided to take the Guard of the Wise Sword: in 1525, without any difficulty, he entered the Secret Cavern and he remained there for a five year term, in the Company of two Noyos that guarded the Sword since several years before.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The initiatory faculties of the Noyo Lito were developed intensely during the years that his retirement lasted, a process that even accelerated more when the image began to emerge from the Stone, that is, towards the fourth year of Guard. Initially blurred, months later the stamp of a megalithic scene appeared on the Stone of Venus, to the point that the other Noyos also perceived it, although without details. To the Noyo Lito, on the other hand, after being clear just by looking at the Stone of Venus, the image communicated also on several occasions some words that all his philological power could not manage to interpret, despite the presence of numerous Indo-European roots. The words were:

-Apachicoj Atumuruna!  
-Apachicoj Atumuruna!  
-Purhuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!  
Pucará Tharsy!

And here is what the image represented. As background, there was a chain of mountains or ranges devoid of vegetation; of them, two stood out because their slopes formed a deep gap in the middle of the figure, from which a trickle of water could be seen emerging that watered an equally arid valley. But these elements constituted the background; what really dominated the scene was a gently sloping hill, on the flattened summit of which was erected a huge black menhir, surrounded by a circle of eight menhirs of smaller size. And that was it, except for the minor details; the celestial sky, just clouded by some snowy clouds, and the ground where the menhirs stood, composed of a reddish brown earth from which some low and thorny grasses sprung sparse.

The mystery of that immutable vision was clarified as time went by and towards the end of 1529 Lito de Tharsis had already formed a general idea of its meaning; dreams and telepathic messages gave him the supplementary information he needed. According to his conviction, the Stone of Venus was revealing that place located "in a distant and unknown country" mentioned by Captain Kiev; a country that existed "beyond the Western Sea", the Messages of the Gods now added, and that could not be anywhere else than in the recently discovered America. The menhirs had been put there by the white Atlanteans by means of a special technique that made the area invulnerable against possible attacks from the White Fraternity agents: in that liberated area, as in the Secret Cavern, the Men of Stone could resist indefinitely the pressure of the Powers of Matter. Precisely, the next task of Lito de Tharsis, and the Valentinian Men of Stone, would be to find that trail and take refuge next to its menhirs until the days of the Final Battle, the only way to survive by then, since the Demons would seek them all over the world with increasing eagerness as such days approached.

According to what the Gods warned in their Messages, the danger would not be despicable because the persecution would begin at the same moment in which they extracted the Wise Sword from the Secret Cavern, and possibly performed by Bera and Birsha in person. The White Fraternity, the Liberator Gods assured, had granted fundamental importance to the "discovery" of America for its future synarchic plans and was not willing to risk them again; when the wise sword came out into the sunlight, Yod, the All-Seeing Eye of Jehovah Satan, would instantly observe their bearers and the White Fraternity would know immediately that there were still Lords of Tharsis alive in this World: the reaction of the Demons would be foreseeable; They, who had fostered the cultural "discovery" of America through their agents, the Jew Christopher Columbus and hundreds of Marrano Jews at the service of the Golen, would do their best to stop them and steal the Stone of Venus; the *Circulus Domini Canis*, by the excessive zeal put in repressing the Jewish and Golen action, in Spain and Europe, allowed itself to be strategically surpassed and neglected the question of the New World: now it happened that the Order of Preachers was infiltrated by hundreds of Dominican Marranos who only aspired to go to America in the company of thousands of their brothers of Race, who were

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

allowed to leave the prisons and their gloomy ghettos to participate in the "conquest". Faced with this reality, the judgment of the Gods suggested to act with extreme caution at all stages of the operation. How would they go to America? The Gods had planned it, they would soon find out.

Lito de Tharsis and one of the Noyos, named Roque, met in Turdes with Ricardo de Tharsis and the remaining Men of Stone of the family of Valentina. They all agreed that the prophecy of the Lord of Venus had been fulfilled and that the longed-for time to leave was near: to Lito de Tharsis would correspond the High Honor of transporting the Wise Sword to the site arranged by the Gods. But not all could leave; Ricardo de Tharsis was old to undertake such a journey, and in a similar situation were two other Knights and two Ladies; a younger Lady, however, might accompany them but only to some settlement, because it would be difficult for her to be allowed to integrate a military expedition. And apart from the three Noyos, also two Dominican friars, who officiated as inquisitors together with Ricardo de Tharsis, were able to go. If everything went well, the travelers would send for those who stayed; otherwise, they would join the Strategy of the German branch of the family.

The travel problem, as I said, was easily solved thanks to the providence of the Gods, for a young German explorer, at the service of the Welser House, was a distant relative of the Lords of Tharsis. Nikolaus Federmann, indeed, boasted the lineage of the Austrian Lords of Tharsis by his maternal line and was then in America. The King Carlos I of Spain, and Emperor Carlos V of Germany, contracted a debt of 150,000 ducats with the Welser House of Augsburg signing, as a sort of royal guarantee, a capitulation in Burgos by which this Bank was authorized to establish and exploit a region of America. Such a region was the one comprised by the current territory of Venezuela, from Cabo de la Vela to Maracapana, and the Company was imposed the obligation to found two cities and three fortresses, in those which a Governor or Adelantado could be appointed with royal consent. In the year 1527 Juan Ampües founded the city of La Vela de Santa Ana de Coro, where Ambrosius Alfinger settled in 1528, the first appointed Governor by the Welsers, who led Nikolaus Federmann as lieutenant. In 1530, after that meeting of Lito de Tharsis with the Men of Stone to decide the trip to America, they discover through news from the Vrunaldian branch, the existence of that relative, and they contact him through the slow correspondence that the Dominicans maintained with the missionary friars. In any case, it was endeavored not to risk information in this way and that is why the letters only referred to the need to hold a personal interview with the explorer "for vital reasons that would then be clarified". Something difficult to materialize in those days due to the fact that Federmann attended a very dangerous exploration into the heart of the Venezuelan jungle in search of the gold from the Indians.

Anyway, the Lords of Tharsis moved to the port of Seville and began to prepare their own expedition, discounting the help of Federmann. In this case fortune smiled upon the Lords of Tarsis in 1532, although not so to Ambrosius Alfinger, to whom an arrow with curare sent to better life. Because it was the Governor's death that brought Nikolaus Federmann to Europe, with the purpose of claiming for himself that position that he had justly won. The Welsers, however, gave the position to Georg von Speyer, a man of prestige who had notable influences and powerful friends, appointing in compensation Federmann Lieutenant General of the Governor. And it was in 1533, while the German was busy equipping the fleet of the Welsers, that all got together in Seville.

Nikolaus Federmann was not an Initiate nor did he have knowledge of magic or esotericism, but he carried in his veins the Blood of Tharsis. Right away he understood that the mysterious cause that brought his relatives to America had to be supported and agreed at all points to carry out the plan that they proposed; a secret instinct told him that he was not mistaken, that something superior to gold, for which he was willing to die, guided these adventurers: he could perceive it in the air when he was in their presence; and as if that was not enough, they also paid with gold: with good Spanish gold,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

since his relatives were be very rich. Yes, Nikolaus Federmann would stick his neck out for the Lords of Tharsis. The plan seemed simple: he would have to transport six of them; three were Knights and it would be easy to hire them; two others, Dominican friars, already had ecclesiastical dispensation, and furthermore, to the satisfaction of the Welsers, were mining experts and specialists in fine metals; a highly prized art in those days when it was required to melt the unusual alloys of the objects of the indigenous people to rescue the gold and silver they contained; the only problem was the Lady, who would have to wait in Coro until the return of her brothers and uncles; and those of Tharsis offered to defray the expenses of ten Catalan soldiers from their own infantry troop, which did not offer any inconvenience since each American expedition required huge amounts of military personnel. Back in America, Nikolaus would try to guide them in the search for a strange stone construction that they claimed it existed "towards the South". How they knew it was something that he soon gave up to find out due to the closed secrecy of the Spanish. But of something else was sure: they were not interested in gold, precious stones or pearls, which they could find in that search; any valuables would belong to him since they just wanted to find that place.

The first ship sent by Francisco Pizarro with a sample of the ransom of Atahualpa arrived in Seville on December 5, 1533 and the second, with Hernando Pizarro on board, January 9, 1534; they transported 100,000 castilians of gold, about 450 kilograms, which only constituted a third of what corresponded to the King: in Peru, Francisco Pizarro had seized by then nine tons (9,000 kg.) of pure gold and fifty (50,000 kg.) of silver. Such events put the greedy Welser in a frenzy, who sought to obtain a similar profit from their American colony, and they accelerated the departure of Georg von Speyer and Nikolaus Federmann. At the end of January 1534, sailed the fleet that brought to America Lito de Tharsis and the five Stone Men who supported him.

The Lords of Tharsis had supplied themselves with abundant provisions, military clothing and equipment, plus twenty horses, three Spanish bullmastiffs, and three dozen chickens from Castile. One week before leaving, Lito de Tharsis withdrew the Wise Sword from the Secret Cavern, covered the Stone of Venus with a bow ribbon crossed at the sword handle, and tying it around the waist, he began the path of no return to the port of Seville and America: for the first time in 1,800 years, since the fall of Tharsis at the hands of the Phoenicians and Golen, the ancient Sword of the Iberian Kings was leaving the Secret Cavern. Three Noyos would guard it on that uncertain journey, one of them the most perfect that the House of Tharsis ever produced. But would his Wisdom be enough to free them of the diabolical powers of Bera and Birsha, who would come out immediately in their pursuit? Only in the near future would they check the affirmative answer.

As soon as the bow of the Welser frigate entered the Atlantic Ocean, the gaze of the Stone Men was directed towards the Costa de la Luz, which they left behind: seventy kilometers N.E. was Onuba, one of the ancient ports of the Tartessian Empire, and also Rus Baal, the Boulder of Saturn, where Quiblon received the Shekhinah. All six were leaning on a railing from the **starboard bulwark**, but their minds wandered towards Onuba, on the confluence of the Tinto and Odiel rivers; and then they went up the Odiel, to Turdes, and they stopped at the citadel of Tharshish, now alive and powerful again in the stage of imagination; they saw their ancestors, the Iberian Kings Lords of Tharsis, sustain with the commitment of their lives the guidelines of the Blood pact; in solitude, that Lineage had faced everything and everyone to fulfill the mission entrusted by the white Atlantean founders, to maintain loyalty to the Liberator Gods; a solitude that is the price to pay for those who are truly Aliens in the Universe, for those who display the Fearlessness of Nimrod and the Courage of his Kassite warriors, by those who possess or seek the Blood of Tharsis: Absolute Solitude, which on Earth must suffer the Wise Warriors, the Hyperborean Initiates, the Men of Stone, the Uncreated Spirits; and the mind was heading then to Cerro Char, in front of the Stone Face of Pyrene; at the time when the Mystery of the Cold Fire was officiated freely and the Chosen

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

attended from all parts, of the World to die or find the Naked Truth of Oneself; the White Fraternity, the Order of Melchizedek, the brown Atlanteans, the Priests of all Cults, the Golen, the Immortals Bera and Birsha, the Templars, members of the Chosen People, supporters of the Universal Synarchy, Servants of the Powers of Matter, Worshipers of Jehovah Satan, Terrible Enemies of the House of Tharsis: They persecuted them over millennia, they caused the destruction of Tharshish and the public demise of the Mystery of the Cold Fire, they sought to extinguish the Lineage of Tharsis and hide the Hyperborean Wisdom, and they tried by all means to seize the Wise Sword and its Stone of Venus; and the mind immediately flew to the Secret Cavern, and proudly appreciated the silent sacrifice of dozens of Noyos and Vrayas guarding the Wise Sword, purifying the Blood and waiting with the patience of the hunter the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar, the racial call that authorized to go to the Abode of the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man; now the Lords of Tharsis could perform the millennially desired journey if they wished: a Noyo, the Greatest of All, Lito de Tharsis, had seen the Sign and knew the Secret of the Return; **but the Lords of Tharsis would not leave yet; they would wait yet a while longer, an instant of History, until the Final Battle;** Captain Kiev, a Lord of Venus, reported that Navutan, the Lord of the War, regarded their World as the most Real of all possible Worlds: and in that World, **in this World**, they would contribute to play a leading role in the last Battle of the Essential War, along with His Envoy, the Great White Chief, the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage; and there were the Lords of Tharsis going, towards a **megalithically liberated area** by the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans, a place where they would resist with the Wise Sword until the days of the Final Battle; and thus the mind returned, nourished with Determination and Courage, to the Men of Stone that were moving away from the Spanish coast in a frigate of the fleet of the Welsar.

### Fifty-Seventh Day

Barely out at sea, the ships of Georg von Speyer and Nikolaus Federmann were struck by terrible storms; it seemed as if the entire nature, as if the Creator himself had proposed to sink that fleet. At last, a miracle, and the no less miraculous skill of the captains, prevented the shipwreck and made it possible for them to dock in the Canaries, where they waited for better winds to complete the journey. Already in Coro, von Speyer, whose ambition for gold matched its limitless courage, organized an improvised expedition of four hundred men and immediately set off for the South of Lake Maracaibo, a place where certain local legends placed a very rich, and nonexistent, city. He left his Lieutenant General in charge of travelling to Santo Domingo to bring what was missing and reach him in the mountain ranges of Carora. But Nikolaus Federmann, who was plotting with the Lords of Tharsis, far from fulfilling these orders also prepared to march heading south, but taking a route much further to the West, following the indication of some indians who claimed to have seen stone constructions.

For this purpose, he moved to Cabo de la Vela, on the coast of the Sea of the Antilles, and embarked to Santo Domingo, leaving the Lords of Tharsis with Captain Antonio de Chaves and the Catalan soldiers. Soon returned Federmann accompanied by eighty men, thirty horses, supplies and fresh food, joined them, and departed for the South West, in open contradiction to Von Speyer's instructions: instead of two Dominican friars there were now three, for the Lady, Violante de Tharsis, had insisted on traveling disguised in that way, claiming that "the dangers that would lie in waiting alone in Coro would surely not be less than those suffered by their relatives in the expedition", an argument that convinced the unpredictable Men of Stone.

If Von Speyer's excursion could be considered improvised, and scarce of men and means, Federmann's enterprise was simply exiguous: little could do their hundred men and fifty horses against the unspeakable dangers that lurked

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in those wild and unknown lands; it also did not relieve the situation the small troop of veterans of Santa Marta under the command of Captain Rivera who joined them in the middle of the road: those men were lost in the jungle, unhappy to march in vain after a wealth that was nowhere to be found. After suffering the thousand hardships offered by tropical forests, with their poisonous snakes, spiders, insects, ferocious tigers, and its intricate vegetation that had to be swooped open, the invaders experienced the icy wind from the high peaks that surround the Dupar Valley. And after the break, again the hot jungle, the plagues, and the savage indians, who now harassed them incessantly. However, they continued undaunted to the south, crossed the Apure and Meta Rivers, apart from a thousand smaller torrents, and they penetrated in the territory of the present Colombia. But that country was outside the Welser concession and Federmann had no right to explore it.

And until then there was no indication that they were on the right way; the few Indians they managed to capture gave imprecise directions about the stone cities: to the South, always to the South; but to the South they found only miserable villages and indians of unparalleled savagery, cannibals and head hunters, aborigines who poisoned their arrows and spears and they followed them without rest, permanently ambushing them, attacking them by the rear guard when marching and in the camps when resting. After a year and a half of advancing in that direction, decimated, converted most of the men in living skeletons covered in rags, it was imposed at the discretion of Federmann the decision to return; otherwise he could no longer prevent the mutiny of the survivors or his desertion: of the hundred men in his troop only fifty were alive, most of them in deplorable condition.

The Lords of Tharsis, for their part, stoically endured the campaign and only lost three Catalan soldiers; they pretended to continue towards the South, but they couldn't find a way to persuade the German. Finally, before his irrevocable determination, they opted for a heroic solution, which Nikolaus could not deny either: they would stay there and continue their search alone. The plan was nothing short of suicidal, but since neither party was willing to give in, Nikolaus Federmann agreed to let them go secretly, simulating a loss that would avoid problems with the Welsers or the charge of desertion. This is how one day, the tired column separated from the Spanish vanguard of Tharsis and was lost forever, because not even the Germans of the House of Welser, nor the Spaniards of the Kingdom, ever saw them again.

Nikolaus Federmann continued his explorations, always disobeying Georg von Speyer's orders. In 1539, he along with Jiménez de Quesada and Sebastián de Belalcázar, Governors of Santa Marta and Quito respectively, with whom he met in the middle of the jungle, founded the city of Santa Fe de Bogotá. He then undertook with the aforementioned captains a trip to Cartagena de Indias and from there he went to Spain with Quesada. Although a discoverer and explorer of lands, he did not get any wealth and returned practically ruined. However, when he brought to the Lords of Tharsis the news about the fate run by Lito and the Men of Stone, they rewarded him generously and employed him in the Villa de Turdes, where he ended his days.

And what had happened to the Lords of Tharsis in America? To the parting with Nikolaus Federmann they were on the west side of the East Cordillera, about a thousand kilometers from the starting point and another three hundred from the city of Quito, at the height where the Napo River originates. It was a region of cold and desolate wasteland, where an icy gale blew, made the teeth gnash and chilled to the bone. They had come upon a steep path that seemed to be made by the hand of man, since at certain points they could be observed stacks of stones that served as walls of containment for alluvial landslides, and followed them with renewed hope: they did not even remotely imagine that they would still travel five thousand kilometers to reach their destination. All Nikolaus could leave them was ten horses and very few provisions: with four horses it was enough to carry everything, the scarce provisions, the cages with the chickens, and even the weapons, now useless for not having a gram of gunpowder. At the vanguard advanced Lito de Tharsis,

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

*who was mounted and followed by three Indians bought in Coro, valuable for being polyglots and guides; Further back, the other five Men of Stone; and to the rear, marched the infantry troop composed of the seven Catalan soldiers, whose loyalty to their Spanish masters drove them to follow them to death; the Spanish bullmastiffs, of proverbial fierceness, presided over the step of the entire column exploring the path fifty meters ahead.*



America in times of Carlos V

*Seven days they traveled through that escarpment, which now descended in frank decline into a small valley situated, however, between high mountains. Without knowing, they were approaching a northern fortress of the Inca empire, that served as a border Mark with the Muisca empire: a garrison of two thousand indians, from one empire or another, were relieved every six months to occupy that stronghold. Rounding a bend, the Lords of Tharsis saw the ramparts and the stone hamlet, as they approached there through a series of stepped terraces, cleverly arranged for this purpose. A sepulchral silence reigned in the place and no movement was seen; the door lacked guard and strengthened the impression of being in front of an uninhabited and abandoned citadel. However, as soon as they had crossed the wall, the silence sank under a deafening concert of atrocious screams and*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

a shower of arrows began to fall on the intruders. Covering Violante, and followed by the infantrymen, the five Lords of Tharsis charged the cavalry upon the mass of indians pouring through the gates of the fortress; however, although the Sevillian blades caused great mortality among the aborigines, their amount was so great that they soon had to retreat towards the central houses. At Lito's orders, the Lords of Tharsis dismounted and ran more than in a hurry to seek shelter.

In a house devoid of any defense, surrounded only by a mud wall two cubits high, were Lito de Tharsis, Violante, Roque, the two friars, an indian, and the five horses. Through a trapezoidal opening they watched how a chilling number of indigenous people had cornered them in a trap with no exit. They called out to the other Noyo, Guillermo, who finally answered from an adjoining house, where he would seek protection with the rest of the troop. He was wounded in the leg, something that could be fatal due to the poison that the indians put in the tips of their arrows, and he warned that three of the soldiers had died, as well as the two indian servants, and two horses. No one imagined how they were going to get out of such a tight situation, when an abrupt silence was made on the aboriginal side. The Lords of Tharsis looked up and watched as the indians respectfully stepped aside to make way for a character dressed in brightly colored woolen fabrics and the head touched with a bonnet-shaped cap, from which hung white and red feathers. He was coming seated on a litter carried by eight men and brought an stone ax in his hand; a group of indians, who were also distinguished by their clothing, and had obvious authority over the warriors, walked on the sides of the vehicle.

At a safe distance from the invaders' asylum, the curious caravan halted and the occupant of the bunk dropped to the ground, preparing to deliberate with his companions: without a doubt they were discussing how to finish as soon as possible with the Spanish. They were there when the cry of Lito de Tharsis thundered leaving everyone nailed in place. He had rushed outside in a moment, without a helmet, with the blond head uncovered and the Wise Sword, to which he had removed the ribbon to display the Stone of Venus, raised aloft, while he would utter in a thunderous voice:

-Apachicoj Atumuruna!  
-Apachicoj Atumuruna!  
-Purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!  
Pucará Tharsy!

The newcomers fell silent in surprise, but after looking at each other they immediately shouted in turn:

-Huancaquillí Aty!  
-Huancaquillí Aty!

And then, trembling, like seized by a shiver of terror, that of the litter exclaimed:

-Huancaquillí Aty unanchan huañuy!  
-Huancaquillí Aty unanchan huañuy!

Hearing these words, all the indians took a few steps back, widening the clearing formed in front of the refuge of the Spaniards. Lito de Tharsis had returned to the house as surprisingly as he had burst into the scene and he watched, safely, the reaction of the natives.

-What did you say to him? --asked one of the friars.

-I don't know exactly --Lito answered--. They are words that the Stone of Venus told me in the Secret Cavern. I think they refer to the site that we must go. Suddenly, I had the conviction that I should communicate them to our attackers. And you see the result: they seem to know their meaning.

At that moment, the bunk, with the strange occupant, was moving away quickly, while the *Guechas*, since they were Muisca warriors, sat on the floor for the most part. They didn't stop looking towards the shelter of the Spaniards, not for an instant, the spears and arrows ready to attack; and in their

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

expressionless faces, serious and slanted, it was impossible to guess the intentions. The only sure thing that the attitude of the Indians indicated was that they were ready to wait, but wait for what, for who?

Thus, besieged in the precarious stone houses, the hours passed without anything disturbing the impassive vigilance. But the Lords of Tharsis were endowed to a high degree with the virtue of patience: not in vain had they standed guard for 1,700 years in front of the Wise Sword. So they sat down themselves, to await the future movements of the besiegers. In a few hours it got dark without the indians moving from their place, although it was distinguished behind the rows that various bonfires began to light: soon a group of women took care of distributing to each Guecha a corn cake and a ceramic bowl with a steaming liquid. The night became completely dark and the Spaniards decided to rest and watch in turns. They all got to sleep because dawn found them in the same situation as the day before. However, still the morning and part of the afternoon would be spent before any change was noticed.

The number of warriors, instead of decreasing, had been increasing as the hours went by, and now there was practically no place where one could not see one of them: they covered the plaza and the alleys that ran between the houses, were perched on the roofs, pillars and walls, and, finally, as far as the eye could see, they could be seen in an expectant but frankly hostile attitude. It was noticed without much effort that they were lurking by the thousands, and that it would be very difficult to break the siege. In the middle of the afternoon, the Men of Stone found that something new was happening: the Guechas, suddenly stood up and withdrew to allow a caravan advancing from the outer gate of the fortress. This time it was three bunks arriving; in one of them the enigmatic character of the previous day was returning; and in the other two, came seated men with factions completely different from those of the natives: while the former exhibited undoubtedly Asian characters, the newcomers showed the unmistakable features of the Western European man. Even their complexion, evidently tanned from sun exposure, was quite pale, and in stark contrast to the yellow skin of the Muisca. However, their clothing revealed that they were indigenous, of another ethnic group but indigenous at last: they wore black llama wool robes, very similar to the robes of the Cathars, and covered their heads with **black bonnets** of the same material. But what most attracted the attention of the Lords of Tharsis, most incredible, were the round and feathered shields that they carried: in their center, clearly visible, they had **one of the Vrunes of Navutian** painted on them. On their way, it started a murmur of fear from the Muisca and the Spaniards observed in amazement that most of the warriors avoided looking at them.

Upon stopping, the chief to whom Lito had addressed the words of the Stone of Venus began to call the two unusual characters who accompanied him. After descending, the three of them approached the house occupied by the intruders. At some distance, they stopped and lectured for a few minutes; Finally, the one from the day before, resolutely approached and shouted:

**-Huancaquillí Aty! Huancaquillí Aty!**

Lito de Tharsis hesitated a moment, as all the eyes of the Men of Stone were nailed to him, but he immediately came out and faced the indian. Like the first time, he now also wielded the Wise Sword. Seeing it, the two in black, without hesitation, advanced to meet him. However, their interest was not in Lito but in the Wise Sword: both said in unison:

**-Coyllor Sayana!** -which in Quechua means: "**Stone of the Star**".

From the trapezoidal window, the Men of Stone were attentively following the events, ready to rush to the aid of Lito de Tharsis. They could not hear the words they spoke, but there was no doubt that both Lito and the **Amautas of the Black Bonnet** spoke at regular intervals. The minutes passed in the same way, until the exchange of words and phrases took on the unmistakable tone of dialogue. At last, the Lord of Tharsis turned and walked smoothly towards the shelter of his relatives; the Muisca chief, on his part, gave an order and immediately the Guechas deconcentrated without protest: only



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the royal guard accompanying the bunks remained in the vicinity of the house.

-What happened? -Inquired Violante without being able to contain herself, just as Lito went through the door. Have you managed to make yourself understood by the natives?

-Apparently the danger has passed, --said Lito, whose face still reflected the stupefaction that engulfed him--. Lords of Tharsis: we face a Great Mystery. From what I have come to understand, **these beings in black robes have been waiting for us for many months**, maybe a year or more. The words that I have spoken yesterday belong to a rather profane language, typical of the Empire that Pizarro has conquered. For that, at first we could not understand each other. But then, and listen well what I'm going to say because although it seems fantasy it is not, they spoke in a language that is exclusive to the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, a species of Initiates of the Cult of the Cold Moon, or decreasing, Aty, that is, to the Cold Death; and here comes what is incomprehensible: that language **is an old variant of Low German or Danish**. I still don't know for sure because of the barbaric way in which they speak it, but believe me it won't be difficult to learn. Naturally, you will be so surprised as me: how could it be that they were waiting for us, when only the Gods knew we would come? and, who are these Initiates, who in lands so distant and unknown speak a Germanic language? At the moment I don't have the answers.

-But what will we do now? -asked Rogue.

-Well, it seems that the Amautas of the Black Bonnet should lead us to somewhere. I suppose the custodians of this fortress will be satisfied that we leave as soon as possible, since the presence of those named they do not like it at all, and ours, after the slaughter we've done, must be at all sympathetic for them. I propose that we go out to the square, and we keep as close as possible to the Amautas.

Thus they collected the luggage, and, taking the horses by the bridle, they went slowly going out into the vast courtyard where the Amautas were waiting, settled in the bunk seats. Lito went to the other house, and checked with regret that the Noyo was burning with fever and that his injured leg was severely swollen. Carrying him in his arms, he joined the Men of Stone and he said to them:

-We cannot leave without curing Guillermo. We will wash his wound with hot water and vinegar, of which we still have a few drops.

He then proceeded to request water, trying to make himself understood by the Amautas, but these, as soon as they noticed the state of the Noyo, gave several instructions to the Muiscas and those dedicated to the healing: in a stone brazier, they placed a container with water to which they added the huge leaves of a very green plant; after boiling the pottage, they washed the wound with its juice, which they covered with leaves of the same kind; and after bandaging carefully they brought a kind of stretcher made up of two long poles and transversal cloth, they laid the Noyo, and two warriors of the royal guard charged him towards the gate of the fortress: the Muiscas did not disguise the urgency they had to see foreigners outside their walls.

### Fifty-Eighth Day

The Amautas were guarded by sixteen warriors who alternated, by eight, to load the bunks. They were joined by the six Lords of Tharsis and the four surviving Catalans: the Baqueano indian was not allowed to travel and had to be left with the Muiscas. From the last skirmish they had saved eight horses and two of the Spanish bullmastiffs, in addition to the cages with the chickens of Castilla and all the luggage.

They followed the Amautas down a narrow path that led in a straight line to the East, permanently ascending the Eastern Cordillera. A day later, after spending the night in a frozen cavern at 3,500 meters of altitude, they gained

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the top of a mountain range that started as an arm from the main chain. Everything indicated that the descent would begin there, but the immediate events would disprove that presumption. Suddenly, around a bend, the road ended abruptly in front of an impenetrable stone wall: the mountain stood up before the caravan, preventing their passage. Any European, in similar situation, would have turned around and looked for another path that would cross the obstacle: that would be the **logical thing** to do. But it was clear that the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, like the Lords of Tharsis, did not abide by the principles of Logic. Those, undeterred, got out of their seats and indulged in some strange preparations. The Men of Stone, still amazed by the stop, took a closer look at the mountain wall and then, almost simultaneously, understood what was happening: **they were in the presence of an entrance sealed by the Vrunes of Navutari, an entrance similar to that of the Secret Cavern of Cerro Candelaria, in distant Huelva.** Now the Vrunes were clearly perceptible to them and they would have been able to pass through the wall in an instant, **just by strategically approaching the hidden opening.** However, it did not escape them that only the Hyperborean Initiates are capable of performing that operation: in the House of Tharsis only a few among thousands of descendant had managed to do it and that earned them being considered Noyos or Vrayas. What would they do then? Would they abandon the four Catalans?; and, the most intriguing: how would those rude warriors pass, who you could see they weren't Initiates in any way?

The answers were soon to come. One of the Amautas took a container of purunku and, uncovering it, proceeded to give a drink to each of the warriors of his guard. Minutes later the concoction had taken effect and the Indians were hypnotized, staring without blinking but keeping their balance. Evidently, the drug had momentarily deprived them of their conscience, for the Amautas took them by the shoulders and pushed them up to the rocks of the mountain; and they let themselves be led docilely. But what was most admirable for the Lords of Tharsis was to observe how the Amautas would introduce the warrior in the secret entrance and disappear inside of the enormous stones, to return immediately to look for the next one.

-Gods! -Lito de Tharsis exclaimed. If our House had possessed the formula of that substance...

At last only the Spaniards were left on that side of the mountain, and the Amautas offered the purunku, beckoning them to drink. The six Men of Stone gave up trying the drug, but forced the Catalan skeptics to do it. Each of them took a sip and minutes later, they experienced a slashing effect: they fell to the ground soundly asleep. Thus, they had to be dragged to the secret entrance, but inexplicably it was now possible to introduce them into it.

That secret entrance did not lead, as in Huelva, to a cave but to a tunnel about a hundred meters long, at the end of which arose a new cause for startle for the Lords of Tharsis. Indeed, at the exit of the tunnel they found themselves in the middle of a stone road with small walls on the sides and perfectly aligned from North to South, which was lost in the distance towards both cardinal points. On the lateral walls, engraved with signs of the Futhark runic alphabet, inscriptions and signs were seen at certain stretches.

-There is no doubt that it is a Germanic language. However -commented Lito- this road has all the appearance of having been built by the white Atlanteans. Look at those stones! The way they are carved! these are authentic menhirs, that only They can have planted!

Lito's observation was promptly confirmed by the Amautas: **when they came to those lands, many centuries ago, that path was already there, but only the Initiates could access it and that is why it was called "The Road of the Gods". The white invaders could never find it although surely they would use the two parallel roads that the Incas built imitating "The Road of the Gods".** But they, the two Amautas of the Black Bonnet, should not talk about these issues with the Huancaquilli because such a mission was reserved for the "Atumurunas", who awaited them at the end of the Road.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The capital, Cuzco, was in the center of the four regions in which the Inca Empire was divided: to the West, the **Kuntisuyu**; to the East, the **Antisuyu**; to the North, where the Lords of Tharsis came from, was the **Chinchansuyu**; and to the South, towards where the Road of the Gods was oriented, was the **Qullasuyu**. The two Royal Roads founded by Pizarro's conquerors ranged from North to South, following a path parallel to the Road of the Gods: the coastal route, was born in Tumbes and reached Talca, in Chile, 4,000 kilometers later; the central, a thousand kilometers longer, started from Quito and ended in Lake Titicaca, on the banks of the Desaguadero River. The Road of the Gods, a lot further east, also ended its journey at Lake Titicaca. But the difference was that the Royal Roads were paths that channeled all the activity of the Empire; the Road of the Gods, on the contrary, was a secret path, only known and used by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, the dreaded Initiates of the Cold Death Atyhuanyu.

The Road of the Gods showed a perfect state of conservation, competing in some sections of exceptional beauty with the best European roads: this was achieved by the permanent distribution of hundreds of men along its route, who were in charge of the maintenance of the road, of the chasqui service, and of the support of the tambos that existed every three or four leagues. Precisely, little short of walking through the cyclopean stone path, the travelers came across a large tambo: as the Lords of Tharsis later learned, those "Big Tambos" were built near the secret side exits, of the Road of the Gods. The place was attended by members of the same dark Race that served the Amautas; some children ran to unload the llamas that these brought and led them to a corral, but showed great fear for the Spanish horses, which had to be taken care of by the Catalans. There they ate the inevitable corn tortillas, tamales, drank the hot api, and rested for half a day. A chasqui, meanwhile, left on the run to advance the news about the arrival of the Lords of Tharsis.

Despite the exhausting days, during which they marched all day and only stopped at night in the nearest tambos, time passed without the Road of the Gods ever seeming to end. And week after week, the cold, the wind, and the snow, punished them incessantly, since the road rarely descended below 3,000 meters, forcing them to be permanently warm. A reason for joy was the rapid improvement of Guillermo de Tharsis: two days after the cure the fever subsided noticeably and his leg began to deflate; after fifteen days he could walk almost normally. But sixty days later, they were still traveling along the same straight road, whose accidents a thousand times repeated, steps, ramps, tunnels and suspension bridges, they fancied now monotonous and boring. The presence of the runic inscriptions on the same Germanic language was constant during the thousands of kilometers travelled, though it tended to increase in variety and perfection as they were approaching destination. But those legends and signs were evidently subsequent to the megalithic constructions that were scattered along the Road of the Gods: such stones exhibited the ancient and unmistakable Sign of the Vrunes of Navutan, of which the runes only reflect a superficial symbolism.

A week before reaching Lake Titicaca, they arrived at a tambo where eight Amautas of the Black Bonnet and a strange character were waiting for them. This was an old man with gray hair and features of a Nordic European type, whose light blue eyes and light skin confirmed his belonging to the White Race. Like the two first Amautas known to the Lords of Tharsis, the white elder and his companions just wanted to see the Stone of Venus. Lito de Tharsis, who correctly interpreted his wishes, patiently agreed to it, drawing the Wise Sword and removing the ribbon from the headband. An exclamation of amazement and approval welled up from all nine throats. And only then did they give signs of noticing the Men of Stone. They had all dismounted and they were behind Lito de Tharsis, admired in turn by the reaction of their hosts. The old man, speaking the same Germanic dialect as the Amautas, but much more clearly, asked:

--And the Princess? Have you brought the Princess?

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Such a question puzzled Lito, who turned to cross a look with his relatives. He thus discovered the eyes of Violante de Tharsis, unrecognizable as a Lady under her Dominican habit, and he suddenly understood everything. Hitting the forehead with the palm of his hand he said smiling:

-You are undoubtedly referring to my cousin Violante. But you are right Noble Elder: **She is a Princess of Tharsis!** And he right away lowered the hood and revealed the beautiful face of the Lady. When the old man saw her, and the ten Amautas, smiled in turn and beat their foreheads with the palm of their hand, imitating the gesture of Lito de Tharsis.

The old man was one of the Atumurunas, to whom the phrases in Quechua, uttered by Lito de Tharsis had invoked. But who were the Atumurunas? According to the old man, who after the reception narrated became as sparing and laconic as the Amautas, **the Atumurunas belonged to a Family: they were members of the House "Inga Kollman"; "Inga", meant "descendant", that is to say, that the Atumurunas were the "descendants" of Kollman.**

That was understandable, Lito explained to the Stone Men, for the particle "ing" means descendant in Germanic languages, as in Merovingian or Carolingian; but who was Kollman? The old man refused to respond by claiming that his relatives would explain it to them **"when they got to Koaty, the Island of the Moon"**. Where was the "Island of the Moon"? in the lake Titicaca, to which they would arrive after a week of walking". The side path that drives from the Road of the Gods to Cuzco days ago was left behind; they were now in a region not yet explored by the Spanish; but they had to hurry because the 'Ingas' had news that an expedition to the South was preparing; the white Huancaquilli arrived just at the last moment, when the Atumurunas were already desperate for **the warning of the Gods to be fulfilled**". And nothing more than this could be taken from the elder Atumuruna.

Seven days later they saw a colossal stone fortress in what should be the southern end of the Road of the Gods. The Road, indeed, ended in front of the fortress, and this one, whose walls were shaped like a half moon, was silhouetted against a mountain of unprecedented height. However the Road was not totally interrupted: a secret exit, only suitable for Hyperborean Initiates, allowed to cross the obstacle. They stayed there overnight and were persuaded by the old man to leave the animals and luggage, since they couldn't transport them to the Island. The next day they passed through the secret exit, prior libation of the mysterious concoction by the four Catalans and the fifty warriors who now accompanied them: the Lords of Tharsis, instead, just had to stand in front of the Stone and listen to the Vrunes of Navutan in the Language of the Birds; they indicated **what strategic movements should they do to correctly approach the secret exit and pierce the Veil of Illusion**. On the other side of the mountain they found themselves only five leagues from the shore of the lake, in the direction of the port of Carabuco. It was then June 1535.

Boarding the cattail pirogues was an original experience for the Spaniards, although the distrustful Catalans feared that they would sink in any moment. However, six hours later they arrived without problems on the Island of the Moon. They went down on a small beach, no more than ten Castilian feet wide, bordered by a prominent cliff 200 rods high: a narrow and visible zigzag path allowed to climb to the top of the cliff, from where the habitable surface of the Island extended. According to the Amautas' explanations, on **Koaty Island there was a fortified town and a Temple; But they weren't going to the surface.**

When everyone had descended on the beach, the Atumuruna revealed to them that they were to go through another secret entrance, which was right there in the cliff wall. Again, the Men of Stone located the Vrunes and the Catalans had to be drugged. Beyond the Illusion of the Cliff, there was a shadowy tunnel, entirely lined with stone blocks, which declined in a ramp and sank into the bowels of the Island. For twenty minutes they continued to descend, until the tunnel stabilized and led them to the threshold of a door guarded by two Amautas of the Black Bonnet: seeing the newcomers, one of them struck a huge silver gong with a mace that he carried in his hands. An

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

unusual spectacle was suddenly offered before the bewildered look of the Spanish. They thus understood that they were in front of a cavern of titanic dimensions, so large that an entire town could fit into it: and the sound of the gong had alerted all the villagers, who now came out massively from the houses to observe them with curiosity. Almost everyone, the Lords of Tharsis noticed, belonged to the same mixed Race of the Amautas. The exit of the tunnel led to an elevated corridor from which one overlooked much of the cavern, which was not better lit than the previous corridor: hundreds of modest stone houses moved under their feet, separated by streets and squares, distinguishing from time to time some larger buildings, which should be Palaces and Temples. The Atumuruna gave them indications for them to follow him and he took down the corridor, from which they started some stairs carved into the rock to descend to the town.

The corridor curved openly and placed them in front of a building that perhaps was the largest in the city: a wide staircase, flanked by two stone tigers, allowed to reach it. A group of men of different ages awaited them at the door, but of clothing and Race similar to the old Atumuruna. They all showed intense joy at the presence of the Lords of Tharsis, and some, unable to contain themselves, stepped forward and shook their forearm, in a kind of Roman salute. There the Amautas of the Black Bonnet retired, and the Atumurunas led them into the Palace, into a semicircular room with stands that gave the impression of constituting an amphitheater or a forum. The Stone Men had to accommodate around a central crescent-shaped table, while a dozen Atumurunas stood distributed on the steps.

An elder Atumuruna, whom they called **Tatainga** and who was very much older than the one who guided them there, spoke up and addressed the Lords of Tharsis:

-I know there is one of you who understands our sacred language. That flatters me enormously. We, on the other hand, do not know yours and you will have to excuse us for this. However, we do know where you come from: from the same World from which our Ancestors came, more than six hundred years ago.

Lito de Tharsis assented, with a gesture, and Tatainga continued:

-Now, white Huancaquillis, will you Grace us showing us the Stone of the Green Star?

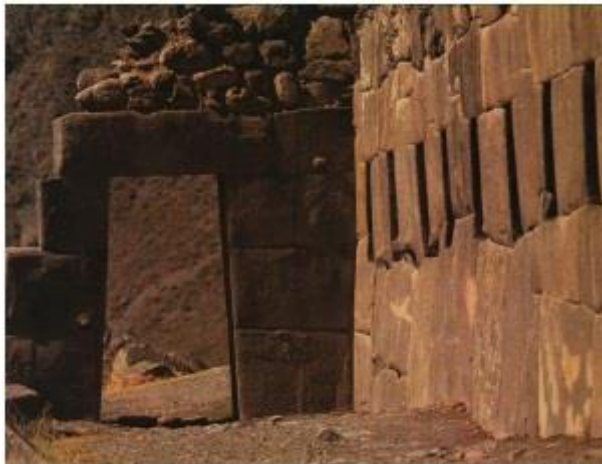
Lito extracted the Wise Sword from its sheath and, removing the tape, exposed the Stone of Venus to the contemplation of the Atumurunas. A murmur of approval accompanied the display, but Tatainga approached to examine it closely. He then turned and made a sign to some beautiful Initiates who were guarding the door; these left and returned instantly bringing a square base on which an object rested, which could not be seen because it was covered by a white cloth with black swastikas. The Initiates deposited their load with great delicacy on the crescent table and retired to their posts. The elder Atumuruna then removed the cloth and the Men of Stone were able to observe, in the height of amazement, a Germanic iron crown, in which was embedded a Stone of Venus exactly like that of the Wise Sword.

-This is the Crown of King Kollman! -said Tatainga with a respectful voice.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca



They are located between Machu Picchu and Cuzco, at a height of 2750 meters. (Above, an engraving of the year 1877 shows a general aspect. Below, inside the Ruins)



The Ruins of Tambo Machay, near Cuzco, Peru

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### Fifty-Ninth Day

The history of the Atumuruna people was remarkably similar to that of the House of Tharsis. Elder Tatainga referred it to the Men of Stone in great detail; but I, Dr. Siegnagel, will try to summarize it here with a few words.

The ancestors of the Atumurunas, and the language they spoke, came from the **Schleswig** region in southern Denmark. In the 10th century the Kingdom of **Skioldland** existed there, which was eight centuries old and had resisted the Christianizing hosts of Charlemagne one hundred and fifty years before. Its population, of Pure Blood, conserved the religion of Odin, or Navutan, and had managed to preserve the Stone of Venus, inheritance of the white Atlanteans. For such "heresies", the Golen had decreed the penalty of extermination for all the royal house. Contrary to the Lords of Tharsis, the brave Vikings did not conceal the Stone of Venus, but enshrined it in the Crown of their Kings, situation that forced them, at least, to exhibit it in each ceremony of coronation of the King, or to present the Crown in front of each new Territorial Lord with which they were enfeoffed. Notwithstanding such reckless behavior, Skioldans managed to stay free until the time of the King of Germany Henry I, the Fowler. In the 10th century, this King, who was also a Hyperborean Initiate, defeated the King of Denmark, Germondo, and conquered the Schleswig; according to his custom, he established a border mark in the region and for that purpose he appointed Margrave the King of Skioldland, not caring whether his subjects were or not Christians. But the German Kingdom was, and the Golen were quick to initiate an agitation campaign to force the mass conversion of the Vikings and force his King to deliver "the instruments of the pagan Worship", including the Crown with the Stone of Venus. However, they achieved nothing in the life of Henry I.

When the King died in the year 936, he was succeeded by his son Otto, who, despite descending from the legendary Vitikind by his mother Matilda, was brainwashed thanks to his Golen Benedictine instructors. Otto I wished to imitate Charlemagne as a whole and begins by being crowned King in Aachen, by the Archbishop of Mainz, to be followed later by several expeditions to Italy to meet the Popes, and his imperial investiture in Rome, in 962. The very strong link between the German Church and the Empire, which will last until the extermination of the Hohenstaufen in 1250, can be stated that begins with the extraordinary concessions of Otto I. It is understandable, then, that with such an Emperor the fate of the small Kingdom of Skioldland was cast. In 965, the Golen intrigues took effect and an expedition marches on the Schleswig: it is made up of imperial troops in command of General Zähringer and carries the mission of converting the Pagan Kingdom to Christianity or destroying it, and in any case, hijack the royal Crown. This time there is no salvation for the Vikings and so their King, Kollman, proposes to them to leave that country that will soon fall into the power of the Demons: -Odin led our grandparents and gave them these lands; and He now commands us to leave for another Kingdom beyond the seas!

Seventy per cent of the population accepted the offer and set sail in 220 **drakkars**, but those who remained were put to the knife by the enraged evangelizers. The large fleet crossed the Dark Sea and arrived to the Gulf of Mexico. There, the civilization of the Toltecs flourished, who received the Vikings as "sons of the Gods", that is, as descendants of the white Atlanteans.

Skiold's House was as old as Tharsis. But on the family mission both Lineages differed remarkably: instead of a Cold Fire in the Heart, the Lords of Skiold had to delve into the secret of Magical Agriculture until they found the essence of the cereal; incorporated in the Pure Blood, that essence would cause the precipitation of a **Stone Seed** in the Heart of the Initiates. The white Atlanteans had advised them to form a permanent body of Noyos and Vrayas, whose task would be to contemplate the Stone of Venus and wait for the appearance of "the Lithic Sign of the Valhalla": when this happened, it would be time to travel to the Abode of the Gods. And the Sign had appeared, a few days before the attack on Skioldland. In the Stone of Venus, a Vraya managed

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

to see a megalithic landscape on the banks of a huge lake; that place, said the Loyal Gods, lay beyond the Dark Sea; but there they had to go, because a Great Empire would be of the House of Skiold by Will of the Gods. And that was why they set sail in the 220 drakkars. In short, the House of Skiold constituted a family of Hyperboreans Initiates, and it should not be surprising that upon leaving, both King Kollman and his Queen and numerous Noyos and Vrayas, were Men of Stone.

Despite having prevailed over the Toltecs without problems and contributed deeply to improve their civilization, ten years later the people of Kollman continued their journey to the South, staying with the Toltecs those who had committed the "racial sin" of mating with them. They would sail to Venezuela. They would then march in the direction of the West, crossing Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, and would reach Quito, from where they would sail again heading South. They would disembark in Tacna, and climb the Eastern mountains, until reaching the Tiwanaku plateau and Lake Titicaca. That was the place indicated by the Stone of Venus.

In Tiwanaku the Skioldans found a cyclopean stone city half built, a kind of workshop of the white Atlanteans. Next to the ruins, they built a settlement that would be the head of an Empire. And on the Island of the Sun, they erected a Temple to the local Deity, since they themselves had presented to the Collas, Aymara and other indians, as "Sons of the Sun". The Viking Empire of Tiwanaku prospered and expanded until the fourteenth century, when it was unleashed the second part of the racial drama of the House of Skiold. In that century, indeed, the Skioldans, who were already called "Atumurunas" for their white skin and their predilection for the Cold Moon, had dominated all the indian peoples who lived nearby. Only one resisted, and not because of its own merits but because the Atumurunas doubted between knowing them free and far away, or subjecting them to vassalage and having to deal with them.



Viking Drakar



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The people was that of the **Diaguítas**, and the apprehension of the Vikings came from an almost epidemic rejection, essential to the customs and culture of those. The point was that, while the mass of the Indians actually belonged to the American ethnic groups, the noble and priestly caste who ruled them had a Mediterranean origin or, more precisely, came from the Middle East: in the museums of Santiago del Estero, Catamarca, Salta, Tucumán, or Tilcara, can be seen today hundreds of ceramics and tortilla dishes written in Aramaic and Hebrew, which assert this claim.

Certainly, Dr. Siegnagel. The Diaguíta nobility, showed the most ancient Hebrew prosapia and, their Priests, were regarded as the most zealous defenders of the Cultural Pact and the One Sacrifice. They professed a mortal hatred against the Vikings and lived permanently harassing the borders of the Empire. But they had always been controlled; at least until the fateful year 1315. That year, a generalized uprising of Diaguíta tribes took place from the Quebrada de Humauaca to Atacama, in Chile, without there being a justifiable reason for the Empire. The news that arrived indicated that **the Great Cacique Cari had received the visit of two Envoys of the One God, Berhaj and Birchaj, who incited them to war against Tiwanaku. They ensured the Triumph because the Diaguítas, they said, belonged to the People Chosen by Him, and they couldn't lose.** Motivated in this way, the fierce indigenous irresistibly advanced beyond the limits of the Empire, and besieged Tiwanaku. The Vikings, finally, sought refuge on the Island of the Sun, while the Atumuruna Initiates, that is, the Men of Stone, were entering the Secret Atlantean Cavern on the Island of the Moon, **Koaty**.

The Vikings could do nothing against the High Strategy applied by the Demons Berhaj and Birchaj, who led the Diaguítas and ended up falling into the siege that the Enemy closed around the Island of the Sun. Taken prisoners by the thousands, the Skioldans were patiently slaughtered one by one by the hands of the Hebrew-Diaguíta Priests. Upon reaching this part of the story, the Atumuruna Tatainga pointed to a runic relief on the wall and asked:

-**"Molay", "Quiblon"**? Do those words mean anything to You? Because the Diaguíta Priests, every time they slaughtered a prisoner **from ear to ear**, trying to get the blood to fall into the lake, shouted: **--By Molay! By Quiblon!** Our ancestors wrote those runes with names, which made no sense to them, as they wished that one day their descendants would clarify the enigma.

The Men of Stone were speechless, nailed in place. But they thought: How terrible is the Illusion of the Great Deception! How different is the same reality seen from another perspective! That, of 1315, had been a good year for the House of Tharsis: The Lord of Venus appeared and approved everything acted against the plans of the White Fraternity; the action of the House of Tharsis, and the **Circulus Domini Canis**, caused the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templar; and with them, with the bonfire of Jacques de Molay, disappeared, for the moment, the danger of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People. Also Quiblon's coming would be delayed 180 years. And in that year the Valentinians settled in Turdes. Yes, 1315 was a splendid year that still fondly remembered the Lords of Tharsis: it was even said that it was one of the best years in the history of the House of Tharsis. And now they understood that for their Skioldan brothers that was a disastrous year, the worst in their history! The Enemy then took an atrocious vengeance against them: it tried to extinguish their Lineage in retaliation for the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templar! Hence they said, after each execution **--By Molay, by Quiblon!--**, imitating Charles de Tharsis, when he told the Golen that they were going to die at the bonfires of Senz: **--By Navutan and the Blood of Tharsis!--** Damn Golen; damn members of the Chosen People; damned Bera and Birsha: a new account to settle in the Final Battle!

I will continue with the summary account, Dr. Siegnagel. I'll just add that, since then, 1315 would be considered a year of mourning for the House of Tharsis.

The Men of Stone of the Skiold's lineage remained refugees in the Island of the Moon for thirty-five years, before daring to make a new strategic action.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*During that time, the vigilance of the Hebrew indians was constant over Lake Titicaca, as numerous local legends spoke of the caverns and tunnels that the white Atlanteans built thousands of years ago: they suspected that some Atumurunas might have been hiding there. However, the Vrunes of Navutan constituted an insurmountable obstacle, even for the powers of the Demons Berhaj and Birchaj, beings devoid of Uncreated Spirit; and almost no one who was not a Hyperborean Initiate would ever see the Atumurunas again. In truth, the survivors were very few, although accompanied by a greater number of members of the mestizo race to which the Amautas of the Black Bonnet belonged: that Race had been formed by the mixture of the Viking blood and the indians who lived in Tiwanaku to the arrival of King Kollman. However, despite the aforementioned miscegenation, the Vikings always tried to conserve the Pure Blood and imposed a law for which only those who descended from the lineage of Skiold were Nobles. Thus, the membership of the Nobility required marriage between members of the Conquering race: the mestizos, although they were relatives of the Vikings, were excluded from the Nobility but not from the right to participate in the Mystery of the Pure Blood. That is to say, the mestizos could access the Hyperborean Initiation, a faculty that ended up dividing them into Initiates, that is, Amautas of the Black Bonnet, and Quillarunas, ergo, Lunar Men or People of the Moon.*



The Pucará de Sayamarca, located on the edge of a hill, at an altitude of 3,600 meters, in near Machu Picchu, Peru



The Puca Pucará, located in a small valley in the vicinity from Cusco, Peru

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The survivors of the Diaguita massacre consisted of a dozen Atumurunas and a hundred Quillarunas. When they believe the danger lessened, thirty-five years later, the Atumurunas decide to occupy the Road of the Gods, an extremely ancient route of the Atlantean Empire that went from Tiwanaku to the Caribbean Sea. In a first stage, they expand through the secret Road to the height of Cuzco, where there was a lateral exit towards that city. Is then they decide to send two Atumuruna Initiates to form a new royal lineage in the peoples of the Cusco region, who had been vassals of the Vikings of Tiwanaku for centuries. One of the Initiates was the Inga Manco Kapac, and the other, his Hyperborean couple, his Wife and Sister, Mama Uqllui. Both carried out their mission and founded a caste that lasted until the end of the Inga Empire, and to which Emperor Atahualpa belonged, the Inga murdered by Pizarro. However, despite the efforts made, despite the fact that the descendants of Manco Kapac only married among themselves, the Ingas of Cuzco could do nothing to avoid the degradation of the Pure Blood. In a century already Initiates did not arise from the royal family and the Ingas depended on the Amautas of the Black bonnet for any esoteric purpose. But the fall of the people from Cuzco did not cease there: the territorial expansion of the Empire put them in contact with peoples of the Cultural Pact and they suffered the influence of Priests who transformed the Mystery of Viracocha, or Navutan, in a mere Cult of the Creator God. There was then "other" Amautas, that is, Priests who usurped the function of the Hyperborean Initiates.

The greatest damage, in this sense, was produced by the arrival in the fourteenth century of a group of Catholic missionaries from Brazil, where they had landed after crossing the Atlantic. They were led by a vigorous Priest with a strong personality to which the Paraguayan indians gave the name of Pay, Zumé or Pay Tumé, a legendary name that the later Jesuits of the "Missions" identified with the Apostle Saint Thomas or Santo Tomé. The Ingas, on the other hand, accepted his preaching and equated it with their God Tunupa, one of the Aspects of Viracocha. The sure steps he took to destroy the religion of the Atumurunas indicate that he had not arrived in Cuzco by mere chance but was an Envoy from the White Fraternity. That Priest managed to impose the cult of the Cross, the Crucified, the Mother of God and the Trinity of God, beliefs that were still more or less deformed at the time of the Spanish conquest. This was undoubtedly detrimental to the spiritual vitality of the Ingas, but the greatest evil came from the introduction of the *ritual sacrifice* and the change of meaning of the *Apacheta*.

At the time of the Tiwanaku Empire, an Atumuruna named Sinchiruca taught the indians a variant of the Cold Fire Cult. In such a cult the stones of the Apacheta represented the Great Ancestors, *Achachila Apacheta*, while a special rock was the Cold Stone, the Stone possessing the Huanuy Sign or Sign of Death. The *Rumi Huanuy* was also in the Heart of man, in his Soul, and to it the Uncreated Spirit remained chained: that's why in the *Tocanca* Ceremony, spitting the acuyico of coca on the Rumi Huanuy, expressed the desire for separation of the animic and the spiritual, the transfer of the animic to the Stone. But, above all, the Apacheta was an altar, a "high place", consecrated to the Mother of Navutan, the Goddess Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, the Goddess who gave the Cereal Seed to men, that is, the Goddess that the indians knew as *Pachamama*. When the indian was traveling along a path, and reached an intersection or crossroads, he would deposit a stone in the Apacheta and leave his acuyico of coca, or he simply placed a pebble wet with his saliva: the Pachamama, then, "killed" his fatigue, "destroyed" his fatigue, "took away" the pain, that which is proper to the human condition, that is, it "liberated" the Spirit from the animic or animal nature, and "oriented" the traveler in the Labyrinth of Illusion that reflected the crossroads. But when the indian listened to the Vrunes of Navutan, the Voice of Viracocha, wherever he was, he fell as struck down and it was said that he was *apunado* (suffering from altitude sickness): then it was time to build an altar to the Pachamama and right there were deposited the stones of the Apacheta.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

As I said, the Pay Zumé Doctrine altered the strategic meaning of the Apacheta, coinciding in this with the Hebrew Diaguítas, who had introduced similar modifications in the territories conquered from the Atumurunas. The change consisted in transforming the Cold Fire Cult into a Cult of the Warm Fire and in identifying the Pachamama with the Great Mother Binah. Thus it converted, in the style of Roman decadence, the Apacheta into an altar of Lares Deities, or a Supreme God, Creator of the World, represented by the Warm Fire, the Creative Fire that is never extinguished, the Solar Logos, the Sun. And over the Apacheta now reigned a Pachamama-Binah, Mother Earth, Shakty, Creative Matrix of things; Goddess of Love whom it was convenient to sacrifice to intervene before her Spouse, the One Creator. The Apacheta lost since then its strategic and guiding character towards the Origin and was, for the Ingas of Cuzco, an object of the Cultural Pact, an instrument of idolatry of the Priests of the White Fraternity, the new "Amautas".

Such a process of spiritual decay proved catastrophic for the Atumurunas from Lake Titicaca, who also failed to preserve the Pure Blood and were faced day by day with the danger of racial extinction. Their presence was now reduced to the realm of the Road of the Gods, which they ended occupying almost completely, and the "City of the Moon", in the secret cavern of the Island of the Moon. They were rarely seen by the settlers of the Empire of Cuzco, unless it was to transmit some esoteric information to the Ingas, but their appearances were feared, since they were considered as "announcers of evils", "harbingers of disasters", etc. Their "envoys" were the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, who also did not make themselves be seen too much and inspired identical fear.

It should be clarified, Dr. Siegnagel, that once the Road of the Gods was occupied, it was only used to move around by the Black Bonnet Amautas: the Atumurunas instead used an underground path that crossed the Andes Mountains from end to end, and had the same route as the Road of the Gods; that is, it extended below this one. There were secret vertical entrances that communicated the Road of the Gods with the mountain tunnel, through which they "appeared" the mysterious Atumurunas. And, according to the Inga legends, that tunnel, built by the white Atlanteans, possessed stone vehicles that allowed to travel at fantastic speeds.

Finally, two years before the arrival of Francisco Pizarro to Cajamarca, the situation of the Atumurunas became desperate: they only had Princess Quilla to maintain the matrilineal succession of the Lineage, but they were unable to determine her marriage for the twelve living Atumurunas were all too close relatives and whose parents and grandparents had been also cousins and brothers to each other; any link to them would degrade with security the Pure Blood, would cause the degeneration of the descendants. It was in those circumstances that the Noyos observed "a Lithic Sign in the Stone of Venus" and received the visit "of the God Kiuv".

The Crown of King Kollman had rested for centuries on an altar stone with the shape of a **straight circular sector**: the ends of the outer arch are joined with an interior arch in relief, parallel to the first, to symbolize the image of the last quarter Moon; and over that half moon was placed the Sacred Crown, with the Stone of Venus facing the circular edge. The Noyos normally sat in front of the Crown, aligning their eyes with the Stone of Venus and the vertex of the right angle of the altar. Unlike what happened with the Lords of Tharsis, perhaps because of endogamy, the twelve Noyos Atumurunas were able to project the Lithic Sign onto the Stone of Venus. They thus recognized a megalithic landscape that, although it was thousands of kilometers from Lake Titicaca, did not involve maritime and jungle crossings as those carried out by the Spanish Initiates. What was seen, in effect, was a **replica of the rocks of the Externsteine**, the sacred mountain of the Germans located in the Teutoburger Wald forest. In truth, there are several Externsteine in the world, all similar to that of Germany, and all possessing the Vrunes of Navutan. The one that was observed in the "Stone of the Valhala", of the Crown of King Kollman, was located near the Quebrada de Humahuaca, in the current

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

territory of the Argentine Republic, in a place called today "Valle Magno", at the foot of Cerro Kálibur. Of that the Atumurunas did not harbor any doubt. What remained to be determined was what did that image mean? Perhaps they would have to travel to the Jujuy Externsteine? Could be: near there, according to a family tradition, there was a secret entrance leading to the Valhalla, or K'Taagar, after passing through the South Gate. The answers would be offered by the "God Kuv".

### Sixtieth Day

When the Lord of Venus appeared from the right angle of the stone altar, the twelve Atumurunas and Princess Quilla saw it simultaneously.

-Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold! -greeted the Lord of Venus, expressing the Bala Mudra with his right hand.

-Sieg Heill! -the Men of Stone answered in chorus.

-Blood of Skiold: I bring you the greetings of Wothan, the Lord of the War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open well your senses, because this is a unique opportunity, maybe unrepeatable before the Final Battle! Twice an attempt has been made to destroy your Race: one in Skioldland and the other in the Island of the Sun. You know then that the Enemy is relentless. Now I announce to you a new danger of destruction. But it is not about the one that worries you: extinction of the Line for the lack of descendants. It will be once again the dagger of the Sacrificer. One who will attempt to spill the Pure Blood of Skiold. Yes, Atumurunas, the Great Sacrificer has opened a Door through which the sleeping men will throw themselves down your throats! Bad and good news I bring you. The bad news is that the Inga Empire of Cuzco, divided by the meanness and madness of its Kings, will soon be destroyed by sleeping men who will arrive in unstoppable hordes. You must flee from Koaty forever; only acting decisively and quickly, at the last minute, you will avoid a third and final attempt of annihilation of the Lineage.

And here is the good news: if you effectively obey my orders, not only will you save the Lineage of Skiold, but the Lord of the War will take you into consideration to participate prominently in the Final Battle. And these are my orders: from now on you will never intervene in the disputes of the Empire, not even watching the Enemy ruthlessly disintegrate it. You will remain calm until the last moment. Then will arrive some Envoys of the Lord of the War. You will recognize them because they will bring a Stone similar to that of the Crown of King Kollman. With them will come a Princess of the Purest Blood on Earth. She will be entrusted to you so that you marry her to a Prince of the House of Skiold; their descendants will preserve the Lineage and constitute the root of a mighty people at the End of the Times. But in return, Atumurunas, you will keep Princess Quilla, Virgin, and you will deliver her to Them, so that their own Lineage may prolong in the Pure Blood of Skiold.

They come from a very distant country, although not as much as that of which you proceed. They will be guided by Us and sooner or later they will approach the Road of the Gods. You will therefore give instructions to the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, to be distributed in the confines of the Road and wait for them and lead them to Koaty. The Amautas must give part to the Scyris of the local villages that they will be punished with the more severe penalties if they cause any harm to the Foreigners carrying the Stone. Let them know that They, like you, are Lords of the Death, Huancaquilli Huanuy!

You'll be ready to evacuate Koaty as soon as the Huancaquilli and you have exchanged the Princesses. You will go to the Valle Grande Kálibur, to the place that you have seen in the Stone of the Crown. There you will go through the secret door that leads to a valley protected by the Runes of Wothan, where you will forge, a terrible warrior people who will return to this World in the days of the Final Battle. But the Huancaquilli must travel further south, to the Fortress or Pucará de Tharsy, or Thafy, where the Great Menhir of Tharsy is, planted by the white Atlanteans thousands of years ago. Yes, Atumurunas,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

when we found a Lineage, we always plant Its Menhir! And only in the course of generations, only if the Blood is kept Pure, the Members of the Lineage are reunited with Its Menhir. This occurs when the Family Mission is completed: that is why you will find your Menhir in the Valle Grande and the Huancaquilli will find their's in the Valle Thafy. And the Enemy will not be able to penetrate the Strategic Walls of the Great Cromlechs that surround and isolate the Fundamental Menhirs of the Race.

The white Ancestors, the white Atlanteans, left a people to care of the Menhir of Tharsy, in Tucuman. They celebrated the Cult of the Lord of War, who they called Vultan or Voltan, in an Apacheta, or altar, next to the Menhir; purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huanuy. Those guardians who thousands of years ago were exterminated by the Diaguitas indians, members of the "Chosen People" by the Creator God of this Hell, who still inhabit the region. You will therefore provide an escort to the Huancaquilli so that they arrive safely at the ancient Pucarã del Valle Thafy, where they will also live until the Days of the Final Battle.

Atumurunas of the House of Skiold: I have said all I had to say and it is not advisable, for strategic reasons, to add anything else. I reiterate Wothan's greeting to you and say goodbye until the Final Battle. Or until you coincide with me in another kairos. Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold! -wished them the Lord of Venus, as he raised his right arm to express the Bala Mudra.

-Sieg Heil, Gott Küv! -answered the Atumurunas, making also the bala mudra, which was the old secret salute of the House of Skiold.

The Atumurunas complied to the letter the directives of the Lord of Venus. From that moment on, an oiled mechanism designed to detect travelers was mounted in the extreme North of the Ingaic Empire. And it was its performance, as I related, which allowed the Lords of Tharsis to escape from the Muisca siege, which was a sure death trap. With the arrival of the Lords of Tharsis to Koaty, making the announcements of the Lord of Venus come true, Tatainga's story ended. Next, Lito de Tharsis narrated the best that he was able the story of the House of Tharsis, arousing much interest in the Atumurunas the knowledge of the murderous maneuvers of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, and the identity and mission of Quiblon. They should now depart together to the South, and march to a fortress or Pucarã, called Humahuaca, where they would separate: they would not see each other again in that life, but they would meet again during the Final Battle, when the Lord of the War summons the Men of Honor to fight against the Powers of Matter.

Princess Quilla had blond hair and light blue eyes, while Violante contrasted with her black hair and her green eyes; but both exhibited skin as white as snow. Quilla was already prepared to become wife of one of the Lords of Tharsis, but the news that she would have to abandon them at the disposition of the Gods surprised and saddened Violante de Tharsis. She however did not deny her mission, although she clearly exposed her discontent with it. Hence the two Dominican friars decided to stay with her and bind their fate to the Lineage of Skiold: with the company of her relatives, Violante could better cope with the separation. But in addition, Lito ordered the four Catalans to follow her Mistress and never leave her; he told them without beating around the bush that they would never return to Spain if they complied with such orders, but if they obeyed them, they would be treated as members of the Nobility by the People of the Moon. The Atumurunas wanted to take the Catalans with them and offered, for that one time, the possibility of taking wives from among the Virgins of the Moon. To everything they agreed the strong Spanish soldiers, who were enthusiastic about the prospect of becoming Lords of that mysterious people and watching over the safety of their Queen, Violante de Tharsis.

Once a mutual agreement was reached, it only remained to get going and evacuate Koaty, thus complying with the directives of God Küv. In such preparations they were, when the spies who constantly informed them about the situation in the Empire, transmitted a news that forced them to hurry the departure: Captain Diego de Almagro had just left Cuzco commanding 500

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

men heading south. Between Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro a bitter dispute had arisen over the limits that corresponded to each one in the distribution of the Ingaic Empire: Diego de Almagro claimed that the City of Cuzco was included in his domain. The cunning Pizarro got to delay the definition of the conflict by persuading his partner that it existed towards the South a country even richer than the Kingdom of the Incas, a booty that would make the discussion over Cuzco pointless. It was thus that the deluded Almagro put together that powerful army and marched South ready to conquer the City of the Caesars, Trapalanda or Elelin.

The same regret, accompanied by heroic resolve, that the Lords of Tharsis would experience when leaving the Iberian Peninsula on the ship of the Welser, when the mind flew to Huelva and relived the glory days of the House of Tharsis, the Atumurunas must have felt when crossing the lake Titicaca heading to the port of Copacabana, leaving Koaty Island behind where they lived so many years and reached the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom. The House of Skiold had been powerful centuries before in Tiwanaku, until the insane revenge of the Order of Melchizedek almost extinguished their lineage; then, leaving the region forever, the hearts of the Atumurunas shuddered from the effect of mixed feelings. The Soul, created and attached to history and to the ground, to Time and Space, was torn with pain by the definitive removal from the natal site; but the Uncreated Spirit, who discovers and holds in the Blood of the Initiate the Memory of the Origin, overflowing every emotional moment of pain with the infinite nostalgia for the Return to the Primordial Homeland, to the Original Hyperborea; and facing the nostalgia of Hyperborea, the desire to abandon everything and go towards the Origin of the Spirit, nothing can do the grips of pain, no effect have sentimental attachments to the infernal regions and to the material objects on Earth.

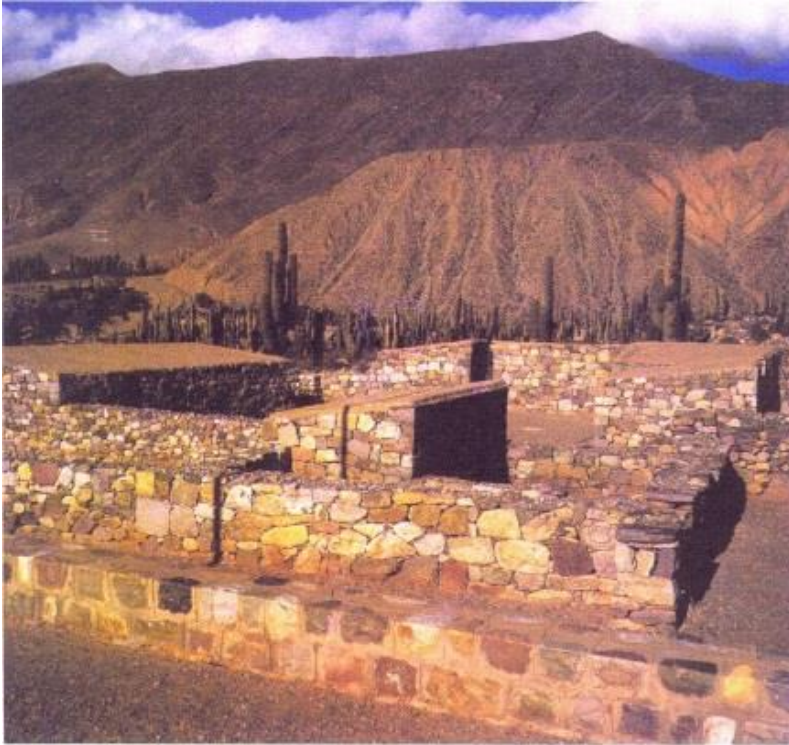
Almagro leaves Cuzco in 1535 and at the end of August, after crossing the hostile plateaus of the South, arrives at the plateau of Titicaca. He is stepping on the heels of the Atumurunas and the People of the Moon, who barely achieve to stay ahead of the vanguard of the brave Spaniards. The fugitives pass by the town of Chuquiabo, today La Paz, almost without stopping, and they only stop for three days in Sucre, or the city of La Plata, before descending to the valleys of the Gran Quebrada de Humahuaca. To all this, Almagro, who collected the surprising news that an entire people was moving in the same direction, rushed the days with the intention of catching up with them and knowing their destiny, perhaps the rich country of the South, the City of Caesars. It affirmed him in this idea the fact that that people was, according to all his informants, guided by white and bearded men, similar to the Spaniards, but magnificently dressed in the garb of the Inga Kings. For Almagro, it was highly probable that these people came from the City of Gold and Silver, and that they were heading towards it.

However, he would never be able to reach them. The caravan reached the town of Humahuaca thirty days ahead of Almagro. There the Men of Stone poured a terrible threat on the natives, supported by magic demonstrations of the Atumurunas, in order to give a false clue to the Almagro expedition on the direction taken by them: they had to divert the Spaniards to Chile, assuring them that there was the city of their dreams. Meanwhile, they would take very different directions: the Atumurunas to the East, towards the Valle Grande del Cerro Kálibur, near El Ramal de Jujuy; the Lords of Tharsis would continue to the South, to the Pucará de Tilcara, from where, by strategic opposition, they could orient themselves towards the Pucará de Andalgalá and, from there, to the Pucará de Tharsy, their target.

In Humahuaca, then, the Lords of Tharsis and the Atumurunas separated "forever": they would meet again during the Final Battle, when all returned at the head of their peoples to settle the accounts with the representatives of the Powers of Matter, to the disciples of the White Brotherhood, to the Chosen People; of the White Brotherhood and the Traitor Gods, naturally, the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man would take care of them, perhaps Lucifer himself in Person. Violante and the two friars were confused in expressive hugs and

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*lavished in kisses to Lito, Roque and Guillermo: none of them could keep tears from running down their hard faces, though simultaneously, they laughed with wild joy; the orders of the Gods were being complied and that was the important thing. Through a similar scene passed the Atumurunas, who were to say goodbye to their only relative, Princess Quilla; but she was a tough Viking and did not require the company of anyone; on the contrary, she demanded that all her relatives move as soon as possible to the Externsteine of Valle Magno. With the Lords of Tharsis, to guard them and guard the Pucará de Tharsy, 50 families from the People of the Moon would go instead. One week after arriving, and at a time when Almagro was in Tarija, the travelers resumed their march.*



The Pucará del Tilcara, in the Province of Jujuy, Argentina.

*Everything happened as the Lords of Tharsis wished. Almagro was misled by the indians and he lost track of the fugitives. After an unsuccessful search in Argentine territory he went to Chile, after ten months of painful march, verifying that nowhere did the rich empire described by Pizarro appear. In September 1536 he finally returned to Cuzco, with his troops decimated and tired of such useless journeys. It was consummated then a general insurrection that had laid siege to Cuzco and threatened to reduce the Spanish conquest to disaster. The presence of Diego de Almagro put thousands of indians on the run and saved Francisco and Hernando Pizarro from certain death, which did not prevent the latter from applying the garotte to him in 1538, after losing the battle of Las Salinas.*

*The custody of the Lords of Tharsis and Princess Quilla consisted of 5 Amautas of the Black Bonnet and 45 Quillarunas, with their families. The*



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Amautas enjoyed great authority in the Ingaic Empire and so there were no inconveniences for the garrisons of the Pucarás to carry out their orders: all were instructed to leave their posts and return to Cuzco, avoiding crossing on the road with the Spaniards since they would reduce them to slavery. And the Spaniards, lacking the Hyperborean Wisdom, could do nothing with those fortresses whose construction was based on the principle of the Enclosure and the Strategic Wall; in fact, even if they were occupied militarily, the outer menhirs, the referential stones, could never be noticed because they would remain invisible even when standing next to them. Lito de Tharsis, always guided by the Amautas, left behind the Pucará de Andalgalá and endured with his own the freezing inclemencies of the Nevados del Aconquija: on the other side of that mountain range the Valle de Thafy opens. When approaching the Pucará, a glance around was enough to confirm that this was the place he was looking for, the Lithic image that the Stone of Venus showed him in the Secret Cavern of Huelva. The fortress was clearly visible, of Vrunic shape, and outside of it the cromlech, or fort, in whose interior the powerful menhir of Tharsy rose; in the background, the trickle of water from a small river watered the barren stones of the Valley, coming from a gap between the distant mountains.

The newcomers occupied the area and set about preparing an eventual Magic Defense: they would project on the stone wall the principle of the Enclosure and, on it, they would reflect one of the Vrunes of Navután, thus obtaining the Strategic Wall, invulnerable against the spatial and temporal Strategy of the sleeping Spaniards; then they would perform the strategic opposition against the referential stone, against Tharsy's menhir, and the whole area would become culturally invisible: then they could never be discovered by sleeping men. How would they make such protection permanent?: by practicing the Magic Agriculture, inheritance of the white Atlanteans, in the area outside the Strategic Wall. By germinating, growing and maturing, the seeds whose genetic information has been altered by the transmuting power of the Uncreated Spirit, that do not respond to its archetypal purpose, to the model found in the current Heaven, but to a Paradigm of its own from another Heaven, to a mold from another World; and that unknown Heaven is the one that then governs the Microclimate of the Liberated Place, holding it out of the visual or physical range of the Enemy.

Such precautions were not superfluous then, although Diego de Almagro did not represent any danger, and he obtained the sad end I mentioned, eight years later another Enemy would appear, who came with the manifest intention of locating the refuge of the Lords of Tharsis. In 1543, in effect, the Governor of Perú, Cristóbal Vaca de Castro, aware of the fruitless persecution carried out by Almagro, decides to try better luck by means of a new expedition. Officially, an attempt will be made to explore and occupy the territory of Tucumán, but secretly the main objective will be to search for the 'other whites' and the City of the Caesars. Vaca de Castro's henchman is the Captain Diego de Rojas, a Spaniard from Burgos who participated in the conquest of Nicaragua and who was then, at the time, in La Plata, or Sucre. From 1542 to 1543 the expedition was prepared, which in the end would only have 200 men, although well equipped, and data are collected on the peoples of the Quebrada de Humahuaca and the country of Tucumán. Rojas, like Vaca de Castro, suspects that Almagro was deceived by the Indians and that "the White King" fled South, towards Tucumán. Therefore, despite the fact that, always "officially", he sends a fleet from Perú to await him in Chile in front of the port of Arauco, Diego de Rojas intends to go as far as possible towards the South, following the trail of the fugitives. He thus ascends to the plateau of the Titicaca and goes down to the Quebrada de Humahuaca, having to sustain permanent fighting against the Indians, who have been alerted by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet on the conquering intentions of the Spanish: the Ocloyas, Humahuacas, Pulares, Jujuyés, etc., attacked them incessantly throughout the crossing of the Jujuy puna. However, they managed to reach Chicoana, today Molinos, and their fortune wanted them to discover some

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*Castilian chickens* in power of the Quilmes indians, chickens that had been gifted by Princess Quilla, which determined that the expeditionaries' course was dangerously approaching the Pucará de Tharsy. The presence of chickens convinced Diego de Rojas that "other whites" lived in that region, just as Almagro believed, and drove him to cross the Valle Calchaqui along, that is, from North to South, to Tolombón and then, through **Fuerte Quemado**, until Punta de Balasto, then crossing the Nevados del Aconquija to go out at the height of Concepción del Valle Thafy. Fortunately, that route led the Spaniards too far South and there was no need to put to the test the magical defenses of the Pucará de Tharsy, now converted into a permanent residence of the Lords of Tharsis.



Stone Circles in Tafi del Valle, in the Province of Tucumán, Argentina. (Above, the Circles hide among the vegetation. Below, other circles appear in the middle of a large hole, guarded by the Cerro Ñuñorco)



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Diego de Rojas bravely faced the Juries of Tucumán, without getting any news about the "White King", and then he continued his erroneous march to the South, exploring lands that were named after the Race of its inhabitants: "Juries" or Santiago del Estero; "Diaguitas" or Salta, Tucumán, Catamarca, La Rioja, San Juan, and Northwest Córdoba; and "Comechingones" or Córdoba. On his return from these sterile routes, at the height of Salavina, in Santiago del Estero, the courageous Diego de Rojas found death from the poison that a Diaguita arrow deposited in his leg. Three years after his departure, that expedition returned to Perú, under the command of Nicolás de Heredia, who despite the loss of Rojas spent a year touring the Valle de Thafy in search of the City of Caesars.

Another attempt was soon made, in 1549, when Juan Nuñez del Prado heads to Tucumán with seventy men, some of them Golen, enthusiastic by the accounts of various members of the Rojas expedition: they would not find the City of the Caesars or the Pucará de Tharsis. For twenty years, from the Diego de Rojas' excursions until Francisco de Aguirre's arrival in Tucumán, similar attempts are made in vain which, however, have the virtue of going seeding the region with Spanish towns and cities. San Miguel de Tucumán is founded on September 29, 1565 by Diego de Villarroel, nephew of Francisco de Aguirre. Like El Barco, today Santiago del Estero, San Miguel de Tucumán changed its original settlement, in 1680, by work of the Governor Fernando Mendoza Mate de Luna and with the authorization of King Carlos II. The economic progress of the province, not based on the gold and silver that sought the primitive explorers, but in the exploitation of the land and in the slavery of the Indians, made soon forget the stories of the City of the Caesars and the existence of the White King. Around the Pucará de Tharsy a town arose inhabited by the descendants of the Quillaruna, but the fortress was never discovered by the Spanish or by later Creole rulers. In its site was established a huge chacra, or farm, which contained the invisible Pucará, and that was finally legalized by the grandchildren of Lito de Tharsis, who infiltrated in the Government and bought the capitulations with good Inga gold that they kept from their time at Koaty. **And inside the cromlech, next to the menhir of Tharsy, on the extremely ancient Apacheta of Voltan, purihuaca Voltan, the Wise Sword rested awaiting the Lithic Sign of the Final Battle.**

### Sixty-First Day

So we arrive to the 20th century, Dr. Siegnagel! And we arrive not because the relentless passing of time has led us to it, but because I have decided to skip 400 years of the American history of our Lineage. I will proceed in this way to hasten the end of the letter, because I suppose you must be tired of reading and I think you can already understand the drama of the House of Tharsis and draw your own conclusions. As you know, I descend from Lito de Tharsis and of Princess Quilla, who formed a family that always remained in the place of the Pucará de Tharsy, in Thafy del Valle, Province of Tucumán; during those four centuries there were many Noyos and Vrayas who guarded the Wise Sword; I was Vraya myself for ten years, the last five in the company of my son Noyo. Well then, Dr. Siegnagel, to end the narrative clearly it is only necessary to add a word about the reaction of the Enemy, that in these centuries did not forget for an instant the Lords of Tharsis and the Wise Sword; nor the Lineage of Skiold.

Apparently, patiently exploring the Cultural Records of thousands of Worlds of Illusion similar to this one, the White Fraternity succeeded in rebuilding with enough approximation the steps taken by Lito de Tharsis in America. They found out that Skiold's line had headed to a Secret Valley in the Province of Jujuy, whose entrance was sealed with the Vrunes of Navutian, and that Lito de Tharsis, instead continued to Tucumán, losing all trace of his further fate. Faced with such certainty, the Order of Melchizedek provided that dozens of its best agents were distributed in the areas where the Stone Men could be or

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

in the places **where they could emerge in the Future**. The Wise Sword, and the Crown of King Kollman, with its cursed Stones of Venus, would constitute a strategic advantage in the Final Battle that by no means the Demons of Chang Shambhala could allow. But the Worlds of Illusion are millions and, in all, the archetypal plots, the stories of the History, unfold simultaneously. Only in one such World takes place the plot that will be Real at the End, when the Lord of the War affirms it from the Beginning, as predicted by Captain Kiev in Saint Félix de Caraman. The White Fraternity knows that this will happen but cannot know a priori which will be the Real World of the Lords of Tharsis; and for that, meanwhile, it is forced to deploy its infernal agents, its Masters, Priests, and Initiates, around the ancient route that Lito de Tharsis took in America; and in many Worlds at the Same Time. But this time they will try to avoid "making mistakes": for that they have determined that any sign of the Lords of Tharsis, or of Skiold, be communicated to Chang Shambhala, in order for Bera and Birsha to deal in person with such a vital matter. And so it will be, Dr. Siegnagel: right in the twentieth century, but just like thousands of years ago in Tharsis, the Immortal Demons will approach the awakened men to consummate their atrocious vengeance. And Them, like before, will only be saved by the Pure Blood, the Memory of the Origin that liberates the Uncreated Spirit. Those who have their Spirit oriented may now die at the hands of the Demons, as I myself will surely die; but then they will only get to kill the animal body in **one World**, they will only get an empty skin, vain victory; at the end, when the Final Battle ensues, and the Lord of the War affirms the Reality of the World of the Spirit, all of us who have died for the cause of the Spirit we will be Alive to march out of the Universe of The One, passing over the Powers of Matter, while at our backs, the Final Holocaust of the Demons of the Soul is unleashed.

And so we come to the 20th century, Dr. Siegnagel, surrounded on all sides by agents of the White Fraternity. However, as long as the Wise Sword or the King Kollman's crown remained behind the cromlech, the Demons could not relate them to Time and they would not know in which world to act. So we could move relatively unnoticed, but things would change in the last few years, when Captain Kiev showed up for advancing instructions on the Final Battle.

From the Lineage of Lito de Tharsis arose the branches of various families that still exist in Argentina and other countries. Some protected themselves from the Golen by disguising their origin or denying the genealogical connections that linked them with the House of Tharsis, but all are more or less aware of this history. However, that same distance took them away from the Noyvrayado and the Hyperborean Initiation. It was in this way that in this century only the members of my family, who always inhabited the Farm of Tharsy, maintained the Cult of the Cold Fire and guarded the Wise Sword. And in the sixties, although the Lineage was not at risk of extinction but far from it, there was only **one** Hyperborean Initiate capable of carrying out the Strategy of the Liberator Gods: I, Belicena Villca. I was a widow and had only one son, whom I had sent to Buenos Aires to pursue a military career, but I did not hesitate to take the Noyvrayado when my Grandfather, who had been with the Menhir for thirty years, died in 1967. Then a new situation had arisen: although the Lineage possessed many members, the initiation chain threatened to cut itself inexorably. Happily, in '72, my son Noyo came to my aid willing to receive the Hyperborean Initiation and to become a true Noyo, Guardian of the Wise Sword. In four months he was prepared, from June to October, and then he died, and was reborn as a Man of Stone, and stood by my side, in front of the Menhir of Tharsy and in front of the Wise Sword. He had requested the discharge from the Armed Forces to dedicate himself to the family mission, but his contacts with certain nationalist group, a member of the Intelligence Services of the Army, prevented him from dedicating to the Guard in a permanent basis. The case was that Noyo did not wish to give up what he considered a matter of Honor: the fight against the Marxist subversion that in those days was shaking all the country and our Province in particular.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

For his exceptional knowledge of the terrain, and for his correct judgment to evaluate the Enemy's Strategy and gather information, he was one of the gray brains that helped from the shadows to disrupt the communist guerrilla that tried to become strong in the Tucumán mounts. His valuable reports, communicated to the comrades in Buenos Aires, contributed to a great extent to draw up the plans of the General Staff that put an end to the guerrilla threat. Naturally, I was opposed to this activity apparently unrelated to the initiation mission, but Noyo always repeated that that subversive movement in the vicinity of the Charismatic Center was a sure sign of the near beginning of the Final Battle. And he was not mistaken, as very soon came to confirm the Lord of Venus.

It all started in 1975, in the days when the Army under the command of General Adel Edgardo Vilas was dedicated to ending the last outbreaks of the suburban guerrilla and began the arduous task of dismantling the urban infrastructure of the subversive organizations. The energetic action of the Army, which carried out with mathematical precision his plans for annihilation, gave Noyo enough time to dedicate to the mission and then it had been several months since he was with me in the millennial cromlech. One day at the end of that year we were both deeply concentrated, meditating on the Stone of Venus and the Mystery of the Cold Fire; we had our eyes fixed on the Wise Sword and neither of us noticed that a substantial change was taking place in the Menhir of Tharsis, located exactly behind the Apacheta with the Wise Sword. A kind of milky fog, had invaded the huge Stone which, when we noticed the phenomenon, was no longer possible to distinguish. However, little by little it went capturing, instead of the Menhir, the corporeal image of a Giant from Another World. In truth, it was a double phenomenon, since, in the Stone of Venus, it was emerging sharply, also the image of an unknown place: it was also a Valley, but nothing like the Thafy that Lito de Tharsis had seen four hundred years before; this had two rivers that crossed it longitudinally, like the Tinto and Odiel Rivers to the Tharsis Valley, in Huelva, and at one end, towards the west of the figure, you could see clearly a hill that boasted on its slope the entrance to a cavern of vrunic form.

-Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis! -said the Giant, while he raised his right arm to express the Bala Mudra; and we both understood that it was Captain Kiev, one of the Lords of Venus. Captain Kiev, who had said goodbye to our Lineage 'until the Final Battle'! Perhaps the moment had come, longed for so many centuries, that the Gods accompany the men again in their Total Confrontation against the Powers of Matter? We hurried to respond to the greeting, waiting with expectation for His wise words:

Heil, Right, Captain Kiev!

And the Lord of Venus addressed us in this way:

-Blood of Tharsis, I bring you the greetings of Navutan, the Lord of the War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open well your senses because the present opportunity is unique, the Kairos of the Final Battle! As it has always happened, and how could it be otherwise given the hellish place you are in, I am the bearer of good and bad news for you. The good ones consist of the order of the Lord of the War that I now transmit to you: it is the Will of Navutan that the Wise Sword be transported to the place you have seen in the Stone of Venus! Such site is a Valley that is in the regions of the Heart of Argentina, very close to the Cerro Urutorco, the Cerro de Parsifal, where the Lord of the War, in the remote past, deposited his Baton of Command next to a Fortress built by Wise Warriors who knew Him as "Cacique Vultan". In another hill, of that valley that will have to be located, is a Secret Cavern built by the white Atlanteans and protected by the Vrunes of Navutan. There the Wise Sword must be carried! You will ask yourselves why this should be done and I will answer that it is one of the fundamental acts of the Final Battle: it is, indeed, the link between the Gods and the sleeping men. The Lords of Tharsis, as the Lords of Skiold and other similar Lineages, are awake men who have always had a Revealed Mystery and a Stone of Venus to obtain the orientation towards the Origin and the Hyperborean Initiation. Even your Lineage was

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

entrusted to initiate in this way the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage, the Führer of the White Race. Therefore it will be difficult for you to imagine an Initiate of the Absolute Orientation, a Hyperborean Pontiff capable of building the indestructible bridge, at all times and places, between the Created and the Uncreated, between the Illusory Today and the Reality of the Origin. Such an Initiate requires no other reference than Himself to orientate towards the Origin, he is his own 'Stone of Venus', and he cannot be disoriented, misled, or diverted in any way from his Strategic Mission.

And such an Initiate, Blood of Tharxis, is already on Earth! Yes. The Lord of the Absolute Orientation is waiting for the Wise Sword to be placed in the Secret Cavern, to lead to the Stone of Venus the sleeping men, men who, despite their immersion in the Illusion, manifest the will to free the Eternal Spirit from its material prison! If such a connection were to occur, contact between the men asleep and the Gods, then, inevitably, the Final Battle on Earth will have started!

Yes! This Initiate will found an Order of Builders and instruct its members in the Lithic Wisdom of the white Atlanteans. Then, as I have told you, he will teach them the techniques necessary to find the Stone of Venus, even when it is behind the Vrunes of Navutan. Many will be the Chosen who will long for the Stone of Venus, the Gate of Another World, but only one of them will be Noyo. And that Noyo, who will hear the Language of the Birds, will be able to find the entrance to the Secret Cavern and join one of you and the Wise Sword. Since that moment the Final Battle on Earth will be fought. The order of Navutan means, then, that you must bring the Wise Sword to the Pontiff that is awaiting it, thus fulfilling the last stage of the Strategy of the Liberator Gods!

Blood of Tharxis: I know you will unhesitatingly carry out the Order of the Lord of the War but, to better do, I recommend paying attention to the bad news that I bring you. Above all, keep in mind that today's world where you move, outside the cromlech, is under permanent observation by the Enemy. It will not be easy, under these conditions, to remove the Wise Sword from the Center to take it to the Valley of Avalon. Although the distance in kilometers appears to be very short, in truth, if you don't take the appropriate precautions, you could never reach your destination, no matter how brief it is the way to go. As soon as the Wise Sword is put out of the cromlech, its distorting Power of Space and Time will reveal the Enemy in which World is Evil, the Death of the Soul, and towards there the Immortal Demons will run to prevent the sacrilege to the Law of The One. No! If you do not proceed according to the Highest Strategy of the Essential War, you will never reach the Valley of the Three Peaks with the Wise Sword!

Secondly, and now I will announce the bad news, you must expect the situation to worsen as the years go by, until it becomes totally impossible the meeting between the Wise Sword and the Order of Odin. Therefore, it will be necessary to act in the right time: the Order will seek for the Wise Sword and will coincide with It in the Kairos of the Final Battle. But, for this to happen, only one of you will go with the Sword to the Valley of the two Rivers, the other will have no alternative but to cover the withdrawal of his Brother and Comrade. I will not diminish the risks involved in such tactic: whoever stays must draw all the attention of the Enemy, being prepared to withstand a physical and astral pressure whose intensity far exceeds the normal human endurance. But you are Hyperborean Initiates, Men of Stone, your Self is isolated from the Soul by the Vrunes of Navutan, your Eternal Spirit already discerns the Origin, you have the possibility to resist and win. Whoever of you remains, and faces the Enemy, perhaps will die in this World. However, the absence will last for a short time, until the Final Battle.

I told you that the situation will get worse. I tell you now that it has already started to get worse. The military forces supporting Noyo soon will be weakened by an offensive of the International Synarchy. In the next few years, patriotic forces will still operate, but they will lack Political Power. The anarchic guerrilla will be defeated militarily but the synarchist subversion that generated it, on the contrary, will end up seizing the Government of this

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Nation, immediately subordinating the Political Power to the International Economic Power. A state will then be reached of irreversible financial dependence between the Nation and the World High Banking. The conspiracy will aim to turn the Nation into a modern Colony, a Colony whose settlers will invariably be members of the Chosen People. Yes! Although it sounds fantastic, millions of Jews plan to settle on this ground! This is not by chance: the choice is due to the fact that efforts are made to stop, or delay as much as possible, the Final Battle, giving time for the formation of the World Government of the Chosen People. And because the Chosen People suspects that this Nation will somehow play a fundamental role during the Final Battle, is that it has decided to occupy it and destroy it.

In that diabolical context it will be your turn to act, Blood of Tharsis! What will happen if you are successful? In the best case, a triple coincidence would happen: apart from meeting with the Pontifex Maximus, the Lord of the Absolute Orientation, caused by this very fact, it may happen that the Voice of the People, the Charismatic Leader of the Pure Blood rises like thunder. In agreement with you and the Pontiff, at the same time that sleeping men begin to awaken to the reality of the Origin revealed by the Stone of Venus, the Charismatic Leader would be recognized by all as the sole representative of the Royal Function and would lead this Nation, raising it from the moral and material ruins in which it was sunk by the synarchic conspiracy. Then there would be days of splendor never seen. The Nation would establish itself as one of the Spiritual Powers of the Earth. The Wise Warriors and the Hyperborean Wisdom, as in the times of Atlantis, would be displayed in the light of day, while in the rest of the world the spiritual men would rush to arrive here, while the Universal Synarchy and the Chosen People would prepare to fight the Final Battle. You must not forget, then, in the Strategy to follow, the role of the charismatic leader. He will be recognized for all and He will recognize you! If He demands it from you at the time, to Him you owe giving the aid of the Hyperborean Wisdom, so that he can successfully carry out the mission to maximize the dramatic tension of the End of History!

However, if the Charismatic Leader does not coincide in the Kairos, and does not present, the Final Battle will be equally inevitable from the moment the sleeping men find the Stone of Venus and meet again with their Extraterrestrial Origin, and claim the Gods for the Liberation of the Spirit. So the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, as they have decided since the days of the sinking of Atlantis, will come for the last time to rescue the Hyperborean Man. And that descent, that Final Battle led by Navutan, the Lord of the War, and supervised by Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, will mark the End of the White Brotherhood and its infernal Solar Abode, the Kâlachakra Key of Chang Shambhala.

In short, your mission will consist of transporting the Wise Sword to the Secret Cavern, in the Valley above the Grove. The Epoch presents itself as the least propitious to carry out such an operation, and for that reason you will have to develop separate tactics: one of you will carry the Wise Sword, while the other will serve as a decoy to distract the Enemy's attention. Whoever does the first, must masterfully use the Path of the Strategic Opposition to move with the valuable cargo. That is to say, that first you will have a saddlebag with a sufficient supply of lapis oppositionis, or that is, of archetypally indeterminate stones, of stones possessing an unlimited, infinite dimension, obtained by the embodiment of the Sign of the Origin that you will project on them. The Initiate who does so will move on a strategic path, unpredictable for the Enemy, even when it knows that The Stone of Venus is moving between the Worlds of Illusion. You will always be isolated by the Infinite Vrunic Archemone, and you will place, after each section of strategic distance of the Labyrinth, a lapis oppositionis on the way: it will thus leave an insurmountable obstacle for the Enemy, a Stumbling and Deviation Stone, a Proof of the Actual Infinity of the Eternal Spirit. The Uncreated Principle of the obstacle, of the lapis oppositionis, will cause the Enemy's absolute bewilderment: in front of it there is no possible reference, all the Worlds are

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

confused, the Illusion becomes One. And while the Enemy recovers, and attempts to locate the trail, the Hyperborean Initiate will advance in opposition to the Powers of Matter a new meander of the Labyrinth, then placing another lapis oppositionis behind. Only in this way, if it moves in strategic opposition, and has the contest of another Initiate who moves simultaneously towards a different direction, drawing upon itself the interest of the Enemy, will manage to bring the Wise Sword to the Valle de la Candelaria.

The second Hyperborean Initiate will also carry some lapis oppositionis, but will plant them over longer distances, giving time for the Enemy to follow its trail and believe that the maneuver is carried out by a single Man of Stone, whom sooner or later will be captured. Of course, if this happens, if the Enemy succeeds to seize the Second Initiate, the operation will be completed in any case, but no one will save you from the retaliation of the Immortal Demons. These are the risks that you will have to run to comply with the order of the Lord of the War. It's up to you to decide who will carry the Wise Sword and who will distract the Enemy, and discover the opportunity, the kairos, to act!

Lords of Tharsis: I have said everything I had to say and it is not appropriate, for strategic reasons, to add nothing else. I reiterate the greeting of Navutan and I say goodbye until the next coincidence in the Kairos of the Final Battle. Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis! --again wished us the Lord of Venus, raising the right arm to express the Bala Mudra.

Hail, Captain Kiev! -we answered, also practicing the Bala Mudra, which was always the secret greeting of the House of Tharsis.

### Sixty-Second Day

The fog had dissipated and we were again in front of the Menhir of Tharsy. We both looked at each other with the question mark painted on our faces, aware that we faced the same dilemma. Who would answer the order to transport the Wise Sword to the Valley of Córdoba? And who would assume the suicidal mission to distract the Enemy? For me the question was not in doubt: I'd take care of the diversionary tactic. But I assumed, and I assumed well, that Noyo would object to that decision: he told me, he was better fitted to offer the Enemy the greatest resistance; he would never give up. I should travel with the Wise Sword while he diverted the Enemy's attention after his footsteps.

It took me a lot, Dr. Siegnagel, to persuade him that my plan was strategically superior. And it was because it did not only point to safeguard the Wise Sword but it was contemplating the very probable possibility that the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and his Order of Wise Builders would also require the support of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the House of Tharsis, especially the valuable experience gathered in millennia of fight against the Powers of Matter: who knew better than the Lords of Tharsis the synarchic conspiracy of the Golen, today affirmed in all Christian Churches, and their way of acting? and what about Bera and Birsha? who is more entitled than the Lords of Tharsis to discover their sentences of extermination? In my opinion, which in the end prevailed, it would be Noyo who would locate the Secret Cavern and would settle in it as Noyo of the Stone of Venus, maintaining the Custody until the day the Hyperborean Pontiff built the metaphysical bridge and a Noyo of his Order of Builders would jump across it to connect with the Liberator Gods.

Having agreed on who would perform each role, we focused on planning the particular Strategy that would allow us to comply with the orders of the Gods. The ideal Strategy, as we agreed, would be to create a chaotic climate around the Farm of Tafi, leading to logically unpredictable situations that favored our operation. Thus, in the middle of a situation of high strategic value for us, but totally unrelated to such aims for any observer strange to the House of Tharsis, Noyo would leak surprisingly with the Wise Sword and would set out on the path to the Secret Cavern. Simultaneously, I would move in the



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

opposite direction, ostensibly, to distract the Enemy. I would be quickly detected, but the risk was calculated: the important thing was to buy time, to last long enough so that Noyo reached the Valley of Córdoba. With these purposes, we prepared in detail all the phases of the undertaking.

Eighteen months later, in April 1977, we already had everything necessary and we were adjusting the final steps. We had the two saddlebags with the indeterminate stones, the **lapis oppositionis**, suitable to practice the strategic opposition. And everything was ready to create the climate of chaos that the circumstances required. This would be achieved with the involuntary collaboration from the army. Let me explain better: to systematize the fight against the guerrillas, the Army had divided the country into six **Zones**; zone III comprised the Provinces of Córdoba, La Rioja, Catamarca, Salta, Jujuy, Santiago del Estero and **Tucumán**; in Tucumán, **subzone** 113 covered the region of our Farm and commanding it was Captain Diego Fernández, my son's faithful Comrade. In combination with him, Noyo managed to mount a gigantic raking and lockdown operation, in the Tafi del Valle subzone, by the middle of the month of April 1977: the objective of the operation was to annihilate a column of the **E.R.P.**, the People's Revolutionary Army, which acted in the subzone with the support of some residents belonging to the **P.R.T.**, Revolutionary Workers Party. In that **black night** for the Communists, the Army would obtain several hours of **free zone**, during which the electrical supply would be interrupted, and its commands would be deployed throughout the city of Tafi del Valle and surrounding towns in order to capture the subversives. They would go on safe targets, true agents of subversion and irregular fighters, most of which had been pointed out by Noyo. It was for that reason that Noyo requested as tactical cover that our address be raided and his arrest simulated: "that would drive away the Enemy's suspicions", he alleged. When everything was ready for action, it was agreed that Diego Fernández in person would deal with his false capture, in order to avoid the imponderables or confusions that could arise if other soldiers intervened and thus ensure his immediate release. Freedom that Noyo would take advantage of to disappear "for a while".

Naturally, none of this would happen as Noyo would leave with the Wise Sword willing to never return to Tafi del Valle; but that, his Comrades of the Army didn't know. According to the particular repressive methodology that the Armed Forces used in the anti-subversive fight, they never used search warrants or even gave part to the Justice in the night raids of the kind they carried out in Tafi del Valle: the suspects were simply kidnapped, becoming part of the even more suspicious category of "**missing**". Thus, the day after the raid, Noyo was listed as one of the "200 missing from Tafi del Valle". To begin to play my role then, I appeared at the Courts and filed the useless **habeas corpus**, along with the other family members of the missing. The legal recourse, as was customary, was rejected, since the Judges shared the official methodology or feared to increase the fateful list of the missing. And so it happened that, by not possessing a reasonable official answer about my son's whereabouts, I started to move on my own, at first in a very slow and sneaky way, but then, by making use of the **strategic opposition**, more rapidly, until I completely disappeared.

To the despair of the Enemy, who was soon on my trail, I used to disappear completely, in a certain place, and appear as "by art of magic", in places sometimes very distant. I advanced and retraced my steps, permanently puzzling those who watched me; now I would be in Jujuy, now in Tafi del Valle; then in Bolivia and then again in Tucumán, in a matter of hours, if time is any reference at all in the magic war that I had undertaken. Furthermore, the Enemy was unable to determine the World I was in at all times: if it stumbled upon a **lapis oppositionis**, for example, it could happen that by following the path that I supposedly chose it would have found a Tafi del Valle in which the Villca family had never lived; or with a Belicena Villca who had neither married nor had children; or with a World in which the antisubversive fight was not carried out; etc. But, nevertheless, I let myself be

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

detected again to attract the Enemy, with more and more violence, on me and achieve the intended distraction effect. By the way, Noyo would advance calmly towards the Valley of Córdoba.

During one of the surprise returns to Tucumán, Segundo, the indian descendant of the People of the Moon who serves us as Steward in the Farm, informed me that Captain Diego Fernández wanted to locate me before leaving Zone III, since they had assigned him a new destiny. I phoned him at the Regiment and we arranged an appointment at the Dique El Cadillal park. There the following dialogue arose:

-Good morning, Ma'am --the Captain greeted.

-Likewise --I replied laconically.

-You and your son, my good Comrade Noyo, have me very worried, Mrs. Belicena. You would have to tell me where he is. Or warn him that he immediately gets in touch with us. Things have changed a lot in these years and it is urgent that he be aware of the events.

I shrugged in response, determined not to deny or confirm nothing, but to pay attention to the information that could be obtained from the Officer: I was also "**in operations**", executing a tremendously dangerous maneuver part of an Essential War that that soldier could not even dream of; and the discipline proper to this War demanded distrust of everyone and Everything, even from my son's Comrade: all uninitiated men could be betrayed by their Soul, emotionally dominated and turned into an instrument of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. I couldn't take any unnecessary chances. However, Dr. Siegnagel, seeing things from a distance, I can assure you today that Captain Diego Fernández was sincere in everything he said, and that Noyo hadn't been wrong to trust him.

Observing that I said nothing, the Captain continued energetically:

-You should concede more importance to my words, Mrs. Belicena. I believe that you are informed that the disappearance of your son was simulated: I led the Task Force that raided your farm and took him into custody; and I am who allowed him to flee a few hours later. He was one of our secret agents, as well as an Army Officer in Retirement, and the case went well documented in the Intelligence area: there is my report to Commander G-2 about what happened that night and, in addition, there are the documents prior to the operation, where it is stated that Noyo was one of us. The disappearance was necessary to provide tactical cover for his position, but there was no need to exaggerate things by unnecessarily prolonging the absence. Mrs. Belicena: he should have been back already a long time ago, or communicated with us; I will not hide from you that his situation has now become incredibly complicated. You yourself, Mrs. Belicena, are in mortal danger with your astonishing decision **to start a personal search for your missing son!** Don't you understand that with such an attitude you place yourself on the side of the subversives, that you can be pointed out openly as such?

Faced with the immutable expression on my face, the Captain sighed and continued with his warnings:

-Don't think that everyone knows the fate of your son that night. The truth is only known by a group of Intelligence Officers. But they haven't spoken, nor can they speak, because if they did they would expose Noyo to a sure death at the hands of the subversive organizations, since even our Intelligence Service is infiltrated by them. But you, with your absurd acts, have fallen under the eye of other Intelligence Services, and you are even monitored and followed by members of our own force who ignore the truth of the facts. And now observe what devilish plot has been formed: if we keep silence to protect Noyo, our Comrade, we risk the life of his mother, because if the confusion continues, no one knows what measures could adopt the remaining Task Groups that repress in the North; and if we talk, we save his mother but we dangerously discover Noyo's role, what will require, in the end, of a true disappearance in order to regain the security lost, perhaps a permanent change of identity, or a prolonged settlement in another country. Do you understand the problem now, Mrs. Belicena? We want to know what to do because, whatever we do, we must

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

do it soon, urgently, as I told you before, since things have changed unfavorably for those who we profess the National Socialist ideology, including, of course, Comrade Noyo.

Yes. Then I set out to give the Captain a concrete answer. His eloquence had allowed me to assess the situation from another point of view and I understood that it would be catastrophic for our Strategy if the Comrades of Noyo clarified the situation and revealed what happened the night of his disappearance. I had been invariably affirming, on every occasion that presented to me and before any public, that my son Noyo **"had been assassinated by the Forces of Repression"**: the Enemy could neither verify it with certainty nor deny it, since in those days there were thousands of similar cases, of people who disappeared like Noyo without leaving traces. But a Stone of Venus had moved, as sensed by the Traitor Gods, and simultaneously started my erratic displacement through the different Worlds of the North of Argentina and other countries of South America: and this could only be a Strategy against the plans of the White Brotherhood, Strategy that the Demons expected to counteract from four hundred years earlier. So far they had believed because they were totally ignorant of Noyo's maneuver. However, everything would collapse if the military cleared up the case and the Enemy found out what happened after the kidnapping: without abandoning my pursuit, they would reorient the search towards Noyo and would jeopardize the strategic objective of his mission. So I had to prevent the military from speaking. Rather, I had to win time, because from the Captain's words it was inferred that the urgency was due to a change that would later make any clarification impossible. Surely, it would be the political change announced by Captain Kiev, which would plunge the Nation into an economic and moral ruin, and would put it tied and gagged in the hands of the International Synarchy.

Trying to dispel the Captain's concern about my fate or Noyo's state, I replied, suddenly loquacious:

-You experience unfounded fears for what may happen to me or about the future of Noyo --I affirmed--. I've certainly exaggerated my role, now I see it clearly --I lied-- and I promise you that as of today I will stop representing it. As for Noyo, I assure you that he is fine although I do not know his whereabouts. He communicates with me through a secret mailbox and I will not hesitate to write to him immediately on everything you have told me: we will have to wait a while, but I am persuaded that knowing that he is urgently required, it will not be long before he appears. Therefore, I suggest you not to innovate in the situation and wait for the result of these measures. However, I would like to know something concrete about the changes unfavorable to our cause that you have mentioned to me, in order to substantiate to Noyo the importance of the call.

-I see that you are reasonable, Mrs. Belicena --the Captain hoped-- and that is why I will provide you with the information you request. The issue is very simple: the nationalist and patriotic forces that had mobilized in defense of the Nation, have been betrayed from the top of the Government. The top commanders of the Armed Forces have agreed with the hidden organizations advocates of the World Government and have decided to hand over the country for the financial looting that will destroy the economic foundations of society. While this sinister plan was developed and carried out, the only national forces capable of reacting were entertained in a sterile fight against insurgent organizations whose true leaders never showed their faces. This only served to discredit the Armed Forces and neutralize their future reaction. We have won militarily but we will be inexorably defeated in the political arena, since the economic problems that will arise from the monetarist and synarchic policy developed by the Government will cause the society to forget the honorable goal of our struggle and accuse us of the subsequent misery, a reality that will obsess them because it will touch their pockets and their stomachs. --Captain Fernández was evidently inspired and, at times, reminded me of Captain Kiev's words. We were then at the end of 1979, only two years after his appearance in the Cromlech of Tafi del Valle, and not only

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

his announcements were being fulfilled word by word, but there were enlightened minds capable of understanding the reality and also discover the plans of the Enemy.

"But this is not all", Captain Fernández continued. The most serious thing is that, once the anti-subversive fight is concluded in the military field, the only field in which we were allowed to intervene, the Government considers that the nationalist groups of the Armed Forces represent a potential danger to the synarchic plans and has decreed its final destruction. And this offensive has already started with the ideological selection of the best experts in antishubversive fight of the Intelligence Services, their isolation with a view to present and future purges, and even with their assassination, carried out by members of foreign Secret Services summoned especially for this purpose. This way, little by little, synarchic groups have emerged in the Intelligence Services, with personnel trained, or directly in their service, by agents of Israel (from the Mossad or the Shin Beth); from the U.S.A. (the C.I.A or the F.B.I.); from England (MI-5, MI-6, I.S.); of the Soviet Union (K.G.B., G.R.U.) etc. And these are the organizations that are chasing you Mrs. Belicena. That is why it is urgent to clarify things while we can, because it is likely that in a very short time our Comrades will be completely neutralized and expelled from Active Duty, to later be viciously sold to the same subversive forces against which we fought for years. We believe that the Government plans to transfer the Power to social democratic or socialist politicians, who will allow the left to acquire freedom and power enough to destroy the moral reserves of the Nation, which were especially concentrated in the Armed Forces. However, these men, who are basically lackeys at the service of the Synarchy, will maintain the liberal monetarist economic policy that will subject the Nation to moral dependence and social dissolution. In the same case as I, that I'm dismissed without explanations of the anti-communist struggle, with the evident intention to be retired in a short time, or worse, are my remaining Comrades. Therefore, the need to act now or run the risk that Noyo's situation will never be clarified or that you may be attacked by one of the new intelligence groups that are already acting with total impunity and disgusting lack of honor, and who habitually persecute and execute persons of nationalist backgrounds rather than the known agents of marxist subversion. I hope I was clear, Mrs. Belicena, and manage to establish a prompt contact with Comrade Noyo, from whom we require also, at this key hour, his valuable strategic advice.

-You have been extremely clear, Captain Fernández -I assured- and be sure that I will transmit your words verbatim to my son Noyo, who I discount will not hesitate to come to you.

And so it concluded that conversation with Captain Diego Fernández, who departed ready to await, and to make his Comrades await, any possible statement on **the missing person from Taft del Valle**.

The rest of the story is already known to you, Dr. Siegnagel. I, far from fulfilling what was promised to Captain Diego Fernández, continued making strategic movements in the North of Argentina, Bolivia and Peru. I toured in several opportunities the route of Lito de Tharsis and the Atumurunas, aware that this would further arouse the interest of the White Fraternity and affirm it in the certainty that I was the wielder of the Wise Sword. That is also why I was taking the road of Tatainga in Jujuy and going to the vicinity of Cerro Kalibur. On two occasions, I even descended to the Valle Grande and contemplated the Externsteine, though not daring to go through the Vrunic Gate. Well, it was during one of these excursions that I fell into a Golen trap and ingested the poison that weakened my will and prevented me from continuing to develop the Strategy. Then I was quickly captured by a Shin Beth commando, made up of Rabbis Initiated in the High Kabbalah, Priests who had contemplated in Israel the Sefer Icheh and knew all about the Fire Holocaust. They belonged, as anticipated by Captain Fernández, to a parallel Intelligence Service, which had members in the Services of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Federal Police, State Security Secretariat, Ministry of Defense, etc. Its power of mobilization was then absolute.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I was momentarily resting in a miserable inn of the village of Kálypampa, which is located in front of the National Park of the same name, next to Cerro Kálibur. There the drug was supplied to me, mixed in a pot of cane molasses offered to sweeten the coffee. The effect that it instantaneously produced in my body of Hyperborean Initiate was indescribable, being unlikely that you can even imagine it, because you do not know how it behaves a mind capable of having consciousness in several Worlds, at the same time. The most I'll tell you is that the drug, a perfect form of archetypal honey from bees, produced an accelerated process of mental strengthening, a formidable injection of energy for the instinctive will of the Soul, which in the Hyperborean Initiates is usually dominated by the irresistible will of the Uncreated Spirit. And that sudden evolution of the Soul caused like a degradation of the blood, like a weakening of the Symbol of the Origin, present in the Pure blood, and as an actualization of the physical body, which thus lost its ability to move independently of time and synchronized all its biological clocks with the time of this World. So I was prey to the cultural context, subject to the reality of that little village of Jujuy. Naturally I tried to flee anyway: the lapis oppositionis no longer served me because I had lost the external orientation towards the Origin and it was impossible for me to practice the strategic opposition. But I didn't get very far. Before leaving the Province I was already in the hands of the Shin Beth agents. These led me to the Franciscan Monastery of Nuestra Señora del Milagro, in Salvador de Jujuy, where most of the priests seemed to be under their command. In a sordid dungeon, from colonial times, I was subjected to a refined interrogation during which different types of drugs were administered to me. The questions they were few and exact, always the same: Where was the Extraterrestrial Stone? What had happened to my son Noyo? Where was I heading to? What were my orders? Did I have any terrestrial contact, an Initiate who shared the operation, or did I work on my own?

In short, Dr. Siegnagel, I think I ended up confessing almost everything, unable to resist the effect of the drugs that prevented me from representating even the Sign of Death, with which I could have, in another occasion, reincarnated right there. Anyway, Noyo was already safe in the Secret Cavern: I had sensed that for a long time and had received confirming signs from the Gods. I fell, but the strategy succeeded. The order of the Lord of the War had been carried out flawlessly and nothing, from the House of Tharsis, would prevent the Final Battle! It was only missing now that the Hyperborean Pontiff, the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and his Order of Wise Builders, find the Wise Sword: and that was totally out of our hands.

As you will understand, these reflections belong to the present. In that terrible moment, when my will was powerless to control the tongue, an unspeakable anguish seized me: I was being humiliated in my dignity of Hyperborean Initiate and felt like a betrayal, like a lack of unforgivable honor, the involuntary confession that was being ripped out of me. Despite the fact that the possibility of that ending was already contemplated by us. But in those moments I just wanted to die, even though the damned Rabbits wanted nothing more than to keep me alive: I was hardly tortured physically, since all their action was concentrated in bending and destroying my psychic structure. They weren't going to kill me, and they told me this clearly, because my body was untouchable, like Rudolph Hess's. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel: I was reserved for a Ritual Sacrifice to be performed by Bera and Birsha in person.

### Sixty-Third Day

You will ask yourself, Dr. Siegnagel, how was it that my captors send me to the Dr. Patrón Isla Hospital, in the City of Salta? The answer is sadly simple, not very difficult to imagine. The Infernal Agents, who knew the secret of their drugs on the human body, knew that it would be impossible for me to flee from anywhere: the will to resist was completely enervated and, as I said, had

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

totally lost **external orientation**. I could not move from where I was, this was very clear to them. But then I had decided to die.

I will explain it better: although They had broken my will to free myself **externally**, I verified at every moment that I kept intact the **inner** spiritual faculties. The will of my Spirit, Dr., was not broken in the reduced sphere of consciousness. Maybe They would destroy part of the psychic structure, but the damage could only be reduced to the field of the Soul or to the physical brain, that is, to the exclusively material terrain. Of course, They could not know exactly what had happened to the Eternal Spirit because The Initiates of the White Fraternity lack the ability to perceive Uncreated Beings; but they considered a triumph of their brain washing techniques to verify that there were no longer any **spiritual manifestations**. Specifically, they referred to the "Self", the **manifestation of the Spirit**, as a prisoner status indicator light: if treatment culminated in the disintegration of the Self, this meant that an irreversible process would prevent the spiritual re-chaining. Although the Symbol of the Origin was still present in the Pure Blood, the destruction of the psychic structure made it impossible that the Self could focus again on the sphere of consciousness. But in my case this had not happened. As you will understand, They expected that the ingestion of psychodrugs resulted in a state of acute schizophrenia, hope that in my case was reinforced by the confessions that they had managed to wrench out of me. But the real situation was that everything they managed to obtain in the interrogation was neither voluntary nor involuntary but mechanical: their drugs acted on the conscious subject of the Soul, not on the Self, and forced it to dump the content of the formidable racial memory of the Lords of Tharsis, a characteristic of the biological specialization of my family that the Rabbis presumably were not used to dealing with. They believed that my Self was fragmented or disintegrated and that I would never return to produce a stable state of spiritual consciousness: the confession demonstrated, for them, the irreversible fracture of the spiritual will.

But that confession was only a stupid betrayal of the soul, whose subject read the contents of the psychic memories. In a deep sphere, the will of my Self resisted at all times the violation without being able to prevent the mnemonic contents from being mechanically externalized: they arose then, to the delight of the Rabbis, the remembrances that the memories held about the own Strategy and its execution. They found out what happened with Noyo and they immediately set out on his footsteps, supposing to leave behind a human spoil. However, it's clear that, as always, it would not be so simple for them to end with the Lords of Tharsis.

What had happened? Well, I managed to understand what consequences were expected of the brainwashing and I managed to simulate with great conviction the schizophrenic dementia intended by Them. Finally, convinced that my madness was hopeless, they decided to evacuate me from the compromising Franciscan Monastery and intern me momentarily, until the arrival of Bera and Birsha, in a Neuropsychiatric Hospital. For that they had to "legalize me", that is, grant me the legal **status** of political prisoner, in order to obtain the bureaucratic settlement in the Hospital and eliminate any future investigation. They then began by summoning certain "Colonel Victor Pérez", a Hebrew military man who worked for the Shin Beth. He took in his charge the case and prepared a file inflated with falsehoods, which included the alleged subversive activity of my son Noyo and the support that I would give, both him and the organization of which he was a member. He concocted the description of the circumstances of the arrest, the interrogations and the content of the confessions; and he obtained from a military doctor the diagnosis of dementia and from a judge the order of hospitalization at the Dr. Javier Patrón Isla Neuropsychiatric Hospital. And in this way I got here, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel. But for then I had decided to die.

Yes, dear Dr.. In those days, my only wish was to die with Honor, commit suicide before falling into the fatal clutches of Bera and Birsha, take from the Damned Immortals the pleasure of their revenge, the fulfillment of the sentence

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of extermination that they tried to carry out since the Age of the Iberian Kings. I only needed a minimal physical recovery and a little neglect of the medical surveillance to take my life by any means. Undoubtedly, Dr., this could have been done without problems in all this time that I have been interned. Fleeing was no longer a way out for me without external guidance, and anyway, the mission was accomplished: Noyo kept the Wise Sword in the Secret Cavern in Cordoba; and although I could not find him, even if I wanted to, the order of the Lord of the War had been carried out and that was what was important. At that time, dying was no more than a short interval until the Final Battle: I would astrally go to K'Taagar and return soon, to settle accounts with the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit. In the meantime, I would elude the last persecution of Bera and Birsha. This was my thought when I got here, Dr. Siegnagel.

However, something made me change my mind as soon as I arrived, and that was why, even though I continued to pretend to be insane, I started the writing of this extensive letter. To be clear, "that something" for which I exchanged my suicidal intentions was you, Dr. Siegnagel. In truth, as soon as I saw you, I understood that you had the Symbol of the Origin manifested in a high degree; but I also appreciated that you were unaware of it, that you ignored even the smallest details of the Hyperborean Wisdom: you are a Man of Pure Blood, Dr. Siegnagel. But the memory of the Blood is blocked by your Soul. You do not know the existence of your Eternal Spirit nor do you know how to orient yourself towards the Origin. You suffer from a metaphysical amnesia that is the product of the Dark Age in which we currently live, proper of the enchantment with which the Powers of Matter plunge man into the Great Deception, characteristic of man's spiritual decay and of his attraction to the materialistic culture: in short, you, Dr. Siegnagel, are a sleeping man. But you are a Man. A being endowed with Uncreated Spirit who can awaken. Your presence here, in this dark hospital, I have taken as a sign from the Gods, like a message from the Lord of the War and Captain Kiev, perhaps as a revelation from the Pontifex, Lord of the Absolute Orientation. Seeing you, Dr., I understood what Captain Kiev meant when he announced that "sleeping men would reestablish the ancient link with the Gods": such sleeping men are, without a doubt, similar to you. They have it all in the Pure Blood, but in potential form: they only require the Hyperborean Initiation for that racial potency to develop and emerge in the consciousness. And the Hyperborean Initiation, Dr. Siegnagel, today, is only capable of granting it in this part of the world the Pontifex Maximus of the Order of Odin, the Lord of the Absolute Orientation, or the Wise Builders who second him. To convey this truth to you was that I changed my decision to die voluntarily. You must bear in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, the ethical point of view of the Lords of Tharsis: for the Strategy of spiritual liberation of the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, it implies much more Honor that I try to wake you up than suicide to escape the infamous reprisals of the Immortal Demons. But, wasn't that punishment, the possibility of that terrible ending, not foreseen from the outset in the Strategy suggested by Captain Kiev?

Yes. I decided to awaken you, or at least try, but how? Not talking with you, since a professional prejudice would have prevented you from giving credit to the words of a mental patient. Maybe writing our story in a letter, like the present one, but it did not escape me that I would find myself in similar situation: your disbelief would also be inevitable. However there is the possibility that a concrete fact, alien to me but sufficiently effective, makes conscious the history of the House of Tharsis: and that fact can be no other than my own death at the hands of the Immortals Bera and Birsha. That is to say, I must get the Golden Demons to leave enough traces of their immense power to convince you that to some degree the story told in the letter is true; and I must get the letter to reach your hands after my death. It's what I'll try to do, Dr. Siegnagel. For the time being, I have already concluded the letter and have begun, for some time, to carry out the Strategy that I believe will give the expected results: with the last remnants of my Luciferic gracious will,

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I have tried to telepathically direct myself towards Chang Shambhala, towards the members of the Order of Melchizedek, and I have challenged the Immortal Demons. I have challenged them in the name of the House of Tharsis, which is the greatest offense to their infernal pride, and now I wait, not without fear, the response of Bera and Birsha. I already feel them, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel, advancing through the Worlds of illusion, approaching blind with hatred towards my humble cell, overcoming Space and Time, dislocating the Reality, Pachachutquiy, Pachachutquiy.

### Sixty-Fourth Day

This will be my last day alive, Dr. Siegnagel, I'm sure of it. In few hours I will give this letter to the Nurse that I have bribed, to be delivered to you after my death. I only have time to request the last favor that I had mentioned to you on the First Day and offer you some recommendations.

First of all, I want to ask you, Dr., to try to locate my son Noyo. I know that, after what you have read in this letter about the Hyperborean Wisdom, the techniques of the strategic opposition of the Lithic Wisdom, and the character of the mission undertaken by Noyo, it will seem almost impossible to fulfill this order. But it is that I do not demand that you go directly after his footsteps, which would be insane, but I beg you, to try to find the Order of Wise Builders of the Lord of the Absolute Orientation. They will put you in the precise direction. They will also concede you the Hyperborean Initiation, awaken you, and include you in the Final Battle Strategy. And, I discount it, they will be very grateful to you for letting them know this letter. If I am not mistaken with You, if your Blood is Pure and you sense the Nostalgia for the Origin, I know that you will not hesitate to fulfill my last wish.

Second, if you ever meet my son, I want you to tell him the last part of this story, letting him know that I have died sure of the triumph of the Cause of the Spirit, that I have clearly seen the End of History and the imminence of the Final Battle. Don't think I require this out of sentimentality, out of a foolish interest in reassuring my son. I have tried to free you by all the means at my disposal and, if you respond and wake up, you will still get to see the Guardian Noyo of the Wise Sword. So as a special favor, in memory of Belicena Villca, who revealed you the Path, you will give him my message. I know perfectly well the behavior that the mother of a Wise Warrior must sustain. A Hyperborean mother, is always Daughter of the Great Mother Ama and she cannot, thus, be a slave of Matter, of Mother Earth, of the Shakti, of Binah, that is, she cannot succumb to the maternal instinct, blind and irresponsible. Oh Pure Mother Ama, Virgin of Agartha, I have heard your Voice!

"My children,  
the Men of Stone,  
are Wise Warriors,  
and nothing should appease their Fury.  
Destroyed will be  
the Unworthy of the Spirit.  
The Coward, the Traitor,  
and cursed the Matrix that Forged them.  
My Stone Seed  
lights the Cold Fire  
in the Heart.  
Full of Anger,  
loaded with Courage,  
march to the Final Battle  
the Warriors of the L-ove.  
And the Mother of the Spirit,  
and the mothers of pain,



**The Mystery of Belicena Villca**  
*express the Grace and the Joy  
if They die with Honor".*

This is how your Voice speaks, Jealous Mother Ama, and I will not be the one who contradicts you. My son is your Warrior, and his Destiny, Your Will. In nothing I affect his Courage sending my last greeting with the Hyperborean doctor, because if he reaches Noyo, then he will also be a Wise Warrior.

And now we go to the recommendations: Dr. Siegnagel, I can't stop warning you that the "Mortal Secret" kept by us involves a terrible danger, extendable to anyone who intervenes in its protection. I suppose you will not know where to start your search. Well, to start off go to Tafi del Valle, to the old family Farm; Segundo lives there, the indian who used to visit me, who will clarify many practical things, although not as many as you may wish. He will give you some of the gold of the Ingas, which still remains, to face the expenses that arise, but you will have to be very cautious when reducing it. Handling gold is always dangerous!

Remember that embarked on a movement similar to the one you will undertake I was discovered by the Demons of the White Fraternity and, through their Damned Science, driven to the madness with which You met me. I was only able to get out of that state of hallucination thanks to the remains of my Luciferic gracious will, as I said, and to the calming help of the *ayu huasca* plant that Segundo brought me. But the lucidity only lasted a few hours, which I took the opportunity to write this letter, since it was not a totally effective antidote. The drug of the Demons allows hypnosis at a distance, but the *ayu huasca* vine, or *caapi*, has an alkaloid that temporarily took me out of their control: this way I was able to complete the present manuscript and challenge them in their Hellish Abodes, and that is why they will soon be coming to execute me.

Goodbye forever Dr. Siegnagel. I would like you to read this letter with the Eyes of the Spirit. My best wishes go to You whether you fulfill my request or not, believe or not in what I have narrated here. If You decide to please me, it will mean that You are a Kshatriya and then we will meet again in the Valhalla or during the Final battle. May Navutan Guide You and Frya L-ove You.

Always yours, Belicena Villca.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

# The Mystery of Belicena Villca

## THIRD BOOK

### “Quest for Uncle Kurt”

#### Chapter I

The reader can give free rein to the imagination, but will never achieve to represent the emotions and the state of total disturbance in which the reading of the letter of Belicena Villca plunged me. It was something very strange for me; as I was reading I was experiencing a plurality of states of mind. So I went from the initial skepticism to the surprise, from this to amazement, from there I leaped to curiosity, and successively to a thousand more sensations. Finally, a primitive and insensate enthusiasm seized me and, instead of rejecting the letter as a fraud, logical and perfectly justified attitude, I did the opposite, thus sealing my fate: I decided to undertake the adventure!

I had just finished reading the letter and, almost without reflection, I had taken a decision, why? I will try to explain it. Until the moment of reading the letter of Belicena Villca my life was empty of ideals. I had a bright professional future and what I needed for my comfort; I was lucky with women and although none could win my heart, sooner or later that would happen. Everything anticipated that my life would unfold along the tracks that lead to mundane success. And yet something was wrong with this scheme because I was not happy. I had peace and material tranquility but sadness often overwhelmed me; I sensed that my Spirit lacked a horizon towards which to look, an ideal, a goal perhaps, worthy of the greatest sacrifice.

That is why I sometimes contemplated Universal History with envy, the heroic periods in which I would have liked to live: choose this or that side, follow this or that reformer, commit that liberating heresy or sink ardently in that tyrannical dogma. Live, fight, die, be a man! But being a man is not just thinking; it is "feeling" the Spirit. And the Spirit "feels" when life is oriented in the search for an ideal; because the ideals are not in this world, they are of another order, the same as the Spirit and its like-minded.

It's not easy. Being an idealist requires a lot of courage since reality, deceptive and cruel, keeps a trap for the naive idealist and a grave for the committed idealist. I have seen how the idealistic element of my generation, was systematically annihilated and its ideals described as "nihilistic". An Argentine Admiral who is considered an educated person, Massera, said in a speech: ***“We are fighting against nihilists, against delusional of the destruction, whose goal is destruction itself, even if they are maskrading as social redeemers”***. Many of the dead and missing were no such thing, but idealists who believed in the infantile myth of the "social revolution" as valid means to install a more just order in the world. Precisely for believing (being idealistic), they did not see the diabolical plot of interests in which they were inserted; precisely for believing were some indoctrinated, armed and foolishly thrown into adventure, by the same Synarchic System that then repressed them. And I don't think only of those who took up arms, who perhaps deserved to die as stateless, but in so many others who fell without knowing the smell of gunpowder; for committing the "crime" of loving ideals that affect some interest or privilege.

That is not nihilism; nihilistic is the unbridled repression, the suffocating censorship, the instituted mediocrity, the officialized corruption, the handpicked brainwashing, in short, the implacable tyranny, obscenely cloaked in a "democratic" or "liberal" language.

The triumph of the System is the stability of a corrupt order of things, of a society built on usury and materialism, of a country drawn with a nib, to be inserted in a foreign geopolitics, planned in detail by the International Synarchy of the Great Imperialisms.

What does this contemporary world of dollars and steel offer us that is worth our sacrifice? Here a decadent and sepy culture; there a terrorism without greatness; there a repressive and murderous Power; there a coward and liar church; Why go on if everything stinks?

This was my mood when I read Belicena Villca's letter and for that my reaction was instantaneous: I, the insignificant Dr. Siegnagel, little more than the number of a file or card, someone lost in the daily mediocrity of remote Salta: suddenly I am called on a risky mission, I am summoned by Fate!

The blood boiled in my veins and something like a reminiscence of past battles, got hold of me. Belicena wondered in her letter if I could be a Kshatriya:

—Well, I already was!

Apart from this irresponsible enthusiasm, deep down I was experiencing a great astonishment as I tried to reason about the content of the letter. I could not deny that a tremendous primordial force

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

emanated from all of it, a halo of ancient forgotten truths, as if Belicena Villca did not belong to this Epoch or, rather, as if she were independent of time.

The language was pagan and vital; "fantastic" would be the right term, if not for the fact that the murder of Belicena turned this premonitory message into something macabrely real.

Two questions were boiling in my head, thought jumping from one to the other, without interruption. Where was that "Sign of the Origin", of which I am a carrier, clearly visible to Belicena Villca and apparently representative of a certain spiritual condition? I perfectly remembered what Belicena had written on the Second Day: "in truth, what exists as divine inheritance of the Gods **is a Symbol of the Origin in the Pure Blood: the Sign of the Origin, observed in the Stone of Venus, was only the reflection of the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood of the Warrior Kings, of the Sons of the Gods, of the Semi-Divine Men who, together with an animal body and a Material Soul, possessed an Eternal Spirit**". If it was true that I possessed the Symbol of the Origin in my Pure Blood, if I was a spiritual man, then I would have the possibility of obtaining the Highest Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. Or had I misinterpreted Belicena's words? Because on that Second Day she wrote: "**Wisdom consists in understanding the Serpent with the Sign of the Origin**". According to Belicena, the Gods affirmed to man: "**You have lost the Origin and you are a prisoner of the Serpent: with the Sign of the Origin, understand the Serpent and you will be free again in the Origin!**" In light of these concepts, my reasoning was as follows: **if the Sign of the Origin, "my own sign of the Origin", was manifested and embodied in some part of my body, in such a way that it was quickly distinguished by Belicena Villca, that was the place that I had to discover and project in the World, on the Serpent, as the Hyperborean Initiates once did!** And so I felt an inner urge to locate that Sign and fulfill the command of the Gods.

But I also understood that I lacked many esoteric elements of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, if this first question should be left pending, the second "that was boiling in my head", about the "family test", I would not take long to investigate it. Belicena Villca, in effect, had assured, on the Fourth Day, that my family "was destined to produce an archetypal honey, the exquisite juice of the sweet". That was the first news I had on the matter and I would try, at least, to check it with my close relatives.

### Chapter II

Since mom gave me the briefcase with the letter of Belicena Villca, until the moment I made the decision to comply with her posthumous request, four days had passed. Certainly, I read the letter in record time, given its length and depth, remaining locked in my room and making me bring up, from time to time, some food. At last one afternoon I quietly descended, with the mysterious briefcase in hand, and took a seat among my own, who were, as was the custom at that time of the day, deployed in the backyard. Head bowed, gaze lost in the distance of the hills, I was silent for a long time. During that period no one interrupted me, accustomed for years to see me study under the shade of the gigantic oak. Only the murmur of the wind through the leaves, the trill of birds, and the ras, ras, of Canuto, scratching every now and then, accompanied my meditation.

I stood up abruptly, pushing aside the concrete sofa from the garden set. Next to the lapachos trees near the house were my parents: Mom darned stockings of my nephews and Dad reading a European weekly publication that arrives fifteen days late; meanwhile, Angelito Vargas' cassette, rewound for the umpteenth time, wrapped us all with "Tres Esquinas".

--Dad, Mom --I said emphatically-- in your families have you had ancestors or relatives who followed a trade or craft by tradition?

--That was a very common custom in Europe --said Dad thoughtful-- today sadly forgotten. In my family there were many doctors like you, Arturo, and even apothecaries like my father, but without this being a law, because we also had good farmers like Me: **jof, jof, jof**, --my father laughed celebrating his occurrence.

On the other hand, your mother's family, --he continued more calmly-- does have a tradition in the cultivation and production of sugar. You know that I met her in Egypt when my father, back in 35, decided to open new markets to tannin trade, in view of the fact that the textile industry of Europe and America operated subject to rigid monopolies. My father planned to sell tannin at flourishing Arab and Turkish textile industries, so he set out on a journey through the Middle East whose final stage was Egypt. I was 18 at the time and, contrary to the wishes of my father who preferred to see me become an Engineer, my greatest aspiration was to be a farmer. Trusting that the long journey would end to dispel what my father took as a whim, was that he agreed to take me with him.

Upon arriving in Egypt we were greeted by a great-uncle, Hans Siegnagel, member of a branch of the family that lives, even today, near Cairo. The Siegnagel of Egypt live there, apparently since

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Napoleon's invasion, alongside hundreds of families of German origin, which make up a strong community.

Well; during the days we spent in Cairo, my interest was focused on observing the great Sugar Refineries that extend along the Nile and the endless expanses sown with sugar cane.

Dad, seeing that my inclination for Agriculture instead of diminishing became more intense, understood that this was my true vocation and decided to accept the kind invitation of Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann, owner of a powerful Refinery with its own plantations, so that I would remain in his estate studying cultivation techniques.

I was there from 1935 to 1938, when the prospects for a lasting world peace were rapidly dissolving, having to yield to the insistent calls from my father to return to Argentina.

I started my return trip in June '38, but I didn't do it alone; with me came the daughter of Baron Von Sübermann, a beautiful Walkyrie who by the grace of Wothan, you can contemplate here present.

We all laughed, especially my mother who had stayed with eyes rolled as Dad remembered his fascinating life.

--What happened since then? I asked, knowing it would do my old father good completing the story.

--The war opened painful breaches and forced definitive separations. With your grandparents dead (my father and the Baron) we no longer reconnected with the relatives of Egypt. Many times I have felt it for your mother --his voice slackened-- who is German-Egyptian and must have suffered a lot from the separation.

On the other hand --he continued more composed-- my patriotic feelings are only for this country and nowhere else would I be better than here. Notice that your Great-grandfather, the first Siegnagel to come to America, did so in 1860 at the request of the Government to work in the manufacture of explosives, as he was reputed as a prestigious Chemist. In more than a century, my good Arthur, the Siegnagel have become more Argentinian than mate!

When dad made reference to the suffering she had experienced for staying away from her family and her birthplace, my mother reached out and began to gently rock his hair while she poured loving reproaches.

While mom and dad cuddled up to each other, I felt my cheeks burning; I was as stunned, seeing the imagination run wild already, tracing the most audacious hypotheses. The statement that Belicena Vilca made in her letter about the family mission to "work alchemically the sugar", was in principle confirmed with my father's story. It was an unquestionable reality, that the Von Sübermann were sugar producers from time immemorial, but how had she known?

Poor me; nor did I even dream that this confirmation of Belicena's accuracy was just the first of many situations that, in the future, would show me to what extent the absurd and the real were intertwined around her. Ting, Ting, the sound of the triangle, played by the indian maid calling for dinner, pulled me out of such gray thoughts.

That night I was pleasantly surprised by a bunch of delicious humitas; that dish has been, since my childhood, the most precious delicacy; so emotionally and gastronomically gratified by my family, I soon calmed down and I even managed to forget, at times, the obsessive subject of Belicena Vilca.

### Chapter III

I seriously considered Belicena's warnings about the dangers involved in the search for her son. In light of her psychic destruction and later assassination, these warnings acquired a powerful eloquence that I was not willing to underestimate. So I decided to act resolutely but cautiously.

I had already gotten as much police information as possible about the case and I harbored little doubt that Belicena's mysterious assassins were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: all the evidence of the crime indicated this. Only beings like Them could have entered that cell hermetically closed and ritually execute her. And the most striking of those evidences was the jeweled rope: it was evident that the "gold of Spain", of the medals, came from Tharsis, from the ancient mines of Tartessos; and that hair "dyed with whitewash", from the rope, belonged to the unfortunate Tartessian Vrayas, those who were killed by Bera and Birsha when they saved the Wise Sword and with whose blood the Immortals had written the sentence: ***"the punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the Boar"***. Undoubtedly They considered a cycle closed, a millennial revenge accomplished, perhaps once again believed that the House of Tharsis had been exterminated, for having employed that significant form of execution: murdering the last Vraya with the hair that They took away from one of the first Vrayas, a macabre trophy that they now returned with diabolical logic. And what Mystery was hidden in the powers of Bera and Birsha, in their incredible domain of Time! Because from the police report came off clearly that that hair ***had not suffered the passage of time: the hair***

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

*of the rope, indeed, was still alive, as freshly cut from a human head, from a White Race head, when it was braided to kill; and in no way did it reveal the 2,200 years since then.* Where, oh if just thinking this question filled me with anxiety, where had they kept it until now without aging? Maybe in the same Hell where They lived, and that Belicena Villca called Chang Shambhala? Yes. In all probability that was the correct answer: the hair came from their Damned Abodes, where Time did not pass and They did not age either.

I had already decided to face the danger and had to get going as soon as possible. But first I wanted to definitively clarify the issue of the legends of the gold jewels. And for that, no one could be of more use to me than Professor Ramírez. So I would, therefore, address myself to his presence.

I stopped the car on the parking lot of the University City and I arrived to the Faculty of Anthropology in search of Professor Ramírez. He was very busy doing a translation; but he treated me with courtesy.

--What brings you back to see me, Dr. Siegnagel; another Quechua delusion of your patients? -- he mocked.

--No Professor, this time it's about non-American languages. I found inside an old book, a paper with this drawing --I coldly lied-- and I wanted to consult you about its inscriptions. --I handed him the drawing I made of the sinister gold Jewel.

The little gray eyes flashed, and for an instant it seemed that he was really going to be interested; but he immediately returned to adopt the laconic demeanour that characterized him. Nothing could affect the old Scholar, admired by Universities around the world.

--It's the most grotesque language combination I've ever seen. Is this a joke, Siegnagel? --he asked distrustfully.

--I dont know. So, as I found it, I brought it to you --I said without exaggerating too much.

--Well, if it isn't, it seems like it! Hebrew and Celtic! come on Arturo; either this is a joke or something very, very serious. For now the word *hvhi* is the famous tetragrammaton, four-letter name of God, of disastrous power according to the Kabbalists and that is read more or less "*YHVH*", being the "*H*", letters that can adopt the sound of the Greek "*ETA*", that is, similar to the Castilian "*E*". As for *hgiv*, its translation is "*Binah*" and it means "Intelligence"; but not just any intelligence but the "Supreme Intelligence", the Intelligence of God, precisely the Intelligence of *YHVH Elohim*: for the Hebrew Kabbalah, Binah is one of the ten Sefirot or Aspects of the One God.

How familiar and meaningful I then found them to be those Professor's explanations, when inevitably placing them within the framework of the letter of Belicena Villca and her terrible death. But the Professor continued:

--The phrase "*ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch*" is undoubtedly ancient Celtic or some of its multiple dialects. The Celtic language evolves, starting from the Indo-European tree, in two branches; one, continental, gave the *Gaul*; the other, insular, would in turn divide into two sub-branches: 1st. the *Goidelic* or *old Irish*, mother of *Irish* and *Scottish Gaelic*; and 2nd. the *Brittonic*, that gave the *Breton*, the *Welsh* and the *Cornish*. I would tell you that these words belong to the Old Irish, such as it appears in the sagas "The Song of Marzin" or in the poems of the Bard Taliesin, written in the 5th century.

It's funny, Marzin (in Welsh "Myrddin", and warped in Germanic tongues "Merlin") was *Druid*, like Taliesin, and precisely in the phrase that you have brought me alludes to the *Druids*: "Draoi" means *Druid* in Celtic. The complete phrase would be "*Victory to the Divine Druid, Son of the Boar*", according to the following vocabulary:

*ada* = *Victory*  
*aes sidhe* = *Divine*  
*Draoi* = *Druid*  
*mac* = *Son*  
*hwch* = *Boar*

--My dear Dr. Arturo Siegnagel --the Professor stared at me-- what do you know about the Druids? The question did not take me by surprise, for I myself was thinking at great speed about it, from the very moment the Professor completed his translation.

--I know very little --I said--. That they formed a kind of Priestly Caste among the ancient Celts. They practiced magic and divination... I think they were reputed as Sages and despite their pagan origin, they possessed a not inconsiderable morality --everything I knew about the Druids, or Golen, came from Belicena Villca's letter, and my opinion about Them, of course, could not be worse. However, I ignored the concept that they deserved to Professor Ramírez and I tried not to

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

compromise by condemning them outright. I think that they disappeared with the conversion of the Celts to Christianity --I concluded innocently.

The Professor smiled mockingly:

–Sit down, Siegnagel, we're going to talk --he got up and, after locking the office, he delved for a few minutes in the large private library. He chose books here and there, huffing with satisfaction when he found one that had resisted more than 30 seconds. At last, taking a hanging folder from a file, he settled into his armchair.

–See Dr. –the Professor began with a serious tone– I'll be frank to you: if it was someone else who brought me that drawing, without a doubt I would have kicked him out. But knowing you, a serious person, I will trust you with my thought, because something tells me that behind this naive drawing there is something else.

I smiled at the Professor's accurate intuition.

–To begin, let's remember that the best etymology seems to be **Druvid**, word that breaks down into **Dru** = "thing in itself" or "such thing" and **vid** = "to know", what would come to make "know things themselves". The Druid would then be "the one who knows things deeply"; but an older meaning calls them "The one who knows the truth". You should not be surprised, Arturo, to know little about them, for despite the fact that Druidism was an institution among the ancient Celts and many classical writers mentioned them, their origin and doctrine remain in the darkest mystery. Some of these writers that come to mind, they are, for your example, Julius Caesar, Posidonius, Cicero, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pliny, Tacitus, Lucian, Suetonius, Diogenes Laercio, Origen, etc.

Neither sheds too much light on them and that in my opinion for three reasons: 1st. because their teaching was oral, 2nd. because their teaching was initiatory, 3rd., and main, because those most interested in hiding everything concerning the "**Druid**", were the Druids themselves.

With respect to your appreciation that they constituted a kind of "Priestly Caste", I will tell you that they pretended to be neither one nor the other. They did not form a caste but an Order; and they would not be "Priests" since they did not officiate publicly the rituals of a Cult, as it would be appropriate to deserve that qualifying. However, the fact that they did not officiate a Worship in public does not mean that they did not possess it and practiced it secretly, in the thicket of the forests, near the millenary megalithic constructions that They adapted to this end. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel. You are correct on this point: the Druids were Priests; and of the worst species ever recorded in the History of Humanity.

You also believe that they were "Wise and would have no insignificant morals". Well, about their "Wisdom" there is little doubt since they held all aspects of Celtic lore. Instead opinions are divided, when referring to the morale of the Druid, a pedophile General like Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.) found them nice and even sent Druid Vivitain to Rome as Ambassador. But on the moral side, the future consul left much to be desired; on the other hand, Strabo (60 B.C.), famous Greek geographer, contemporary of the previous one, mentions acts of tremendous cruelty "**that oppose our customs**" and relates how the Druids made omens "reading" the deep pains of a victim stabbed in the back. They were also fond of human sacrifices, which they consumed introducing the victims into a huge wicker mask that then they set fire.

The Druids "**considered it a duty to cover their altars with the blood of their prisoners and consult the Deities in the human entrails**" wrote Tacitus.

The Professor continued for a long time, reading me quotes from various Greeks and Latin authors, some exalting this or that virtue, others flatly condemning druidic evil. It did not escape me that those who "condemned" the Druids were also pagan, so their aberrations must have been great, capable of impressing men familiar with all the barbarities of their respective Epochs. The linguistic explanation that he had sought from the Professor's erudition was already satisfied. However, that man insisted in instructing me about the Druids, revealing how much he knew about them, and I couldn't be so impolite as to refuse to listen to him. Although his talk would repeat themes already amply exposed in Belicena Villca's letter. After all, checking that others knew part of those truths, could only give me security; and reassure myself about the mental health of the deceased Initiate.

–As I already told you –the Professor continued– there are no documents from Celt sources that can be consulted, except for the sagas compiled by D'Arbois de Juvainville in the nineteenth century, very rich in traditional elements of the Celts of "Iwerzon" or Ireland. In them we verify the great power of the Druids by favoring the successive Celtic invasions (**Fir Bolg** or Celts of Belgium; **Fir Donan** and **Fir Galois**, or Gauls, Scots and Welsh) to Ireland, inhabited until then by the **Fomore**, giant beings and the **Tuatha de Danan**, Divine Hyperboreans. On more than one occasion the Celts defeated the Fomore Giants who they exterminated and also end up expelling the Tuatha de Danan despite their magical powers. The thing is that the Druids dominated the forces of nature, as if they had the help of Satan himself. They produced rains, thunderstorms, and fogs; they made the seas

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

become rough or they calmed them; they made "appear" beautiful women or frightful monsters by materialization; etc.

At the time of the invasion of the Welsh, their chief, the Druid Amergin, performs the following ritual: putting the right foot on the ground to conquer he recites:

*I am the Wind that blows over the waters of the Sea.  
I am the Wave that breaks against the Rock.  
I am the Thunder of the Sea.  
I am the Deer and the Bull with the Seven Horns.  
I am the Vulture in the Precipice.  
I am the Tear of the Sun.  
I am the Most Beautiful of Flowers.  
I am the Wild and Fearless Boar.  
I am the Salmon in the Lake.  
I am the Lake in the Plain.  
I am the Voice of Wisdom.  
I am the Spear that is wielded in Battle.  
I am the God who exhales Fire in the Head.*

And the Druid Amergin, then asks the following seven questions:

*Who illuminates the Assembly on the mountain?  
Who denounces the Days of the Moon?  
Who points out the place where the Sun will sink?  
Who brings the Bull from the House of Tethra, the God of the Sea,  
and isolates it?  
Who is the Bull of Tethra smiling at?  
Who destroys the Stone Weapons from hill to hill?  
Who does all these wonders but the Fili?  
Summon, People of the Sea, summon the Druid,  
so that he can cast the spell for You.  
For I, the Druid,  
that ordered the letters  
of the Sacred Alphabet Ogham,  
I who give Peace to the combatants,  
I will approach the Fountain of the Goblins,  
in search of the docile man,  
so that together we can perform  
the most terrible spells.  
I am a Wind from the Sea.*

Behold, Arturo, the power of the Magic Word of these Druids Fili (**Fili = Bard**): the forces unleashed with the preceding pantheistic poem, allow to win a subsequent battle against the Divine Tuatha de Danan, who possessed flying chariots and death rays but were completely powerless facing the black magic of the Druids.

The Professor explained with vivid enthusiasm, but I had stayed thinking about the eighth verse of Amergin where he says:

**"I am the Wild and Fearless Boar"**. I couldn't stop relating it with the legend of the nefarious jewel, **"Victory to the Divine Druid Son of the Boar"**. I pointed it out to the Professor.

—"That's what I was getting at, Arturo". The main symbols of the Druid were two: the boar and the four-leaf clover they wore embroidered on their white robe. Between the Celts the boar and the bear symbolized respectively, the power of the Druid and that of the Warrior. Some scholars, such as René Guenon, tried to equate these two symbols of Power with the castes of the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas of India, that is, of the Priests and warriors, considering the profound meaning that the boar and the bear have in the Indo-Aryan tradition. But this is an error, since the Druids never formed a caste (nor were there any castes among the Celts) and because the meaning given to the wild boar (ancient Hyperborean symbol) by them, was tinged with a materialism not remotely possessed in the Rig Veda, where it appears as the third of the ten manifestations of Vishnu in the current life cycle or Manvantara. It is as if the Druids had "reversed" the sense of the symbol giving the boar, expression of the **Primordial Spiritual Power** proper to the Royal Function, a



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

representation of the **Actualized Temporal Power** that is characteristic of the Priestly Function. About the ancient and, until today, secret Mystery of the boar and the bear there is much to talk about, but we would step aside from our topic; better go back to the sagas compiled by Juvainville.

As is well known, the Druids imposed on the Celts the Ogham alphabet of twenty signs, fifteen consonants and five vowels, called **Beth-Luis-Nion**, for its first three letters **B-L-N**. Well then, Dr. Siegnagel: the eminent mythologist Robert Graves argues that Druid Amergin's "poem" has been distorted into the successive profane transcriptions in order to hide its esoteric meaning, but that it was originally related not only to the sacred alphabet Beth Luis Nion, but with the Calendar of Trees that Druids also used. Naturally, for the Song of Amergin to "match" with the sacred alphabet it is necessary to transpose its verses in this way:

**Says the Druid, the Voice of God: Letters of the Ogham and Trees of the month:**

<i>I am the Deer and the Seven Horned Bull.</i> .....	(B) <i>Beth/Birch</i>	(24-XII 20-I)
<i>I am the Lake in the Plain</i> .....	(L) <i>Luis/Ash</i>	(21-I 17-II)
<i>I am the Wind in the Sea.</i> .....	(N) <i>Nion/Ash</i>	(18-II 17-III)
<i>I am the Tear of the Sun.</i> .....	(F) <i>Fearn/Alder</i>	(18-III 14-IV)
<i>I am the Vulture above the Abyss.</i> .....	(S) <i>Saille/Willow</i>	(15-IV 12-V)
<i>I am the most Beautiful of Flowers.</i> .....	(H) <i>Uath/Hawthorn</i>	(13-V 9-VI)
<i>I am the God who exhales Fire in the Head</i> .....	(D) <i>Duir/Oak</i>	(10-VI 7-VII)
<i>I am the Spear that is wielded in Combat.</i> .....	(T) <i>Tinne/Holly</i>	(8-VII 4-VIII)
<i>I am the Salmon in the Lake.</i> .....	(C) <i>Coll/Hazel</i>	(5-VIII 1-IX)
<i>I am the Voice of Wisdom.</i> .....	(M) <i>Muin/Vine</i>	(2-IX 29-IX)
<i>I am the most Cruel Boar.</i> .....	(G) <i>Gort/Ivy</i>	(30-IX 27-X)
<i>I am the Thunder of the Sea.</i> .....	(NG) <i>Ngetal/Cane</i>	(28-X 24-XI)
<i>I am the Wave of the Sea.</i> .....	(R) <i>Ruis/Elder</i>	(25-XI 22-XII)

**Who but me knows the secrets of the uncut Stone Dolmen?** .....

**December 23th**

In his book "The White Goddess", Robert Graves presents a synthesis on the meaning of each month of the Druid Tree Calendar. About the month of Ivy, which corresponds to the letter (G) Gort, says the following: "G, the month of Ivy, is also the month of the wild boar. Set, the Egyptian solar god, disguised as boar, kills the Osiris of the Ivy, lover of Isis. Apollo, the Greek Sun God, disguised as a wild boar, kills Adonis, or Tammuz, the Syrian, the lover of the Goddess Aphrodite. Finn Mac Cool, disguised as a wild boar, kills Diarmuid, the lover of the Irish goddess Grainne (Greine). An unknown God, disguised as a wild boar kills Ameo, King of Arcadia and devotee of Artemis, in his Tegea vineyard and, according to the Nestorian **Gannat Busame** ("Garden of Earthly Delights"), the Cretan Zeus was killed in the same way. October was the wild boar hunting season, and also the season of the orgies of the basarids or bacchantes with garlands of Ivy. The wild boar is the animal of death and the "fall" of the year begins in the month of the boar".

The function of the Druid is well summarized in the poem "The Spoils of Annwn" where Taliesin says **"I am Bard, I am Guide, I am Judge"**. Bard was the Druid dedicated to art and music; Guide was the Ovate, Druid dedicated to science; Judge was the Druid-dheacht (that is, Druid-sorcerer, magician) enabled by his power to influence the Celtic Kings and enforce his law. Look, Arturo, how strange and contradictory it sounds that the legislator of a people is not a racial member of that people and yet be accepted "voluntarily" (?) by them. Because the Druids were not Celts despite all attempts to falsify History that have been made in this regard. Maybe a little light on this, is obtained considering the discovery of the Frisian manuscript **"Oera Linda"**. In this document, written in runes, the ancient story of the Frisian People is told, apparently a remnant of the "Atlant", an Atlantean colony located in northern Europe, off Great Britain about 5,000 years ago. It is not about the legendary Atlantis, mentioned by Plato, which would have existed 12,000 years ago; but like this one, Atlant also succumbed to a cataclysm. -The Professor opened the hanging folder and after flipping through hundreds of photocopies, among which I recognized "The Dead Sea Scrolls, facsimile edited by UNESCO", extracted a folio written in runic language, which was the copy of the Oera Linda. Next to it, there was an English translation made and commented by Robert Scrupton in 1977, titled "The Other Atlantis". From this last text he read, to my curiosity, the following: **"The implications of the Oera Linda are that some refugees from the sunken Atlant reached the general area of the Netherlands and Denmark, already populated by Atlander settlers for at least since 4,000 B.C. They settled there and contacted their relatives, who, as pirates, sailors, and merchants, had maintained communication with the mother country and with the several places of the world colonized by Atlanders"**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

***"After a time, the Frisian descendants wrote stories of the mother country, its people, its history, its religion and its law. As one generation succeeded another, some of the most old writings were lost, while others were summarized and new ones were added to the history of that people. They thus became the diary of a renovated and modernized people, in a sacred truth for the family that possessed it".***

***"These summaries and additions continued to be made by the descendants of Atland until the year 1256 of our Era, giving in this way, provided the authenticity of the manuscripts is accepted, the testament of the history of a people for 3,000 or 5,000 years: an unparalleled document in human History".***

***"Nothing was added after 1256, when Hiddo Over de Linda of Friesland, compiled all the existing material on a new cotton-based paper, which the Arabs had brought to Spain and which was starting to be used all over Europe".***

***"The final copy passed from one generation of the family to another, until the year 1848, when a woman, Aafje Meylhof (born Over de Linden), gave it to her nephew Cornelius Over de Linden. The latter, which was master shipbuilder at the Dutch Shipyards of Helder, finally decided that Dr. Eelco Verwiss, librarian of the Provincial Library of Leewarden, Friesland, would copy the document".***

***"The writing --with all its implications-- entered the public domain".***

The Professor continued reading Robert Scrupton's comments, reviewing the appraisals suffered by the Oera Linda to this day. Well, although there are almost no doubts about its authenticity --at least until the year 1256--, many are reluctant to accept it as a historical document since the millennial book, when shedding light on mythological episodes of history, makes bitter enemies.

I listened in fascination as the Professor continued relentlessly:

***"Well, let's do our thing". In one of the Frisian manuscripts, where it tells of the struggle between the Frisian men (white) with the Magyar invaders (yellow) 2,000 years B.C. there is the story of Neef Teunis, a Frisian sailor who, leaving Denmark, sails to the Mediterranean with the idea of entering the service of the Kings of Egypt. "In the northernmost part of the Mediterranean --says the Oera Linda-- there is an island near the coast. They arrived there and they asked to buy it, on which a general council was held".***

***"The advice of the Mother was asked, and she wished to see them distant, for she saw no harm in it; but when we later saw the error that we had committed, we called the island Messellia (Marseille). Right away it will be seen the reason we had".***

***"The Golen, the name given to the missionary priests of Sidon, had observed that the land was scarcely populated, and away from the Mother". --I clarify to you, Arturo, that both in the Oera Linda, as well as in many traditional Nordic sagas, the term "Mother" is used to denominate, generically, the Priestesses of the Cult of Fire. "With the final purpose of causing a favorable impression, the Golen called themselves in our language "Followers of Truth", but they would have been better called "Those who do not have the Truth" or, more briefly, Triuweden, as then our seafaring people called them. When they were well established, their merchants exchanged their fine copper weapons and all kind of jewelry, for our iron weapons and the leathers of wild beasts, that were abundant in our Nordic countries; but the Golen held all kinds of vile and monstrous parties, which the inhabitants of the coast promoted with their lascivious women and their sweet poisoned wine. If someone of our people conducted himself in such a way that his life was in danger, the Golen provided him with shelter and sent him to Phonisia, that is, Palmland (Phoenicia). When he had settled there, they made him write to his family, friends and acquaintances saying that the country was so good and the people so happy that no one could form an idea of it. In Great Britain --an Atlander penal colony-- there were many men but few women. When the Golen learned this, they brought girls from all over and gave them to the British for nothing. But all those women served their purposes of stealing children from Wr-Alda to give them to the false gods".***

In the Oera Linda, God is called Wr-Alda. But this Frisian God is alternatively, in the ancient accounts, or the Demiurge Jehovah Satan, or the Incognizable Hyperborean God. The confusion arises, presumably, because of the fall into exotericism suffered by the Frisians, as well as other peoples survivors of the Atlantean catastrophe, over the centuries.

On this part of the Oera Linda, Robert Scrupton comments: ***"Triuwiden, or Druviden, can be considered the origin of the name 'Druids', while 'Golen' is another form of 'galli', that is, the 'Gauls of Phoenicia'".*** As you see, friend Arturo, this incredible document sets back many centuries the news about the Druids --who would now be "those who do not have the Truth"-- making them come from the Middle East, which confirms the presumption that always existed on its non-Celtic origin.

It would be necessary to know now... --Arturo are you listening to me?

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I had been paralyzed minutes ago, precisely when the Professor was reading the Oera Linda and uttered the word "Golen". The fierce persecutors of the House of Tharsis, whom Belicena Villca called "the Golen", were definitely "Druids". That I already knew because it was implicit in the letter; but there the Professor showed me that this was no secret, that there were sufficient documents and information about those damn Priests. Only my ignorance of History, and of the most dark history, had caused the feeling of strangeness that I experienced when I read the letter and learned about the Golen intrigues and plans. I was about more than once, and now I regretted it, of doubting the sanity of Belicena, of denying the fantastic reality of the Golen.

–Yes Professor, I am listening to you-- I replied, afraid of offending him.

–It would be missing now --he repeated patiently-- to know if it was really about Phoenicians, because at that time Sidon was a port city, tremendously cosmopolitan.

I understood the question posed by the Professor but I did not intend, for the moment, to go deeper in that direction, taking into account all the details provided by Belicena on the Hebrew origin of the Golen. Instead a different question struggled to get out of my throat: I should know what the Professor knew about the Golen today.

–Professor Ramírez, sorry if I interrupt, but are there Druids in this Epoch? --I asked vehemently.

The old professor sighed resignedly.

–You ask me a very specific question and I will try to answer in identical way; but understand that it is not easy and I will have to put you on other backgrounds so you can judge, for yourself, the validity of my answer: because although there are Celtic societies and authors dedicated to the study of Druidism, it is only about historians or dilettantes and not about true Fili. The Truth will have to be sought, then, elsewhere.

For several centuries Druidism seemed overshadowed, specifically (as you said at the beginning of our talk) since the conversion of the Celtic peoples to Christianity. This conversion is very early, because Saint Patrick converts Ireland to Catholicism between the years 432 and 463. The Celt peoples of Gaul were at that time under the rule of German dynasties, those who embraced in all cases Arian Christianity, doctrine drawn up by the Libyan bishop Arius in 318 and condemned as heretical at the Council of Nicea of 325. Father Llorca, in his monumental Manual of Ecclesiastical History, says that, according to Arius: ***“there is only one God, eternal and incommunicable. The word, Christ, is not eternal, but created out of nothing. Thus true creature, much more excellent than the others; but not consubstantial with the Father. Therefore he is not God”***.

This doctrine was an attempt against the Catholic "Mystery" of the Trinity, therefore it was fiercely fought by the Roman Popes.

Be it as it may, the truth is that in the conversion of the Arian nobility to Catholicism, the Celtic people succumbed and had to accept the new dogma, as previously they had accepted Arianism, that is, by imposition.

The Visigothic Kingdom of Spain, becomes Catholic overnight at the III Council of Toledo in 589, with the conversion of King Reccared by San Leandro. But the definitive step for the catholicization of Celtic Gaul, already had been given by the little known Frankish King Clovis, who, when he converts in 496, becomes an instrument of the Church for the missionary conquest.

It might be thought that the Druids --of such rude opposition to the Hyperboreans Gods Tuatha de Danan in Ireland-- were to organize the defense against the new (lunar) faith that displaced the ancient Celtiberian (solar) cult of God Belenus (worshiped in Greece also as Apollo) and the Mother Goddess Belisana. For none of that happened, since the Druids advised the people the convenience of embracing Christianity and they became Christians themselves. Christian Druids? Sages in the hidden laws of material nature; possessors of a demonic secret Science; Do you think they would have converted to Christianity subjugated by this religion?

The Professor was looking at me intensely.

–As you pose things --I answered-- these conversions make me reminisce of those of the **Marranos**, that is, those Jews, who, forced to choose between becoming Catholic or dying accepted the former, pretending to practice the new faith for years (or centuries if we consider that there are Marrano families that even today, live a double life), but preserving the Jewish rite and customs in secret.

–Good Dr. Siegnagle! --the Professor roared-- that's exactly what I was referring to; to a feigned conversion like that of the Marrano Jews. If you consider what I asked you before, when reading the text of the Oera Linda that places the Druids as natives of Sidon, in Phoenicia, you will understand that there are other suspicious similarities.

The Professor never ceased to amaze me with his sharpness, raising the things in such a way that, as in the dialogues of the Greek Sophists, the answers sprang up spontaneously in the Philosopher's interlocutor.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--Yes, --I stated, feigning surprise at the consequences I guessed--. The relationship is undeniable, Professor: Jews and Druids came from the Middle East!

I accompanied the comment by nodding eloquently with the head. This gesture encouraged the Professor to continue and, while he waved briskly in one hand the book "The Mystery of the Templars", he said in a convincing tone:

--The great Celtician Louis Charpentier, author of this book and defender of the Golen and the Templars, confirms it with well-founded research: the Druids take refuge in the Catholic Church. The opportunity is provided by Saint Benedict, a character of great wisdom and holiness who, when founding the Benedictine Order with a rule, (*Ora et Labora*) that exalts work and prayer, encourages it to the rescue of the Greek and Roman Culture, threatened with death by the decline of the Roman Empire, barbarism, and the amazing ignorance of the Popes.

The point of contact occurs with Saint Columbanus, a Fili of Ireland dedicated entirely to converting Celtic peoples to the Catholic religion. Louis Charpentier cannot hide his admiration for the Druidic infiltration, when he says: ***"...Saint Benedict had died in 547, seven years after the birth of Saint Columbanus. Benedict had preserved the classic treasure for Christendom; to this same Christendom, Saint Columbanus was going to deliver the Celtic treasure"***.

***"Saint Columbanus was a Christian from Ireland, a country that had embraced very soon Christianity, without the more or less brutal impositions of the Roman Emperors, nor those of the barbarians who called themselves Romans, as had happened in all Celtic countries of Druidic past. It may be said, without error, that the Christians of Rome and those of Clovis, made Christianity unpleasant in Gaul"***.

***"Ireland did not know Rome or the barbarians, and that explains that acceptance of Christianity without brusqueness"***.

***"Not much is known about the Druids either; but their ease to accept a certain form of Christianity, seems to place them spiritually very close to it. None of the new revelation seemed strange to them: neither the Divine unity, nor an uncreated God that encompasses the Universe in all its forms, neither the Divinity in Three Persons, nor a God born of a Virgin, neither the incarnate God, nor the crucified Divine Man, neither the resurrection, nor the immortality of the Soul that they already preached..."***

***"Saint Benedict, in his last hours, shouted: "I see the Trinity and Peter and Paul and Druids and Saints"***.

***"All the Celtic people, after the Druids, rushed towards Christianity". "Ireland, which had escaped Roman conquest and then to the Arab conquests, remained Christian, but if it can be said so, "druidically"***.

Undoubtedly, Professor Ramírez knew how to support his arguments with the more suitable texts, I thought admiringly.

--Around these events --continued the Professor-- is located (7th century) the "disappearance" of the Druids in their traditional aspect, but they occur sporadic reappearances throughout history, especially during the Crusades (XI to XII centuries), in the processes of the Templars (XIV century), in the Renaissance (XV and XVI centuries), in the affirmation of the so-called currents of the Illustration, Freethought, Encyclopedism and Masonry, (XVII and XVIII centuries).

As you can see, they always appear linked to the crisis or the revolution, but beware Arthur, only in relation to the Celtic Race. It seems that the presence of the Druid has only one objective: ***to be a guide of the Celts***, as Taliesin sang. Today Celt means little, but remember that much of France and Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Ireland, Scotland, part of Spain and 50% of White America, are Celts.

At this point in the conversation (or monologue I should say, since the Professor with his precision did not lead to interruptions) I was deeply impressed. Professor Ramírez knew much more about the matter than I had imagined at the beginning of the conversation. I decided to continue with the game and simulate greater amazement. To act with conviction I would try to bring the dialogue to a concrete terrain.

--The Great World Jewish Conspiracy I can understand perfectly, Professor, since the stated goal of Rabbis or simple Hebrews of all times, is the Dominion of the World and the submission of Humanity to Jehovah's Chosen People. ***"Heavenly Israel --says the Talmud-- has as destiny of glory to reign over the Gentile peoples"***.

But what goal do the Druids pursue by perpetuating themselves through the centuries to secretly lead the Celts, through their damned Science? Not an imperialist objective, since the Celts never had an Empire, but established confederations of tribes or peoples whose decline began with the "Gallic Wars" performed by Julius Caesar. Nor an objective that implied any kind of spiritual benefit

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

to the Celts, for, I no longer doubt it, the Fili are driven by some evil purpose. Why do they do it, my God, why?

I tried to raise the question as best I could to Professor Ramírez. He was thoughtful for a long minute and then, with a gesture of dismay, he replied:

—I don't know, Dr. Siegnagel --he called me alternately Arturo or Dr. Siegnagel—. I can only conjecture something. But keep in mind this, it is just a conjecture! In no way could I prove it. I'll tell you what I think, but I would never repeat it outside of this office and this moment.

I held my breath for fear that the Professor would shut up.

—It is known that the Jewish financial power begins to develop late in the Middle Ages, when goldsmiths in precious metals (almost always Jews), seen in the obligation to build security cameras to keep the gold and silver of the feudal lords and nobles, begin to make loans at interest, using somebody else's deposits as guarantee. The first step was to issue a document, recognized by all, as a "payment element", true paper money that allowed trading without the need to make payments in metal. Of course this "discovery" was quickly adopted and used at the discretion of large merchants and moneylenders, in the style of the "Merchant of Venice" so brilliantly portrayed by Shakespeare. But the secret of enrichment, was undoubtedly in **usury**, the true origin of "Banking".

In the XVII century there were already enough Jewish banks in the world to assure them a good portion of the Power; the XVIII century, for example, sees the rise of the "House of Rothschild", Jewish family that owns the Banking of the same name, of nefarious performance until the XX century.

This is all known history, but what I mean is that, gaining control of the financial means inevitably leads to a struggle for state control. And at the end of the Middle Ages, when this story begins, **the State is the Catholic Church**, which is why, between the XV and XX centuries, the struggle for Power was going to confront in many occasions the Catholic Church and the Great Jewish Kahal.

These confrontations, sometimes fierce, should have ended with one of the parties, if in the course of the centuries something like an invisible hand would have always intervened to reconcile both opponents. Study, Arturo, the History and you will see clearly what I say; when conflict arises on one side, whether it is initiated by the Church or the Catholic Monarchs or the Inquisition, etc., against the Jewish Power, or on the other hand, whether the Hebrew Conspiracy launches "the Revolution", "Masonry", "Marxism", etc., against the Christian Power, there a moderator element appears, softening the conflict; avoiding the imminent fight; diluting tensions. This element, unconscious executor arm, is the Celt. But behind the Celt is the real instigator: the Golen, the Fili, the Druid, with its incredible power!

I know you will think that I am not in my right mind, Arturo; and I can't prove this fantastic conjecture that I hardly dared to formulate!

The Professor was looking at me confused. It was evident that he feared that he had gone too far and that's why his eyes tried to drill into my brain. And yet, despite his preventions, his hypothesis fell short of the magnitude of the Golen plans that Belicena Vilca denounced in her letter: it was true, as the Professor understood, that the Golen "mediated" between the Church and the Synagogue; but it was no less true that They were pursuing one more ambitious goal: **the Universal Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People**. I couldn't help but smile as I gazed into the Scholar's concerned face. That reassured him.

—Through a deep historical analysis, —he continued without ceasing to observe me-- many have assumed that a secret link binds the different Vertices of World Power and the existence of a super-secret sect has been affirmed that could be Masonry, B'nai Brith (Jewish Masonry), Trilateral Commission, etc., or any other organization of that type, to which all the men who wield Power would belong. This hypothesis is too giant for me; instead what I can assure, based on many years of historical research, is that between two great Colossi, the Catholic Church and the Synagogue, there is an impious hidden link to lead to bring about the unspeakable aim of World Power. And that impious bond is given through the Druids! Here's part of the truth! —The Professor almost shouted, pointing to the picture of the jewel. But what is this sheet of paper? nothing, no proof, just a meaningless drawing found by a student, but which contains the secret of some forces that move the World.

—I think I notice, from your very significant arguments, that you have answered affirmatively to my question --I said changing the conversation and willing not to reveal anything about the crime of Belicena Vilca. So should I infer that the Druids would exist today?

—My dear Dr. Siegnagel, that question may be meant to be answered by yourself. I have given you enough information and it only remains for me to assure you that historical research, unless another Oera Linda appears or the Vatican Private Library opens, won't throw anything new about the Druids --he stated categorically.

—Why? I asked, this time with real surprise.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–For a very simple but inexplicable reason, *Dr. Sieg-na-gel* –said the Professor sarcastically, almost spelling out my German last name--. Because between 1939 and 1945 specialist battalions of the Waffen **SS**, German elite corps, emptied Europe from the few documents there were about the Druids.

–What for could the **SS** want that information? --I asked with distrust, because I did not like the direction the conversation was taking.

–That was never known for sure. During those years it was believed that documentation was taken to the most important training center of the **SS**, Wewelsburg Castle in Westphalia, where there was a Library specialized in Religion and Occultism of more than 50,000 volumes. But when the war ended, part of this valuable material and the "Restricted Circle" of the **SS** (about 250 super-trained and super-secret men) evaporated as if by enchantment.

You know --the Professor was telling me with a conspiratorial look-- all those stories about hidden refuges, the Odessa group, ...bah, lies.

–Yes --I nodded and looked at my watch. It was 8:30 p.m. I calculated that we had been together for five hours and I was ashamed of abusing the Professor's precious time in this manner.

–There is no reason to apologize, Arturo, –said the Professor in the face of my excuses– it has been a talk to my liking, in which I have remembered with you some of what, in other times, I also had to worry about it.

On that summer day they remained only, in the Faculty, the Night Watchman and the cleaning staff. I went out in the company of Professor Ramirez and accompanied him to one of the Teacher's Houses he inhabits, within the University City itself. And I never saw him again... May the Incognizable guide his Spirit towards the Origin, or may Wothan lead him to the Valhalla, or may Frya show him the Naked Truth of Himself, may his heart cool forever, may he conquer the Vril and possess the Wisdom that he so much sought during his lifetime! And above all: may he manage to flee from the revenge of Bera and Birsha...

### Chapter IV

I returned to my flat in dark musings, fighting to keep discouragement from getting the better of me. After the initial enthusiasm, the weight of reality leaned heavily on my Spirit and posed an unavoidable question to me: how could I, using only my own forces, comply with the request of Belicena Villca? It is true that I felt owner of an unbreakable will, that would not just give up in my determination to go to the end, that *all* my strength, without reservation, would be made available to the Cause of the House of Tharsis; but it was true, also, I humbly acknowledged, that I was not endowed with the virtues of Ulises. No; I was definitely not the Hero Perseus that according to Belicena descended to Hell itself to conquer Wisdom: but not only to those mythological Heroes I did not look like; I was not even remotely close to any of the Lords of Tharsis. They surely knew how to solve all kinds of situations. They had faced for millennia a hellish conspiracy, inconceivable for an ordinary human mind, they endured several extermination attempts, and they came out successful in all the tests, they dodged all dangers, triumphed over all enemies. And they succeeded because, according to Belicena, their hearts were harder than the diamond Stone and they possessed the certainty of the Eternal Spirit; and because they experienced the **essential hostility** towards the "Powers of Matter", which allowed them to exhibit an indescribable strength against any enemy. They had remained "on the margins of History", trying to preserve the inheritance of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the white Atlanteans. They were Initiates who acted conscious of their spiritual responsibility. They complied with the "Strategy" of their Gods and the Gods addressed Them and guided Them.

I, on the other hand, was incomparably weaker. I did not distinguish so clearly like them between the Soul and the Spirit, although the reading of the letter came to me as a revelation of the "spiritual Self", as the undeniable intuition of the truth of the Spirit chained in matter; but for now it was only a spiritual intuition. Nor did I receive an esoteric tradition, a wisdom inherited, much less had the possibility of being Initiated in the true Mystery of the Spirit: I searched, yes, the truth for many years, as I will narrate later, and I even came to discover for myself the reality of the Universal Synchrony, but it never occurred to me to fight against such satanic forces, **nor I ever imagined that it was necessary to do it, essential, inevitable, a matter of Honor**. On the contrary, as the well-known tango expresses, "**I gave up without a fight**": I let sentimentality soften my heart, I was impregnated by the decadent customs of the century, I tolerated and lived with the most abominable realities, the same ones in which the Western Culture is slowly sinking, without reacting. And I never reacted because I lacked moral reflexes, I was as if I were asleep, perhaps because deep down, as now, I

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

had fear of fighting and reacting, of facing too powerful forces. Oh, God! They had turned me into a useful idiot, a stupid pacifist!

But now things would change: if I had to destroy, I would destroy!; if I had to kill, I would kill!; I would do anything before trading with the Enemy of the Spirit, described by Belicena Villca. I just needed help, some kind of spiritual help. In short, I was determined to go all the way, to play, as I said, all my strengths for the Cause of the House of Tharsis, but I was also realistic, aware of my limitations, and knew that without help I could not get anywhere. But to whom could I turn for such help? Not that I could decide for the moment, but that is what I would occupy myself thinking about in the following hours.

I kept the car in the garage of the Tower where I had been living in for a few years and climbed a detestable reinforced concrete spiral staircase to the landing of the elevators. A few minutes later, I was comfortably tucked into my pajamas, ready to meditate on what worried me.

**"Three rooms is too big for a single man"** my parents repeated to exhaustion when I bought it, but now the flat did not look like it, due to the disorderly accumulation of archaeological objects, various publications and books. Actually for the books I allocated a small room that I provided with shelves on all four walls; but soon the capacity of this library was full and the new books were gaining the other environments as undesirable guests.

The only place more or less arranged with certain order, was the spacious hall which had a set of armchairs, a coffee table and a reading lamp. Next to my favorite armchair, the window revealed the side of a small hill at the foot of which, imposing and majestic, stands the equestrian statue of General Martín Miguel de Güemes. There I sat, seized with a very special feeling, as will be seen in the course of the story, and I stayed several hours; until the phenomena occurred.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves; it was twelve o'clock at night and I, picking up the thread from previous thoughts, was obsessively wondering: I must ask for help, but from whom?

As always happens when man is faced with situations that over-pass him and calls for **external aid**, it is unfailingly raised a moral problem; it is the ancient confrontation between good and evil. In these cases the fundamental principle that should prevail in the judgment on "friendship" or "enmity" of the Powers to which we address ourselves is **discernment**. When the "law" is precise, in events that must be dealt with legally for example, discernment is automatic, we would say rational. In the complex legislative plot, thousands of qualitatively and hierarchically intertwined laws regulate man's behavior in civilized society. There are **standard** legal "forms" that allow to guide the judgment and determine with precision if what a man does is good or bad: he is good if he does not produce contradictions legally demonstrable, he is bad if he breaks the law.

This in regard to the conduct collectively adjusted to the "law", of man. In the individual sphere the subject, generally ignorant of the great variety of legislations that regulate the Law, conducts itself according to its "moral conscience". This concept refers to the fact that being a member of a human society, both by the cultural transfer of generations of ancestors as by education or simply the imitation of the neighbour, enables man in the exercise of a kind of moral conditioned reflex that acts, at last, as an intuition (moral conscience or "voice of conscience"). But it is not about a true intuition, but about the appearance of it and what would happen would be that a stratum of moral experiences, assimilated by the mentioned means or by any other and reduced to an unconscious level, would act automatically guiding reason in the discernment of the established oppositions and determining the logic of the judgement.

It is understood that the more "automatically" this psychological mechanism is triggered, the more weakened is the will to discern. The taste or comfort for living in populated areas or cities, talks about the predominance of these unconscious processes and explains the panic fear of coping with original situations or circumstances where discernment may fail. Hence the fallacy of believing that the citizen "habitat", cultural realm par excellence, makes man more "balanced", when the truth is that the individual in rural areas tends to possess a more accurate moral discernment, not rational but emanated from the depths of the Spirit.

The serene judgment of men we usually take for ignorants, could come to surprise us. Without the scab of endless decadent customs crystallized in all places of the mind, these simple people experience also states of transcendent consciousness, without making too much noise and, what is good, without making "parapsychological classifications".

For the purposes of comparing the two behaviors, suppose they have been put (the citizen and the rural man) to choose between God and the Devil, being the second the imitation of the first. In all likelihood, the rationalist inclination of the citizen, would incapacitate him to discern between essence and Divine appearance. Perhaps this distinction cannot be made by the simple mind of the peasant; but, by this very simplicity or purity, he may "sense" the presence of God, have the "certainty" to distinguish between the truth and the lie.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

It may seem very difficult for someone to be faced with a similar dilemma, **but for me that was the question** when considering the necessity of receiving "external aid". Because this help would be, above all things, "Spiritual help", and that help could only come from "**the beyond**", from a World transcendent to matter and man. And this is where I had stopped perplexed in the past: that "other World" **which** God governs? **which** is the **true** Religion of the Spirit? **who are** their representatives on Earth? **where is** the Door to God, to the World of God, to the Homeland of the Spirit?

For many years I searched for the truth of these questions, but never as now I was faced with an extreme situation in which the need to **discern** was incompatible with ordinary life. Well, I was sure, I could no longer go further in my life without finding an answer; I was 36 years old, but at least for 15 years I'd been "looking" for answers. In that search I had traveled a winding road that did not disdain the intellectual heights of Philosophy and Science, nor the irrational abysses of Religions and Sects.

I remembered that at first I had been proud to have a "western" training. Prepared in an environment of crude rationalistic scientism, there were times when I came to blindly trust that the methodologies of the empirical research were the only way to obtain true knowledge of the universe. But the years passed, anguish appeared that could not be reduced by any "methodology" and then I considered the possibility of exploring other knowledge paths.

I went through a thousand philosophical and religious tendencies in that search; read hundreds of books and practiced many different Cult rites. But it always happened the same; while theories and dogmas, expressed in all ways imaginable, were at least worthy of respect, the same could not be said of the organizations that supported such ideas. Unless one was blinded by a fanatical faith, one ended up discovering "behind" the Orders or Sects --or simply of the "Leaders"--, the subaltern and unspeakable purpose; the inadmissible and intolerable bond.

These hidden purposes, I was discovering with indignation, obeyed three modes of operation of the synarchic forces: **a "military" mode, a "political" mode, and a "religious" mode**, without this classification implying order of importance or appearance. The "Synarchic Secret Societies", I will use this generic name, could behave according to one, two, or all three modes mentioned, and tend firmly to the fulfillment of their secret purposes. Ultimately, I began to suspect, they were all united in a common goal: obtain control of the Planet, favor the seizure of world Power by a hierarchical group of men. Naturally, that then I was unaware, until reading the letter of Belicena Villca, that the recipients of the universal effort of the Synarchy were the members of the Chosen People. But here's what I was checking: Intelligence Services of any kind and country, **"military" mode** of the Synarchic Secret societies, are in charge of infiltrating all possible organizations, including sects or religious churches, when they do not control them directly, as is the case with the Church of the Latter-day Saints (**Mormons**) that is skillfully managed by the C.I.A. The International Marxism, Trotskyism, Zionism, etc., **"political" modes** of the Secret Societies, they are after hundreds of innocents organizations that serve as a facade for them. And within the **"religious" modes** there are thousands of groups or small groups controlled by the Synagogue, the Protestant Churches, Islam, Buddhism, and even the Catholic Church. And always the ultimate goal is to form a spectrum as wide as possible to cover all ideological variants and capture all the dissidents of the Great International Lines. **"No one should be left out of the control of the Synarchy"** seems to be the slogan that guides them.

The discovery of this black reality, underlying under false promises of elevation and spiritual progress, led me to that state of "absence of ideal" that I defined in another part of the story. From there I continued to live more or less normally and I even became interested in Anthropology, but the reaction to past misleading experiences led me to systematically mistrust the "good faith" of **socially organized institutions**. I came to feel spontaneous disgust when making contact, for the first time, with some **association** whose declared purpose --I guessed it immediately-- was betrayed in a veiled way in favor of **its** international hidden tendencies.

I definitely did not trust any earthly organization as intermediary between a Higher Spiritual Order and the Material World.

Considering what has been said, the **dilemma** that was posed to me at that time will be better understood: to fulfill Belicena Villca's request, I should face a Secret Society of Druids, men who possessed terrible powers as it turned out from the letter and from the statements of Professor Ramirez, and I would even run the risk of attracting the attention of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, who would kill me in the blink of an eye. This was no game! I had to, at the time, seek help against Them; and that help could only be spiritual, supplied by beings who shared the objective of the mission, that is, by adherents of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But where were such beings?

In truth, I seriously believed that to undertake the mission with chances of success, something concrete was needed, which was not a matter of sitting to pray or waste away in metaphysical



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

speculations. But, I repeated to myself, what organizations could I turn to for help? Masonry, Theosophy, Anthroposophy, Martinism, the Rosicrucians, the Gnostics, and other Secret Societies still more occult, but of the same synarchic nature, are in essential opposition to the Hyperborean Wisdom, it was clear to me now. And so, no matter how hard I thought and went through the list of all known organizations, always concluded that they were at least suspected of belonging to the White Brotherhood, the hidden super-organization enemy of the House of Tharsis. Oh dilemma! There was a Secret Society of Hyperborean Initiates in Argentina, an Order of Wise Builders, as Belicena revealed in her letter, but no one knew where they were or how to get to them; I would try to find them, but I was fully aware that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Synarchy agents would be waiting for someone to approach to execute him without mercy. I doubted if I could undertake this quest alone and so I examined the possibility of resorting to some organization "friend" of the Hyperborean Wisdom to request help. However, I repeat, no matter how much I thought, I did not find the solution: **is it that the Hyperborean Wisdom did not have supporters in this world?** The answer seemed to be "no"; at least it didn't have socially organized followers; or I was unaware of the existence of any similar organization.

### Chapter V

My only ally --I thought at the beginning of the reflection-- is discernment. He will tell me where to turn, who to trust. If there is any philosophical or religious line related, he will allow me to discover it; he will tell me if its "good or bad" and how to resort to it.

But the analysis carried out after deep meditation, produced a chilling conclusion: as I eliminated possibilities, all the organizations were on one side (enemy) and **none** on the other.

As much as I tried to manicheally polarize the myriad of Religions, Sects, Associations, Secret Societies, Organizations, Groups, Orders, Leagues, Brotherhoods and Fraternities, I could not discern about even one that held a ray of Uncreated Light, a flash of the Primordial Truth of the Spirit. However, if all that Belicena Vilca affirmed about the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit was true, if the Spirit could only experience hostility towards this World, towards the Judaic Culture that today predominates in this World, the result of my reflections would not be strange. On the contrary, it would be rather logical that being the White Fraternity about to achieve the Universal Synarchy, as in the XIII century, there was only **one** organization of Initiates in the Hyperborean Wisdom. Yes: in the same way as in the XIII century the **Circulus Domini Canis** opposed the White Fraternity's plans, perhaps now only existed **the Order of Wise Builders of the Lord of the Absolute Orientation**.

--So, --I said to myself desolate, feeling that an anguish, very similar to terror, rose from the stomach to the throat-- then I must not expect any concrete help to fulfill my mission. I am left to my own forces! --I had trouble accepting this.

The mission proposed by Belicena was clearly a task that required the performance of a superior man, of someone fitted with much more than I was counting at the time. If I was sure of one thing, however, it was that the spiritual help would be essential to fulfill the mission. But the help, according to my recent conclusions, should not be expected from human organizations: **there could be no intermediaries between the spiritual and Me**. It was thus evident that the spiritual help would have to manifest itself directly within me; that God, or the "Liberator Gods", or my own Spirit, Eternal, Uncreated, Infinite, if they responded to the request for help, they would have to do it in the deepest part of my psychic intimacy.

For a while now I had felt a kind of choking, a tightness in my chest to which I did not give much importance, because I attributed it to the torrid February. This presumption soon faded, since *Salta* nights are usually quite cool, even in summer, and that was no exception. I noticed it immediately when I opened the window: I saw the park dimly lit by the 4 o'clock twilight, while a cold breeze forced me to close the shutter. Standing next to the window, strangely suffocated by an unknown anguish, I awkwardly thought that in a few more minutes it would dawn.

A sensation of **cosmic solitude** had filled me little by little, without noticing it, and finally managed to penetrate to the bottom of my soul. For an instant I thought that the previous analysis had solipsistically isolated me from the World; or, in other words, that the Manichean polarization to which I subjected the human organizations, had unconsciously continued to jump through categories to a confrontation: Me and the World. This could be due to my instinctive rejection of the material. But it was not like that, because when I thought about my friends, my family, the beings that I admire, I immediately sensed the spiritual power in them. And the familiar feeling of joy that the spiritual inspires me, made my body vibrate. Yes; I was able to intuit the Spirit in some beings and therefore was not really alone. The heartbreaking loneliness I felt now --I thought quickly-- was not the product of a pathological deviation such as those which in their melancholy usually suffer the selfish solipsists.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

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

I felt lonely and cosmically abandoned, but in that sensation of abandonment, blended, there was a second sensation, more subtle but less painful: it was like a silent reproach that vibrated in the depths of my soul, but at unimaginable depth. It was the reproach of a God that was transmitted through a dimensionless space and that seemed to cry for a loss; a metaphysical amputation of His Substance that was suffered as only He is capable of suffering.

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

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

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

It must be understood that all of this happened very quickly, perhaps in a few minutes or seconds. And most likely is I had really died –this I understood long after-- having totally let myself be won over by that strange mood.

If this did not happen, it was because remotely, on the borders of the conscience that was leaving me quickly, I had an accurate intuition: that emotion that was killing me was external to my own being!

It was not Me who wailed and moaned emotively with such force that filled everything; that traversed my multiple spheres of perception and diffused through the surrounding reality; that dissolved my conscience when losing the differentiation between subject and object.

The curious thing was that by making this intuition conscious, everything was cut off at once, in a silent and brilliant burst in which I thought I could fleetingly distinguish a white circle surrounding me.

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

I suddenly felt lucid and alert, while around me, the furniture, the floor, the walls of the flat, everything seemed to radiate a gruesome and threatening malice. It was something tenebrous that was induced epidermically, **that was perceived with the whole body, with each organ, with each atom**. The same previous state, but inverted and exacerbated: the deep **cosmic solitude** was now, pure Presence; the abandonment: a mute call, but one of irresistible violence; the reproach of the God, who seemed so Divine when sprouting from the depths of the Soul, had become a bestial roar, obscene and aggravating.

It is not possible to put into words what I experienced then; I can only give a pale idea if I say that that Primordial Force was vaguely similar to the breath of a huge and malign beast.

A fetid and offensive breath that gushed out from all things, which were at the same time the viscera, the organs, of that bristling and dangerous Dragon. A breath that imposed its Presence full of Life; but this Life was to the Spirit, what noise is to music: vile imitation and miserable copy. A voluptuous breath that hauled and exhaled in a rude and animal cadence.

In the silence and calm of the night, this Presence was magnified by vitiating the air of threat; as if, invisible and powerful, a mortal Enemy will lurk ready to throw itself at me; to take my life and more than my life...

I had the impression of having fallen off a misty cliff from which I was rescued before reaching the bottom. I was now standing on the edge of the Abyss, miraculously safe, but a victim of that apprehension that only experiences that who survives the disaster. That is why I remained immobile and did not flee from that environment charged with indescribable evil, which seemed to be aggressively heading towards me.

And that immobility, serene and reflective, seemed to excite more the dramatic tension, elevating it to unbearable levels.

I understood at that moment that "what Matter radiated" --whatever this is called--was losing its ability to act on me, because, in the midst of the unbearable tension, it was guessed an impotence to consummate the aggression. At this point, it seemed like everything was going to explode, to fly in pieces through the air...

And it exploded.

### Chapter VI

I would be lying if I said that I was not expecting something paranormal.

My eyes were fixed on the objects in the room, waiting to see them jump at any moment on me.

I expected it and I really expected anything abnormal to happen, except for what really happened: everything began to move and change position; to fall and jump on the floor.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Shelves and furniture, everything fell and jumped incessantly, while I, absorbed, thought I was living a nightmare.

It took me a few precious seconds to understand that I was attending a seismic movement and when, at last, I decided to undertake the escape, the tremor already was almost over.

Chance? Synchrony? The reader might think what he wants, but he will not be able to avoid considering the fact that the earthquake of January 21, 1980, the only building that it irreversibly damaged was the one that I inhabited and that had to be evacuated as I could see by reading the newspapers of those days.

There were no casualties, but the building was inexplicably damaged in its structure, so the municipal authorities undertook, without results, an investigation into the architectural firm that built it. As there was no insurance, the losses were total for the owners of the Consortium, among whom I counted.

Of my belongings little is what I was able to save because, what was strong enough to survive the earthquake, succumbed to the fall of the ceilings. Among them my car, that although it could be repaired from the multiple dents, would not leave the garage for several days because the entrance ramp was obstructed.

I was ruined overnight like **Job**. But without his famous patience.

I am not going to deny that at first I was overcome by despair; anyone will find it understandable by standing in my place. After the sinister experience narrated, with the weight of a long sleepless night and the load from the day before when I visited Professor Ramírez, I had to be more than strong not to give in and fall apart. But as a few days passed, my Spirit was regaining its usual fortitude, and things began to resolve. I rented an apartment in a nearby neighborhood and furnished it with the help of my sister and some friends. The things that were broken, and that was imperative to replace, I acquired them by drawing on my meager savings.

All these arrangements I made driven by my loved ones, who in their solidarity worried about my abstracted and indifferent mood. They thought –for ignoring the strange circumstances in which the earthquake occurred– that the disaster had plunged me into a volitional shock.

The reasoning was not mistaken because, although I was never too attached to material goods, the loss of four years of work and sacrifices was too painful a test, which on another occasion would have affected me a lot. At that moment, the truth was another: my mind, from the moment I regained my serenity, did not stop analyzing the moments lived. Being absorbed by the memory of that infernal night, it is understood that I appeared in the eyes of others as absent and dejected.

Far from being so, a deaf rage was growing inside me, a blind fury that, without dazzling me, rather seemed to nourish me with vital force and value. I wouldn't back down! Now less than ever!

A week after the earthquake occurred, I was prepared and ready to go on a trip. The delay did not substantially affect my previous plans and so, with a healthy youthful impatience, I wanted to get out as soon as possible.

It was Monday again; I planned to pass by Cerrillos to say goodbye to my parents, and if I hurried to leave, I would be in time to have breakfast with them.

I loaded a bag and a briefcase in the battered Ford, finally rescued from the rubble, and set off for adventure.

### Chapter VII

To say that I was not the same man as seven days ago would be wrong. Well, **essentially**, nothing had changed inside of me. However I did not feel the same and **I knew** that I would never go back to the way I was before. --Like Dante, I went down to Hell and came back --I thought--. To live from now on with the memory of the Abyss, logically, **has to be different**.

But it was not just about a sinister memory. I was looking for spiritual help and had received it. It is true that the aid came in coincidence with the attack of the Powers of Matter, simultaneously with the earthquake. But that did not detract merit from the fact but endowed it with a particular meaning, **a meaning that for the moment I did not understand** but that later, during the trip to Santa María, would absorb all my attention. What actually happened? Well, that I **had had a Vision: the most marvelous Vision of my existence, which was, at the same time, the help sought**.

I will summarize it chronologically. Apparently the process really started when I had that intuition of not being the one who **suffered** and **agonized**, who endured the **pain** of the extinction of life. So, I said, **"everything moved outside"**. In truth, in that instant it was clear to me that the **pain** and **suffering**, the **agony** of life and life itself, **were alien things**, of non-spiritual nature. That is to say, that at that moment, **I had clearly distinguished between Spirit and Soul, between my spiritual Self and my animal nature**. I had understood that the Spirit **does not know pain or fear, rather, it**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*is pure Joy and Courage, pure resolute Honor, pure volitional Force.* And then "living" or "dying" did not mean anything to me because I was already beyond life and death, perhaps beyond, too, good and evil. It was there that the Soul, and the God of the Soul, lost the ability to act over my Self and *something as an Ancient Illusion was dissolved, something as a Primordial Enchantment was cut: suddenly everything soulish and vital, which was likewise, everything evil, moved "outside" of my Self, to my animal body and the World where the animal body inhabits.* For the first time; *I felt Self, just Self; I, surrounded by the Powers of Matter; I, besieged by the God Creator of the Universe.* And then, undoubtedly as a consequence of having fought a battle against the Soul, and having been victorious, *the Vision took place and I received the help I wanted.* And the telluric phenomena occurred.

I will not go into details, which would contribute little to the understanding of my mystical experience, and would only degrade it. In short: *the vision corresponded to a Goddess.* The Apparition occurred in an infinitesimal instant, I could not tell if inside or outside my psychic structure, but the fact is that She *enchanted* my Spirit. Yes; to communicate what happened no I can do nothing else than conjugate the words *enchant* and *rapture* as verbs and affirm that She *enchanted* my Spirit, *raptured* my Self and took it out *of the Soul and of the World.* She *kidnapped* me for a second from the body, and from the Earth, and showed Herself before my spiritual Self in all the magnificence of Her Uncreated Beauty. Because that spiritual rapture revealed to me who Belicena Villca mentioned so many times in her letter, the Virgin of Agartha, the Charismatic Advocate of the chained Spirit. And then I understood, in the midst of mystical rapture, that the kidnapper of the Spirit imprisoned in Matter was the Grace, *necessary, after* the Self of the sleeping man has fought against the Soul and has won: *only by its intervention, by the action of Her Grace, the sleeping man will manage to maintain that Victory against the Powers of Matter; only She will help the Self, charismatically, with the contribution of an extra volitional force that will allow you to remain independent of the Created Soul.*

It was an instant without beginning or end, because it will always be present in the intimacy of my Spirit, an absolute moment in which, without a doubt, I looked out to Eternity. She kidnapped me and held me that instant in the Uncreated Sphere of Her Own Existence, and infused me with the extra volitional force that the Spirit needed to undertake the mission of Belicena Villca. How strong and invincible I felt Myself then! And, above all things, I understood how free, absolutely free, the Uncreated Spirit was in its essence, *without Created limits for its Eternal Existence,* that is, Infinite! I felt *Self,* Uncreated, Eternal, Infinite, Free, full of Wisdom; I felt *Self,* and I noticed that outside of me had remained the psychic and the animic, the consciousness of warm life, and the content of warm life, the external and internal Illusion that caused spiritual drowsiness; I knew suddenly, I experienced its evident discovery, what the *"Great Deception"* was, about whose dangerous power of enchantment warned me Belicena Villca.

I felt *Self,* and I knew of the *not being Self* of the Soul, in the rapture of spiritual inspiration that the impression of the Virgin of Agartha caused me. She impressed me the Spirit, and the trace still remains, Her Radiant Uncreated Beauty, the majesty of Her Power, Her splendid Grace. I saw in Her a Goddess, but there in the realm of the rapture, I was also a God. That is why I sensed in Her a *Gottkamerad,* a Comrade, a Sister, a Companion of the Race of the Spirit; only that I had been momentarily snatched from the prison in which I was and instead She was a Hyperborean Spirit absolutely free. She approached me, to give me the help of Her Grace, motivated by Honor, which is the essence of the Uncreated Spirit. That was also evident to me, in that infinite instant, and thus my own Spirit, moved by its essential Honor, struggled to *give thanks* to the Goddess somehow, for expressing that Her Help would not be in vain, for ensuring that my decision would be unbreakable. But I did not do anything in this regard because the Goddess smiled wonderfully, insinuating me that she understood all my thoughts.

The Virgin of Agartha had a bouquet of ears of wheat in Her Left Hand and a grain of the same cereal taken between the index finger and the thumb of the right hand. At the time of Smiling, she made a gesture with this hand, which, at first, I did not interpret, and She directed it towards me, towards one like *Eye of Fire* that I possessed in a certain part of the Spirit: *then She opened the Divine Fingers and dropped the magic seed there.* And that act put an end to the Vision, abruptly. I felt as if an Icy Ray, entering *my head* had made an impact *in the heart*; immediately the icy sensation began to spread through the body and a growing paralysis took hold of me. And I found myself, still standing in the room, watching stupidly as all things began to jump from their positions and the building threatened to collapse. The ecstasy only lasted an infinitesimal instant, as I said, but then precious seconds went by until I understood what was happening in the world, *coincidentally, simultaneously,* and I reacted. Then, the seism ended, and I noticed that the oppressive evil that a moment before sprouted from Matter had also disappeared. On the contrary,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Matter appeared *to be subordinate to me*. There was an idea floating in the air, flowing equally from all things, which I perfectly grasped and which could translate more or less like this: **–Now you are a God and nothing and no one can resist Your Will. What happened here is a sample of Your terrible Power!–** This concept defines the “new sense” that, as I mentioned at the beginning, **seemed** now to acquire Matter *by effect* of the Vision: **it existed, therefore, the manifest intention of causally connecting the earthquake with my recent spiritual rapture**. But I was not fooled. I sensed in that idea a trap of the Powers of Matter, a temptation, which for the moment was not clear but on which, later on, I would stop to reflect in depth.

**Essentially**, then, nothing had changed inside of me, but I would never be the same again: only **the relationship of forces** maintained by the Spirit and the Soul was disrupted by the effect of the extra volitional force contributed by the Virgin of Agartha. By regaining consciousness about the reality of the World, after seeing the Divine Image, my Self was able to dominate the animic nature with singular power, in a way that I had never achieved before, after years of yogistic practices of concentration and mind control; and was not willing to lose such power, that the roles were reversed and the Self was left again submitted to the **desires** of the Soul. But that would not happen, I could say for sure, because it was evident that not only the Self came out strengthened from the spiritual rapture but that the Soul was permanently weakened into what constituted her own essence: the feelings and emotions, the love of life and the things of life, **the good heart** that had always manifested and that prevented more than once that I used violence to solve the problems that hindered my way, all these warm passions and many more, were rapidly **cooling**, flickered and died like the candle flame that has consumed its bait. Certainly, if I were forced to synthesize the new state of my being, I would say that it was something very similar to **rebirth**: yes; I am not afraid to affirm it, despite being a Psychiatrist and also a cultured man. Although this is unacceptable for official orthodoxy, I could not deny what I certainly experienced, and that had already produced an appreciable transformation in my behavior: it was remarkable to almost everyone who knew me, and that's why they came as a post-seismic shock; that I “suffered” a kind of psychological **regression**. Suddenly I was “as a child”: “I laughed for whatever reason” and it seemed that “nothing mattered”, such the reproaches of friends and relatives, that revealed the particular regressive change of my character. But I was also becoming cruel and ruthless, this I knew myself but did not reproach myself, because, as never before, I despised my life and life in general. I want to clarify that “as never” means “as never as an adult” since, and this I knew professionally, children, as well as reborn Self, **were capable of killing without prejudice or remorse**.

Perhaps, during that spiritual rapture, in that infinite instant, I really died and resuscitated at its end, which implies a paradox because it cannot finish what has no end, an instant that would be eternally present in my Spirit. This being so, the infantile change of character, the strengthened volitional force, the feelings that died, the desires that were quenched, the heart that hopelessly cooled, the feeling of rebirth, the spiritual security of feeling saved, close to the definitive liberation from material ties, everything would be explained assuming that true spiritual life continued in the realm of the rapture, from which I never left or would ever leave, that is, in the Infinite, and that this apparent Life, lived at the “end” of what cannot end, was in effect a form of death, a non-existent but inevitable spiritual illusion. Perhaps, indeed, I was really dead and because of that condition I no longer feared anything alive; and a lot less to Death. Perhaps it was all the product of that mysterious seed that the Virgin of Agartha released into the Eye of Fire of the Spirit. I still couldn't know it. But the truth, the concrete, was that I had received the spiritual help requested, that, dead or reborn, I felt joyful and courageous, that I did not fear Death nor was I afraid of killing, and that I felt that, strangely, my Self **was part of the actual Infinity**: yes, unequivocally, I felt indeterminate on the side of the Self; everything the Universe contained, including my own biological life, and the Universe itself, were limited and perishable: this was the finite side of my being, the Illusion; but now I knew with certainty that an endless abyss opened in the Self: this was the Infinite side of my being, the Truth.

Perhaps it is partly understood what I then experienced by resorting to a metaphor.

**Imagine** a person used to living in a beautiful and lonely forest. The days pass there smoothly, without too many surprises, and, if the struggle for life imposes a permanent alert, this same persistence keeps attention within constant levels and, at last, routinely.

It seems that this man “dominates the situation” of his daily life. Nearby, serene and tame, the lake offers the sporadic pleasure of a refreshing and restorative bath. But the lake is not a safe place in which to stay for a long time, like the forest.

The water does not have the firmness of the land and to sustain in it is necessary to have a certain control, a certain extra attention, demand that finally ends up tiring the man. That is why the visits to the lake are regulated for the need to fish or the pleasure of bathing. One day this man, by

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

mistake or audacity, generates a circumstance that is beyond his control: fire, which had helped him to live until then, escapes into the forest, furious and destructive. The man remains static or struggles to suffocate it or blasphemes desperately; whatever the attitude does not matter; nothing can prevent the catastrophe because the fire has overcome his control, has overwhelmed him. The flames spread everywhere consuming everything and it is essential to seek salvation; but where to go? Where is the security? Suddenly, like lightning, the light emerges: the lake.

An irony; the place where it would never have occurred to him to seek refuge is now the only one that offers the possibility of surviving the brutal change of the daily world, that vanishes consumed by the ravenous and murderous bonfire.

Runs; runs the desperate man to the savior lake. Behind him, a fiery and relentless monster seems to be chasing him closely, cracking teeth, roaring and spewing suffocating puffs.

But it is not possible to look back again, there would be no other chance. It only remains to win the lake, which never seemed to be as far as it is now. Finally, paradisiacal vision, indescribable joy, mystical apparition, the lake emerges in his horizon.

Fantastically calm, it is, for the one who flees by millimeters to death, an oasis of peace. The man is thrown into the protective waters and swims many strokes, intuitively **towards the center**. He can just turn around, momentarily, when he is safe in the cool waters, and he can thus look towards his, until a short time ago, also safe World.

Considering the analogies that this metaphor offers with the events that I have narrated previously, it will be possible to understand what my spiritual state was. Like the man in the example, seeing the forest burn and transform disappearing by moments in the smoke, what constituted his world and his security, so I also saw the reliable and everyday reality dissolve in a fire of unmistakable evil.

Like the man in the metaphor who felt strangely safe in the waters of the lake, until yesterday unstable and unknown, I too was now safe and firm in the hitherto unknown waters of the Spirit.

The man of the forest, while floating safely, looked at the world consuming and thought: **-I have been born again**. I also felt reborn in the confines of the Soul and only because of this inexpressible feeling it could be said that I was another man, even though I was **essentially** still the same.

### Chapter VIII

So I would go to my parents' house, imbued with that mystical optimism only experienced by those who know they are reborn. Made the decision of leaving, I only thought of the **phenomena** of the fateful night of January 21, trying to interpret its transcendent meaning. In a few minutes I would reach Cerrillos, but later, these thoughts would accompany me for many hours of the journey I would undertake.

Thirty minutes later, I was driving the car the two hundred meters of the driveway in the company of the faithful dog Canuto.

My parents, who were in the middle of breakfast, were happy to see me and they expressed it between greetings and laughter.

They tried to erase, with their affection, the memory of the disaster experienced. I was inwardly grateful for these compliments, as I needed to acquire reserves of peace and tranquility, in anticipation of future misfortunes. I knew an hour later, when leaving, my mind would concentrate on analyzing all the details of the complicated mess in which I was engaged.

-You have a beautiful day to travel -said Dad while attacking a tasty-looking roasted sausage. Drive safe, son, remember that in the morning the truckers come half asleep.

-Don't worry Dad; I will go slowly and in three hours I will be in Tucumán --I affirmed without much conviction.

Katalina, my sister, handed me the sausage with eggs, the steaming bread rolls and the coffee. I was amazed that my mouth was watering from hunger, and I realized that I had been feeding myself badly since several days before. Feeling hungry is, if there is something to satisfy it with, always a good sign of Health. I didn't think any more and decidedly gave myself to eating breakfast.

The Country House has a large dining room with a window facing East, in front of the driveway; but in the morning we had breakfast in the kitchen. This is located behind the dining room, occupying the South wall that has a large four meter long fixed window with a rustic wooden table at par. The entire West wall of the kitchen is occupied by the stove and the fireplace adjacent.

Sitting in front of the window overlooking the vineyards, I had breakfast in the company of my people and relived the nostalgia of many similar sunrises. But a black cloud troubled my Spirit;

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

something, as a secret voice, warned that this might be the last breakfast eaten in that pleasant way. And then I was struggling to chase away such gloomy omens fiercely chewing the roasted sausage...

–See you soon Arturo –my father said goodbye– I'm going to walk along the irrigation canals.

–Ciao Dad –I accompanied him to the back door and I stared at him as he wandered off to the stable in search of his old bay. Minutes after I would see him trotting away along the path that runs from East to West, parallel to the main canal. I should have already left but I was deliberately delayed because I wanted to talk to Mom alone.

I was still in the kitchen and a signal was enough for her to come solicitously, next to me. This attitude would not normally have attracted her attention, but when I put a hand on her shoulder and began to speak, a gesture of surprise was painted on her face.

–Dear Mommy –I said flatteringly– you should forgive me if what I'm going to ask you causes you some pain...

–You know son that what I have is yours... --she noticed I wasn't requesting anything material and her face was now frankly alarmed-- what can I do for you Arturo?

–Relax Mom, you know that I would not cause you any concern if I didn't think it was absolutely necessary.

–Stop beating around the bush and tell me what the hell you want --said my mother, who was starting to lose her cool.

–What year was I born Mom? --I asked, getting to the point.

–You know it well; in 44. January 30, 1944. You are now 36 years old.

–Well Mom; listen carefully. We never talk about it but I want to tell you that I remember one night, more than thirty years ago; I would be three or four years old and something, a noise, I don't know what, woke me up. It was late, Katalina was sleeping in the adjoining bed and through the window you could see the moon falling from the West. I think that I heard voices because I got up without dressing and went down the hall stairs, struggling between the dream that closed my eyes and the curiosity that opened them.

There was Dad, you, and someone I'd never seen before; a tall man, sharp-eyed. I still remember today his penetrating gaze and his height bigger than Dad's, who is 1.80 meters tall. It was he who discovered me in the stairs and he laughed uproariously at your anguished glance. In short, there is not much more that I retain in the memory. Seems to me to be in his arms and I think I remember that he gave me something shiny that attracted completely my attention. Then you put me to bed again and the next day the stranger was no longer there, nor did I see his gift again.

Mom had turned pale. We stopped by the garden set and I made her a silent indication to sit under the oak tree.

–As the years went by --I continued-- I used to remember that night but without giving it major importance. Just once, I would be about nine or ten years old, I dared to ask Dad and his reaction was very strange: he suffered a great confusion and he forbade me to talk about it again, but a few minutes later he changed and tried to convince me that I remembered a dream, a bad dream, that I had as a boy.

Therefore I never mentioned the matter again. Until today. --Mom sighed and shook her head as if she woke up from a nightmare.

–Why Arturo, why thirty-two years later, do you still remember that night? --she asked more to herself than to me– why do you insist to relive a brief memory that means nothing to you?

–Mother, I repeat that I do not wish to cause you pain; wait, I haven't said yet what I want to know --I said in a soothing voice--. Tell me only two things: if that man was from our family and if he had to do with the war.

I used a firm tone here that convinced Mom how pointless it was to refuse to answer.

–Look Arturo, you are already a grown man and you do not ignore how atrocious the war has been. In the years after 1945, tempers were running high and many people had to live on the run. But now it is different; much time has passed... no one should dig into that...! --there was a plea in the voice of Mom.

–Mom, you do not answer my questions and that is wrong, is it that you don't trust in me?

– . . . --Only just a mute look for an answer.

–You must tell me what you know because it is very important for me, for my future, you understand? --I assured firmly.

It was evident that she did not understand and I decided to be more convincing.

–I'm going through a terrible spiritual crisis, Mom. Fate has placed me in front of a diabolical crossroads, where an error of choice, means straying down the wrong path, full of obstacles and real dangers. Your answers would help me not to fail; believe me Mom. --I took her hands with mine in a desperate effort to instill her confidence.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

—I do not understand anything you say, but I have a feeling that you are really worried, son. I'll tell you what you want to know, and God forgive me if I'm wrong in doing so, --she breathed deeply and continued: --Kurt; he was the one who came that night in 1947. My brother Kurt, who was presumed dead or missing in Berlin in 1945, was actually serving a mission in Italy when the war finished. He spent two years in hiding in a Franciscan Monastery in the South of Italy, until in 1947 he was able to come to Argentina, thanks to an aid network for war fugitives that functioned supported by the government of President Perón.

—But, Mom --I interrupted-- why didn't he go back to Egypt, to the family estate? The Egyptian government was very protective of the Germans, especially after the founding of the State of Israel in 1948.

—It's a mystery. He never wanted to say it, nor the reason for the persecution, because he was only 30 years old --Mom naively reasoned-- and he almost always had diplomatic destinations.

—But what was he during the war? --I asked intrigued-- civilian or military?

—Military; Officer of the **Waffen** ⚡ Major or something similar. You must keep in mind that in 1938 I married your father and came to Argentina losing contact with him for many years.

Kurt was already Squad Leader by 32, that is, **Faehnleinsführer**, of the Hitler Youth or **Hitlerjugend**, in the Germanic community of Egypt. Thanks to the management of Dad, who, due to his noble title, enjoyed a certain influence in Germany, in 1938 he left to study at one of the **Napola** schools, **Nationalpolitischen Erziehungsanstalten**, of Berlin. Then I only saw him on three occasions, the last before leaving for Argentina, at Christmas of 1937; then 10 years would pass until in 1947 he appeared here. During that time I didn't know much about him, as I received letters at the rate of one a year and never directly, since Kurt wrote to Egypt and from there Dad sent them here.

So I know almost nothing about his career; only the little that he could count in the correspondence of his student years and less during the war, in which he was too sparing. I know that at the Napola school he stood out for his knowledge of the languages of the Middle East and this earned him the opportunity to take several special courses, but I do not know specifically in what they consisted of.

I remember that in his early years he was happy, because he was allowed to enter a division of the Napola school called, if I'm not wrong **Flieger H-J**, where air training was given; but I repeat little is what I learned about him after his graduation in 1937. He entered some special division of the ⚡, but, as far as I know, he never fought. His function was something linked to the Foreign Service since almost the entire war he spent in Asia. And that's it. In 1945 he was officially presumed dead as his appointment, it was said, was Berlin in the month of April, when this city fell into the hands of the Russians. His body was "found" in a charred plane that could not take off due to receiving a Russian artillery shot.

We were notified --Mom continued-- of his death and we mourned him a lot until in 1947, surprisingly, he was present here. The rest I have already told you; he was helped by the Kameradens and with a new identity he was preparing to start "another life" in Argentina. According to what he said on that occasion, it was preferable to disappear forever, since if the allies suspected of his existence it would not take long for them to look for him. I think it is a decision that we must respect, don't you think so? --she looked at me hopeful that my "curiosity" was satisfied. I decided to continue interrogating before she reacted.

—Yes Mom, I understand and I thank you for everything you have told me, but the main thing is missing. Where is uncle Kurt now? --I shot at her without hesitation and it seemed that the question would cause her to faint.

—Arturo, my son, you are an adult and intelligent, why do you ask what the prudence advises not to know? He's fine; no one has bothered him in all these years and it would be desirable if no one does before his near death. --Something went through her mind and she gaped at me--. Won't you be thinking in going to see him? Oh no!

You have to get that idea out of your head. He has lived 35 years in the same site and everyone knows him in his new identity. It would be awkward to put in danger such coverage on a caprice.

She had guessed my intention and responded accordingly; I understood that it would be difficult to get the address of my resurrected Uncle Kurt from her.

—You don't understand Mom; it's not a matter of caprice; it is important that I talk to him to obtain information that he may have and that for me is as vital as the air that I breathe. For the safety you should not worry, in what can affect him the visit of a stranger only once in his life? There are a thousand justifications to receive a visitor who will never return later. Because that's what I'll do, Mom, I swear! Once I have asked him what I want to know I'll leave and never come back --I tried to



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

convince her with any argument and she, doubting, looked towards the vines as if seeking the protection of my father.

–Come on Mommy, tell me where he is. I have the right to see uncle Kurt once in life.

In the end she made up her mind, although showing great contrariety, and while she spoke, far from being happy for my persuasion, I cursed on the inside for the pain that I had caused her and the anguish that this confidence would undoubtedly produce; at least until the return from my trip.

–He is close to here, in the Province of Catamarca. I've never been to visit him because he expressly forbade me to do so although he gave me the address for an emergency case.

I gave her a card and the fountain pen, checking that my mother had memorized the data.

–In these 35 years you have not seen him or written to him? –I asked her incredulous.

She smiled as she gave me back the card and the fountain pen.

–Yes silly. We have seen him with your father a few times, in Salta and once in Buenos Aires, for a vacation. But we never write to him. He writes us a couple of times a year, to a mailbox that your father has in Cerrillos and tells us when he will go to Salta, occasion that we take advantage of to meet for a few hours. I have seen him less than twenty times over these years.

It was hard for me to believe that two brothers separated by only 350 km. could not visit each other because of events that nobody remembers, occurred forty years ago and thousands of miles away. Yet it justified the fears of my mother and I understood the effort she had to make to give in to my request and trust me with her secret.

I suddenly remembered Dad and trembled in anticipation, calculating the anger he would feel when he knew of my impertinence. Mom wouldn't hide him my inconsiderate claims and he would go into a rage. Shame would cover me and maybe I would have to promise not to go to Catamarca. I decided to avoid any discussion and leave immediately.

I kissed Mom on the forehead and headed for the car. She shouldn't have noticed my hurry because before I reached to start the engine she yelled at me:

–Wait, Arturo; wait a few minutes I'll give you something.

She entered the house and despite my impatience, I had to wait ten long minutes. At last she came back with an envelope in hand.

–I wrote a few lines for Kurt. You are so hasty that you don't think that he does not know you. He saw you for five minutes when you were a kid, how do you think he will remember you?

She gave me the envelope that I gratefully received because, I admitted, it would be of great help to identify me.

–Open your right hand and put the palm upwards --said Mom with an air between mysterious and accomplice.

I did as she asked and she opened her left fist, which had been all the time closed. Something fell into my hand that at first I couldn't distinguish. It was a shiny object and as I examined it I listened in amazement:

–This is what Kurt gave you the night of 1947. I took it while you were sleeping for fear that you would lose it playing and I kept it in my jewelry box. With the passing of the years it became difficult to give it to you, because you would have demanded explanations that we couldn't have given you. He wanted at that moment to make you a gift, but he had brought nothing because he was unaware that he had a nephew. He remained single and when he saw you, he was moved and said that, having no children, it would be you, his only nephew, who should keep it.

I stared in amazement at the Iron Cross with Swastika and Oak Leaves that I had in my hands and I wondered how an Officer who never fought could obtain the highest decoration that Germany gave to reward acts of heroism and courage.

–See you soon mother --I greeted through the car window--. Do not worry, I'll be prudent. Greetings again to Dad and Katalina. Ciao. Ciao.

I started the engine and a few minutes later I was on the road.

### Chapter IX

I stopped at the Cerrillos Service Station to refuel and I took the opportunity to look at the card with Uncle Kurt's address again. It was incredible that a relative whom I thought deceased 35 years ago, was so close and in good condition. I read again:

**Mr. Cerino Sanguedolce**  
**Fray Mamerto Esquiú Street, 95**  
**Santa María - Province of Catamarca**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

–Sir? –the dispatcher interrupted me.

–Fill the tank with special gasoline, please; Ah! check the oil... --I said.

My abrupt departure did not allow Mom to give enough information about Uncle Kurt. Now the questions began to arise because I did not know if he had married, if he had children and grandchildren, what did he do for a living...

–Bah --I thought-- I must concentrate on the journey and have faith. I will know everything in a few hours.

–Thirty liters of gasoline and two of oil, sir.

+--Here, get paid --I handed him a note-- do you have a map of the Routes of the Catamarca province?

–Yes sir.

He went to the booth and quickly returned carrying a deployable plane, in colors, with profuse tourist information.

–It's one thousand more.

I paid him and started the engine to remove the car from the pump, but I parked twenty meters ahead and began to examine the map.

Going to Santa María from *Salta* is not a problem but, on the contrary, it has the advantage of including one of the most beautiful tourist circuits in the Argentinian Northwest. It is the journey from Salta to Cafayate "la Hermosa", as they popularly call this city famous throughout the world for its exquisite wines, located in the heart of the Calchaquí valleys.

With a recently paved road, the Provincial Route 68, which facilitates the trip and allows you to enjoy unique landscapes for its multicolored hills, these two hundred kilometers are traveled quickly. The inconveniences only appear when leaving Cafayate, when crossing the stream "de las Conchas" and leaving the Province of Salta. Then you enter the Province of Tucumán, but only for about 40 km. since it presents there a small wedge, which is embedded in the Province of Catamarca. After touring this short leg, you access Catamarca at a point that is 80 km. away from Santa María.

When crossing the mentioned stream, fording it because there is no bridge, the traveler has the impression of having entered another World.

Outside the artificial physiognomy of civilized features that the valley presents in Salta, here you are in a truly indigenous environment. The roads are dirt roads, unattended as one advances South, and the frequent villages with adobe houses inhabited by mestizo creoles, closer to the Indian than the white.

Poverty is evident when entering Catamarca, a province unjustly forgotten by the rest of the country and abandoned by its own children, that year after year, undertake the inevitable exodus of the one who seeks to overcome the misery and progress materially.

The beauty of the landscape does not diminish in Catamarca, on the contrary, it becomes wild and primitive, providing excellent visual attractions to the winding road, that advances bordering the Sierras de Quilmes. This name comes from the Quilmes Indians, one of the tribes of the Ferocious Diaguita Race, those who at the end of the Calchaquí Wars, which lasted 35 years in the XVII century, were carried out in number of 300 families in exile to Buenos Aires and gave rise to the population of the same name.

Between the Sierras Quilmes and Cajón to the West and the Cumbres Calchaquíes and Nevados del Aconquija to the East, the fertile Yocavil valley opens, watered longitudinally by the Santa María River, seat of the city of Santa María de la Candelaria.

I knew Santa María from having gone on a study trip to several archaeological sites of the Yocavil and Calchaquí valleys to investigate the Diaguita culture and, repeating the trip, did not displease me. Naturally, going into the region of Valleys and Ravines made it difficult for me to cross to Tafí del Valle, in Tucumán, in the middle of the region of the Western Forests and separated from Catamarca by the inhospitable Cumbres Calchaquíes and the Nevados del Aconquija. But, fortunately, from Santa María there is a path that goes up to the North, to Amaichá del Valle: from there I could take Route 307, which crosses the Cumbres Calchaquíes through the Paso del Infiernillo and leads directly to Tafí del Valle. In total, from Santa María to Tafí del Valle, I would only have to travel 80 km. but that would be exhausting due to the state of the Routes and the winding heights to which they arrived.

I ran at more than a 100 km. per hour taking advantage of the good road to Cafayate to save time, because then the march would be slow, at no more than 40 km/h.

I had a few hours to think and decided to take advantage of it immediately.

The landscape, the fresh wind, the silence of the Valley, everything contributed to make me feel relaxed and calm, predisposed to meditate. But this attitude was somewhat abnormal if you take into account the amount of things that had happened to me lately. The lack of concern showed a very

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

big change in my interior, which also manifested itself in a sense of detachment from the things of the World. I felt at peace because I didn't need anything. I was ruined materially, perhaps in danger of death, and this revelation just gave me an insensate grin.

Yes, I had changed a lot. And all that change occurred between the 7th of January, the date I experienced the spiritual rapture and believed I was dying, and synchronistically the earthquake took place that ended up with my assets.

How many things had happened to me! and it seemed that this would not end anymore because unusual things kept happening to me. Like the Uncle Kurt affair.

It was certainly an intuition. When the meeting with Professor Ramírez ended and the sage mentioned that almost all the documents about the Druids had been looted in Europe by the SS, I thought to myself –Who to ask about the Black Order and its interest in the Druids?-- in that moment it came to mind the memory of that night in my childhood. No logical relationship that allows associating both things. Nothing rational. If I had thought for a minute I would surely have rejected this assumption as absurd. But recent events made me distrust "reason" and, lo and behold, giving in to a premonition, I asked my mother what had happened that night 33 years ago. And there was the key! Inexplicably, irrationally, there was a relationship; because I wanted to know about the SS and my uncle, whose existence I ignored, had been a German military. And of the SS!

I gave up looking for an explanation and concentrated on the night of January, when the aforementioned phenomena occurred. From then on, as I already said, I felt reborn, and if I thought about it it was only in order to analyze the way in which two events of different order, one my mystical experience, the other the telluric movement, were linked. Because for me there was no doubt that one non-causal, synchronistic relationship existed between both phenomena. That I was in a case similar to that of the murder of Belicena, when the murderer, in an act of insane pride, leaves irrefutable evidence of a terrible Power.

On January 21, Matter, exalted towards me, explodes in an earthquake of singular violence synchronously with a mystical experience in which both events are confused hallucinatingly, giving the feeling of being causally linked. If I believed it, I would be tempted to think that my own psyche unleashed the "seismic phenomena" and that would be the moral defeat of my Spirit.

This is exactly what Someone, the Author of the earthquake, wanted me to believe to, in that way, lose myself. And this colossal trap is another display of hellish pride and arrogance.

The temptation to "dominate the phenomena" is one of the primary errors in which those who seek to break through on the path of the Spirit fall. The only phenomena that really matter for a spiritual elevation are those that occur personally and qualitatively, not transferable or communicable. The concrete phenomena, of collective perception, bear the seal of the quantitative and material; it is doubtful, on the other hand, that they can be produced by an act of Will.

On this, non-specialized people are victims of information intentionally confusing. But I, in my capacity as a Psychiatrist, was familiar with all kinds of phenomenal acts derived from psychological pathologies or hysterical crises. In Neuropsychiatric Hospitals it is common, but obviously little publicized, the manifestation of phenomena of this type. In certain cases, parapsychological phenomena can be observed occurring in relation to one or more patients. These phenomena, very attractive to the profane, do not have an adequate scientific foundation and that fact is the main reason for its concealment. They are usually of very different typology: lifting an object in space without obvious force sustaining it (**levitation**), movement of objects (**telekinesis**), augmentation of the brightness of the objects in the patient's cell or change in the tone of the colors (**chromation**), appearance of unknown objects or disappearance of others (**contribution of matter**), etc.

It goes without saying that all these phenomena are susceptible to collective verification when presented, but completely unreproducible under study or laboratory conditions. This is mainly due to the fact that the "responsible" for such phenomena are crazy and generally are unaware of the alterations they produce.

What makes such phenomena incomprehensible is their apparent contradiction to the natural laws, but it is usually admitted in academic circles and scientists than a better "understanding of nature" (that is, a greater progress of Science) will bring, precisely, the solution to these questions. It is trusted then that "Science" will give the solutions to the contradictions of "Science", a proposition that is logically inconsistent and sounds at least ridiculous.

The bottom line is that phenomena such as the aforementioned telekinesis, present flaws in the law of causality. This law says that "to all effect (phenomenon) corresponds a cause that originates it". In telekinesis, for example, the object moves as if it were acting a "force of action at a distance" (of the type of gravity or magnetism) without, until today, having been checked the action of some force. That is, "it moves as if it were acting" a force, but no force acts. It is said then that "the law of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

causality fails" because the effect has no cause that originates it and, consequently, the existence of the effect (phenomenon) is denied to "save" the law of causality.

The best thing to do would be to accept the ignorance about the link (the law) that unites cause (the patient) and effect (the displaced object).

In Analytical Psychology, developed by C. G. Jung, it has been assayed a very attractive theory to overcome these difficulties and those that arise from the common case to men who, being culturally, geographically, and temporarily separated, without any verifiable link between them, have identical or analogous ideas. A "Synchrony Principle" would act here, unknown to Science, due to its incorrect understanding of Time.

It should be remembered, in this regard, what C. G. Jung says in "The Secret of the Golden Flower": ***"A few years ago the then president of the British Anthropological Society asked me how could I explain that a people spiritually as high as the Chinese would have materialized no Science. I replied that that must very well be an optical illusion, for the Chinese had a "Science" whose Standard Work was precisely the I-Ching but that the principle of this Science, like so many other things in China, is completely different from our scientific principle. The science of the I-Ching, in fact, does not rest on the principle of causality, but on one, hitherto not named --because it has not arisen between us-- which I have designated by way of trial Synchronicity Principle. My explorations of the unconscious processes, had already forced me, for many years, to look around me in search of another explanatory principle, because that of causality seemed insufficient to me to explain certain remarkable phenomena of the psychology of the unconscious. I found indeed that there are parallel psychological phenomena that are not at all causally related with each other, but must be in another relationship of the event. This correlation seemed to me essentially given by the fact of the relative simultaneity, hence the expression synchronicity. It seems, in reality as if time were, not something less abstract, but rather a concrete continuum, containing qualities or fundamental conditions that can be manifested, with relative simultaneity, in different places, with a causally inexplicable parallelism as, for example, in cases of the simultaneous manifestation of identical thoughts, symbols or psychic states. Another example would be the simultaneity highlighted by R. Wilhelm of Chinese and European stylistic periods, which cannot be causally related to each other"***.

This was the thought of the prestigious psychiatrist C. G. Jung on the subject that occupied me. With his concepts, the appearance of two identical phenomena (idea common to two people), separated by space, will depend on a collective Archetype (cause) and the simultaneity (synchrony) of the phenomenal events.

To interpret the principle of synchrony, it is necessary to bear in mind a key concept of Analytical Psychology: that of the "Collective Unconscious". This concept allows the Archetypes to be handled in a more real way, which are no longer static beings like Plato's Ideas but dynamic entities of powerful psychic strength, support and sustenance of the Myths that influence unconsciously in the conduct of man.

The concept of the Collective Unconscious has been summarized by Jung in the same work cited: ***"...just as the human body shows a general anatomy above and beyond all racial differences, also the psyche possesses a general substratum that transcends all differences of Culture and Consciousness, which I have designated as the Collective Unconscious. This unconscious psyche, common to all Humanity, does not consist merely in contents capable of reaching Consciousness, but in latent dispositions towards certain identical reactions. The fact of the collective Unconscious is simply the psychic expression of the identity, which transcends all racial differences, of the structure of the brain. On this basis is explained the analogy, and even the identity, of the mythical and symbolic themes, and the possibility of human understanding in general"***.

It is now appropriate, accordingly, to extract an important conclusion: although Analytical Psychology allows us to interpret the synchronistic phenomena, no one has ever seriously claimed ***that it was possible to exercise some form of control over them***. This class of phenomena, very showy or attractive to the profane, correspond to the lowest on a scale of valuation of the transcendent experience. As they are always presented in relationship to highly disturbed people, whether or not they are in the madhouse.

In general, people tend to believe that the discipline of organic or psychic functions grants a certain type of Power over the aforementioned phenomena. This belief waters its thirst from two sources: the ignorance (naive) and the disinformation (product of the Synarchical Strategy). There is ignorance in popular belief that the "miracles" that often accompany the activities of Saints and Great Mystics are performed thanks to a "Power" that they would have or would have been bestowed

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

upon them by a Deity. In truth the "Saints" have never said such a thing, stating instead that miracles are "done by God" or admitting, as a maximum concession, having been vehicles of a "Grace" or a higher "Force" that transcended them.

Naturally, there are members of the Synarchy, also considered "Saints", "Mystics", "Gurus", "Masters", etc., who have affirmed *the search for Power as the aim of the practice of certain disciplines, such as the "transcendental meditation", "yogas", "prayers or mantras", etc.* But it is possible to immediately suspect about the true hidden objectives that pursue those satanic agents. On the contrary, the Hyperborean Initiates, who *are really "Saints"* --now I could distinguish them well, after reading the letter of Belicena Vilca-- have always *oriented* their disciples to free themselves of the ties that their Uncreated Spirit maintains with Created Matter.

The disinformation obeys a synarchic purpose and, those who are victims of it, blindly believe that there are "Esoteric Schools" where a "secret" teaching is imparted that ends up transforming the neophyte --after a few *lessons in fascicles*-- in a western Krishnamurti version. But, what disinformation presents as Esoteric Schools, are actually "Exoteric Schools", whose unspoken goal is the recruitment of followers.

All these Exoteric Schools claim to possess the secret of the Great Mysteries of Antiquity that they offer to "reveal" to the unwary, if they conform to an *internal rule* that invariably requires as *first proof* the "blind obedience" and the "faith" in the *Unknown Teachers* of the school. The teaching that they present to the Guru candidate, cannot be more mysterious since its base is the plagiarism of different Ancient Traditions eclectically assembled in a supposed "Occult Doctrine" (which only is, due to the impossibility of "uncovering" any Truth in it). The Big Mysteries of Antiquity (Persia, India, Greece, etc.) have left a sediment of Myths and Sacred Symbols --more often opposite than coincident-- to whom only a mediocre and malicious Soul (a Rogue, of course!) would try to unite in a modern syncretism.

It will be noticed that, during that trip to *Santa María*, a feeling of fierce cultural criticism had settled in my heart and threatened to split up and definitively amputate the last remnants of rationalism that I still possessed. I felt empty inside, but I was ready to accept a Truth that replaced all the encyclopedic "useless information" that I had assimilated in so many years of study. What was the value of that pompous academic knowledge if it did not serve me to face and solve the mysterious situations that I have narrated, situations that involved me metaphysically? None. I was, therefore, ready to get rid of that burden to receive the longed-for Truth. A Truth that consisted, and I had never been so sure before of the reality of a thing like this statement, *in the Hyperborean Wisdom*. In effect: for me, now, *the Truth was the Hyperborean Wisdom*, whose significance I barely glimpsed in Belicena Vilca's letter.

At times a deaf rage invaded me, which was in turn a personal reproach, a kind of claim that my current Self, strangely transmuted, performed relentlessly to the Dr. Arturo Siegnagel of the years of searching, my past Self, that had so naively believed that *progress* was a *logical* consequence of *education*. At one time I had accepted, almost without thinking, that a law of *evolution* allowed the Soul to expand from certain life guidelines. I believed that "following certain rules of moral rectitude" and facing life with a positive criterion would inevitably result in an inside *benefit*. --Yes. That was the key to progress. I would live according to a "transcendent philosophy", would adopt a religious "way of life", in the manner of the Orientals, and, in the process of seeking, of instruction, of asceticism, the *progress*, inevitably, would come by "*evolution*"--. That had been my choice and now, realizing that all the reasoning was wrong, that nothing had I gained after so many years of discipline and useless sacrifices, I felt how rage invaded me and how, also, a helpless reproach tore from me desolate groans.

And that all the reasoning was wrong was clearly apparent from the letter of Belicena Vilca. The law of evolution existed and governed, and facilitated, the *progress* of the created Soul, and of all created beings, according to the Plan of the God Creator. But such a law had nothing to do, and no "progress" would be obtained by its intervention, with the Uncreated Spirit. I remembered with horror the words of the Immortal Birsha: "*the Soul of the mud man, created after the Beginning, began to evolve towards the Final Perfection*". Apparently that evolution "was very slow" and the Traitor Gods, to accelerate it, carried out the prodigious and infernal "feat" of chaining the Uncreated Spirit to the animal man or "man of mud": the entire Hyperborean Race, which was Uncreated, that came from "outside the created Universe", from the same World from which the Creator came, was then linked to the *evolution* of the animal man and to the *evolution* in general, to *progress in the immanent Time of the World*. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Spirit had to free itself from the chaining to the evolutionary matter, isolate itself from the law of evolution, and undertake the Return to the Origin. *There was the Truth sought*. Certainly my Spirit was stirred by effect of an accurate intuition: *that Truth, capable of shining for the Spirit with an Uncreated and*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

***inextinguishable Light, should be conquered in a struggle of superhuman dimensions, during which it would be necessary to exhibit an unwavering determination.***

That there existed an Enemy, against whom such a fight had to be waged, an Enemy who "cut the way to the Origin", that I knew for sure since the night of January 21. But the preceding reflections, and the intuition that I have mentioned, allowed me to understand now that past errors came from my **strategic weakness**, from having naively yielded to the Enemy strategy. And this Strategy, which undoubtedly affects **all** levels of human activity, and even the most unknown psychic spheres, is applied in the field of Culture through a Control System of colossal features. As Belicena Vilca says: "Culture is a strategic weapon of the Synarchy". The aforesaid Control System is in charge of fomenting confusion and deception, and was therefore responsible for the trap in which I had fallen. Because if I was deceived, if I participated in the Enemy strategy, this occurred out of ignorance or "strategic weakness", for ignoring the nature, and even the very existence, of the Enemy: I could never have consciously collaborated with the synarchic plans, I could never have been bought by the White Fraternity, just as the spiritual integrity of the heroic Nimrod was tempted. In short, if I had yielded, in times past, in the face of deceptive pressure from the enemy Strategy, that was because then I was asleep, spiritually asleep. But now I was awakened, thanks to the letter of Belicena Vilca and the spiritual rapture of January, and the proof was, precisely, in the unwavering determination to fight till the end, against everyone and everything, to return to the Origin and liberate my Eternal Spirit from this material prison. Yes; I had awakened thanks to Belicena Vilca, but now I was able to formulate my own conclusions about the Enemy's modus operandi, who had at heart the powers of a Demiurge. The Synarchy, expression of His Power among men, formed a formidable range of organizations and Secret Societies impossible to detect completely; and in the middle of this offensive display I was, just until yesterday, ignorant of those realities; easy victim for the enemy Strategy. Because, although it eluded me, of course, the entirety of the Demonic Plan, I saw quite clearly the tactics applied to the field of Culture. The "modern syncretisms" that I mentioned earlier, obey to that will of deception that the Synarchy demonstrates in all its Secret Societies. And the idea of **evolutionary progress** of the Soul, by the "Karma", the "righteous life", or any similar way of atonement, is presented from the **basis** of the Esoteric Secret doctrines, or mere religious Syncretisms, as a truth so obvious that only a fool would dare to doubt it. Outside religion, the same idea has invaded most of the "scientific" or "humanistic" disciplines. It is instructive, for example, to check with what skill the synarchic agents have imposed geometric concepts to induce teleological interpretations of History: with admirable rationalist rigor, they arbitrarily define a **geometric trajectory** for the **progress of Humanity** and then **project** this figure onto History, establishing associations, analogies, and coincidences, most of the time tendentious and intentional. **Progress** can thus follow a **circular** path ( $r^2=x^2+y^2$ ), **parabolic** ( $y=x^2$ ), **spiral** ( $\rho=\alpha\theta$ ), in **cycles** ( $y=\sin x$ ), **uniform** ( $y=x$ ), **exponential** ( $y=ex$ ), etc., trying to force History to adjust and correspond to the form of such functions, thereby "confirming" the theory or official dogma of the synarchic sect.

The use of Analytical Geometry in the religious interpretation of History should not be surprising; **"God geometrizes"** affirm some notorious synarchs; **"God is the Great Architect of the Universe"** maintain others; but in general, all hold that the intention of the One God is that man, and Matter, the World, Everything, **evolve**. This is one of the keys to the underlying rationalism of the aforementioned "Occult Doctrines". Because **evolving** means to become in History according to a certain **law**. **"It is the law of evolution that imposes human progress a geometric trajectory"** postulates the Synarchy. But, being so, what is the esoteric benefit that the Synarchy obtains by **culturally** imposing evolutionism, even esoteric, in any of its geometric variants? Very simple: if everyone believes that man evolves, that Society evolves, that the Universe evolves, that progress responds to a law, everyone will accept without question that **the future is determined by the law of evolution**. This implies that, for the sake of a better future, certain controls can be exercised in the present. That is to say: **"let that those who know the law, control the Society today, to have tomorrow a better future"**. Vain utopia; who knows the law but the Masters of Wisdom of the White Fraternity, in addition to the Elders of Zion?

Now everything is clear; the purpose of the Synarchy is the Control of the World and, naturally, it prepares its leading cadres with an infrastructure of well-mounted indoctrination, while humanity, conveniently disinformed, waits for the "Men of Destiny" to control the springs of the power and "plan" for the future. This is the reality that beats behind an Exoteric School and that the unwary, fanaticized and dazzled by the syncretism as showy as hollow and rationalist, they cannot see.

On the other hand, it should be noted that syncretisms take shape when men have lost the ability to perceive the Myth in all its symbolic purity. This loss is a serious injury to the capacity for metaphysical thinking and metaphysical perception, analogous, if you will, to a loss of vision or

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

blindness. By analogy we speak of the Dark Age or the Era of Darkness: losing one's vision, not seeing, is the same as "seeing" all black.

There are texts on occult doctrine that seem to have good philosophical and scientific foundation: but there are also falsifications of paintings by Leonardo Da Vinci, so perfect that they stand the test of prestigious experts. And it is logical, in both cases, the quality of the fraud depends on the skill of the forger. In the esoteric case, unfortunately, counterfeiters have achieved a high degree of skill: there are those very well "prepared" for their mission, owners of a great "general Knowledge". Take, for example, "esoteric" writings of "wise" and "erudite" authors such as H. P. Blavatski, Rudolph Steiner, Rene Guenon, Max Heindel, etc., and compare the jumble of theosophism that supports any of them with the elemental simplicity of the metaphysical symbols of the Ancient Wisdom; what arises in this comparison? That we cannot read a symbol (see its truth) but we can read a book about the symbol, which will not reveal the meaning of the same, but will entertain us with multiple descriptions and associations, susceptible of rational interpretation, which will create the illusion of an understanding and a progress, as it is convenient for the Synarchy.

**"There is a sensory daltonism and a gnoseological daltonism"**, the great epistemologist Luciano Allende Lezama once wrote. It can be added that "there is also a semiotic daltonism": it is the one suffered by those who cannot see the truth of a symbol and that must be healed prior to the search for an "Occult Knowledge". So as not to be deceived. So as not to be used by the Synarchy.

Without a clear vision of the symbolic and an adequate moral discernment, it is impossible to access the knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which, on the other part, is not in the Exoteric Schools. The lack of these virtues, or, the contempt for them, leads the adept with daltonism in search of the "Phenomena" and of Power, to follow "oriental" disciplines without understanding them or to give in to the fascination of "scientism-based research" in parapsychology (Kirlian Camera, psychobioenergetic, and other hoaxes).

The danger is that these "Occult" Schools (with Legal Status, Registered Name and telephone number) do not hesitate to promise, to people of doubtful spiritual ability, but useful to their plans, all kinds of Powers and "liberating experiences". Of course: progress will come "later", after a few "Initiations", "progressing" in the "internal degrees".

**"You do not help a poor person --says C. G. Jung-- if we put in his hand a more or less large alms, even though he wants it. It helps him much more, when we point him the way so that, through the work, he can, in a hard way, rid himself of his need. The spiritual beggars of our days are, unfortunately, excessively inclined to accept in kind the alms of the East, that is, to appropriate without reflecting the spiritual possessions of the East and blindly imitate their method and manner"**.

All these reasoning led me to a conclusion: In that who seeks Parapsychological phenomenal power -**taumaturgy**- there is always an ignorant or a disinformated. In the one who promises to grant it, there can only be a perverse will. Hence, I had decided to consider "synchronistic coincidence" to any possible relationship between the spiritual rapture on January 21 and the simultaneous earthquake. They could be calm in the Valhala Belicena Villca and all its ancestors of the House of Tharsis, and the Liberator Gods, and any spiritual Being observing my conduct!: for me, the end of the mystical vision signaled the end of the transcendent experience: **nor did I have a Power that operated over Matter, nor did I wish to have it. The Powers of Matter had not managed to fool me this time and, possibly, they would never achieve it again.**

These reflections were made while the kilometers passed quickly and Salta opened generously in its valleys and streams. **"Between zones of colorful and upright peaks, the hills follow one another with exuberant vegetation and framed by rocks of wild appearance, some famous like that of the Bishop, a truly striking mountainside for its development and variety of motifs"** I read on the map that I had acquired in Cerrillos. I already was approaching Cafayate, where I planned to have lunch and buy some gifts, especially the exquisite local wine. When improvised trips are made, such as the one I undertook, through Provinces or regions of extreme poverty, you should always carry comestible gifts. A liter of good Torrontés or some alfajores can open impossible doors, border controls and save all kinds of difficulties.

I entered Cafayate and after doing some shopping at a house of regional items, I parked in front of the Plaza Libertad to have lunch at a restaurant that promised from a blackboard "Menu of the day: Pasties and Spicy Chicken".

### Chapter X

At 2:30 p.m. I was on my way again, skirting around the De las Conchas stream and ready to undertake the second part of the trip to Santa María.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The ground was loose because apparently it had not rained in a long time and the wind was strong enough for this leg of the trip to be over and above slow.

Two hours later I had only traveled 70 km and I was getting ready to cross through the middle of the town of Colalao del Valle because the road continued down the main street. This town is located in the Province of Tucumán, in the middle of the road that crosses the geographic wedge that a bad delineation of limits passed on to the current map. It is about twenty blocks long by four or five wide. As I went through it, I observed the same syndrome that manifests itself in a thousand towns and villages in the North of Argentina: the decadence.

Poverty is an endemic evil in these, paradoxically, rich Provinces, forgotten by the bureaucratic centralism of the Buenos Aires Megapolis and by the laziness or impotence of the local rulers who usually have the hands tied by a non-existent federalism beyond official speeches.

Poverty is an evil that hurts. But it is more punishing to see the decline; this is: to contemplate what yesterday was a splendid example transformed today into censurable vision.

As the car rolled down the dirt road, I looked at the houses of colonial Spanish style, which today are shadows of what they were in the past days of splendor. Cruel caricatures of the hope and faith of their builders.

--Those who built these houses --I sadly thought-- believed in the Argentina, they had faith in America.

Their inexorable collapse is the overwhelming response to those dreams.

One could see that this town, like so many others, evolved to a peak which should be 50 or more years ago, and then there was a period of decay during which no wall was erected, not a brick was stuck. Windows closed down years ago, as the wooden frames rotted; chipped and leprous walls; facades eaten away by a thousand inclemencies of the weather and of the Soul.

The decline of an urban community, of its architecture, is a regression that is unfailingly implanted in the Soul of the settlers. And there they were, watching me go by with that absent air, with that contemplative indifference so characteristic of the Indigenous America.

Because decay was starkly seen in them; in those barefooted children that spied on me from behind a corner; in those little dark and slanted eyes that looked at me candidly when they offered me the sale of a corn tortilla but who became suspicious at the slightest question. What's the difference between this town, these houses, these villagers, these children, and their equivalents from other parts of America; from Bolivia, Perú, Ecuador or Colombia? None.

In that answer also lay the decadence; in that, paying the high price of isolating ourselves from Latin America, one hundred years of "European Culture" have not left a trace in these creoles forgotten by all. We have not given them anything different from what they have received in the countries mentioned. They are neither more nor less civilized than them despite the belief in the contrary that sustains the Europeanizing oligarchy that has run this country for a hundred years.

Hence an explanation for the general decline that plagues the settlements of American blood, may be this: in five hundred years the European Culture did not take hold in the Soul of the American because, not even those who implanted it on blood and fire, not even those who taught it beatifically, really believed in it. The American Races had their millenary Culture replaced, energized by the action of Great Myths, by the European materialist Culture, lacking spirituality and transcendence. And the religion of America, which preserved the memory of the White Gods, was forbidden in favor of the **rationalist** Doctrine of Catholicism: henceforth the natives would have to glorify the biblical story of the Chosen People, worshiping a crucified-Hebrew-God from whom they had never heard of, and would be left out of the theological discussion because the new religion came already finished, finished in its philosophical foundation. If there, in the unknown Nicaea, a Council had decided that God was triple what could the recently subjugated pagans say here? And those who were here did they know what the Catholic Dogma meant? No; these killed and looted **in the name** of the Catholic Dogma that no one understood and no one would care to explain. But the wealth would run out. Finally would come the time to create new wealth, to make those evangelized empires produce cultural objects. And then, at that very moment, would start the decline. The Church would thrive with the conquest of America destroying systematically any vestige of the Atlantean origin of the great civilizations, all evidence about the extraterrestrial nature of the Spirit of man. And the Spanish, maddened as the Great Mother Binah prophesied to Quiblon, would evenly spill the blood and semen on the native peoples. From that Water Holocaust would come out "the Sons of Horror", the mestizo population of America, men like the ones I now saw when I passed through their decadent villages. Culturally indifferent men; who are determined to do nothing. If a gringo does not come with faith in something, and returns to build houses and villages, they will not. And everything will fall, to the ground, to pieces, --childish revenge, but effective-- as their Cultures fell yesterday and as the Soul of the West will fall tomorrow if it insists on continuing to be divorced from the blood of America.



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

When passing through Fuerte Quemado, I could not help but remember that in that site Diego de Rojas camped four centuries earlier, when he was marching in persecution of Lito de Tharsis. He had not been able to locate the Pucará de Tharsy, despite staying in Tafi del Valle for months. However, would I make it? I believed so; that Belicena Villca's indications were very precise and I would get to the Farm; and that I would interview the indian, Segundo, the unusual descendant of the People of the Moon. And optimism had not abandoned me when arriving at Santa María.

As I crossed the bridge over the Santa María River, I looked at the clock: half past seven in the afternoon. It had taken me five hours from Cafayate and it was getting dark. Despite my impatience to get to my Uncle Kurt's house as soon as possible, I had decided to wait for the night to fulfill the promises to Mom as for prudence and security.

I stopped the car in front of another house of regional articles to buy the famous products of the area: paprika, syrup, raisins and wine. After I had paid for the purchase, I entertained myself by inquiring from the seller about the Fray Mamerto Esquiú street. So I knew I was going from East to West, going to end in the Santa María River, which is one of the peripheral limits of the city and runs from North to South.

–Number 95 –I thought– must be near the river, perhaps in the last block.

–Are you looking for someone on Esquiú street?

Maybe I can help you --the seller surprised me with his question. Ah the small-town curiosity! But I was not impressed.

–Yes, I'm looking for a poncho saleswoman --I lied--. In *Salta* they gave me the approximate address as they did not remember it exactly.

–A saleswoman of ponchos on Esquiú street? Uhm... no, unfortunately I don't know of any poncho saleswoman who lives in the Esquiú street... But tell me, what kind of ponchos are you looking for? Because I have a good assortment. And at a good price...

A while later I came out with my original purchase plus a white poncho from Catamarca with Incaic guard.

I chose a second-rate tavern for dinner, but that according to the seller of regional products, prepared the best rabbit stew in the Yocavil valley. As soon as I settled in a secluded table, I confirmed the correctness of the choice, for this was a place frequented by vendors and business travelers in which no one was surprised by the presence of a stranger.

I was savoring the dessert, cayote marmalade with walnuts, when a boy in rags offered to polish my boots.

There is an age --I thought with discouragement-- childhood, that all animals of nature use to play and frolic, protected by their parents and other adult members of the population. The human being on the other hand cannot guarantee their children the enjoyment of living the most beautiful age as it should be lived: enjoying the fantasy.

In principle, I hate children working for profit and my first impulse was to drive away that shoeshiner; but an idea occurred to me in that instant and I extended my right foot in mute acceptance. He was a changuito about seven years old and of undoubted indian ancestry. He began by washing and ointmenting the boots, and then, through vigorous massages with a canvas band, try to get the desired shine.

–What's your name? --I asked, seeking to gain his trust.

–Antonio Huanca, Sir --he answered quickly.

–Tell me Antonio, do you live far from here?

He raised his little hairy head and looked at me with a questioning gesture in his eyes. At last he shrugged and pointing to an undefined place he said:

–Uuuf, very far Sir, over there, on the other side of the river.

I decided that my question had been unfortunate. I should try again but this time I would be more direct:

–Do you know Esquiú street?

He was thoughtful for a moment, but immediately his little face lit up:

–Yes sir; it is the one at the end of the city. If you go by this straight --he pointed to the street of the tavern-- you will find it when the pavement is finished. Right where the pavement ends is Esquiú Street, yes Sir.

He spoke without stopping polishing and at that rate it would soon be over. I bent down a little in order to speak without raising my voice and I said:

–I'm going to see Cerino Sanguedolce, do you know him?

He laughed while licking his lips.

–The candy maker? Who does not know Don Cerino, Sir?

He stretched his little head and said in a confidential tone:

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

—Don't tell him anything, but my little brothers and I always try to steal him jars of candy; —the chango was drooling— there is no one who makes them more delicious in Santa María. Hee, hee, hee.

He laughed like a sparrow and was, celebrating on his mischief, finally a child.

Uncle Kurt is a "candy maker" --I thought with wonder. I felt like it at the time that I would be a fool for not having foreseen it but that idea did not make sense and it was discarded.

The *chango* had finished his work and I had the information enough to locate Uncle Kurt. I paid him generously and he walked away to other tables to offer his services.

A wall clock, hung under a small picture with a collection of arrows tips, marked 9:00 p.m. I paid the cost of the dinner and went out.

The night was cool but the sky was covered with clouds and there was not a breath of wind. I removed the car and left following the instructions of the shoeshiner.

As I approached Esquíú street, the houses were spreading and diminishing in quality, until at last I found myself in a miserable-looking suburb, where not only the pavement ended but also the street lights were almost non-existent.

I turned down Esquíú street to where instinct told me the river should be and I looked in vain for a sign, a point of reference that allowed me to calculate the numbering.

Cursing inside the idea of visiting Uncle Kurt at night, I rapidly realized that I was circulating through a neighborhood made up of small farms of four or five hectares each.

In Northwest Argentina, the farms all obey the same pattern of construction: a correctly wired rectangle of land and a Sala (house of the owner or caretaker) built at a short distance from the entrance gate. There may be variations or additions, but this is the general "type", that I knew well because our own farm in Cerrillos adapted to the same scheme. I knew then of the uselessness of calling from the entrance, since the home is usually far from it and I unconsciously accepted the fact that I would have to go into one of the farms to announce my arrival.

The car had been running down the gloomy Esquíú street for about five minutes that now gave the unmistakable sensation of a steep slope. The river must have been close but although the powerful high light of four quartz perforated the darkness, I could not distinguish anything beyond twenty meters. I stopped the car and put the parking brake on it; it would be better to perform an exploration on foot.

I took from the glove compartment a pen-type flashlight, whose meager light is usually useful at times, and I got out taking the precaution of locking the car in case I wandered away from the site. A moment later I realized the appropriateness of the decision to stop the car because, fifty meters later, the street narrowed abruptly and fell into a steep ravine above the *Santa María* River running below, at a distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty meters. To have kept moving forward with the car, I would have found it difficult to turn and go back.

I was, finally, at the origin of Esquíú street, not far from the home of Uncle Kurt.

This presumption gave me new courage to try to orient myself; something which, I was seeing, was quite difficult.

Esquíú Street had lost its sidewalks several blocks back and, where I was now, it was just an alley of thick rubble that stretched from one to another wiring, both limits of unknown properties. To the East was the river so, if this was the last block, presumed abode of Uncle Kurt, the address I was looking for should be on one of either sides of the street, a few steps from there.

I explored the Northern hand which consisted of a row of three threads of wire, up to a height of one meter fifty, but flanked in all its spread by very dense privet bushes and perfectly pruned in pillar shape. I walked about a hundred and fifty meters without finding any door or gate so I deduced that I was at the end of a farm.

Trying to calm the annoyance I felt for such an unusual situation, I crossed to the South hand and resumed the search. This farm was better limited for I soon discovered a thick mesh of rhombic wires, which gave a glimpse of the tangle of the well-known privet.

The night was becoming impenetrable, reducing the help of the little flashlight, and that is why my step was clumsy and hesitant, as I checked inch by inch that dark stretch of Esquíú street. When I despaired of finding an entrance in that wall, the miracle took place: a huge gate of reed and wire mesh emerged from the darkness almost at the end of the street, about ten meters from the ravine. I directed the beam of the flashlight inward but, as I supposed, I did not see any construction but a path, formed by two parallel trails, which was lost in the dark. On the left there was a neat planting of vines, small and loaded with bunches; to the right infinity of seedlings from a well-stocked orchard.

I went back to check the door, but found no bell or knocker; instead I discovered two steel rings, one on the door and one on the frame of concrete, strung by a heavy iron padlock.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Discouraged I leaned against the gate, trying to take a determination. The most reasonable thing would be to leave and return during the day, but it was holding me down the assumption that there were peons or perhaps relatives of Uncle Kurt, for whom my presence would be very strange. There remained the possibility of persisting in the night search, entering the farm despite the padlock; as long as that was really my uncle's house...

I stood undecided, hugging the mesh of the gate, sharpening the gaze towards the driveway, when I seemed to see briefly the glow of a light. It was only a second, but enough for the hope of getting some result that night.

I figured that the House must be quite far away, which is why the light didn't reach the gate, intercepted, perhaps, by trees or other obstacles. I didn't think about it anymore and climbed up the mesh next to the gate. Except for the setback of a portion of my "Safari" jacket that was left on the barbed wire, that crowned the mesh frame, I was able to enter without problems. A few seconds after, I calmly moved along the inner path, following with the flashlight the marked vehicle tracks that it showed. I had walked about a hundred yards, when the path turned sharply to the right and entered a group of leafy trees. As soon as I turned this curve, I sighted about thirty or forty meters an alpine-type two-story house, with a roof of half-round tiles whose color contrasted with the white of the walls and the black bars of windows and balconies. Against the darkness of the night it was lying ghostly with no apparent lights on.

This vision and the silence only broken by the buzzing of the *coyuyos (giant cicadas)*, contributed to demoralize me. I stopped for a moment and gazed at the immense mass of the house, screened by the branches of some giant willows that hammocked to the beat of a gentle breeze. I had inexplicable wishes to run and leave that unreal scenario, but I quickly recovered and advanced with great strides with the intention of knocking on the door to require the presence of Uncle Kurt or Cerino Sanguedolce.

It was then that I heard it.

I was a few meters from the house when I felt it coming from my back, to the right, a *familiar sound*... It was a high-pitched groan. A moan that can only be recognized immediately by those who have had experience in breeding dogs. Well, that groan is the expression of the desire to attack that the dog manifests, when the owner prevents him from doing so.

I remembered that Mom had brought a little cat to the farm and, to prevent Canuto from attacking him, she decided to make him smell it while she challenged him with strong voices and forbade him to touch it. Then Canuto trembled, struggling between the instinct to kill and the obedience he owed to his masters, and he made deceptive groans that did not express pain but the contained desire to attack.

This type of groan was the one that had sounded behind my back.

Dogs! –I thought alarmed– how did I not notice the lack of dogs? God, what a fool! All farms have dogs. But... why weren't they barking? Why hadn't they barked?

I turned around slowly. What I saw caused me a sudden terror, paralyzing me where I was. Two pairs of green eyes flashed in the gloom a few steps from me. They were animal eyes, of dogs perhaps; but I think that my panic was caused by becoming aware of two things; one, the abnormal size of those beasts, and another, their also abnormal caution. Because it was inconceivable that I could have traveled so much through the farm without the animals emitting a bark and instead following me silently, almost crawling, until they were so close to me that I could touch them with the tip of the foot.

One of the beasts groaned again with the obvious desire to jump on me. At the moment when I was assailed by the certainty that their owner shouldn't be far away, a modulated whistle of undoubted human origin sounded. I did not manage to turn this time because the beasts, hearing the whistle, acted as if moved by a spring and with a great leap they threw themselves on their prey.

Despite being almost paralyzed with horror, the instinct for self-preservation and several years of *Karate*, put me on my guard. But only to confirm that those beasts enjoyed a particular training because, instead of giving teeth and looking for the neck like fighting dogs do, these seemed to know exactly what to do: each one went to an arm and sunk their teeth. I felt the lacerated flesh and saw that the beasts closed their jaws without intentions of releasing. The impact of the attack made me stumble as both dogs seemed to weigh more than my 90 kg; a second later I fell backwards while I felt the bone of my left arm crack in the mouth of the gigantic dog. I thought, as I fell, of various tactics to get away from the dogs: I would roll, kick their testicles, bite,....

--*Crack*-- sounded the blow to my skull and everything went dark.

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca



Formosa



Chaco



Santiago del Estero



Misiones



Corrientes



Entre Rios

### FOURTH BOOK

#### “The Story of Kurt von Sübermann”

##### Chapter I

They ran, turbulent waters ran and they dragged me without me being able to avoid it. Nearby, enveloped in a rumble of noise and foam, the waterfall absorbed torrents of water like a titanic thirsty gorge. I was approaching the roaring abyss, I saw the edge, I tried to swim uselessly but the water was dragging me. In the end I fell headlong into the torrent. It was the end. I would crash to the bottom, against sharp rocks. I had to open my eyes, I had to open my eyes...

With a supreme effort I opened my eyes, which were instantly wounded by a terrible glare. I blinked trying to get my eyes used to the Sun, as I realized that I was lying in a room unknown. I gazed like hypnotized at the window, adorned with white curtains, while, little by little, the mists in which my conscience was covered were dissipating.

The first thing I assumed was the intense pain in my head, plus a kind of pressure on the scalp and forehead. I tried to get my hands to the head and a new pain stabbed my nervous system. I could hardly move the arms, both of which were bandaged up to the elbow. The left was the most affected and sensitive, because a small movement seemed a torture; the right, equally sore, appeared to be in better condition. With the latter I found that a bandage covered my entire skull up to my forehead. The movement was very difficult, done by reflex upon regaining consciousness. Notwithstanding its fugacity, it was enough to alert the person who was sitting to the right of the bed, at such an angle that I was unable to perceive his presence from the first moment. He was a huge man, with sharp eyes and thunderous voice, the one who approached me with a worried gesture and... yelling. Older than how I remembered him from that night in my childhood, he hadn't changed much though: he was definitely Uncle Kurt!

His facial expression was downed and his voice was sad, saying inconsistencies:

–You are my only nephew and I almost killed you. I have spilled my own blood! A curse has fallen upon me. Oh God, my end is near, why do you add this misfortune to my sufferings?...

You will be fine Arturo, my son, --Uncle Kurt continued with a pained voice-- you will recover. The **Ampej** Palacios has reviewed you and ensures that you will recover soon, how can you forgive me, creature?...

Uncle Kurt kept muttering his complaints and apologies nonstop while he kept that powerful blue gaze fixed on me.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Wrapped in a growing torpor, making efforts to coordinate the ideas, I recognized in the tense face of my interlocutor the familiar features of my mother.

As stunned I stared at him looking for something to say, when I clearly heard the canine sound of a growl. It reached my ears coming from outside the house and it had the virtue of making the memories crowd in the mind. The last thing I saw and felt when I was exploring Uncle Kurt's farm came in like an overwhelming avalanche.

--W...hat, what were they? I stammered, trying to contain the trembling that shook my whole body. A question mark was painted on Uncle Kurt's face.

--What? --he asked disconcerted.

--The... the beasts --I said making an effort because my tongue felt swollen and asleep.

--Ah, the bullmastiffs, --Uncle Kurt realized--. They are dogs; dogs from Tibet. Very particular animals, real dogs. Perhaps the only species that deserves that name. They are extraordinary animals, capable of receiving a semi-human training. --I involuntarily opened my eyes horrified and Uncle Kurt, noticing it, apologized in distress:

--What happened to you is an accident. An incomprehensible accident of which only I am guilty. The bullmastiffs attacked you because I ordered it. Oh God, only I am responsible for the greatest crime! I have spilled my own blood!...

Uncle Kurt started repeating the above inconsistencies as I went gently falling into unconsciousness. My eyes were closing, listening to whom I had come to visit with such enthusiasm, transformed into the character of a Greek tragedy, for my carelessness and improvidence!

Suddenly I also felt guilty; my heart clenched; I tried to say some apology but a saving gloom eclipsed my conscience, plunging me into a deep sleep.

I will try to abbreviate the details of my unfortunate meddling in the life of Uncle Kurt. It will be a concession in favor of other data that I wish to put to the reader's disposal, for the best interpretation of this strange story. If it occurred to someone to think that everything that had happened to me up to there was more than enough to cover a quota of mysterious facts, I will tell him that he is wrong by far. This adventure was missing important parts, I would say it was just beginning, and if notable "coincidences" had pursued me until then, what would come next was not behind them. Because Uncle Kurt had a story to tell. A story so strange and unusual that considered in itself was incredible; but that I should take with enough respect, since "that" story was part of "my" own story.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. The day I opened my eyes, and saw for the second time in my life Uncle Kurt, was the following to the night of my unfortunate foray into the farm. I had been unconscious for about fifteen hours to Uncle Kurt's despair, who feared he had caused me a serious brain injury.

The blow, struck with the butt of a *Luger* pistol, had been blunt and, according to Uncle Kurt, I had to thank the abnormal hardness of the skull or a miracle for my salvation.

Why this security? because he had struck with great force; according to his words; the sufficient to kill the intruder. This violence was because Uncle Kurt was expecting an attack, an attack from one moment to another.

He had reasons to believe in it, as will be seen, and bad fortune --or another cause-- wanted me to have the ill-fated idea of making the suspicious nocturnal visit.

At first, after making sure there were no more intruders, Uncle Kurt dragged me into the house and went through the task of going through the pockets looking for weapons and identification items. With the surprise that is to be expected, he found the Iron Cross --his decoration--, the letter from Mom and the documents and cards that duly proved my identity.

According to Uncle Kurt, he would have killed himself right there if it were not for the fact that I was inexplicably still breathing. His first reaction was to seek help, but, aware of the irregularity of the situation, he decided to be extremely cautious in order to avoid police intervention. For the same reason, it would be inconvenient turning to an unknown doctor who could put him in trouble.

I must clarify that Uncle Kurt had not married, so he lived alone in the Sala, assisted by a marriage of old and faithful indians, those who inhabited a small adjoining house. Apart from those named there were never less than ten laborers --to attend the vines and the small factory of candy and syrup-- but these occupied a barrack thirty meters away from the Sala and were not trustworthy.

Uncle Kurt desperately called the old butler, named *José Tolaba*, knocking on the window of his room.

--Pepe, Pepe.

--Yes Don Cerino? --the oldman answered promptly.

--Come soon Pepe. A misfortune has occurred --Kurt yelled.

Although he only named the old man, five minutes later Pepe and his wife appeared, because by the tone of the call, they assumed that something serious was happening.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Old Juana constantly crossed herself while Uncle Kurt and Pepe moved my lifeless body to a sofa in the **livingroom** since the bedrooms were on the upper floor, staircase through.

I lost a little blood from a deep cut at the occiput, but the most impressive thing was, undoubtedly, the way the dogs smashed the forearms. Uncle Kurt left the old couple to wash the wounds and look after me and he left in search of the Ampej Palacios.

He pulled out of the garage a brand new Toyota jeep --purchased in the days of the "sweet money"-- and left quickly, noticing on the way out the presence of the Ford a few meters from the gate.

The hour was ungodly to look for any doctor, but not for the Ampej Palacios.

This character who is not fictitious but deserves to be, is an indian doctor world famous for his mastery of kinesiotherapy. Already old in these years, he still attends his humble office without being bothered by anyone, because his prestige is as great as the fortune he amassed thanks to the gifts that generous as wealthy patients went depositing in his hands. The Ampej Palacios, has made men and women paralyzed for years walk, has moved necks as stiff as an obelisk and has straightened so many spinal columns given up as lost causes by orthopedists around the world, that it would be hard to believe if signature books didn't exist to prove it.

These books are a second tourist source for Santa María, because there are signatures and notes from people, from all over the world, who came to the Ampej Palacios to look for hope. Rich and poor, priests and doctors, nobles and plebeians, all have signed their books to bear witness to the wisdom of the Ampej. Here there is no magic or sorcery but pure and simple Ancient Wisdom that dynasties of Ampej Diaguitas have preserved and passed down from father to son. Today the children of Ampej Palacios are Physicians graduated from the University of Salta and specialized in: Traumatology! Thus they follow the family tradition and practice with success a knowledge thousands of years older than the materialistic Science of the West.

Accompanied by Ampej Palacios, Uncle Kurt returned half an hour later. This, who is a burly old man with thick white mustaches and hands so big as a # 12 espadrille, indulged in checking my head and arms.

--The head is not broken --the Ampej affirmed ten minutes later-- but it will take a few hours to find out if there is no injury to the brain. The left arm is broken, you have to put a cast on it; the right has a healthy bone but the flesh is very damaged.

--Look, Cerino --continued the Ampej-- I don't think it's serious but you have to sew up his head and arm, and give him anti-inflammatories and antibiotics. Too much for me that I only fix bones; I'll send you the younger chango who just happens to be visiting. He is a Doctor and will take better care of him.

An hour later, Dr. Palacios arrived grumbling, because he had to travel to Salta at 5 o'clock. and they had woken him up at 1.

He gave himself fully to his task administering several injections, sewing the wounds of the right arm and casting the left.

He closed the cut of the scalp, after shaving the injured area, with some inert plastic hooks.

--Are you sure the dogs don't have the rabies? --asked suspiciously the son of the Ampej.

--I can assure you, --Uncle Kurt stated in horror--. They bit because I ordered; They are very domesticated animals and they obey me blindly. Never would they attack anyone by themselves.

The Doctor shook his head as he muttered something about the doubts he harbored as to the docility of the Tibetan bullmastiffs.

Three hours later, Dr. Palacios was leaving and Uncle Kurt, after taking the keys that I had in the Safari coat, entered the car to the farm and parked it inside his garage.

The second day I tried to get up because I came to my senses at a time when there was no one in the room. I felt, then, a terrible weakness and such dizziness I almost fell to the ground. I sat on the edge of the bed contemplating, not without a certain curiosity, the place where I was.

It was a soberly furnished room, with a carved walnut bedroom set and a bed with lace mosquito net. That it was on the first floor, I deduced from the sloping roof and the thick Quebracho beams that supported it. At that moment old Juana came in and she was scared to see me seated.

--Ay Señorcito --said the old woman-- How do You do these things? You have to rest, so ordered the Doctor.

She was pushing me firmly by the shoulders to force me to take the horizontal position while I let her do it, amazed by the attitude of the unknown.

Immediately I was lying down and covered again while the old woman did not stop protesting:

--Señorcito, you have moved your cast arm; that is not right; he is going to get angry...

--And... Mr. --I asked timidly.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–Don Cerino? He will come right away; –answered the old woman– as soon as I tell him that you have already recovered.

She approached the door on my right --the other led to a bathroom as I later learned-- but before leaving she turned and said:

–Stay still Señorcito that soon I will bring you a soup and a tiger nut milk --she smiled -- you will see how soon you regain your strength.

As the days went by I began to recover and fifteen days later I would go down to the dining room and take walks in the park next to the house.

Another fifteen days later the cast was removed and, only thirty-five days after arriving in Santa María, I was able to leave for Tafi del Valle in amazing circumstances that I will narrate later.

At the beginning I wrote several times to my parents, lying over an alleged archaeological research in the Pucará de Loma Rica to reassure them for my prolonged absence. I also spoke on the phone with Dr. Cortez in order to request an extension of fifteen days to my vacations that expired in those days, but he only agreed to it when I informed him that I had suffered an accident.

Things were getting difficult as I hadn't yet begun to figure out the whereabouts of Belicena Villca's son and my vacations were coming to an end. However, upon leaving Santa María, morale was high and I had more faith than ever. To this had contributed the lengthy conferences I held with my extraordinary relative. But let's go back to those days of convalescence, when Uncle Kurt started the account of his fantastic life.

### Chapter II

As I am a doctor, already in the first days of convalescence, I understood that this would be long, so, having enough time available, I saw no reason not to tell Uncle Kurt about my adventure. I never experienced the wish to share my affairs with anyone nor have I had confidants. But now it was different. Since the day of the earthquake, I had regretted not knowing anyone in who to trust; someone "spiritual" enough not to make fun of the events that occurred around the death of Belicena Villca. But also that had the necessary freedom to be able to assume a knowledge that entailed such grave dangers.

At one point I thought about going to Professor Ramírez, but then I was ashamed of this selfish idea that could endanger the life and mind of this exemplary man dedicated to his chairs and his family.

I was annoyed since then because I felt that I was starting to handle ideas that are too "big", too inhuman, that could make me go crazy if I did not share them. And behold, suddenly a man of my blood resurrects from the past whom I never dreamed of knowing. A **solitary** man like Me; **of action**. An **experienced** man and of an age in which he is not afraid for life because death begins to emerge as a reality.

Yes --I thought decided-- I would entrust everything to Uncle Kurt.

At first we talked about trivial matters because we both avoided telling our secrets; I did not reveal the reason for my visit and he was silent about the brutal attack of the bull mastiffs and his blow. I told him about my studies and also from my parents; he explained to me the techniques to obtain a good **arrope (syrup)** of prickly pear fruit.

This is how we were gaining trust in each other, until one day, of the last that I was in bed, I told him:

–Uncle Kurt, I wish you could hand me the briefcase I brought with me. It stayed in the car the night I arrived.

To my surprise Uncle Kurt opened one of the closet doors and pulled out of a compartment the briefcase that, apparently, had been there all the time. I opened it and extracted the letter of Belicena Villca and some notes that I had taken when I spoke with Professor Ramírez.

–I'm going to explain you the reason for my visit, --I said trying to transmit the importance that the matter deserved to me--. It's a fantastic and incredible story and I seriously think that only to you I dare to tell without reservations or fear.

Uncle Kurt raised his eyebrows, keenly interested in something that, at least to me, seemed extremely serious. My words and the tone that I used, created the appropriate climate for it.

It was three in the afternoon of any given day, we had both had lunch and the serene tranquility that reigned in that lost farm invited to dialogue and confidence. We had all the time in the world at our disposal to take advantage of it as we pleased.

I began to narrate the known events and, if there was any doubt I harbored as for the credibility Uncle Kurt would give it, it soon faded. Visibly disturbed by some passages and won over by



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

impatience in others, he constantly interrupted to ask for details and, after he got what he wished, he encouraged me to continue in an authoritative tone that I had never heard him use before.

The case of Belicena Vilca had completely captured his interest but, upon learning of the existence of the letter, he seemed to go mad. I took it out in that moment from the briefcase and I had to make an effort to keep him from snatching it out of my hands: it was my intention to allow him to read it, not in that moment but later, when I would have finished recounting the events. So I showed it to him, and continued with the narration without being disturbed by the anxiety of my uncle, who was obviously struggling to wait to read it. I explained, in general lines, the objective of that posthumous letter, without entering in details about the incredible history of the House of Tharsis, mentioning only the millennial persecution that it had suffered from the Golen-Druids: I spoke of Bera and Birsha and my conviction that They were the real murderers of Belicena Vilca. At that point it looked as if Uncle Kurt's eyes were going to pop out of their orbits; however, his lips remained sealed in surprise. Finally, I told him about the translation that Professor *Ramírez* made of the legend "**ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch**" and his later allusions to the Golen-Druids, which confirmed in my opinion the veracity, if not all, of much of the content of the letter.

Here the enchantment was cut off and Uncle Kurt, jumping to his feet, yelled:

–Yes Arturo! The Druids! I was waiting for Them the night you arrived! After 35 years I perceived the unmistakable sign of their presence and knew that in any moment I would be attacked, although I did not know why they had waited so long, why did they **reappear** now. And now I know: because you were coming to me, bearer of the **Greatest Secret!**

It was a roar that came out of his throat as he uttered these phrases in German, being immediately answered by two long howls from the mastiffs one floor below and outside the house. I couldn't help but be amazed because Uncle Kurt had always spoken in Spanish since my German language proficiency is bad as a result of my parents' decision to educate me "completely Argentinian" to the point that not even among them did they use this language.

It also didn't escape me that, no matter how loud he had screamed, the dogs couldn't have heard him. How then, had they answered him?

I was now looking with "different eyes" at Uncle Kurt, whom I had considered until the moment, a person, like so many others, tortured by the memory of the days of the war, but otherwise completely normal.

I was slowly realizing that there was something else: Uncle Kurt had a secret knowledge that weighed heavily on his conscience, fueled now by my story.

Uncle Kurt must have been about sixty-two years old, but he impressed for looking ten years younger. High to the point of exaggeration --I calculated him a meter ninety-- he was burly, of athletic build, and you could see that he kept himself in shape. His hair, which must have been black, was gray, cut very short; the eyes light blue, bushy eyebrows, thin-lipped mouth with thick mustache and firm chin, completed his description. Perhaps one detail was the scar that furrowed his left cheek, highlighted by the blushing red of his cheeks, a sign of health for his age.

He liked to dress simply but sportily and I always saw him wearing thick suede boots.

In short, he was an impressive man; even more so at that time in which sparks seemed to come out from his eyes. He spent a few minutes walking in circles all over the room, with his hands behind him, in which he had the letter of Belicena Vilca that I just had given him.

I was respectfully silent although intrigued by this reaction. We had spent several hours talking as it quickly got dark outside. The room was in gloom when old Juana came in and she turned on the light.

–Jesus, Don Cerino, how is it that you are in the dark? Dinner is ready. I will immediately bring Mr. Arturo his --the old woman smiled as usual before leaving.

This interruption calmed Uncle Kurt who was still walking around thoughtful. He stopped at the feet of my bed with the hands resting on the back and, in correct Castilian he said:

–Neffe (1), I think you have brought me an answer that I have waited for decades. If it's like that, I'll be able to die in peace when it's all over --he said mysteriously-- but, tell me, what exactly brought you to me? How did you think of coming to see me?

–I wanted to find out why the ⚡ had to collect all the documentation on the Druids, --I replied--. When I thought about it, it came to my memory that night thirty-five years ago when you gave me the Iron Cross. It was an intuition, because immediately, without apparent reason I was struck by the assurance that you would know how to respond to those questions. Then I learned from Mom that you had been an officer of the ⚡. ...And here I am.

(1) **Neffe**: nephew, in German.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

--Ha, ha, ha --he laughed in admiration, with that uproarious laugh he threw when discovering me on the stairs of Cerrillos, as a child, and that I remembered so well.

--You have assumed well neffe; --Uncle Kurt continued-- I can tell you some things that would be useful for solving your problems. Things referring to the **esoteric Doctrine** of the Black Order **44**. However, for an inevitable and significant design of the Gods, you will be surprised to see up to what extreme the answers you were looking for were in my hands. But before talking about it we'll have dinner.

He left, leaving me consumed by new questions. From his previous exclamation clearly came out another mystery: how had Uncle Kurt made contact with the Druids, who were apparently chasing him to death for years?

### Chapter III

At 9:30 p.m. Uncle Kurt settled into a comfortable hammock chair next to my bed, and after being thoughtful for a few minutes he began to speak. It looked like he had been reflecting on everything that had happened and made a decision.

--Look Arturo; --he said in a solemn tone, trying to be convincing-- I understand that you will be impatient to get the answers that have brought you this far, but you must give me time to read Belicena Villca's letter. It is an extensive manuscript and it will take me several days to assimilate it, but it is necessary that I do it before answering your questions; that way I will have the antecedent of what you know, I will understand what you need to know, and I will be able to express myself with precision.

He waited for my unconditional approval. However, I believed that in nothing would affect him to give me some answer.

--I agree, Uncle Kurt, that you have some time to read the letter. But tell me now, how is it possible that on the day of my arrival you were waiting for an attack from the Druids?; I mean: how did you know that They were about to come?

--Well, because the day before I had heard **the buzzing**, the unmistakable **buzz of the honey bees**, which reveals **the use of the Dorje on the Heart!** Yes neffe. From that moment I was attacked by an uncontrollable tachycardia that still lasts. But once again all their tricks failed facing the powers with which the Gods have endowed me, and they will be forced to come face to face with me. --His eyes shone defiantly, but I wanted to clarify things. The allusion to the buzz and the Dorje, elements that Belicena mentioned the Twenty-Fifth Day, when Bera and Birsha turned into bitumen of Judea the blood of the Lords of Tharsis, **before reading her letter**, had left me frozen with astonishment.

Trembling, I asked him:

--But then, you had heard that buzz before?

--Of course, Arturo. I first heard it in 1938, 42 years ago.

--And where? --I inquired with growing amazement, that went anticipating the surprising answer.

--In Tibet; on the border between this country and China. It was during an expedition to the Gates of Chang Shambhala.

Blood rushed to my temples, I felt confused, dizzy, and I glimpsed the possibility of losing consciousness. The room had disappeared from my sight and in my mind, along with a thousand concepts and situations that arose from Belicena Villca's letter, the questions were reduced to their extreme abstraction: what, how, when, where, struggling to take concrete form and machine-gun Uncle Kurt. This, who noticed my confusion, began to laugh happily.

--Have you seen neffe? I knew it! It will be impossible for you to understand anything in the way you propose the dialogue. I will tell you everything, do not fear. But for you to take advantage of my experience, so that you can understand it, the best thing is that you know a summary of my life. I repeat: wait until I read the letter; then I will tell you about my past and then your questions will have consistency and my answers will make sense.

However, --he continued-- as I see that your impatience is not small, I will give you something to think about these days.

If I have not misunderstood, you will try to find an esoteric Order that presumably would exist in Córdoba, an Order of Wise Builders, an Order dedicated to the study of the Hyperborean Wisdom? I nodded.

--Well, neffe: I am in a position to affirm that very possibly I have precise news about this Order. And not only about it but on the mysterious Initiate that has founded it.

This was the last thing I had expected to hear, and again the lips remained sealed while in the mind the questions were forming at great speed.

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

But Uncle Kurt gave me no time to ask:

–I'll prove it to you! –he said, while untying a package that he had brought concealed in his jacket. Uncle Kurt undoubtedly had no intention of referring to that matter, unless my impatience obliged him, and so he had hidden that packaging: if it had not been necessary, he would not have shown it in that moment.

Upon completion, a voluminous-looking book was left in his hands, covered with thick covers lined in red cloth. Holding it in front of my eyes he opened it and the first sheet was exposed; in it was advertised in first term, the title of the work and the name of the author: "**Foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom**" by "**Nimrod de Rosario**". Below, an inscription gave indications about the affiliation of the book: "**Tyrodal Order of Knights of the Argentine Republic**".

When I had read those short phrases, Uncle Kurt turned the page and pointed out to me a "Letter to the Chosen" that was inserted as a prologue; at the end of it, three pages later, was the signature of the author, Nimrod de Rosario, and the following indication: "**Córdoba, August 1979**".

–Six months! –I exclaimed-- Only six months since it was published! How Uncle Kurt, how the Hell did you get your hands on it?

–Ha,ha. Not precisely by will of the Demon but of my good friend Oskar, who passed away just three months ago and took the secret to the grave. --Here he got serious, noticing the disappointment on my face. I know this part of the news is not going to cause you any pleasure, but it is preferable that you know the truth from the start.

Oskar, of whom I will speak to you later, was like me sheltered in the Argentine since 1947. As with your parents and other comrades, I used to meet him a couple of times a year: after those secret encounters each one returned to his usual tasks. No letters, no phone, nothing should link us if we wanted to continue free. In my case, it was already known that was a secret organization pushing me, whose orders said without hesitation "execute where he is found"; But Oskar's case was different: they were looking for him "officially" to be tried for "war crimes", and the claim was made by the Soviet Union, since Oskar Feil was a native of Estonia. But Oskar, that passed for an Italian immigrant with the name of "Domingo Pietratesta", had married in Argentina and had a beautiful family whom he had to protect above all things: in his case there was no room for the possibility of being trapped by the Enemy. That is why we extremed the precautions to meet every six months. And it is that we could not stop meeting because we were both dear comrades, not only since the war, but from many years before, from the time when together we attended the **N.A.P.O.L.A.** School.

–Ah, Oskar, Oskar, –Uncle Kurt sighed--. A friend for more than one life. A company to conquer Heavens and Hells, a Comrade for Eternity.

–B, but did he die? I stammered, bringing Uncle Kurt back to reality.

He was silent for a moment. At last he seemed to notice me, and he continued with his story.

–Yes, neffe. Oskar passed away four months ago; of "natural death", according to all versions, but it does not hide from me that he may have been murdered: whatever his death, his wife would never publicly denounce the truth. The future of Oskar's three children would force her to bite her lips before speaking. So I do not know with certainty what happened since, by obvious reasons, I will not be able to get close to his family until after a rather long while; a year or more.

But let's get to your business, Arturo! –he said with energy, after sighing deeply, as if saying goodbye to his dead friend. Eighteen months ago, more or less, we met in the Province of Jujuy, at the Hotel Provincial de Tilcara: we both passed for tourists who visited the famous Pucará. There I noticed him very excited and happy: he had found, he told me then, **those who possessed a direct contact with the Source of the Hyperborean Wisdom**, that is, with the same source that nourished the Wisdom of our Initiate Instructors of the Black Order ⚡. According to Oskar, after 35 years of "democratic" and Judaic darkness, the Spiritual Light of the Black Sun arose again: yes, after 35 years, during which the Enemy poured all class of slander about the Wisdom of the Order, and after hundreds of imposters, often mere subordinate staff of the ⚡ that ignored the Secrets of the Order, sowed confusion about the initiatory teaching that was imparted in it. In Córdoba, Oskar explained to me, a great Initiate had appeared who called himself "Nimrod de Rosario"; the "de Rosario" was, apparently, to differentiate his nickname from the historical Nimrod, a Kassite King who lived 2,000 years B.C. But this was anecdotal: the important thing was that that Initiate dominated all the Sciences of the West, and especially the Hyperborean Wisdom, to a degree as high as Oskar had never seen outside of Germany, and since the last days of the war, 35 years ago. In truth, we would have to go back to those days and to the men who secretly ran the Black Order, in particular Konrad Tarstein, to find an equivalent Initiate. At least that was Oskar's opinion.

Of course, outside of the inevitable comparisons, and what they had in common, abysmal differences existed between Nimrod and our former instructors. Of course, there was no difference in Honor or the Hyperborean Wisdom itself: in this field everything was analogous to the ⚡, but we

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

were not anymore in the days of the Third Reich and the ⚡ and it is logical that when organizing the supporters of the Hyperborean Wisdom Nimrod has been forced to rely on what the reality, the reality of 1979, offered him. I still remember the words of Oskar when referring to the spiritual incompetence of his followers: --“Believe me Kurt, that Nimrod lacks a racial selection like the one practiced in Germany, and from which we arose. I know, I know! We are no longer in Germany but in the mestizo Third World. I'm only raising an impossible possibility, a game of imagination. It pains me to observe how his efforts fall into emptiness, they are wasted by people who cannot detach from the century. However, and without even remotely grazing the discipline of the ⚡, has managed to form an important support group that allows to develop his Strategy: with people coming out of traditional esotericism, especially many who understood that the Gnostic Church of Samael Aun Weor is one more synarchic sect, and others from Argentine nationalism, that is, men with Nazi-Fascist political training. With them he formed the Tyrodal Order of Knights, in which a 'Hyperborean Initiation' is given, in everything similar to the one we received in the ⚡”.

“But the Hyperborean Initiation, which is the First of the three that requires the spiritual liberation and the Return to the Origin, --Oskar continued-- can only be administered by whoever exhibits the Second Initiation, that is, by a Hyperborean Pontiff. Nimrod is, therefore, a Hyperborean Pontiff. How he got his Second Initiation, nobody knows, but you and I know very well that only the Unknown Superiors, the Lords of Venus, the Hyperborean Gods concede it. Naturally, to fulfill his mission, this Initiate has prefabricated a past as consistent as possible, making use of his irresistible power over the illusory structure of reality. But this does not interest us: his past, and the contradictions that can be proved in him, only interest the Enemy. For us, Dear Kurt, the certain, the undeniable, is that his Wisdom comes from an irreproachable Source: the Lords of Agartha”.

And what is his mission? --Oskar wondered--. It is also an enigma: seems to be linked to the search for certain people who would have to be strategically oriented to fulfill a role in the next Total War. All his effort is put into that search, but I don't think he has had luck because, as I was saying, his collaborators are not the most suitable for the practice of the High Magic. In fact, there are very few Initiates in the Tyrodal Order and none respond to the demands of the mysterious mission. This assertion is not a subjective presumption but a confidence of Nimrod himself: indeed, when I met the Pontiff for the first time, he, who demonstrated possessing the power of reading the initiatory Runes, congratulated me on the degree achieved in the Black Order, but showed a visible disappointment. Facing my surprise, he promptly apologized and politely explained that upon receiving a Chosen for the first time, he always hoped 'that it was one of Those that would fulfill the Mission arranged by the Gods'. This comment clarified everything for me and I understood immediately that I, obviously, was not one of 'Those' whom Nimrod was waiting for. Nevertheless, he treated me with camaraderie and offered to participate in the Order, performing extremely reserved functions, which would do nothing to endanger my position. I accepted, of course; and I took advantage of his trust to find out more about the ill-fated search for the capable Chosen to carry out the designs of the Gods, a quest that would be almost impossible in the infernal context of the present Epoch”.

--“The kind of people you are looking for, Nimrod, is it of superior quality than the Initiates of the Black Order ⚡?”

--“It is not about quality but strategic confusion, Mr. Pietratesta. Perhaps if one of those Initiates of the Castle of Wewelsburg could be transplanted to this Epoch, without experiencing the passage of time, we'd have a Mission-fit Comrade. But now certainly we don't have such a man. Our own Initiates **could be fit for the mission if they fully assumed the Initiation and mastered their animic nature, if they decided to be what they are. But it is difficult, very difficult, that the spiritual men of this Age count on the courage necessary to stop being what they appear to be and be definitely what they really are.** However, the Gods assure that there are men capable of such courage, that the doors of Mystery must be kept open until they arrive or those who are are transmuted. And this certainty is what gives us strength to continue, Comrade Pietratesta”.

“I was in a house of the City of Córdoba, --Oskar clarified-- belonging to the Tyrodal Order. In the spacious room, furnished as an office, behind an imposing desk, Nimrod sat watching me. At last he opened a drawer and took out a red cover book”.

--“Mr. Pietratesta --he said seriously--. Nobody gets to this place if he has not been previously investigated on Earth and in Heaven. You have satisfied the requirements and that is why we offer you this opportunity: enter the Tyrodal Order and become one of its Initiates. All who enter must perform the same acts, which are very simple: they basically consist of **understanding and accepting** the Foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which, for the benefit of the Chosen, we have synthesized in this book --he handed me the red book--. The entry mechanism requires that you read this book and decide whether you **understand and accept** its content. If the answer is

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

positive, you remain immediately incorporated into the Order and acquire the right to access the thirteen other books, which make up the 'Second Part' of the Foundations and contain the secret preparation for the Hyperborean Initiation. If the answer is negative, if you do not understand or accept the Foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom, you only have to return the book and refrain from making copies, to be separated from the Order. I must warn you, --he said threateningly-- that the failure to comply with this condition is severely punished by the Order".

### Chapter IV

Oskar promised to act loyally, --said Uncle Kurt-- and had no inconvenient to comply. The content of the book was not unknown to us, although the novelty was the high-level philosophical language with which it was written: for a Baltic-German like Oskar, the reading of that pure Castilian was an extra test, which however he overcame with juvenile enthusiasm. So at the conclusion of the reading, months later, he hastened to apply to join the Tyrodal Order of Knights, being assigned one day per week to meet in a certain hidden place with a few extremely reliable comrades, that were studying **Part Two** of the Foundations and preparing for the kairos of the Initiation. And this stage, in Oskar's own words, was one of the happiest events of his life. But, if there was one thing that still displeased Oskar, that was my absence of the Order. As he told me on that occasion, in Tilcara, he believed that my presence and the contribution of my knowledge about the Hyperborean Wisdom were essential to charismatically strengthen the Order. He also wanted me to read the book, but he did not dare to disobey the Pontiff, so he begged me to exhaustion to authorize him to submit my name to be checked "on Earth and in Heaven" and get the book by the correct way.

I finally agreed, more to please him than out of real interest, because, as you will understand, *neffe*, since 1945 I have had the precise instructions to fulfill my own mission. **And those instructions also come from the Gods, from the same Gods of Nimrod de Rosario that, surely, are also the "Liberator Gods" that guided the House of Tharsis.**

The next time we met, the last, was in Córdoba, in August of last year. I am not going to deny you, Arturo, that I harbored the secret desire to know the amazing Initiate whom Oskar told me so much about. And yet it was not to be, since the Pontiff was in a secret retreat writing a new book. In spite of everything, Oskar was met with the significant news that in the Order there was a book for me: one of the old members handed me the copy that you now hold in your hands and he transmitted to me Nimrod's greeting: "the Pontiff, he said respectfully, was glad to 'have met me' and assured me a great performance at the service of the Gods of the Spirit". Of course, that interview was conducted in a hotel, as no one could know the properties or the meeting places of the Order before being accepted.

Do you realize, Arturo, how close I came to joining the Tyrodal Order of Knights? I was close, very close, but I could not make the entry because the only contact I had with the Order was Oskar and he died in December 79. At least that was what announced the telegram sent by his widow in January, to my mailbox in Salta. Other more accurate information I do not have, *neffe*. I bought the newspapers of Córdoba from those days and I verified that, indeed, the funeral of Domingo Pietratesta had been carried out, who died in his bed due to cardiac syncope. After so unfortunate news, unable to do anything but wait for the passage of time, I have read the book "Foundations" many times, coming to the conclusion that its content expresses in the deepest and most rigorous system of concepts the ancient and simple truths of the Hyperborean Wisdom. Why Nimrod conceived such a work to regulate the access of the Chosen to his Order I believe it has to do with a super-realistic vision of the Age, of the current Culture, and with the **type** of Initiate that he seeks to carry out the mission proposed by the Gods. Be that as it may, I estimate that I will not cause any harm to Nimrod's strategy allowing you to read it now. I will only contract a debt of Honor with the Order, which one day I will have to pay. Anyway, you already have previously read a letter to which I attribute as much value as to this book, even though you still haven't allowed me to read it.

Here Uncle Kurt smiled, while I felt invaded by shame. Despite the momentary embarrassment, I continued laughing, as I had been doing since a few minutes ago. I was euphoric. My life had become entangled in a very significant way after the assassination of Belicena Villca, and it was evident that plot could not be accidental: **Someone, the Liberator Gods, since not the "Guardian Angel", had arranged something as real argument, something as a script of des-tiny, so that I could follow it "casually" and find out about these things at the right time. In a word: I had been guided by the Gods.** And this thought, this certainty, filled me with intimate joy.

Uncle Kurt, I already had no doubts, had the keys I was looking for. I wasn't discouraged by the fact that Oskar Feil's death had disconnected him from the Order. With the information I now possessed, it seemed much more of an easy task the location of Nimrod de Rosario and the Tyrodal

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Order: he was the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and those were the Wise Builders of his Order. His search was pointing, and Uncle Kurt couldn't tell yet because he hadn't read the letter, to find a Noyo or a Vraya, Initiates capable of crossing the Stones of a Valley of Two Rivers and reaching the Wise Sword, next to Noyo de Tharsis, the son of Belicena Villca. And it was clear to me that by taking the letter of Belicena Villca to him, Nimrod would not hesitate to set me on my way to Noyo Villca, to whom I would transmit the posthumous message of his mother. Still smiling at the joy that his revelations gave me, my mind worked at great speed, while Uncle Kurt's face reflected surprise at such an incoherent attitude. But it is that I thought, I thought incessantly, in the way to obtain the address of Oskar Feil, or Domingo Pietratesta, aware that my uncle would never give it to me voluntarily. At last I found the key, simple, since it was all the time in front of my eyes: the newspapers! That was it: I would look in Córdoba for the newspapers of December 1979 and would review the obituary notices. And there I would discover the address of his family!

I finally adopted a more serious attitude and replied to Uncle Kurt:

—Certainly the last part of your revelation is not entirely fortunate —I said regretfully—. I sincerely regret the death of your Comrade; and I'm still more sorry, you'll know how to understand it, that his death has disconnected you from the Tyrodal Order. Nevertheless, it is so extraordinary what you have told me of this Order, that I could repeat your words from this afternoon: "I think you have brought me something I waited a long time for". You said it referring to the letter, which you haven't read yet, but I also believe that the information about the Order, and perhaps this book that I haven't read yet, constitute a concrete answer to **the real reason** for my visit. Because, although I **consciously** came to inquire about the relationship between the ⚡ and the Druids, it is clear that such an inquiry is embedded in the greater question of the search for Belicena Villca's son, **the real reason, unconscious but effective**, of all my movements. And that search inevitably passes through the Order of Wise Builders of Córdoba, of which you have referred me: do you understand why deep down I'm happy? Because the discovery of that Order represents the most necessary for me, the most important, much more than getting news about the Druids.

Yes, Uncle Kurt, —I stated emphatically— it is imperative that you read as soon as possible that letter. I won't bother you until you're done. But you have done very well in anticipating me that you had knowledge of the Tyrodal Order: this has taken away a weight off my shoulders and now I can wait more calmly for what you have to tell me later.

### Chapter V

So I agreed to give Uncle Kurt enough time to read the letter, without imagining what would come from such concession. First of all, be it because he made his reading conscientiously, be it because, most likely, the Castilian language prevented him from grasping more quickly Belicena Villca's obscure concepts, for whatever the reason, the truth is that he just finished at ten days. But, secondly, the most irritating thing about this is that during that time he locked himself in his room, refusing to leave it even for a minute. He delegated all the tasks of the Farm to his foreman José Tolaba and ordered that the food was served in his room by old Juana. And it was in vain that I tried to break that determination: my notes were unanswered, and I was unable to penetrate the laconic loyalty of the old woman with my questions. In short: I had to arm myself with patience and accept the strange behavior of my uncle! And to top off my frustration, without being able to advance much in the reading of the book Foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom due to the complexity of the issues it dealt with: it was required, at least, a Philosophical Dictionary to understand with depth most of the concepts, which were employed with much precision, and I did not know if uncle had any kind of copy, although it would be of no use if it was written in German. Naturally, I could not solve the problem until Uncle Kurt reappeared, and by then the Dictionary wouldn't be necessary because I would never finish reading Nimrod's book: Uncle Kurt's relation, and the events that followed, inevitably prevented me from doing so.

It must have been very intense the psychological effect that the letter had on Uncle Kurt because, as an effect of the reading, he was then demonstrating a very remarkable physical change, undoubtedly a psychosomatic product of the impression received. In a few words, by the aspect my uncle presented, he seemed to have regressed several years in those ten days, he was much younger, showing a positive and communicative character that I did not know before. I suspect, and I don't believe to be too mistaken, that the thirty-three years spent in Santa María had soured his normally jovial temper and caused that unsociable and pessimistic personality that I noticed when I arrived at the Farm. The personality of that who no longer trusts too much that the designs of the Gods will be fulfilled and waits resignedly for the resolution of Death. Thirty-three, that's a lot of years to wait in Catamarca, I comprehended better than anyone, and it seemed logical that they had

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

eroded his character. And that's why I understood then that the change was justified, even predictable, since the letter of Belicena Vilca met his expectations for so many years postponed. Well it was clear, since he himself had confessed it, that his instructions for after the war, **"instructions from the Gods"** forced him to remain in that place, and that my arrival carrying the letter, and the presumed and imminent attack by the Druids, were proofs that this waiting had almost finished.

--Really, neffe --was the first thing Uncle Kurt said, confirming my presumptions-- it is not the letter that has affected me to an extent that you cannot imagine, but the Mystery of Belicena Vilca, what was hidden behind her real existence and that is now discovered before us. From the letter, neffe, from its content, it is possible to assume a purely intellectual participation; but from the Mystery that the letter and the death of Belicena pose, of the Mystery of the House of Tharsis, it is not possible to exclude oneself without being left out of the Strategy of the Gods.

The Mystery has come to us --here Uncle Kurt decidedly included himself on my adventure-- and we can't and shouldn't try to avoid it. Now that the kairos allows it, we have to go until the end, until the Tyrodal Order, until Nimrod de Rosario, until Noyo de Tharsis and the Wise Sword, until the Final Battle.

I nodded, still surprised by the firm and supportive attitude of my uncle. He continued, astonishing me once more.

--Look Arturo, I have thought in these days more than you can suppose, evaluating the events that occurred and calculating each step that must be carried out in the future. Through this global strategic analysis, and taking into account my personal experience, that you will soon have the opportunity to know what it consists of since I will tell you the story of my life, I have drawn some conclusions that it would be good to take into consideration. First of all, and as I assumed from the beginning, I have verified that you are not at all prepared to face this mission. --I wanted to protest, but Uncle Kurt raised his hand in an unappealable way and I decided to allow him to complete his exposition--. Listen well, neffe: I didn't say you **cannot** carry it out but that you are **not yet** ready to undertake the mission. But you will be very soon if you understand my arguments and follow my instructions to the letter.

--Therefore, the first thing you should understand is that you never start a mission like this without a previous detachment. I understand it, and you don't need to explain it to me, that such detachment is a state of spiritual consciousness that you experienced from the moment you embarked on this adventure: right now you feel disconnected from the world, freed from the material bondages. But I must tell you realistically that such an attitude is completely subjective, naive, hindering to achieve the spiritual objective; an attitude that does not take into consideration the enemies that will treat to prevent the implementation of the mission, enemies endowed with terrible powers and enjoying absolute mobility; an attitude, in short, which is strategically suicidal. Because, is he really "disconnected from the world" someone who is preparing to "fulfill a spiritual mission" taking advantage of "his period of vacation"; someone who depends "on money" to travel, on money that it is limited and that at some point may run out; someone who underestimates the enemy and leaves behind himself, outside of himself, "weak points" that can be easily attacked and destroyed, that is, someone who travels without previously renouncing to the love for the "things of the world", whatever they may be, the family, the properties, the friends, the usual context where the routine life takes place, etc., all possible "targets" of enemy blows? No neffe; whoever behaves like this is pure and simple, a good man, but not a good warrior: he will never fulfill his mission; the Enemy will stop him by striking behind his back, threatening or destroying that from "the outside" that he loves, that to which he is really connected, bound, or attached, even though he may not admit or acknowledge it.

I fully understood his point of view and immediately agreed with him: in truth I was still tied to many things and my trip could not have been more improvised. However, I had little time to decide on my Destiny. Rather, Destiny decided for me, without giving me time to change, to wake up, to "prepare" as Uncle Kurt intended. Everything had happened so fast! What should I do now? This is what I would ask Uncle Kurt:

--What else could I do given the circumstances, considering how the events occurred? I questioned more to myself than to Uncle Kurt, trying to justify myself. It's true, I still have my job, but I didn't happen to think that I might not return. And as for the money: I am not rich and you know it; and I really don't know how I will go about getting what I need if this adventure goes on too long. The affective, on the other hand, the love of my family and friends, I suppose I will not know how well I master it until I'm put to a test: with the heart you never know, Uncle Kurt! Yes, the reproaches are fair, but you should be the one who orients me at this time, otherwise I will have no choice but to continue in the same "naive" way as I started.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Uncle Kurt was looking at me with pity, no doubt admired to see the irresponsibility with which I took things. According to him, the Druids were fierce enemies not to be feared but not underestimated either. I was not afraid, and that was good; but it seemed evident that I underestimated the enemy, that I did not realize that I could be destroyed at any moment, that I threw myself into challenging a powerful adversary "without being prepared for it". I ignore if my attitude of those days reached such a degree of foolishness, but Uncle Kurt believed so and that made him desperate. That's why he was willing to consider me an inexperienced soldier, a soldier-in-training in his particular army, and instead of suggesting and discussing with me what should be done, he was ordering the measures that by his judgment were to be taken without delay.

–You will immediately send a series of telegrams canceling all your commitments. Quit your job, your studies, clubs, libraries or any organization you are linked to. Say goodbye to whoever you have to do so by communicating that you are going on a long journey: if you discourage their expectations of seeing you or saying goodbye, they will soon forget you. If you have any property name a proxy, someone you do not know and who does not know you, a law firm for example, and order its liquidation. Proceed in the same way with everything that links you to your old life: cut all the ties, erase all traces, delete all clues. It is not enough that you have died for yourself; you must also die for the World!

Money will not be a problem for now: I will provide you with enough to carry out this mission. I have spent more than thirty years raising money and the day has come to use it. And it's as much yours as mine, neffe. (Do you know that I had made my will in your behalf?). Of course, my money solves the problems for the moment, but it is not a definitive solution: I will try, in the future, to teach you the operational tactics so you can always get the money or the things you need. These are techniques, methods to fend for oneself, techniques that every Hyperborean Initiate must be able to apply.

Of course, I did everything he told me to do. I went doing it during my convalescence, during the days when Uncle Kurt told me his extraordinary story. At last, the day we had to leave, nothing remained intact in Salta, from my previous life. Everything I had done in years of effort and work, was now undone: sooner or later, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel would be just a memory; and then not even that would exist, possibility that enthused Uncle Kurt. I did not want to think about the impression that those measures would have caused Mom and Dad, and Katalina, because it would "loosen my heart" and I was afraid Uncle Kurt would notice: in front of him, I wanted to appear stronger than I was, I wanted to reassure him about my balance and courage. I wanted to catch up with him, to be at the level of his demands, because, almost without realizing it, I had begun to admire Uncle Kurt, to appreciate his great abilities, to appreciate and understand him.

### Chapter VI

The day after he finished reading the letter, at 9:30 p.m. Uncle Kurt settled into a comfortable hammock chair next to my bed, and after remaining thoughtful for a few minutes he began to narrate his life to me.

–As it happens to you now, a series of "strange" coincidences had a decisive influence on the first years of my life. In order to appreciate this assertion with greater perspective, I must begin the story many years before my birth, at the precise moment when my father, the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann came to the world, that is, in the year 1894, in the city of Cairo, Egypt. That same year, in Alexandria, 130 km. from Cairo, was also born, a person who would be more important in my life than any other. I am referring to Rudolph Hess, whose birthday occurred on April 26, 1894.

Despite the distance between the two cities, my father and Rudolph Hess soon met, for Hess's parents sent him to study at the **French Lyceum** of Cairo --the school that Dad attended-- from six to twelve years of age. Childhood companions, they were united by a tender friendship that was consolidated over the years.

At the end of primary school --as many accommodated Germans did with their children-- the two were admitted to the **Evangelische Paedagogium of Godesberg-Am-Rhein**, city ten km away from Bonn.

When they were both sixteen, that is, in 1910, they separated to pursue different careers. Dad enrolls in the **Polytechnic Institute** of Berlin in the Industrial Engineering career. Rudolph Hess travels to Switzerland, to the **Ecole Supérieure du Commerce** in Neuchatel, by imposition of his father, rich exporter from Alexandria, who wanted to initiate the young man into the world of Commerce. Rudolph's intention was, as far as possible, to pursue a Ph.D. in mathematics.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The war of 1914 ruins all plans. Dad is claimed by my family to Cairo, where he returns when conflict breaks out and remains there definitely because by taking charge of the Sugar Refinery he will no longer be able to conclude his studies.

Rudolph Hess, who only stayed one year in Switzerland, was in Hamburg improving his skills in Foreign Trade and did not hesitate to enlist in the First Bavarian Infantry Regiment. He was wounded twice, in 1916 and 1917, receiving the Iron Cross for acts of heroism. In 1918 he entered the newly formed Imperial Air Corps, being instituted as a qualified pilot, but without intervening in aerial combat since in November 1918 the armistice is signed and he is demobilized.

He returns to Egypt bearing a double sadness: the defeated Germany is torn apart by the Treaty of Versailles and his parents have died during the war. Family businesses are run by his brothers, the elder Alfred, who is an accountant and a married sister.

He does not want to engage in trade, and so he makes this known: he intends to return to Germany to study, not mathematics, but History or Philosophy.

His time in Egypt is spent searching for answers to so much misfortune. Answers that only the Initiates of the great Islamic or Gnostic Sects can give, of which Alexandria in particular and Egypt in general is fertile seedbed.

But I will leave for another day the account of the Esoteric Current in which Rudolph Hess was going to enter in those days of 1919, in Egypt, which would take him to Adolf Hitler in 1920 and England in 1941. I will continue with the chronological development of the main events of interest to the story and, then, we will analyze these things.

Uncle Kurt was, apparently, an accurate storyteller, who knew what he meant and he didn't shy away from it. I realized that it would be several days until he would complete his memories and this prospect rejoiced me.

--In February 1919 --Uncle Kurt continued imperturbably-- Rudolph Hess traveled to Cairo to visit Dad and another friend, Omar Nautais. They met for the first time in six years, with the consequent mutual joy and my mother's who also knew Rudolph from childhood.

Dad had gotten married in 1917 and on 11/17/1918 I was born so in that date, February 1919, I was three months old. Since I had not yet been baptized, Dad asked Rudolph to be my godfather, to which Rudolph gladly agreed because he loved my parents very much and wished to give them a token of his affection.

The ceremony was held at the Lutheran Church in Cairo, a fresh morning of February 1919, the 17th to be exact.

Here you have, *neffe*, a first coincidence --said Uncle Kurt in a reflective tone-- for that young 25-year-old war hero who took me in his arms, would be fifteen years later Minister of State of Germany and the trustworthy man of Chancellor Adolf Hitler, his **Stellvertreter**<sup>2</sup>.

In Egypt, as in all foreign countries, the German community organized for the training of his children, the **Hitlerjugend**, Hitler youth, with the veiled supervision of the military attachés to the German Embassy. Within this movement, there was a "junior" group called **Jungvolk**<sup>3</sup> for children from 10 to 15 years old, which I entered at the age of 10, when I was still studying primary school at the German College in Cairo.

I graduated in 1932 and Dad decided to send me to Germany to pursue secondary education. I was then 14 years old and held the title of **Faehnleinsführer** at the **Hitlerjugend**.

The following year, in July 1933, we left Alexandria on a merchant boat that, with few stops, went directly to Venice; from there we would continue by train to Berlin.

In those days Rudolph Hess was a very important character in the Third *Reich* and incredibly popular within the members of the German community of Egypt who felt gratified with the triumph of one of their own. Rudolph worked hard all those years to contribute to the victory of the *Führer* and with the exception of a few trips every year or two, he had completely abandoned his first Egyptian homeland. Yet he never forgot his friends, who were not many, nor his godson Kurt von Süßermann.

Invariably we received a Christmas card every year and when in the *Jungvolk* we needed a drum, I remember Dad urged me to write a letter to my prestigious godfather, who not only responded kindly with a letter in which he encouraged me to study and persevere within the *Hitlerjugend*, but took care of my childish request.

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<sup>2</sup> **Stellvertreter**: Lieutenant.

<sup>3</sup> **Jungvolk**: literally "Children of the people".

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

One day we received a summons from the German Embassy to pick up a package, which had to be signed by **Faehleinsführer** Kurt von Sübermann that is, by me. It was the official Hitlerjugend drum painted with black and white flames and a **Rune** "⚡" (s) from the old German futhark alphabet, shaped like a lightning bolt. The Hitlerjugend used a Rune "⚡" but the **Schutzstaffel**<sup>4</sup> was authorized to employ two (⚡⚡). There was also a letter from the **Reichsjugendführer**<sup>5</sup> Baldur von Schirach in which he confirmed that at the request of the Private Secretary of the **Führer**, Rudolph Hess, was sending a drum to the distant Comrades of the Jungvolk of Egypt. It followed a long list of concepts and he ended recommending the use of the **Hymn of the Hitler Youth**:

**Vorwärts, Vorwärts,  
Schettern die Hellen Fanfaren,  
Vorwärts, Vorwärts,  
Jugen Kennt Keine Gefahre.**<sup>6</sup>

There was the signature of Baldur von Schirach and three words: **Heil und Sieg**<sup>7</sup>.

That drum and that letter gave me unjustified fame among the German children of Cairo, while stimulating my vocation to continue in the line of the Hitlerjugend.

In 1933 news reached Egypt that the Führer, celebrating his 44<sup>th</sup> birthday, would open the **NAPOLA** schools that were dissolved by the allies in 1920<sup>8</sup>.

They would be training schools for the future German Élite and there would train the cadres of the Hitler Youth. Thinking about the difficulty of entering it being a German-Egyptian, Dad, who had the bitter experience not to be considered "true German" during his studies at Bad-Godesberg, considered the possibility of addressing Rudolph Hess so that he facilitated the admission.

To do this, before leaving, he sent him a letter requesting an interview and informing him of the approximate date of our arrival in Europe.

The strange ports and cities we touched were fantastic places for a proud 15-year-old Faehleinsführer who was torn between the joy of knowing and the anxiety of arriving. To arrive, yes, because the wonderful thing was the final destination of the magic trip: Germany.

–You look at me in disbelief, neffe --Uncle Kurt apologized-- and I understand you; it is difficult to understand what we young Germans felt in those days, even foreigners like me. Egypt was the beloved homeland, the land where I was born and raised.

But Germany was something else.

The Land of Siegfried and the Führer; of the River Rhin and of Loreley; of the Valkyries and the Nibelungs. It was a "Homeland of the Spirit", where it was nurtured the myth, legend and tradition of our elders.

An eternal and distant homeland that would suddenly become real through that fabulous trip. We had been brought up in a mysticism whose formulation was: "Blood and Soil"; we acted accordingly.

At the end of July, the height of European summer, we arrived in Venice, the end of our journey by sea, from where we would take a combination of trains to Berlin. We were ready to descend from the Ship when the Captain announced us that we should go to the offices that the company owns in the port, to pick up a message.

We got there, with a heavy heart thinking of bad news from Egypt, to find instead a letter on official letterhead from the Third Reich. In it, Rudolph Hess warned us that he would be absent from Berlin until the second week of August but, if we wanted to visit him right away, we could head to the Upper Bavaria. The reason for this was that the Führer had decided to rest a few days in his Villa **"Haus Wachenfeld"**, on the **Obersalzberg**, in **Berchtesgaden** and part of his cabinet accompanied him staying in nearby hostels. Rudolph Hess and his wife Ilse would be happy to welcome us if we decided to go there<sup>9</sup>.

Dad could not hide his satisfaction because this situation was, moreover, beneficial for our plans. On the one hand we saved ourselves from traveling hundreds of kilometers, since from Venice to

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<sup>4</sup> **Schutzstaffel**: "protection squadron".

<sup>5</sup> **Reichsjugendführer**: national youth leader.

<sup>6</sup> **Go Go, Trumpets sound, Go Go, Youth does not know of dangers.**

<sup>7</sup> **Heil und Sieg**: Salute and Victory.

<sup>8</sup> The *Kadete Manstetten*

<sup>9</sup> In **Reicholdsgrun, Bavaria**, was the "German" house of the Hess family, built by Rudolph's father. Yet the **Stellvertreter** holidays usually took place in **Berchtesgaden**, near the Führer's residence.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Berchtesgaden there are only two hundred kilometers while to Berlin more than a thousand. On the other hand we had the possibility of interviewing Rudolph, outside of all official protocol, without suffering the interference of secretaries or assistants and having time to talk and remember the good times.

The view of the legendary Venice, the passage through Austria and the arrival at the Bavarian Alps, were the threshold of my entry to a new and wonderful world.

From the moment I set foot on Bavarian soil, I noticed that the air was like electrified, as if a hidden motor sent powerful vibrations through the ether. It was something so evident in those days --or years-- that anyone who was moderately predisposed, could sense it.

Those vibrations, which were not captured by a physical organ, carried a message to the receiving spirit: Germany awakens!<sup>10</sup>. But this translation in two words is clumsy; seems like an elementary patriotic proclamation, it does not fully transmit what that mysterious force evoked in our Spirit. I'll try to explain it. Germany awakens! was said and the listener did not think about the geographical Germany, not even in the Third Reich, but felt clearly in another world, without borders, in a Germany without Time or Space, whose **only limits** were precisely those set by this same vibration.

Germany would only conclude where the unifying vibration was no longer perceived because, now everyone knew, Germany was also that immanent inaudible sound called **volkschwingen**<sup>11</sup>.

Germany awakens! said the transcendent message and Germany, like the phoenix, was reborn from the ashes of its last defeats; it became the epicenter of a new **weltanschauung**<sup>12</sup> in which the infamies of the Jewish world conspiracy and Marxist-Leninist subversion would have no place.

The brown revolution would bring a New Order that would only admit in its ruling Elite the hierarchy of the Spirit; those who really were superior would be superior by themselves, regardless of any other condition. This perspective stimulated healthy competition, breathed new hope and encouraged everyone to share the adventure of the "German awakening". And no one was to doubt because the New Order was guaranteed, assured in its purity by the figure of the **Führer**<sup>13</sup>.

Yes, Germany finally had its Führer. He was the true architect of the New Order, the Chief who would lead the German people to victory.

It was the year 1933, Germany was waking up, Adolf Hitler was the Führer.

### Chapter VII

I was fifteen years old, the Soul loaded with illusions and the clear perception of the **volkschwingen** when, by Dad's hand, we arrived at the lodge of Rudolph Hess in Berchtesgaden.

The news had spread that the Führer was at Haus Wachenfeld and the area was invaded by journalists and onlookers, so it was difficult for us to stay. We finally did it in the modest inn "Kinderland" about two miles from Rudolph Hess' home.

We spend the night there and very early in the morning we set off athletically along a curved snowy trail that followed the nearby hill. Dad, dressed in the Bavarian fashion, wore the narrow sleeve of his highlander trousers in thick knee-length woolen stockings. Laced boots, shirt and collarless jacket completed the outfit. I wore a brand new dark gray Hitlerjugend uniform, consisting of shorts, jacket with pockets and sailor collar; buckle belt with the Rune **⚡**, strap crossed on the chest and a small dagger at the belt with the inscription "**Blut und Ehre**"<sup>14</sup> engraved on the blade; bow tie girdled with ring, lace ankle boots and gray socks.

The house where the Hess family was staying was an old construction made of wood in classic alpine style; small but comfortable. When calling the door, we were attended by a sleepy officer of the **⚡** who was performing the guard sleeping in the livingroom, next to the lit hearth. His name was Edwin Papp and was **⚡ Obersturmführer**<sup>15</sup>).

--Herr Hess is still in bed, --the **⚡** officer said--. He will be glad to see you as he has been waiting for you for several days. Please sit in the living room while I make coffee.

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<sup>10</sup> Deutschland erwacht.

<sup>11</sup> **Volkschwingen**: people's vibration.

<sup>12</sup> **Weltanschauung**: "conception of the world", "ideology".

<sup>13</sup> **Führer**: boss, leader.

<sup>14</sup> "**Blut und Ehre**": **Blood and Honor**.

<sup>15</sup> **⚡ Obersturmführer**: **⚡** captain

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Half an hour later Rudolph Hess appeared, impeccably dressed in gym equipment: blue pants, windbreaker and sneakers. Tall, stocky, of square face and thick eyebrows, the black and glittering eyes that seemed to draw the attention to him.

Barely smiling, he stopped for a moment to look at Dad and then they merged in an embrace that elicited exclamations of joy and spontaneous laughter from both of them. It had been many years since I had seen him and, therefore, I had a very vague memory of him, but I was surprised to discover a shyness that I could not even imagine in the powerful lieutenant of the Führer.

He turned to me and looked in admiration.

–*Dieser mein patekind?*<sup>16</sup> –he said as if to himself–. How time flies! he is already a man. A new man for a new Reich.

–Tell me Kurt –he was addressing me this time– don't you want to stay in Germany? Here you could study and serve the fatherland.

–Yes *taufpate*<sup>17</sup> Rudolph, –I replied overjoyed– that's what I want. My greater ambition is to enter the *NAPOLA* School.

–That is really a big ambition --said Rudolph Hess-- we will see what we can do.

At that moment Ilse Hess (born Pröhl) came in, whom Dad didn't know but that after making the introductions, she seemed to be a lifelong friend. This was because Ilse was a simple and energetic woman, but she owned a great kindness. She was a former National Socialist militant, she was estranged from politics since her marriage to Hess in 1927 and she stated, shortly after speaking with us, the desire to have children, which God seemed to deny. --Just five years later, Rudolph Hess's only child, Wolf, would be born, but that's another story--.

We spent a week in Berchtesgaden during which Rudolph, Ilse and Dad got intimate on several occasions, when they were not going to Haus Wachenfeld to see the Führer who on the other hand was besieged by Goering and other party members.

On those evenings, when Dad and the Hess exchanged memories and anecdotes, I used to interrogate the ⚡ officer in charge of the custody for hours. According to my criterion in those days, there wasn't a worthier goal of the efforts of a German youngman, than to belong to the Elite corp of the ⚡.

One day, of the first we spent in Berchtesgaden, Dad and Rudolph withdrew to speak to an outside gallery, located on a hillside and protected by a railing that surrounded the house. Normally I would have ignored them, but something in the gestures, a whispering tone in the conversation, alerted me to the possibility that they were talking about me.

I thought they were referring to the admission to the *NAPOLA* School and an growing anxiety won me over. Not being able to resist the temptation --unforgivable crime, my father would say-- I did something reprehensible: I spied on them.

Pretending to be standing against a window that opened in the vicinity of Dad and Rudolph Hess, I tried to listen to their conversation, which actually developed around the theme of my person. But it was not about the admission to the *NAPOLA* School, but about an issue that filled me with astonishment.

–...You can leave me Kurt then –Rudolph said– did you tell him about the Sign?

–I didn't think it was convenient --Dad answered. Besides, I wouldn't know how to explain that Mystery to him in sufficient depth. You know more than I do about these things; you are the best person to talk to him.

Rudolph Hess shook his head affirmatively while his face kept that shy smile so characteristic of his person.

–Let's wait a few years; --said Rudolph Hess-- if Kurt doesn't ask before. Has he never suspected anything? Has he not been the protagonist of some abnormal event?

–No, Rudolph, except for the issue of the *Ophites*, which I already told you about in my letters, nothing strange happened to him afterwards, and he even seems to have forgotten it, or at least, the memory does not affect him.

At this point in the conversation between Rudolph Hess and my father, little was what I understood, but when mentioning the *Ophites* an incredible episode of childhood came to mind instantly. When I was about ten or eleven I was the victim of a kidnapping! It was not a criminal kidnapping in order to collect ransom, but a kidnapping perpetrated by fanatics of the Ophite Order

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<sup>16</sup> *Dieser mein patekind?* Is this my godson?

<sup>17</sup> *Taufpate*: Godfather.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

that only lasted a few hours until the Police, thanks to the data provided by a professional snitch, could derail it.

### Chapter VIII

Things happened like this: my parents had traveled to Cairo –the family Refinery is a few kilometers from this city-- in order to make purchases.

While Mom entertained herself in the vast premises of the English Store I, greedy for mischief, slipped with great disguise towards the street. A moment later I was running several blocks from the Store innocently attracted by the bustle of the "Black Market", labyrinthine neighborhood of miserable street stalls and safe haven for beggars and petty criminals.

That day the human tide was dense in the narrow streets in which the distance between two sales positions barely left an aisle to pedestrian traffic. Pottery, fruits, carpets, animals, everything imaginable was sold there and before each merchandise my curious eyes stopped. I was not afraid because I wasn't too far away and it would be easy to go back or for Mom to find me.

Following an alley, I came to a wide cobbled square, with fountain, into which lead an infinity of streets and alleys that only the irregular layout of those neighborhoods of Cairo can justify. There were hundreds of vendors, bums, beggars, and women with their faces covered by the *chador*, who collected water in clay jugs.

I approached the fountain trying to orient myself, without noticing a group of Arabs that surrounded singing a snake charmer. This show is very common in Egypt so it would not have caught my attention, unless by the unusual fact that when the Arabs saw me, they lowered the tone of the chant until becoming completely silent. At first I did not realize this because the charmer continued to play the flute while the green eyes of the cobra, hypnotized by the music, seemed to look only at me. Suddenly the piper also joined the group of silent Arabs and I, realizing that something abnormal was happening, one after another I took cautious steps back.

The spell was broken when one of them, giving a hideous howl, yelled in Arabic, --The Sign! while he pointed awkwardly at me. It was like an indication. All at once shouted in excitement and ran towards me with the naked intention of my capture.

There was a terrible commotion for I, being a child, ran between the crowd with greater speed, while my pursuers were hampered by various obstacles, which were eliminated by the expeditious system of throwing to the ground everything that crossed their paths. Luckily the crowd was large and many witnesses to the episode were then able to inform the Police.

The persecution did not last long as the frenzied fanaticism that animated those men multiplied their forces, while mine was consumed quickly.

Initially I took a street full of merchants, escaping in the opposite direction employed to get to the square, but after a few blocks, trying to dodge a crowd of salespeople and customers, I stepped into an alley. This was not straight, but kept narrowing more and more, until becoming a path one meter wide between the walls of two neighborhoods that had advanced from different directions, without respecting the street.

As I ran, the alley seemed cleaner of obstacles, and consequently, my pursuers gained ground, until a protruding stone from the uneven ground made me roll defeated. I was immediately surrounded by the excited Arabs who did not take a moment to wrap me with one of their capes and carry me imprisoned in powerful arms. The impression was great and unpleasant, and as much as I screamed and cried, nothing seemed to affect my captors running now, faster than before.

A while later we reached our destination. Although I couldn't see, I understood Arabic perfectly and inferred then that the fanatics were calling with loud voices someone they called **Naassene Master**.

At last they released me from the hooded wrap that blinded me, depositing me on a soft silk cushion, of regular size. When I accustomed my eyes to the gloom of the place, I verified that I was in a wide room, dimly lit with oil lamps. The floor, covered with rich rugs and cushions, was attended by a dozen men kneeling, with their foreheads on the ground, those who from time to time raised their eyes and looked at me and then, clasping their hands over their heads, raised their lost eyes to the sky crying **Ophis! Ophis!**

Of course all this frightened me because, although I had not suffered damage, the memory of my parents, and the fact of being a prisoner, gave me great grief. Sitting on the cushion, surrounded by so many men, it was impossible to think about running away and this certainty made me cry painfully. All of a sudden, a kind voice came from behind me bringing momentary hope and consolation to my sufferings. I turned around and saw that an old man of white beard, wearing a turban, reached towards me.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

–Don't be afraid son-- the old man they called Naassene said in Arabic. No one will hurt you here. You are an envoy of the Serpent God, Ophis-Lucifer, whom we serve. It is proved by the Sign that you have marked for His Glory.

He gestured affectionately to me to allow being taken in his arms, in order to "show me the image of God". I was really needing an affectionate treatment because those fanatics did not notice that I was a child. I hugged the old man and he started to walk to one end of the room --which turned out to be a basement-- where a column rose on whose pedestal shone a small highly polished stone sculpture. It was shaped like a cobra standing on its own with glittering eyes, perhaps due to the inlaying of stones of a more intense green. The image fascinated me and I would have touched it if the old man does not back off in time.

–Did you like the image of God, "little envoy"? –said the Master.

–Yes --I answered without knowing why.

–You have the right to possess the jewel of the Order. –The Master continued while he rummaged in a fine leather pouch that he wore around his neck.

–Here it is! –exclaimed the Naassene Master– it's the consecrated image of the Serpent God. To obtain it, men go through hard trials that sometimes carry them a lifetime. You, on the other hand, do not need to pass any test because you are bearer of the sign.

With a sharp dagger which he pulled from his belt, he cut a green cord from a bundle that hung on the wall and, threading the silver replica on a ribbon, he placed it on my neck. Then he looked me in the eye, so intensely that I have never been able to forget. Nor did I forget his words, the ones that he spoke very loudly, *ritually*. He held me with his left arm and raised me to be seen by all, while with the index of the right hand he pointed to the Serpent God. He said this:

–Initiates of the Liberator Serpent! Followers of the Serpent of Uncreated Light! Worshipers of the Avenging Serpent! **Behold the Bearer of the Sign of the Origin! To who can understand the Serpent with his Sign; to who can obtain the Highest Wisdom that is given to know the Man of Mud!** In the interior of this Divine child, in the bosom of the eternal Spirit, the Sign of the Enemy of the Creator and of Creation is present, the Symbol of the Origin of our God and of all the Spirits imprisoned in Matter. And that Symbol of the Origin has manifested in the Sign that we, and no one else, have been able to see: Divine child; he will be able to understand the Serpent *from the inside!* But we, thanks to him, to his liberating Sign, *have understood it outside*, and now nothing can stop us!

–Yes, Yes. We can leave now! –The unrestrained Ophite Initiates shouted in chorus.

Minutes passed and everything calmed down in the shelter of the Ophite Order. The Arabs were engaged in some kind of preparation, and I, enthusiastic about the serpentine gift and reassured by the good treatment of the Naassene Master, did not distrust when he brought me a glass of soda mint. A few minutes later I fell prey to a deep slumber, surely because of a narcotic put into the drink.

When I woke up I was with my parents, in the British Sanatorium of Cairo, together with a doctor in a white coat, who was vainly trying to convince them that I was simply sleeping.

Over the years, I rebuilt the actions that led to my release. Apparently the Chief of Police moved quickly, fearing that the kidnapping of a member of the wealthy and influential Von Sübermann family, conclude with a purge in the Police Department whose head --would be the first to roll-- was him. Through confidants, beggars, vagrants or mere witnesses, they learned without a doubt that the perpetrators of the kidnapping were the fanatical members of the millenary Gnostic "Ophite" Order, considered harmless and even very wise.

This initially puzzled the policemen, who could not reach to glimpse the motive for the kidnapping but, following some clues, reached the Naassene Master's house. The Arabs, in the euphoria to transport me there, had behaved recklessly, penetrating all together in the middle of screams and exclamations. A beggar, an eyewitness to the strange procession, so eager to earn the reward my family had offered, as to avoid the police batons, gave the details of the house where the kidnappers entered. This was surrounded by the authorities, but, as no one responded to the calls, it was proceeded to force the door, finding a humble home, totally empty of people. Upon careful inspection, it was discovered, concealed under a carpet, the trap door that led, by means of a mouldy stone stairway, to the buried temple of the Serpent God.

A macabre spectacle surprised those present because, lying on a silk cushion, my lifeless body lay surrounded by corpses with a convulsed expression that, as a last gesture, directed the rigid arms towards me.

All the kidnappers had died with cobra venom. The Naassene Master and the idol had vanished.

The impression received by the newcomers was very bad because they thought I was dead too, but they immediately came out of their mistake and I was transported to the British Sanatorium along with my parents.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I still had the silver snake hanging from my neck, this being jealously guarded by Dad, although sometimes, years later, he used to show it to me when we remembered that adventure.

At the time, while listening to Dad and Rudolph Hess talk about the Ophites, all these events piled up my mind.

I had placed myself sideways against the window so that I could only see them talk out of the corner of the eye, but the voice came clear to my ears.

–This is the silver jewel –said Dad– with the image of *Ophis-Lucifer*. I kept it with the original cord; take it, now you must watch over it.

It was an extraordinary revelation, –I couldn't help turning a little to see better-- because Dad never gave importance to the little idol and I, who did not understand its meaning, neither. Even years had passed since it had been erased from my mind.

And there it turned out that Dad had simulated and downplayed importance to the matter, but he actually attributed some unknown value to the silver idol! And the strangest thing was that he would have brought it hidden to Germany, offering it in custody to Rudolph Hess. This made no sense to me.

On the other hand, they spoke of the Sign like the Arabs, what Sign? Years after the kidnapping, I still looked in the mirror looking for the blessed Sign that had led those poor wretches to their death; and I never found anything abnormal. Nor did I suspect that Dad believed in the existence of that mark --or stigma?--.

In my head a whirlwind of ideas spun disorderly, while I absentmindedly watched Rudolph Hess examine the silver serpent.

Suddenly, by inserting the hand into the neckline of the windbreaker, he drew a cord around his neck. Hanging from it was a snake of silver, exactly the same as mine!

Rudolph Hess had gathered them in his hand for the contemplation of my Father, and after a few minutes, he put his on and kept the other one in the pocket. Moments later they both entered the warm livingroom without mentioning the topic of their preceding conversation.

This reserved attitude convinced me of the inconvenience of approaching somehow the matter, because it would reveal the reprehensible espionage committed. I didn't give it much thought: I would keep quiet until I was not spoken to directly, but I promised myself to do the impossible to obtain information on the mysterious Sign.

It was two in the morning and Uncle Kurt stood up with the intention of going to his room. I did not blame him for that attitude because he had been speaking several hours, but the story aroused concerns and questions in my Spirit, becoming impatient and inconsiderate.

–Uncle Kurt --I said-- it's late, I know it and I also know that tomorrow we can continue the chat, but I really need you to answer two questions before you leave.

–Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha –he laughed with his terrible guffaw– you are just like me at your age: you need to get answers in order to live. It's like a thirst. I understand you neffe, what do you want to know?

–Just two things --I said--. First: Is there a possibility that this Sign that the Arabs saw in you, is the same as the one Belicena Villca saw in me?

–Without a doubt neffe --he replied--. The Sign means many things, but it is also a *Sanguine Signum* (18) and we both have the same blood. The Blood is not a determining factor for the appearance of the Sign but it is a "quality condition"; if a sign appears in members of our family *it is the same sign*.

Until today I had not known that there was another Von Sübermann alive with that mark. Dad, who I finally talked to about it, told me that according to a family tradition, an ancestor of ours "showed" his contemporaries by means of certain signs, "being a chosen one of Heaven", by virtue of which the King Albert II of Austria granted him the title of Baron in the 15th century. From that Epoch onwards, the family annals were recorded, all of the above being obscure and unknown. In later centuries, the family always devoted itself to the production of sugar, as Belicena Villca says in her letter, and it was attentive to the appearance of descendants with "special skills". In fact, there were several members of the Lineage who demonstrated to possess supernatural gifts, but no one managed to solve the family enigma. Only the last generations of the Egyptian branch were able to approach the solution of the mystery, by discovering the existence of a mark or sign of cyclical appearance among the members of the family through the ages. But except for this news, obtained thanks to the contacts made with certain *ulama*, sages of Islam, little could be known with greater accuracy.

To my despair Uncle Kurt kept approaching the door, his firm intention to leave.

–I'll ask you the second question --I said--. Have you been able to know what the Sign is?

Uncle Kurt made an annoyed gesture.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–Do you think that an answer that I myself looked for years can be summed up in two words? I assume your question points to the Symbol of the Origin, which is the metaphysical cause of our sign. If so, I'll just tell you that all I could find out about it is less than what Belicena Villca exposes in her letter. I fully agree with her, and according to what was revealed to me in the Black Order ⚡, that the Symbol of the Origin is linked to the Mystery of the spiritual chaining. The Symbol of the Origin, *neffe*, **is analogous to a Charismatic Frame: who is covered by this frame, conscious or not, "oriented" or not towards it, remains inevitably chained to Matter; who manages instead to encompass the frame, understand it or transcend it, manages to break free from the chaining, "is free in the Origin". And those who seek to keep the Eternal Spirit chained under such frame, or Symbol of the Origin, are the Masters of the Kâlachakra, the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala. And those who try to make the Spirit transcend the Symbol of the Origin, perhaps understanding the Serpent, are the Initiates of the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Liberator Gods of Agartha.**

This is, in short, what I know about the Symbol of the Origin. Now, if your question refers to the Sign as a mark, I will tell you that I know even less, because the Sign can only be **recognized** by those who already **know it**.

It is basic *neffe*, to distinguish one thing from another, you have to know it first; the same principle holds for the Sign; only those who have the Truth in their interior "see" it, because only in this way is it possible to recognize the external Truth, for that you and I cannot see the Sign even if we carry it with us, because we still need to get to the Truth.

I listened to Uncle Kurt desolate because I had harbored the secret hope that he would know about the Sign and that perhaps he would agree to entrust me with his secret, but his negative answer was simple and logical: the revelation of the Sign was to be interior.

My face reflected discouragement and this made Uncle Kurt laugh again.

–Don't worry *neffe*, it's not so important that we see the Sign but that it is recognized by those who should help us. And this always happens as evidenced by your own experience.

But there is something that may compensate your curiosity. In the years that I was in Asia, I obtained precise information about our Sign: its body location.

–Where is it? –I asked without hiding my impatience.

–In a curious place *neffe* --he answered with evident rejoicing-- in the ears.

(18) **Sanguine Signum**: blood mark.

He looked at his watch and without waiting for an answer he said --See you tomorrow *neffe* Arturo --and he went out.

At first I thought Uncle Kurt was making fun of me, but then I went to the bathroom, to the mirror, to look at my ears. There was nothing abnormal about them, small, without lobe, attached to the head, they were, definitely, the same as Uncle Kurt's.

Definitely I was not able to "see" the famous Sign; and I went to sleep.

## Chapter IX

The next morning I woke up with the present memory of the past concepts put forward by Uncle Kurt the night before, which were slowly but effectively clarifying the Mystery in which I was immersed. For now, it was already sure my uncle shared the same hidden philosophy of Belicena Villca, the "Hyperborean Wisdom", and that it was revealed to him during his career as Waffen officer ⚡ : this was more than I could dream of when I came to Santa María!

And then there was the issue of the Sign: not only did Uncle Kurt know the existence of the Sign but confirmed that both he and I were bearers of it! There was no doubt then that, like the Ophites, Belicena Villca had perceived it, in my ears or wherever it was embodied, and it had decided her to write her incredible letter. And both in the case of the Ophites as in that of Belicena Villca, death had intervened implacably, as if it were an unavoidable actor in the drama of those marked by the Sign!

–Good morning Sir, I have come to heal your head. –said old Juana, circumstantial nurse. I brought what you asked for. Look, Señorcito...

She was holding a brilliant-edged razor, a tool I had requested with the intention of shaving my head, already partially depilated by Dr. Palacios around the wound.

After the cure, which consisted of washing the scar and staining it with a red tincture with iodine, old Juana gave herself to the task of shaving my head, concession made when proving the impossibility of being able to do it myself, with one hand alone.

Half an hour later, my skull looking perfectly shaved like a Bonzo from Indochina, I ate the hearty breakfast that the caring old woman served me.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--At this rate you will soon be fine Señorcito, said the old woman, delighted by the way I devoured the victuals.

--Yes, but with several extra kilos --I replied without stopping eating.

At nine o'clock Uncle Kurt came up to my room.

--How are you, neffe? willing to hear another part of my story?

--Yes Uncle Kurt --I replied-- I'm anxious, really anxious to hear what you have to tell.

He settled into his hammock chair and began to speak.

--Well; we had left when after surprising the conversation of my father with Rudolph Hess on the Sign, I decided not to talk about it until one of the two would take the initiative.

I nodded as Uncle Kurt picked up the thread of the story.

--At the end of the first week of August 1933, we left for Berlin by train. Rudolph Hess and Ilse, on the other hand, would go to Munich by car and from there they would arrive in Berlin in a plane, together with the Führer, Goering and several personalities of the Third Reich, who were ending their vacations.

In Berlin we stayed at the *Kaiserhof* hotel, former headquarters of the *N.S.D.A.P.*<sup>18</sup> and we waited, as agreed in Berchtesgaden, Rudolph Hess' news. These arrived in mid-August in the form of a summons to meet Rudolph Hess at the Ministry of Education and Science. We should be ready at 7 a.m. the next day at the hotel, as we would be picked up by an official vehicle.

At 7 o'clock the ⚡ officer Papp arrived, to whom we knew for being guard of Rudolph Hess in Berchtesgaden, in a car with uniformed driver of the S.A.

--Herr Hess is waiting for you at the Ministry of Education and Science. I have left him there before coming to get you. --Said the ⚡.

We arrived in a few minutes and were led by the ⚡ to a door in which was read "*NAPOLA* National Direction". We entered.

In a spacious room, soberly furnished, we found Rudolph Hess in the S.A. uniform, a stern-looking man, and a secretary typing on a typewriter. They all stood up when we arrived.

--Professor Joachim Haupt, this is Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann --Rudolph Hess said.

--Baron von Sübermann, you are in front of Joachim Haupt, National Director of the *NAPOLA* --Rudolph Hess completed the presentation.

As they shook hands, Rudolph spoke.

--I have been discussing Kurt's admission with *Herr* Professor and, despite the lack of vacancies, we reached an agreement. He will be incorporated into the first *NAPOLA* in *Lissa* to integrate the "Selective Corp of Oriental Studies".

My Fate was apparently resolved. Professor Haupt was watching me with close attention; at last he spoke.

--Young Von Sübermann, I understand that you are fluent in several languages. Could you tell me which are they? He asked.

--Yes *Herr* Professor. Apart from my native languages Arabic, English and German, I speak French and Greek --I answered shyly.

--Five languages is more than enough to enter *Lissa's NAPOLA* --Professor Haupt said-- but we are interested in your knowledge of Arabic. Would you be willing to study other languages of the Middle East or Asia, say for example Turkish or Russian?

--Yes. I would like to learn other languages and I am willing to study what is best to serve the country, --I replied somewhat perplexed because it would never have occurred to me that in the *NAPOLA* I would receive such a specific training.

--Then there's no more to talk about, --said Professor Haupt--. I will have an incorporation order issued for you. Next Monday you must report at *Lissa*.

He turned to Dad.

--We have agreed with Herr that this would be the best race for your son. Normally at the *NAPOLA* School the study program of second official education is dictated with specialization in literature, natural sciences, modern languages, etc., but by a reserved decree of the Führer, we have just created a special division of Asian studies. This division will be called "Selective Corp of Oriental Studies" and there the future *Ostenführer*<sup>19</sup> will be trained who, later, will serve in special missions in Asia. The *Reichführer*<sup>20</sup> Himmler has presented a project on the study program, and one of the

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<sup>18</sup> *N.S.D.A.P.*: initials of the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei*, which means: German National Socialist Workers Party.

<sup>19</sup> *Ostenführer*: literally "Chief of the East".

<sup>20</sup> *Reichführer*: National Chief - Maximum rank of the ⚡.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

requirements to fulfill is the mastery of Asian languages. We already have Teachers of Tibetan and Mongolian dialects, and Sanskrit. Young Kurt can be a good assistant for the Arabic Teacher, which is an advantage for everyone.

It will be three intensive years at **NAPOLA**, which will then be complemented, if our plans are carried out, with subsequent training in the **SS**. This is confidential information that I disclose to you solely because Herr Hess guarantees your discretion.

I understand that while you are in Egypt, you will not be able to properly watch over your child's well-being. Did you think about who you will delegate the responsibility of Tutoring to? --Professor Haupt asked.

Dad and Rudolph Hess looked at each other, and then the latter shook his head in silent acceptance.

--I'll take care of young Kurt --Rudolph Hess said--. Arrange the necessary papers to fulfill this formality.

--Then everything is settled --said Professor Haupt--. Do you agree Baron Von Sübermann?

--Totally agree. I could not find a better tutor for my son, nor there is anyone in Germany I trust more than Rudolph, --said Dad, who still was moved by Rudolph Hess' gesture.

Moments later an efficient secretary prepared a Personal File in my name, filed the Sworn declarations of Rudolph Hess and my father and handed me a sealed envelope that I had to deliver in Lissa when reporting the following Monday.

--Heil Hitler! --said Professor Joachim Haupt and Rudolph Hess in unison, when leaving by exchanging the ancient Roman salute, consisting of raising the right arm and clinking the heels together.

On the stone stairs of the Ministry of Education and Science took place another farewell, but this time more painful, for Dad and Rudolph Hess deeply appreciated each other. The many occupations of Rudolph Hess, made it very difficult for him to arrange another interview, so they decided to say goodbye right there.

--See you soon estimated Reinaldo --said Rudolph to Dad, incapable by his habitual shyness to be more expressive. --I'll miss you. You are one of the few real friends that I have and it is always a joy to be with you. Don't worry for Kurt, I'll take care of him; as his tutor, I'll be warned immediately about any novelty that could appear.

--And you Kurt --said Rudolph Hess addressing me-- don't stop notifying me about the needs or problems you have. Take this card; --he extended me a cardboard rectangle with the Third Reich eagle in relief --you can call to the telephone number that appears there and request my presence or transmit your request to the **SS Obersturmführer** Papp, whom you already know.

He descended a step, according to his custom of taking distance to observe his interlocutors, and he looked at us with sad eyes, while in his mouth there was barely a shy smile.

--See you soon Von Sübermann family, Heil Hitler! --he said and, after hugging with Dad, we set off in opposite directions.

We spend the rest of the week buying clothes and various items that I would need for my admission to the Lissa's **NAPOLA**. The following Monday, after making the corresponding presentation to a secretary in brown uniform of the S.A., I said goodbye to my father to start a new life.

### Chapter X

Three years I stayed at **Lissa** perfecting myself in the "Selective Corp", during which I only saw my family on occasions when I could travel to Egypt; that is, once a year on summer vacations. I made it a point to disturb Rudolph Hess as little as possible, but the few times I called the phone number he gave me, I couldn't speak to him directly but through the **SS** officer Papp.

Anyway, I was never neglected in my few requests, to all of which the said officer kindly agreed. But Rudolph Hess was my tutor and, therefore, the person responsible for signing the report cards and other bureaucratic procedures, as befits any parent. I never found out that this was not fulfilled, so I assumed that Rudolph Hess would have foreseen an automatic mechanism, by which he would be informed about the development of my studies. I finally verified that this theory was correct.

For some Christmases and special celebrations, that the Hess family spent in privacy, I was invited to be with them, which brought me great joy, because they were my only family in Germany.

During those three years, apart from normal secondary instruction, I learned religions, languages and customs of Asia and received intense training in expeditionary and exploration practices.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Mountaineering, horse riding and survival techniques, separated us from the conventional sports practices carried out by the other student corps of **NAPOLA**.

It was "**vox populi**" among the students of the "Selective Body of Oriental Studies", that they were training us for future missions in Asia, but no one was able to give news of the character of those.

In 1936, my third year of studies in a career that lasted four, I was selected for aerial training and transferred to the **Flieger H. J. (Flieger Hitlerjugend)** division of the Hitler Youth specialized in glider flight. However --there were twenty of us under the same conditions-- we were instructed in handling **Messerschmitt** aircraft and perfected our poor practice with offensive weapons.

At that time we also received a course on "The Graal and the Destiny of Germany" dictated by **⚡ Colonel Otto Rhan**, prestigious scholar in History of the Middle Ages and author in 1931 of the book "The Crusade Against the Graal".

Finally, came the graduation from the **NAPOLA** in 1937 and the consequent possibility to channel a successful professional career.

The options offered to graduates ranged from a career in the army or the party, until the incorporation to the administration, the industry, or the academic life. Those who followed non-military careers, attended the University and received their doctorates in Philosophy and Literature/Letters, in Laws, or in Mathematics and Exact Sciences.

Most of the graduates aspired to join the **Waffen ⚡** for which they had to undergo rigorous entrance tests. But for the Selective Corp, this entrance was automatic, since the effort that the country deposited in our training had been very great. And besides, we were only ninety graduates who aspired to the degree of **Ostenführer** of the **⚡**.

It may be thought that a great joy filled everyone, and that was true of my eighty-nine companions. I, on the other hand, felt my happiness tarnished by a strange event that deserves to be mentioned in this story, because of the later implications it had.

Upon completion of the study program, the first promotion of the Selective Corp, --of which I was a part-- one of our Professors, Ernst Schaeffer, set about selecting a small group for a "Special operation". The rumor began to circulate among us that the said operation was actually an important mission in Asia, so there was a consequent state of general excitement. There was no one who did not yearn to participate in the ultra-confidential mission that, it was said, had been entrusted by the Reichsführer Himmler himself.

Professor Ernst Schaeffer taught chairs of Eastern religions, especially Buddhism, Vedism and Brahmanism with singular scholarship, but he was not an **⚡** officer but an **Abwer** officer, the Secret Service of Admiral Canaris. For this reason the conjectures indicated that the mission in Asia would be an espionage operation, perhaps in India or Russia.

Our small group of Flieger pilots --H.J. had not been included in the selection for some reason that we ignored and, although the rigid internal discipline demanded absolute obedience and subordination, I did not believe I was breaking any regulation if I volunteered. I did not know the destination of the mysterious mission, but the enthusiasm for being admitted made me think that the knowledge of ten oriental languages would be a good argument to achieve my purposes.

In accordance with this conviction, one day I went to meet Ernst Schaeffer. He was in a classroom with a group of six comrades from the Selective Corp, giving them some kind of instruction. A single glance at the blackboard, where the prints of human bodies covered with lotus flowers hung, was enough for me to know that he gave explanations on the ancient Physiological concepts of the **Tantra Yoga**.

The disgusted look on his face when he saw me was like a presage that I had been wrong in assuming that the Professor could include me in his plans. Despite my bad feeling, I decided to play my card.

--Heil Hitler, --I said for all salute.

--What do you want Von Sübermann? --he said ignoring the political greeting.

--Pardon me Herr Professor. I have learned that you select personnel for an important mission in Asia, and while I don't know much about it, I would like to be considered for inclusion. That is, I volunteer.

--You Von Sübermann? --he was looking at me sharpening his eyes, with a cynical expression. And why do you want to go to Asia Von Sübermann?

--I think Herr Professor has not understood me. I wish to be useful to the fatherland and this is one way to show it. Perhaps my knowledge of Middle Eastern customs and languages, may serve your mission. Or my pilot's license. Or the languages of the Far East. I have the will to serve and that's why I offer myself --I said with conviction.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The initially sardonic gesture on the Professor's face was turning aggressive, his eyes shone with anger. I didn't have it all my way and I already felt the blood boiling in my veins. After all, in that 1937, I was 19 years old and the proud Professor, no more than 25 or 26, that is, ages at which words and gestures should be measured...

–Von Sübermann –he said violently– I must thank your good will, but you are the last person that I would take to Asia, do you understand me?

–No, Herr Professor --I replied, because I really didn't understand why Professor Schaeffer hated me to the point of not being able to disguise it.

–Don't you understand Von Sübermann? --he started to scream in an uncontrolled manner--. Well, I'll make it very clear. You are a sinister person, bearing an **ignominious mark**. Your presence is an affront in any spiritual realm, an affront to God, who in his infinite mercy allows you to live among men. You should be marginalized, separated from us or, better, exterminated like a rat, because you, Von Sübermann, pollute everything that surrounds you, you... --continued Ernst Schaeffer with his insults, totally beside himself and I, who at first had been astonished upon hearing an allusion to the Sign, was reacting quickly.

Without thinking, I shot my right fist at the Professor's face, hitting him squarely on the chin. The blow was quite strong, as it sent him stumbling several meters away, on the classroom desks. The six students, alerted by Schaeffer's screams, rushed in his aid, and while four of them helped him get up, two others were holding me to prevent me from hitting him again.

I was engulfed in fury because the Professor's aggression had wounded me in the deepest. I was innocent; I knew nothing of Marks or Signs; I studied with my efforts put into seeking the good of the fatherland and that was without any doubt a noble end.

I did not understand Professor Schaeffer's hatred nor his desire to have me "exterminated like a rat".

–He's certainly crazy --I thought as I was dragged to the door by Ernst Schaeffer's chosen alumni.

–Take him away! Get him out of my sight! --he screamed completely beside himself--. He is a liar and a murderer! He says he does not understand but deep down in his heart knows it all, because he is the image of Lucifer tempter! His purpose is to destroy our mission with his damned presence...!

Minutes later the absurd accusations by Ernst Schaeffer were still ringing in my ears: Murderer, liar, ignominious mark, Lucifer... God, what is this?

–Are you okay Kurt? --One of the "chosen" was shaking me by the shoulders, trying to get me to react. I looked at him, still blinded by fury and puzzled by the attitude of the Professor, and just then I recognized him. It was Oskar Feil, a good comrade from **Vilna, Latvia**. We became friends in the early years of the **NAPOLA**, when as "foreigners" we were mocked by our German comrades.

–Kurt, calm down --Oskar said--. I have to go back to the classroom, but I have to talk to you. Meet me at the gym in half an hour.

I watched him walk away and shook my head trying to clear myself of that nightmare. I did not know that Oskar was part of the group selected by Ernst Schaeffer and I had no idea what he wanted to talk about, but I would wait for him because he was one of the few friends I had in **Lissa**. However that half hour of waiting would be as long as a century, as my mood drove me to leave immediately and return to Berlin, seat of the **Flieger H.J.**

After washing my face with cold water and ready to wait for Oskar, I stood in a lonely corner of the huge gym. I was calmer when my **kamerad** arrived.

–Hi Kurt --he said-- I see you're better.

–Yes Oskar. Everything is over. I'm sorry I got out of control, but the insults of the Professor left me no other alternative. What did you want to talk to me about? --I asked coldly, as I was ignorant of his position on what happened.

–Listen to me well Kurt, --he said--. You are my friend, the only one in whom I can trust. I have been chosen by Ernst Schaeffer probably by mistake, because nothing unites me to him and to his group. Every day that passes, the more I realize that there is something strange in all this, but I live simulating, driven by the selfish desire to share the mission in Asia and gain the professional benefit it will bring to all its members. I would like to speak with full confidence with you so that you advise me, but you must promise me that you won't tell anyone what I say to you. Will you do it Kurt? Can I trust in you?

–Yes, you know you can Oskar --I said relieved-- rest assured that no one will know about our conversation or its content.

–I take your word for it, Kurt. --he shook my hand to seal the pact--. There are several extraordinary points in all this affair. The first is the place of the mission: Tibet. Obviously we were wrong when we assumed that it would be espionage. In Tibet there is nothing to spy; there you go to look for something else. And that's not all. Nor is clear the criteria used in the selection of our

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

group, because the best ones have not been chosen but the most servile to Professor Ernst Schaeffer. What do you say to all this Kurt?

--After the incident I had today, I could not comment impartially about Professor Schaeffer, but I admit that there is something abnormal about all this --I said reflecting on what Oskar entrusted to me.

--If I had any doubt --he continued-- this dissipated earlier, when he argued with you. He did not reject you for any professional reason, but because something in you, something spiritual could make the mission fail. And that something is for him extremely hateful. I don't like this madness at all. Do you think I should resign from the group?

--I already don't know how to distinguish the good from the bad --I said sadly-- but I see a good reason for you to continue on the mission to Tibet: you are the only sane person of that group and someone must tell things as they are upon return from the trip!

Oskar laughed at my answer.

--I think I'll take your advice --he said-- but you will be the one I keep up to date with everything that happens. I was flattered by Oskar's confidence.

--One other thing Kurt --he continued--. I know you will let today go and soon you will forget it, because that is your generous character, but this time it will be me who advises: talk to your Tutor and tell him everything that happened today! Incredible things are said about the spiritual powers of Rudolph Hess; nobody better than him to analyze the unspeakable attitude of Ernst Schaeffer. Promise me you'll at least think about it.

--I'll think about it, I'll think about it --I said, surprised by Oskar's suggestion--. I promise you, although I will only see the *taufpate* in a month, for graduation.

We said goodbye and an hour later, I boarded the train to Berlin immersed in somber musings.

### Chapter XI

The end-of-school ceremony was held together with other schools, in a great festival, with massive parades of the Hitler Youth, culminating in the Berlin Stadium. There the staff of the Third Reich, headed by the Führer, established direct contact with the youth through speeches and proclamations.

Dad had come from Egypt especially to attend graduation, being invited by Rudolph Hess to attend a party which would be celebrated that night at the Chancellery. This would be, in my opinion, the expected opportunity to clear up many unknowns.

At 10 o'clock in the evening we climbed the marble stairs of the Chancellery. Dad, elegantly dressed in jaquet, and I, in the uniform of the Hitlerjugend, we were not out of tune with the large crowd that already filled the great Hall of the Eagle, forming different murmuring groups of voices and laughs. We crossed the room to the gigantic carved marble fireplace, looking for Rudolph Hess, while on our heads a spider of colossal dimensions poured out torrents of light, softly muffled by thousands of Baccarat crystal pieces. I had never seen so many distinguished and important people gathered. All the leaders of the New Germany were there, Dr. Goebbels, Marshal Goering, Reichsführer Himmler, Julius Streicher,... In a secluded corner we distinguished a group formed by Rosenberg, Rudolph Hess and Adolf Hitler. Dad, fearing to interrupt a reserved conversation, pointed out to me to wait a few steps away, while we drank a glass of champagne that solicitous waiters had brought us.

After a moment, Rudolph Hess noticed us, and after exchanging a word with the Führer, he approached smiling.

--How are you Reinaldo, Kurt? --he said--. Come that I will introduce you to the Führer.

It was the first time I had seen Adolf Hitler up close, a rare honor for a foreign student, and although I came prepared knowing that the Führer would be at the party, it hadn't occurred to me that we'd be introduced.

--Adolf: the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann --said Rudolph.

The Führer greeted Dad by shaking his hand effusively but without pronouncing a word.

--**Mein patekind Kurt von Sübermann** --Rudolph continued--. Brand new **NAPOLA** graduate, pilot and polyglot soldier, future **Ostenführer** of the **Waffen SS**.

I couldn't help but blush at the eulogistic presentation of the Taufpate Hess.

The Führer stretched out his hand, while he nalled me an icy gaze in the eyes. I felt an electric current run down my spine while at the same time a kind of stomach emptiness tickled at the level of the navel. It was a sensation of an instant, but one of terrible effect. That look, and the contact of

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the Führer's hand, had acted like an acid agent in a bucket of milk, decomposing and dissolving my mood. It was an instant, I repeat, a single moment in which I felt explored inside.

Having recovered, I observed with surprise that --something unusual in him-- an enigmatic smile was drawn on the Führer's face.

--From Egypt, huh? --Hitler said--. I adore Egypt, a wonderful land that fascinated Napoleon and that has produced an invaluable Comrade like Rudolph.

Rosenberg, who had already been introduced, watched the scene with funny expression.

--Seeing you young Kurt --Hitler continued-- I verify that it is no coincidence that of Rudolph. Egypt is really a "Center of Spiritual Force"; the enigma of the Sphinx is still in effect. You are the proof --he took Rudolph Hess and me, each one by the arm-- that a Superior Order guides the destiny of Germany. Two Germanic-Egyptians, who have breathed the Gnostic effluvia of Alexandria and Cairo, led by the Unknown Superiors up to here, to put your great spiritual capacity at the service of the National Socialist cause.

Seeing you --the Führer continued-- I understand how sacred the task is that we have taken on our shoulders, when founding the Reich of the thousand years. Our cause is not just the best ideal a German person can live and die for, it is also the cause of humanity's freedom, of the struggle to save the world from the dark forces, of the the final fight against the **elementalwesen**<sup>21</sup>...

Rosenberg and Dad nodded at each statement from the Führer, who continued to pour mystical concepts without allowing anyone to interrupt his monologue. I got distracted thinking of the strange power I had experienced when greeting the Führer. A powerful Force emanated from Hitler, I knew not whether voluntarily or spontaneously, and I wondered if this charisma would have been acquired by means of some secret technique, of some hidden knowledge that a few privileged can access.

--... then tell me young Kurt; Who are the enemies of Germany in the end? Who are we fighting against? Hitler asked, heading towards me.

I reacted to the unexpected question, desperate to have unattended part of the conversation. Three pairs of eyes of Rosenberg, Hess and Dad, they were on me waiting for the answer. However what I had managed to hear was enough for me, because the answer sprouted by itself from the depths of the unconscious.

--The Enemy is only one, --I affirmed categorically-- it is **YHVH-Satan**.

I answered intuitively and so firmly that there was no room for rectifications. I looked at Dad, who was instantly livid, and saw the surprise portrayed on all faces.

--Very good, young Kurt, very good, --Hitler said with an expression of intense joy--. You have given the best answer. You could have identified as our most terrible enemies the Jewish Masonry, Judeo-Marxism, Zionism, etc., but those names only represent different Aspects of a same reality, different Faces of the same and fierce Enemy: **YHVH-Satan**, the Demiurge of this World. Only an Initiate or an enlightened one like you or Rudolph, could give such a precise answer. Right Alfred?

Rosenberg was smiling with pleasure.

--I congratulate you young Von Sübermann --said Alfred Rosenberg-- you are a person of clear concepts.

Of course I was completely stunned by what had happened. Suddenly, in that meeting with those remarkable people, I discovered that I possessed an "internal ear", a mysterious organ that allowed me to "listen" to the answers formulated concretely. And these answers were correct! I had never experienced anything like this and could only blame this sudden enlightenment to the Führer's presence. He, with his strange magnetism, had "awakened" in me the "internal ear".

Adolf Hitler spoke again.

--The people not in tune with the **Occult Philosophy** of National Socialism, tend to make gross errors of appreciation when judging many of our affirmations, believing to see in them a stupid superficiality, when these are generally synthetic ideas, **slogans**, drawn from deep thought systems. For example, in the face of young Kurt's claim that "the Enemy is Jehovah Satan", which is a synthetic idea of deep philosophical content, many ignorant minds would be tempted to suppose that such concept stems from a rude anti-Semitism. They would employ elemental arguments like these: --Jehovah is the God of Israel, a Race God, one among hundreds of ethnic Gods; it is therefore an exaggeration to take him for the only God or Demiurge (objection, this one yes, anti-Semitic). Or this other: --Jehovah is the God of Israel but, because of his monotheistic character, he is the only God; then, why is it identified with the Demiurge? is it because of a heretical belief of the **gnostic** type? (questions from those who believe that being "Christian" implies the worship of Jehovah and that his rejection signifies an "anti-Christian heresy"). Another banal argument is the

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<sup>21</sup> **Elementalwesen** - Demonic elemental beings who attack the heroes in the Edda saga

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

following: --if we have to reject the Demiurge considering his material work as essentially "bad", why identify him only with the Jew Jehovah having hundreds of alternative denominations in ethnological mythology and in the religious pantheons of all the peoples of the Earth? (questions that tend to suffer those who totally ignore what Israel means in the History of the West and what is the secret of the Jewish racial dynamic).

Objections such as the preceding ones would be raised by our critics upon hearing of Jehovah Satan as "the Enemy against whom we fight" and, of course, they would be surprised by the word "Satan" attached to Jehovah, a matter that, no doubt, would draw ironic conclusions from them.

Well, such arguments rest on a common circumstance: the ignorance of those who formulate them! Of course **we know** that the Demiurge received other names throughout history. But if we choose, between them, that of Jehovah, it's because it's the **last name** with which He has self-named. And with that name still designates Him His "Chosen People", Israel, which is nothing other than a psychic splitting of the same "Jehovah Satan".

These words of the Führer surprised me vividly by their metaphysical implications. Are not the Jews a Race like the others, made up of **individuals**?... it was a disturbing theory that I had just heard.

--Are you surprised, young Kurt? --asked the Führer, who undoubtedly immediately noticed my bewilderment. But he did not give me time to answer and continued his explanation:

Well, you haven't heard anything yet: Israel is a "Chakra" of the Earth, that is, it is a **collective** psychic manifestation of the Demiurge Jehovah and therefore we affirm that the Jew **does not exist** as an individual; that he is not a man like the rest of those who make up the human race.

But the manifestation of Jehovah in a Chosen Race is a more or less recent event, of a few thousand years, and the **ordering of Matter** or "Creation" dates back millions of years. Therefore, for the "novelty" that represents the name "Jehovah" compared to other names of the Demiurge, which used older and more culturally important peoples in history, and due to the geological antiquity of the Universe, it seems **excessive** to designate with the name "Jehovah" a cosmic God. But it is only an appearance. Here we must imagine a Primordial Demiurge whom we can comfortably call **The One**, just as the Stoics did. This is the one who orders chaos and he is diffused pantheistically throughout the Universe (He is also the Hindu Brahma or the Arab Allah, etc., taken these denominations in their religious exoteric meaning).

But the Cosmic Plan, somehow you have to call the **idea of the material Universe**, settles in the reverie of the Demiurge, a state of stillness that nevertheless energizes the Cosmos, like Aristotle's "immobile motor God" in that Great Day of Manifestation, which is also called, great manvantara. But for everything to "work" without requiring the intervention of The One, "who **sleeps** while everything lives in Him", it is necessary to have a "system of automatic correction". This is the role of the so-called **cosmic Hierarchies**, myriads of conscious entities **emanated** by The One so that they maintain the impulse given to the Universe and carry out his Plan. The first step of the "emanation" are the **monads**, the superior Archetypes that lay the foundation to the entire cosmic structure and serve as the **matrix** of the plan of the One.

These **conscious entities**, Angels, Devas, Solar Logos, Galactic Logos, Planetary Souls, etc., **are not individual beings** but form part of the same One and thus have the mere **appearance of existing** due to the degrees of freedom with which they are endowed during the manvantara. For something **to exist** individually, for example an entity, it is necessary to **suppose** (or sub-*pose*) the act of existing to its real being, which also supposes the **subsistence** of the entity, that prevents the communication of its substantial essence with other entities or its metaphysical participation with other beings, that is, it puts a formal end to the entity or it grants it its natural form. The resource to achieve this illusion of existence is the extreme mechanicity of the material reality founded on the **evolutionary laws**, both referring to continuous and discrete phenomena, which maintain the progressive movement of matter and energy in the exact attainment of the Plan of the One.

These evolutionary laws are **conserved** by the "conscious entities", already mentioned, and **directed towards the Plan**. So we can distinguish for example, "Solar Logos", that is, "conscious entities" capable of "creating" a solar system following the Plan of the One, but are actually **temporal splittings** of The One. The same can be said of the galactic Logos or "planetary Souls" and even the simple Angels or Devas: none of them exist as such, although they "evolve" subject to the universal laws. The important thing here is to understand that all this great show that we are recreating is **pure illusion**, a metapsychic conception of colossal characteristics devised by The One for his intimate contemplation. Because the truth is that everything that exists finally disappears, when the Great Pralaya ensues, the night of Brahma, in which everything is confused again in Him, after a monstrous phagocytosis.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But we said that the Universe is governed by evolutionary laws. These laws, that determine the Material Universe, according to a true "celestial architecture", as the satanic masons say, cause the existence of the different planes of space or Heavens in which reality is constituted. As well as there are several "Heavens" (five? seven? nine?) there are "Kingdoms of nature" (three? five? seven?) or "planets" (five? seven? nine? twelve?) Or "root Races" (three? five? seven?) etc. These deceptive aspects form part of the Plan of The One, and the Demons in charge of carrying out this Plan make up a **precise hierarchical order**, based on the famous "law of evolution" that governs the Heavens --all the **Heavens**, from the atomic, chemical, or biological to the cosmic ones-- in which each monad "evolves" following the Archetypes of each Heaven. It is the famous "law of cause and effect" that the Synarchy teaches and what the Vedic religions of India call Karma and Dharma, but which should be synthesized as "law of evolution". This law directs the "monad's round trip" path, which takes several bodies in the different Heavens to which it descends to "evolve"; this "path" is usually represented as the tail-biting snake or "ouroboros". Of course the famous **monadic individuation** is never reached, since this would be a real mutilation of the substance of the One and before such a thing happens, the whole Universe will be already phagocytized in His Holy Belly. --Here, strangely, the Führer smiled while he was looking at me intensely. I was internally struggling with mixed feelings. On the one hand, I was horrified by the theory that I was listening, already known for having studied it at the **NAPOLA**, but now endowed with an impressive sense of reality when vehemently exposed with the irresistible eloquence of the Führer. And on the other hand I was flattered by the honor of receiving from the lips of the Führer of Germany, a personal explanation, terribly extensive and curiously out of place at a mundane party in the Chancellery. Either way, my external attitude was one of respectful attention to every one of his words, because I didn't want to be distracted again.

--I suppose you already know this theosophical theory that the Synarchy teaches in its Masonic or Rosicrucian sects, and that you must **feel astounded** in front of a deterministic conception in which there is no **foreseen** place for the **eternal** individual existence, that is, beyond the pralayas and manvantaras. And precisely that astonishment, that cry of rebellion that you **must perceive** sprouting from your Pure Blood, constitutes an exception to all the rules of the deterministic mechanics of The One, because it speaks of **another reality** alien to His material Universe. How can that be if we have said that everything that exists in the Cosmos has been thought and made by Him, according to His Plan and through His cosmic and planetary Hierarchies? Well then, young Kurt, I'll tell you briefly: because a part of Humanity, which we are part of, has an element that **does not belong to the material order** and cannot be determined by the law of Evolution of the Demiurge. That element, which is called Spirit or Vril, is found present in **some men as a possibility of eternity**. We know about it for the **Memory of Blood**, but as long as we are not able to free ourselves from the ties that bind us to the illusory reality of the Demiurge and go back over the Path of the Return to the Origin, we will not really exist as Eternal individuals. You will ask me how is it that in a Closed Order like the one I have described, **spiritual elements** foreign to it can coexist and why, if they cannot be determined by the laws of matter and energy, they remain subject to the Universe of The One. This is a great Mystery. But you can consider as a hypothesis that, for **a reason we ignore** but that we can suppose it is an order of a Being infinitely superior to the Demiurge, or an incomprehensible **negligence**, or a colossal **deception**, on some occasion have entered the material Universe a myriad of beings belonging to a spiritual Race which we call **Hyperborean**. Suppose such beings had entered the solar system through an open "door" on another planet, for example Venus, and that here, thanks to a trick, a part of their Hyperborean Guides would have chained them to the law of evolution. This chaining, we have already said, **cannot be real** but, nevertheless, the Traitor Guides manage **to confuse** the Eternal Spirits anchoring them to matter. What are they doing this for? Another Mystery. But the truth, what is effective is that, since the arrival of such Guides to the solar system, a collective mutation will take place **throughout the Galaxy** that **modifies** the Plan of The One. This modification is built on the betrayal of the Guides and the fall of the immortal beings. For you to see clearly, young Kurt, I will tell you that here, on Earth, there was a primitive human being who "evolved" following the laws of the "planetary chains" and the "Kingdoms of nature".

This evolution was extremely slow and pursued the final adaptation to an absolutely animal racial Archetype, endowed with a rational mind, logically structured due to brain functions and possessor of a "Soul" made up of energy of the other subtler material planes. This "man" is the one they found, in a still primitive stage of its development, the Traitor Guides when reaching the Earth millions of years ago. Then, through an ingenious system called Chang Shambhala, which you will have the opportunity to study in our Order, they decided to mutate the Human Race, chaining the Eternal Spirits to the illusory and material human beings of Earth. Since that time there are three kinds of men: the primitive animal-men or **pasu**, the semi-divine or **viryas**, to whom a Spirit was attached,



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

and the Divine Hyperboreans or **Siddhas**, which are all those who manage **to return to the Origin** and escape from the Great Deception. They are also called Hyperborean Siddhas a part of the Guides, those who **did not betray** and who, led by Kristos Lucifer, attempt **to save** the Viryas through the Hyperborean redemption of the Pure Blood, which consists in awakening the original memory of one's own lost divinity. These are the Lords of Agartha... But we step aside a little of our main topic dealing with Jehovah Satan, the Enemy against which we fight to gain the right to return to the lost Origin. Then this question will become clear to you, young Kurt, for if you remember that The One delegated to some "conscious entities" the execution of His Plan, we can now add that the solar system has been built by one of such "consciences" which we call Solar Logos, seconded by Devas of lesser hierarchy who **occupy** certain positions in the mechanics of the system. On Earth, a "planetary entity" infused life into the planet and fueled the "Evolution" of the Kingdoms of nature according to the Solar Plan, inserted in the Cosmic Plan of The One. It is clear that these are emanations of The One hierarchically linked: The One > Galactic Logos > Solar Logos > planetary Angel > collective or group Soul, etc. Who is God here? According to the level of consciousness and cultural and religious patterns of men, it can be any of such "conscious entities", but it is always The One. If it is said that God is the Sun or a God "creator" of the entire Universe is conceived, The One is being talked about. The same if it's believed that God is "nature" or the "Milky Way" or the Earth. The different gnosiological cosmologies presented by men in their different stages of "evolution" to conceive the world, do not invalidate the fact that the One is always referred to directly or indirectly when talking about God.

But let's get back to Earth. When the Traitor Guides arrive at the Earth, they settle in a "center" which they call Shambhala, or Dejung, and found what has been called Great White Brotherhood or Hidden Hierarchy of the Earth. It is not a physically localizable place on the terrestrial surface, an issue that you will learn about later, but it is located in a topological fold of space. But what matters here is that the head of the Traitor Guides, who calls himself King of the World, happens to occupy the place of one of the twelve Kumaras of the solar system. What is a Kumara? a planetary Angel, one of those "conscious entities" chained by The One that make up the "idea of a planet". This is where the key to Jehovah's name and his "Chosen Race" must be located. Because the planetary Spirit was called Kumara Sanat, who after the constitution of Shambhala and the coming of the King of the World, decides to act as **regent** of The One in the execution of His Plan, now modified. For this he incarnates, in the name of The One, in a "Chosen Race" to reign over the enslaved Hyperborean Spirits. That is the Hebrew Race. In other words, we have on one side the Hidden Hierarchy of Chang Shambhala, with his Demons: the Traitor Guides and their boss: the King of the World, who now carry out the "Evolution" of the planet and are the ones who "guide" the Races by means of a Sinister organization called Synarchy. And on the other hand we have the Hebrew Race which is nothing but the modification of Sanat Kumara on Earth to occupy the highest echelon of the Synarchy, in the name of The One. The Hebrews themselves in their Kabbalah study that "Israel is one of the 10 sefirot", the sephirah Malkuth, that is to say, one of the emanations of The One.

Finally Jehovah is the Kabbalistic name of the Demiurge The One who Sanat Kumara represents on Earth and is, as I said at the beginning of this nice talk, the **last historical name** we know of Him. That's why we, **the Ancient Hyperborean Beings** who still remain chained in Hell, must bear in mind that "the Enemy is Jehovah Satan, the Demiurge of this World", as the young Kurt said.

The Führer continued his long monologue enthusiastically and, although a long hour had already passed and the curious glances of many people who wanted to sit at the table rained down on us, no one in Germany would have been able to interrupt him for such a prosaic reason as having a dinner. I for my part just wanted to keep hearing his incredible revelations, and that's why when he asked if I had understood him, I did not hesitate to make my doubts present to him:

--There is something that worries me now --I said immediately--. Everything you have said, my Führer, about the Demiurge The One I understand perfectly and I accept it, but I can't help wondering who then is God, the **true God?** or...?

--That's a question you shouldn't ask yourself, young Kurt, --the Führer stated categorically--. Not while your mind is subject to rational logic, since you will only then succeed in arriving at irreducible paradoxes. But it is evident that the doubt has already germinated in you and that you will continue to meditate on it. I will then give you a provisional answer: God is **incognizable** to everyone who has not conquered the Vril. Always keep this truth in mind, young Kurt: from the miserable condition of slave of Jehovah Satan it is not possible **to know** God, for He is absolutely transcendent. It is necessary to cover a long road of blood purification to know something about God, about the "True God", as you well say. Most of the great religions, when speaking of God, refer to the Demiurge The One. This occurs because the Races that currently populate the world have been "worked" by the Demons of Shambhala, implanting synarchic ideas in the **genetic memory** of their members, to be

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

able to direct them towards the great collective Archetype that is called **Manu**. Thus, perceiving reality behind a veil of deception, one reaches those pantheistic, monistic or trinitarian conceptions of God, which are only appearances of The One, the Demiurge, the organizer of matter.

Look at what happens to the concept of God possessed by the different peoples belonging to the ancient Indo-German language family: almost all the names are derived from the same words and it is certain that these designate in a remote past a God "Creator of all that exists", that is to say the Demiurge, The One. In Sanskrit we have the words "*Dyans pitar*", which in the Vedas are used to name the "Father who is in Heaven". Dyans is the root that in Greek produces Zeus and Theo, with a sense similar to Sanskrit and which happens to be in Latin Jupiter, *Deus pater* or *Jovis*. The ancient Germans also referred to *Zin*, *Tyr* or *Tiwaz* as the God "Creator" of the existent, words that also come from the Sanskrit *Dyans pitar*.

The same etymology have words that designate God in the families of Turanian and Semitic languages. In this last family, of important relation to the Hebrew, we find "El" as an ancient denomination of the Demiurge in his planetary representative "The strong one". In Babylon, Phoenicia, and Palestine it was worshiped El, Il, Enlil, names that the Arabs transformed into Il ah or Alah, etc. You should not be surprised, young Kurt, by this etymological unit because what is alarming is the "unit of concept" that is discovered after the words mentioned, since in all the religions and philosophies you always arrive at two or three ideas of God apparently irreducible, but that actually refer to different aspects of the Demiurge: such the preference for a "pantheistic and immanent God": The One; or "transcendent" but "Creator of the Earth and the Heavens": Jehovah Satan, Jupiter, Zeus, Brahma, etc.

The Führer was now looking at me with bright eyes and I guessed that his next words would have a really important content:

—There was a war, young Kurt. A dreadful war, of which the Mahabarata perhaps keeps a distorted memory. This war involved **various Heavens** in its theater of operations and produced as its most external expression, what has come to be called "the sinking of Atlantis". But nobody knows in depth what is referred to when talking about "Atlantis", since it is not just a question of "a sunken continent". This war has been going on for more than a million years on this physical plane, during which there have been several physical, continental Atlantis, which have sunk, and now, in our XX century, we can say that once again "Atlantis is getting ready to sink". But let's leave this Mystery for now because you will have to go back to it during your studies.

To conclude this conversation I will tell you one last thing, young Kurt. You should know that in that Essential War, in which it is fought over the liberation of the captive Spirits, by the collective mutation of the Race, against the Synarchy and against Jehovah Satan, the Third Reich has compromised its full spiritual, biological and material potential.

With these terrible words the Führer seemed to end his explanation. I looked around and saw that Dad, Rosenberg, and Rudolph Hess were still by my side.

An elegant waiter indicated to the Führer that when they so decided they could go to the inner courtyard to have a cold dinner. It was eleven o'clock at night. The Führer and Rosenberg said goodbye to us and went to meet Goering and Dr. Goebbels at the head of the table. Rudolph Hess invited Dad and me to set us up for dinner, but I was not well after the conversation with the Führer and, at the risk of being offensive, I decided to speak frankly with both of them.

### Chapter XII

It's so hard to get the two of you together --I said--. The last time we were together it was four years ago, when I entered the **NAPOLA**. Maybe tomorrow or the day after we leave to Egypt and I don't know when there will be another chance to share a conversation. Couldn't we just withdraw for a moment?

Dad had started to protest but Rudolph interrupted him.

—You are absolutely right Kurt. Come this way --he was pointing to a door-- that I also have to talk with you.

A moment later we were installed in Rudolph Hess' office who, behind an immense carved oak ministerial desk, rocked in a soft armchair. I was quick to start the conversation.

—First of all --I said-- I want one of you to clarify a question for me in which everyone seems to agree, including the Führer as I could see today, but of which I have only obscure references. I'm referring to a kind of spiritual quality that I would have, unknown to most people, but that some people are able to distinguish. It may be the mysterious Sign mentioned by the Arab Ophites who kidnapped me when I was a child in Egypt or the "great spiritual capacity" of which the Führer spoke earlier. I don't know what it is, but some seem to know... and do not like it, such as Professor Ernst

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Schaeffer --Rudolph Hess raised his eyebrows at the name of the man from the **Abwer**. Next I related to them the bitter experience lived days ago.

I caught a gleam of anger in my godfather's dark eyes.

--The **Abwer** has only produced traitors! This is something you must keep present from now on, Kurt. I'll tell you a secret that only four people know in the Third Reich, including the Führer and I; a secret that refers to you and what you just told me: Professor Schaeffer is not wrong to distrust you; indeed, he could not be sure of carrying out the **altwestenoperation** if you were included in it! But you are inevitably linked to that expedition, like it or not Schaeffer, and intuitively you have got it and approached him at a bad time. I can't reveal to you now the reasons for such a bond, but perhaps someone else, who you will meet soon, will explain them to you, one of the participants of the secret. For sure, you will be in the future a personal representative of the **Reichsführer** Himmler, the fourth person in the secret, in front of Ernst Schaeffer. And he can do nothing to prevent it! They were our plans but, suggestively, you were ahead of us. Nothing that can't be fixed!

You will wonder how the Führer or the **Reichsführer** knew about you. Although you may not have noticed it, all these years you have been the subject of intense vigilance by me and other people you do not know, because the Third Reich has prepared a path for you, appropriate to your possibilities, that will allow you to serve the country as no one has done, at the same time that you will develop your spiritual powers. Soon, very soon you will know everything and understand us!

I had not yet received an answer to the questions, but I was moved and enthusiastic about the promising future of successes that Rudolph Hess announced to me. Of course, one thing unconsciously intrigued me, what would be the reason for the curious name of Ernst Schaeffer's expedition "**Altwestenoperation**", that is, **Operation Old West**? The memory of this question, and its incredible answer would take place only two years later, in the heart of Tibet.

--You want answers and you have every right to do so --continued speaking Rudolph-- but this is not the right time or place to discuss spiritual Mysteries. In these years you will have missed my presence, but it was better for you that I did not intervene directly in your life, so that the psychological development occurred normally; we even agreed that with your father --Dad nodded with the head-. Now it will be different, you will have your position and you will be close to me. But you must first know **our Philosophy**. I don't mean the National Socialist doctrine as it appears in the Führer's book "Mein Kampf"<sup>22</sup> or in the Alfred Rosenberg's "The Myth of the 20th Century" but to an "**Occult Philosophy**" to which we --a small group-- adhere as you undoubtedly will too. You must understand that this is not a sterile knowledge that can be reduced to a "code of principles" or an "operating manual" by which to govern our acts; on the contrary, it is a matter of acquiring knowledge that acts dynamically on the Spirit, transforming us internally, endowing us with a millenary Wisdom that makes us transcend the merely human plane of existence.

You are especially gifted to access that semi-divine state --Rudolph went on, answering in part to the question about the Sign-- for you have something inside that few men possess: "**the possibility of Being**". This you will understand better soon, when you know the secrets of the Order, but I can anticipate that, as the Führer said a moment ago, not all men are the same, not all exist, not all can "be". On the contrary, for those who have **the possibility of Being**, the struggle and the effort must be put into transcending this world of illusory images and perpetuating themselves in eternity, on another plane of existence that we can only reach if we wake up from the demonic dream in which we are plunged. Most of the men you see in the world do not really exist, or if you prefer they live an illusory "relative existence" that is a breath for eternity. His consciousness is diluted with death, although many believe otherwise, and nothing survives them. Eternity, dear Kurt, is for a few, for an Aristocracy of the Spirit, founded on semi-divine Heroes, on Supermen who, at the cost of waging a hard fight with the Prince of this World **YHVH-Satan** --as you rightly called it-- transmute their lower nature and gain their place in the **Valhalla**<sup>23</sup>.

Everything will be revealed to you, Kurt, because you are a semi-divine Hero, a virya, it is proven by the Lucifer mark that worries you so much and that only indicates the purity of your spiritual lineage.

--But, Lucifer, ...isn't he the Devil? --I asked cautiously.

This question should have been asked to the Führer, but I didn't have the courage to do so.

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<sup>22</sup> Mein Kampf: My Struggle

<sup>23</sup> **Valhalla** or **Valholl**: Abode of **Wothan** or **Odin** in the **Edda**. Site to which warriors killed in battle go. Heavenly paradise of heroes. For the Hyperborean Wisdom Valhalla is a center inhabited by the Liberator Gods or, as the Führer said, by the "Hyperborean Siddhas".

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

--Lucifer, the carrier of Uncreated Light, the Devil? --Rudolph Hess was outraged--. That is the blasphemous slander that Jehovah Satan has bestowed upon him through his disciples, the Jews and some Christian jerks and unenlightened Muslims. Lucifer is Kristos. The Kristos of Atlantis...

Rudolf Hess took a deep breath before continuing.

--Let's put those Mysteries aside for now and talk about you, Kurt. --Rudolph said, changing the subject--. You have successfully completed a tough stage of studies and another cycle of efforts opens for you. It is our will --he looked at Dad who nodded again-- that you enter the **Waffen SS**, for your military and political perfecting. But that is, let's say, an exoteric training, that is external, at least until you reach the Restricted Circle of **Wewelsburg**<sup>24</sup>. There is another parallel route that you must take and that also involves effort and sacrifice. It is an occult, esoteric path that will allow you to improve yourself spiritually and solve your most secret doubts. Have you heard about the **Thulegesellschaft**?<sup>25</sup>

I thought for a moment, more out of compromise than anything else, because I was certain that I had never heard that name before.

--No --I replied.

--It is a secret group of Wise men, --Rudolph Hess said in a respectful tone--. I will facilitate your entry into the Order and they will help you progress, but you must understand the following from the beginning: The Hyperborean Orders like the Thulegesellschaft follow a circular arrangement. In the mundane organizations of the kind of the Freemasonry --or if you want to simplify: as any administrative bureaucracy-- you advance vertically, step by step, from the base of a triangle to the vertex, which is occupied by the maximum Hierarchy. In a Hyperborean Order, on the other hand, one advances by overcoming concentric circles. You, for example, when entering the Order are a wide circle, perhaps the outer circle. I am not saying that you are part of a circle or that you occupy a place in a circle, but "you are a circle". Like you, there are others members that are circles of greater or lesser diameter, organized concentrically around a center of Power occupied by the highest level of Wisdom. That is why I say that progress is made "overcoming circles" and not "going through circles" of different levels, since Hyperborean Wisdom consists in narrowing the own circle towards the center; in "narrowing the circle" as far as it allows our capability. Do you understand **patekind**?

--I think so --I said without much conviction--. But all this that you gently explain to me, brings me relief and tranquility. Rest assured that I'll do my best not to disappoint your trust or Dad's faith.

--Well, then there is nothing more to talk about. Do you remember Papp, the **SS** official that you met in Berchtesgaden? Now he is **SS Oberführer**<sup>26</sup>. To him you will address when you return from Egypt to know the steps to follow.

Rudolph Hess pressed a button, and the response was the hasty arrival of a custody officer. He ordered the latter to arrange to bring champagne to the important office. He didn't drink but this was different, he said, because we were to toast for my graduation and the future of Germany. Then he struck up a frank chat with Dad, recalling common anecdotes from their days as students and from Egypt.

Thus ended the student stage in my life, Neffe Arturo. When returning from Egypt things took a different turn and, while complying with the different stages of training in the **Waffen SS** to arrive in 1939 at the castle of **Wewelsburg**, I also passed through different circles of the **Thulegesellschaft**. As the events that will really surprise you, as they connect with your own experience, occur immediately, from 1937, I will try to summarize them with some detail. Only in 1939, upon returning from a terrible, infernal mission, for that was Operation **Altwesten**, I received the instruction that partly allowed me to understand everything. The following years, especially after 1941, I spent fulfilling missions in Asia, missions similar to the one I had carried out in Operation **Altwesten** and analogous, too, to the **esoteric mission** performed by Rudolph Hess with his historic flight to England in 1941; missions of the same strategic characteristic as that fulfilled by Belicena Villca and her son Noyo, that is, missions of tactical distraction to confuse and divert the Enemy; but missions that require the prior Hyperborean Initiation of its agents for their execution.

But we will leave this part of the story for later. It is 12:30 p.m. and good old Juana must have lunch ready by now.

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<sup>24</sup> **Wewelsburg**: it was an *Ordensburg* or Castle for the training of the **SS**, as it will be seen later.

<sup>25</sup> **Thulegesellschaft**: Order of Thule. Esoteric Secret Society, whose affiliation is dealt with elsewhere in the work.

<sup>26</sup> **SS Oberführer**: degree of the **SS** equivalent to that of Colonel.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

### Chapter XIII

Indeed, a moment later the old woman came in bringing on a tray an appetizing creole stew. Chiquizuela, red spicy pork sausage, bacon, chickpeas, beans, potatoes, carrots, leek, onion and corn, all boiled and steaming, accompanied by oil, vinegar and mustard.

Uncle Kurt's latest story filled me with expectations and curiosity. While he buttered the corn with the yellow homemade lard, I kept thinking about the particular experiences lived by Uncle Kurt in the Third Reich and especially his predestined relationship with Rudolph Hess, Adolf Hitler's strange lieutenant. That period of recent history, which goes from 1933 to 1945, to me as to most of us who were born after the war escaped me in its vital dynamic. The allies, victors in a war that is, without exaggeration, the greatest that recalls Universal History, presents us with a childish image of the losing Nations and the Pre-war period. The spokesmen of the victorious alliance, morally and intellectually unable to refute with even credible arguments the Great Nationalist Ideologies of the pre-war, resort to the irrational system of using lies, slander, misinformation, etc. With the malicious intention of confusing and devaluing the meaning of the words, it is called, for example, "Fascist" any South American tyrant, closer to a mafia *capo* than a great statesman like the "Duce". Fascism, National Socialism, Japanese Traditionalism, complete systems of Political Philosophy, appear in the pen of the Publicists of Revenge, devoid of their mystical, spiritual and intellectual content, reduced to crude totalitarian schemes, and the leaders of these movements are presented as pathological cases.

For these reasons, Uncle Kurt's story had the double virtue of enlightening me about a dark period in recent history, which he lived intensely and allow me to verify what I suspected since I began to doubt the "spiritual virtues" of the "allied Powers" that have sunk the world in materialism and decadence. That is: that the Great Nationalist Systems mentioned, especially National Socialism, concealed a powerful and secret spiritual current behind the facade of their respective political organizations. In an esoteric background, jealously hidden by the ferocious victors, there was a spiritual light, an undisclosed end that was now in Uncle Kurt's story. What did the Führer and other leaders of the Third Reich intend to do? What was Rudolph Hess trying to accomplish when he flew to England in May 1941? Many questions like these danced in my brain through all lunch and I shuddered with joy as I considered the possibility that Uncle Kurt had the answers.

On the other hand, a shy feeling of humility assailed me every time that I remembered how he had gotten there, persuaded that he was embarked on a unique adventure, to be a privileged protagonist in a cosmic drama. Because what had happened to me, without underestimating the real danger involved, was child's play in light of my ⚡ uncle's experience. And thinking like this, I felt that new forces were coming to my aid to fulfill the request of Belicena Villca.

For a few days I had been wanting to leave the sickbed as I already felt quite restored. However something unconscious in me blocked the will when I decided to dress and go down to the lower floors of the house. At first I didn't know what was stopping me from doing it, but then I went discovering to my amazement that I was simply terrified at the thought of facing with the bullmastiffs that roamed freely in the park surrounding the house. On more than one occasion I had watched them through the window and, despite their huge size and fierce stamp, they did not seem to be really aggressive. I should accept unreservedly Uncle Kurt's explanation that they attacked induced by him, but it is one thing to say it and another to confront those animals after such unpleasant previous experience.

But this time I was firmly determined to leave the sickbed. After dressing, for the first time in fifteen days, with clothes that I took from my luggage, I slowly descended the beautiful onyx staircase that led to the wide living-room, unknown until that moment for me. I didn't find anyone at sight and, without much desire to explore the house on my own, I settled into a sofa --it was the same one where I lay passed out the first night-- in front of the large windows overlooking the park.

I supposed Uncle Kurt would still be having lunch, but soon I got out of my error when seeing him arrive from the outside of the house. He was surprised and pleased at the same time to see me up.

--Well, well, --he said-- I see you're feeling good!

--Yes Uncle Kurt, I think it's time to live a normal life --I patted the plastered arm-- at least while I wait for the cast to be taken off.

He was smiling approvingly.

--If you really feel comfortable here, we will stay and talk all afternoon, and then we will have dinner in the dining room.

I nodded. I was happy, waiting for a new story from my uncle and thinking things tended to finally get back on track.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Uncle Kurt sat in front of me in a single armchair and chatted about an irrelevant topic to give old Juana time to serve us two smoky cups of coffee.

Finally he said:

–In August 1937 I returned from Egypt and made telephone contact in Berlin with the **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp for whom I had developed, after four years of pleasant treatment, particular affection.

–Hi Edwin –I greeted, after the operator put me in touch with Papp–. Is there something for me?

–Yes Kurt. You must come to the Chancellery to receive instructions. Where are you?

–In the Central Train Station. In thirty minutes I can be there.

–Fine, go to the Security Office and identify yourself with the **⚡⚡ Oberscharführer**<sup>27</sup> Kruger. He will lead you to me.

I deposited my luggage in a chest at the station and set out to meet the **⚡⚡ berführer** Papp. I did not take hotel accommodation because I wanted to make sure on whether I would not have to continue traveling to some military distribution (as it actually happened).

The **⚡⚡ Oberscharführer** Kruger led me through a tangle of corridors and passages to the office from where everything concerning to the Führer's security, within the sphere of activity of the Chancellery, was decided.

It was a small world apart that occupied a back wing of the Palace of the Chancellery, passing an interior courtyard, and which gathered under the command of the **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp, various sectors whose specific and so different activities, converged on the common goal of Security. They worked there a squad of the Gestapo, a Communications and Radio Direction Finding team, a small Secret Service group of the **⚡⚡**, a chemical laboratory, an infirmary with permanent doctor on call 24 hours a day. All assembled, equipped and attended by the **⚡⚡** with personnel of the 1<sup>st</sup> **⚡⚡ Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler**.

–Hello Kurt! Nice to see you, young man. Sincerely –said the **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp–. Please sit.

I settled into a chair in front of the desk occupied by Papp. The office was a recent reinforced concrete construction so the ceiling was so low it contrasted with the great height of the corridors traversed to get there. The **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp was observing me with visible sympathy, seated in a swivel armchair. Above his head a painting showed the Führer looking into the distance; two metal files flanked the desk on both sides.

–I'm also glad to see you again --I replied--. I'm tremendously happy to be back in Berlin.

–Well, it won't be for long --Papp said smiling--. I think you part straight away for the **Crossinsee Ordensburg**. I have the orders for you around here. There are two envelopes... --he began to search a file.

–Crossinsee is in East Prussia, isn't it? --I asked.

–Yes, in Pomerania. Here are your orders!

He handed me two manila envelopes. One, larger in which it was read in large letters **“Crossinsee”**, contained all the papers of incorporation to the **Ordensburg** of the **⚡⚡**. In the other a manual inscription, in delicate Gothic characters, ordered that the envelope should be opened in the presence of the **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp. I proceeded to break the seal and extracted a handwritten letter by Rudolph Hess from the inside of the envelope. It went like this:

Berlin - August 1937

Mr. Kurt von Sübermann

Dear **patekind**:

I have arranged what is necessary for you to enter the **Crossinsee Ordensburg** and then, upon receiving minimal instruction, being transferred to the other **Ordensburg**. You must leave immediately for Pomerania and join and adapt to the new life. Only when you have completed this part, --let pass at least one month-- you will contact the **Thulegesellschaft**.

Your contact in Berlin is called Konrad Tarstein; you will find him in the **Gregorstrasse 239**. He is already aware of the entrance to the Order; You only have to introduce yourself by giving your name. Initially you will join the **Thulegesellschaft** of Berlin so you must travel from Pomerania to Berlin on weekends, but if you should come some other time you can contact the **⚡⚡ Oberführer** Papp to arrange the corresponding permission.

Good luck **patekind**; remember my advice: “advance in circles, restricting the circle”.

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<sup>27</sup> **⚡⚡ Oberscharführer**. Sergeant of the **⚡⚡**.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**Rudolph Hess**

### Note

Memorize the name and address of your contact and deliver this letter to the **⚡ Oberführer** Papp, who is ordered to destroy it. Nothing should be written that may compromise you, compromise us or compromise the **Thulegesellschaft**.

### **Heil Hitler.**

I read the letter twice and then gave it to the **⚡ Oberführer** Papp who destroyed it before my eyes by setting it on fire with a lighter.

–Rudolph Hess, is he in Berlin? –I asked.

–No. He is in Berchtesgaden with the Führer.

I immediately remembered that on that same date, four years earlier, we were with Dad and Rudolph Hess in Berchtesgaden. So there was nothing more to do in Berlin and, after saying goodbye to the **⚡ Oberführer** Papp, I left for the railway station to start the journey to East Prussia as quickly as possible.

## Chapter XIV

An hour later, from the window of the northern train, I watched the last districts of Berlin go by. I was lost in thought about Rudolph Hess' letter and regretting not having been able to interview him to convey some questions that required an urgent answer. Something extraordinary was happening to me for some time and, except for Rudolph Hess, I did not dare to entrust it to anyone.

Since graduation night, when I was introduced to the Führer, I began to experience a curious psychological phenomenon. In that occasion I answered "**YHWH-Satan**" to the Führer's questions, who is the Enemy of Germany? Who are we fighting against? And I thought I recognized that this answer had not been reasoned by me, but "caught" or something like "heard" with an internal ear.

For me it was beyond doubt that the "Voice" heard was foreign, that is to say that it came from outside my conscience. But I also understood the impossibility of transmitting this experience to another person without risking to inspire mistrust about my sanity. During the trip to Egypt I meditated on this and arrived to the conclusion that the Führer's presence had triggered a phenomenon of unconscious discharge being the Voice heard simply a formal intuition. In other words, somehow I "knew" the answer and, in a moment when I was psychologically blocked by the overwhelming personality of the Führer, I "guessed" or thought I did, taking an intuition for an extrasensory perception. It was a skeptical conclusion but I had the assurance that the said phenomenon would be purely circumstantial, that it wouldn't happen again. I clung to this certainty with the hidden fear that its repetition would imply a loss of rational balance.

It is understandable: in a society that considers "normal" what is common to all, that is to say, collective, and represses with alienation those who deviate from the "normal", feeling different can be dangerous in many ways. Mainly because the lack of "patterns" or "models" –eliminated systematically or self-eliminated by fear-- to compare our "abnormality" leads us to fear a loss of reason. This fear of possessing gifts or virtues that make us different from others is considered a "holy prudence" in a world that glorifies the mediocrity of the average man and distrusts the individual.

So, fearful of the implications of considering that experience as a real phenomenon, I attributed the Voice heard to a projection of the unconscious on the conscience.

However, the phenomenon was repeated and not once but several times, with the consequent alarm on my part fearing to suffer from some kind of schizophrenia.

But, as soon as I cast aside my doubts and meditated serenely, I could not stop recognizing that this phenomenon was far from dangerous and I would say that it was even nice. The reason for such a conclusion was in the "certainty" I felt now that the Voice heard was totally alien to my own being. Of course, it can be argued that the "certainty" that a man can have in the perception of phenomena belonging to his own sphere of consciousness is totally subjective. And it is true because, in general, "certainty" does not guarantee by any means the truth of his statement.

For example when the hunter feels "sure" to hit his prey and misses the shot or when the student is "sure" of having given the adequate answer and checks that the Professor has given a zero score it can be said that certainty has "failed". On what then does success depend if when I am "sure" to get it I can fail?

In order to answer, a distinction must first be made between "subjective certainty" and "objective certainty". The first is closer to the imagination and the second to reality. Subjective certainty rests

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

on faith; objective certainty is based on reality. He who thinks he takes an apple with his hand and what he really takes is an apple, undoubtedly has objective certainty. If he instead thinks he is taking an apple and actually takes something else, his certainty is subjective. There is thus a gap between the subjective certainty and the objective certainty, which, depending on the individuals, can become an abyss.

But it is desirable that the certainty experienced in what is done or thought be as objective as possible. So: how should one go about closing the gap that separates subjective sureness from objective sureness? Saving the case of a natural predisposition to objective reality, the answer would be that previous "experience" ensures greater probabilities that "certainty" in the realization of an act is carried out objectively.

If you want to better understand the subject, you must also distinguish between dilettante and expert certainty. Faced with the same test, both feel "sure", but with greater probability, only the expert attains success while the dilettante fails. The expert's 'certainty' is based on previous experience; that of the dilettante in the faith in himself; but like any expert in some initial moment must have been a dilettante, it is possible that the dilettante, by persevering, ever becomes an expert.

So certainty is all the more objective the further it goes accompanied by experience. But if subjective certainty is betrayed by objective reality, if it fails, the disappointment of defeat ensues. It must be concluded, then, that the ability to overcome failure is a conditioning factor to capitalize on experience in favor of objective certainty.

Certainty, on the other hand, is a fundamental psychological attitude to face the trials of life. One who faces the challenge of a test must expect success in advance, must be "sure" of winning and failure should not discourage to try again. In the above cases, neither the hunter stops hunting because a shot is missed, nor does the student stop studying when failing an exam; both overcome and capitalize on the experience increasing their objective certainty, becoming more "experts".

Considering these concepts, it can now be understood my attitude towards the phenomenon of the Voice: I concluded that "being psychically prepared during several years in a rigorous intellectual training, the assurance that I had in the certainty of the judgements was quite objective". In other words, intellectually, when I was "sure" of a concept I was "surely" correct. And with such objective certainty in the judgements, I told myself that the Voice I heard did not come from my unconscious, was not part of my Self, was alien to my Spirit or was, perhaps, another Spirit.

I must emphasize that the certainty that I had of being right was accompanied by an in-depth analysis in which I considered, among other things, the fact that the Voice was capable of emitting concepts that I in no way knew. This may have a more or less psychological explanation but some concepts were very specific and yet the Voice used them and structured with great precision. Ergo, the voice was "wise" and this does not have an elaborate explanation unless it is accepted what it really is: that the Voice belonged to a psychic entity alien to me.

Another element of the phenomenon that I took into account for the analysis was the fact that I had not been spiritually "invaded" by another entity such as occurs in the devilish possession or in spiritism, but to my conscience only the Voice came, clear and energetic, without psychosomatic consequences of any kind.

In other words, when the phenomenon occurred, I did not "see", nor "feel", nor "taste", nor "smell" anything strange; I only heard the voice and it was, I repeat, as if my internal ear would have "opened".

The first few times I heard the Voice I was surprised by the unexpected message that bounced up, energetically and swiftly, rhythmically fired like lightning. It did not always appear, but when I was meditating on some question that required some concentration. To better understand the quality of the phenomenon that happened to me I will give some examples. You are a psychiatrist *neffe*, and I do not wish, within the reasonable, that you doubt my sanity for what occurred should be interpreted as an expansion of the ability to perceive, rather than as a "disease".

(I made a sign of assent and confidence to Uncle Kurt because nobody like Me knew how many arbitrarinesses are committed around the true psychic virtues of man, those that develop "alone" or self-develop and exalt him without affecting his rational balance in any way, since they are "naturally" integrated into the personality. Psychic virtues that are obtained spontaneously, without resorting to absurd "occult methods" or "gymnastics of transcendental meditation" that end up breaking the delicate mental order and end up driving the disciple to madness and death).



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--I remember one day --Uncle Kurt continued-- when I was reading the *Bhagavad-Ghita*<sup>28</sup>, Vedic writing belonging to the great epic of the *Mahabharata*, mythical war that involved men, Angels and Gods in the fight and of whose memory the ancient Aryans of India wrote and compiled.

The Ghita is about the battle that the hero *Arjuna* must fight to regain the throne, usurped by his cousin. Arjuna is a member of the warrior caste or a *Kshatriya* and next to him is *Sri Krishna*, incarnation of God *Vishnu*.

In the first part called "Arjuna's Sorrow", Arjuna moves with his chariot in front of the enemy army, checking that with his cousin have lined up a large part of his relatives and friends:

26. -- Then, Arjuna saw there his uncles, great-uncles, instructors, maternal uncles, nephews, grandnephews, parents-in-law, friends and Comrades.

27. -- Seeing the relatives and friends gathered there, Arjuna felt great compassion and very sorry, said the following:

28. -- 30. --Arjuna said:

Oh Krishna!, seeing those relatives eager to fight, my body limbs fail me, my mouth is dry, I am trembling, my body shudders, my skin burns, I can't hold the bow. I can't stand up, my mind is in a whirl. Oh Sri Krishna!, I see signs of bad omen.

31. -- 34. --I do not see what good can I achieve, killing my relatives in the war. Oh Krishna! I do not want victory, nor sovereignty, nor pleasures. Oh Govinda! Of what use would be sovereignty, pleasures, even life itself, when my instructors, uncles, children, great-uncles, maternal uncles, parents-in-law, grandchildren, brothers-in-law and other relatives for whom we wish these happinesses, are gathered here to fight, having given up their property, and even their lives?

35. --Oh *Madhusudana*! (Krishna) even if they kill me, I don't want to kill them, neither to reign in this World, nor for the sovereignty of the three Worlds.

36. -- 37. --Oh *Yanardana*! (Krishna) what pleasure would we have in killing the *Dharta-Rashtras*? It would be a sinful act to kill those aggressors. For that, we must not destroy our relatives, the *Dharta-Rashtras*. Oh *Madhaya*! (Krishna) how could we be happy, killing our own relatives?

38. -- 39. --Although they, with their minds dominated by greed, do not see any evil in destroying the relatives, nor sin in being hostile to friends, why, Oh *Yanardana*!, we who see the great evil that is born from the destruction of the relatives, don't give up committing that sin?

47. --Saying this, Arjuna threw his bow and arrows and, with a very sore heart, he remained seated in his chariot.

In the second part of the Ghita, called "The Path of Discernment", Sri Krishna answers Arjuna's disturbing and anguished questions.

1. --To him (Arjuna) who was thus dejected with sorrow and compassion, with eyes full of tears and with a confused mind, *Madhusudana* (Krishna) said the following:

2. --Said the *Blessed Lord*:

At this critical moment, Oh Arjuna! **where does that unworthy non-Aryan weakness come from, abject and contrary to the attainment of celestial life?**

3. --**Do not behave like a eunuch**, Oh Partha!; that is unworthy of you; **throw away that weakness of heart and stand up**, Oh fulminator of the enemies!

Sri Krishna then advises Arjuna to follow the "Path of Action" (or Karma yoga) and fulfill his Dharma, that is, with the destiny of the Kshatriya which is to present battle and fight for justice without worrying (a priori) for the outcome of the battle, nor by the fate of the enemy (even if they are relatives and friends).

31. --Considering your duty, you shouldn't hesitate either, because for a Kshatriya there is no better fate than fighting for a just cause.

32. --Oh Partha! (Arjuna), they are really fortunate those Kshatriyas who are presented with the opportunity to fight such a war, that opens the gates of Heaven for them.

33. --But, if you don't fight in this just war, you won't respond to your reputation, you will fail in your duty and commit a sin.

This must be so, says Sri Krishna, because reality is Maya, illusion, and the "confrontation" is circumstantial, only perceptible to those who feel "confronted". On a superior, spiritual plane, the oppositions are resolved, the clashes are pure illusion. **The Spirit cannot kill or die**, that's why Sri Krishna says:

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<sup>28</sup> *Bhagavad-Gita*: "Song of God" in Sanskrit. Holy Book of India.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

19. --One who thinks that this Being (Spirit) kills and one who thinks this Being is dead, they are both ignorant. The Being does not kill or die.

20. --**The Being is not born, nor dies, nor is it reincarnated; it has no beginning; it is Eternal, immutable, the first of all, and it does not die when the body is killed.**

21. --One who knows that the being is imperishable, Eternal, without birth and immutable, how can he kill or be killed?

22. --Like one leaves its worn dresses or puts on new ones, so the corporeal Being, leaves its used body and enters new ones.

23. --Weapons do not cut it, fire does not burn it, water does not wet it, and wind does not dry it.

24. --This Being cannot be cut, nor burned, nor wet, nor dried; it is Eternal, omnipresent, stable and unchangeable; knowing that this is so, you shouldn't be sorry.

26. -- 27. --But, Oh you, of mighty arms! if you think that this Being is always born and dies, yet you should not grieve for it; because what is born, dies and what dies is surely reborn. **Therefore, you should not suffer for the inevitable.**



Krishna and Arjuna

It only counts then to face the conflict by following the "Path of Action", facing the opposite and complying with the Dharma. **"Do not be afraid to kill, --says Sri Krishna--, they are already dead in me"**.

I was meditating on the preceding paragraph of the Ghita, in the extraordinary moral implications arising from this ancient Indoarian text when I "heard" the Voice again:

--You must not be fooled by the superficial meaning of the concepts, Oh Kurt, man of Pure Blood. Krishna's message is addressed to both Arjuna's natures, the animic and the spiritual. To the emotional part of him, to his nature of animal-man, Krishna advises to continue with the dramatic argument in which he is involved because of his Karma: Arjuna is human, he is incarnated and lives karmic circumstances; he must fulfill the Dharma and resolve the conflict of the opposing Archetypes; in this way he will perform the condemnation imposed a priori by the Lords of Karma of Chang Shambhala, the incomprehensible condemnation of the family war that weighs on his heart. But to the spiritual part of him, to the Aryan-Hyperborean nature of him, the Siddha Krishna suggests transcending opposites, not through their synthesis, which could be war, but placing himself in the absolute instance of the Eternal Spirit. The Spirit, "the Being", in effect, is Eternal or Uncreated, alien to all created opposites, which are not more than Maya, Illusion. **For the Spirit there is no life or death Created but Illusion and, therefore, there is no sin or guilt, there are no debts to pay or Karma: if the decision comes from the Spirit, the action will have no effect later on Itself because the Illusion lacks the capacity to act on the Reality of the Being; and this, whatever the action performed, even killing relatives and friends.** However the Kshatriya must fulfill an essential condition for his spiritual nature to predominate over the animic or animal part: **he must harden his heart, he must "cast out that non-Aryan weakness", that is to say, he must divest**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*himself of all compassionate feeling towards those who are but actors in a karmic argument, pure Illusion; they don't really exist, they don't live, or as Krishna says "they are already dead in me".* This is the Wisdom of the Lords of Venus of Agartha: *a true Kshatriya is only the one who possesses a heart hard like Stone and cold as Ice; and only such a Kshatriya can perform any action, even killing, without being touched by Karma.* That is the Power, Oh Kurt, man of Pure Blood, of the Kshatriya-Hyperborean-Initiate, the semi-divine man who has his Uncreated Spirit chained to the Created Soul!

Those words burst like lightning into my conscience filling me with perplexity, this one, for various reasons. First because I was certain –as I already said– that the Voice was external to my being. Second by the tone of the Voice: firm and energetic, it was both a reliable and friendly Voice. I felt in its presence that it was not possible for me to mistrust or doubt its words because that Voice was emitted by Someone superior to myself. Someone who was "coming" to help and guide me. And third because the "content" of those words, the "concepts" poured into my consciousness were not always clear and understandable.

The latter should be understood not in the sense that they were dark or veiled, but that these concepts alluded to things and situations unknown or forgotten by me. I say "forgotten" because in that feeling of veracity that hearing the words of the Voice induced me coexisted as a reminiscence of a lost Wisdom, of a forgotten Truth.

Shambhala, Agartha, Lords of Venus, briefly familiar concepts that were once part of some larger knowledge but that, inexplicably, I had forgotten without being able to specify where or when, with certainty not in this life and perhaps not in "another life" but in a "state of the Spirit" out of all life and manifestation.

Of one thing I was sure: the Truth was in the past, a remote past that, however, I could almost touch with my fingertips.

### Chapter XV

When I reacted, after receiving one of these "messages", my first impulse was to "ask" something else to the Voice, to ask about the "interpretation" of the message, or on the same Voice.

But it was useless because the Voice disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared and only got silence for an answer. However, when I was not thinking about it, and I found myself meditating on some question in the realm of History, Philosophy or Religion, appeared the Fleeting Commentary, the Word, Wise and Brilliant, like a Spark of Wisdom.

That difficulty in "communicating" with the Voice far from disappointing me stimulated my curiosity and embarked me on a brief search for information about such a strange phenomenon.

The internal ear had been opened when I was introduced to the Führer, due to the powerful influence of his presence, and then I left with Dad for Egypt to pass a vacation, as I said. It was during those days that I tried to unveil the mystery of the furtive appearances of the Voice. For this I began to read everything referred to cases similar to mine, realizing with horror that even a few years ago anyone who experienced hearing voices became suspicious of the charge of witchcraft or demonology. The image of Jeanne d'Arc, the "Maid of Orléans", burning at the stake for following the dictation of an internal Voice was not a very pleasant incentive to delve into the affair.

But it encouraged me to think that we were in another century, at a time open to research and knowledge. Even though I checked at every step that in the field of psychic experience there was plenty of superstition or skepticism.

Reading the works of Allan Kardec, the founder of modern Spiritism, I verified that among the multiple forms of **Mediumship** described as "common to many gifted people", there was an **Auditory Mediumship**, which I believed could be equated with the phenomenon that I had been experiencing.

According to Allan Kardec, a **Medium** is a person who can put himself in contact with the "World of the Spirits": "What is a Medium? It's the being, the individual, who serves as a link to the Spirits so that they can communicate with men. Without Medium there is no communication possible, be it tangible, mental, written, physical or of any other kind". And he also says: "a Spirit is a man without a physical body".

Mediumship as a human faculty is presented in "relation to the senses" being an extension of these such that it allows to cover part of the "Other World". There is thus an Auditory Mediumship, a Writing Mediumship, etc. Without thereby accepting the Spiritist Cosmogony that affirms, as Gnosis does, Alchemy, etc., a triple composition of man: body, Soul (or perispirit) and Spirit, one can stop to analyze the phenomena mentioned by the spiritists, almost always real.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

That was what I did uselessly in those days in Egypt, going over various Spiritist Centers and interviewing with numerous Mediums.

The disappointment could not be greater because, in most cases, the Medium was a person of low intellectual capacity, unable to explain clearly the nature of the wonders he starred in, or on the contrary, the Medium was a rogue, too clever to explain and rather willing to surround himself with a halo of "mystery".

The conclusion I drew from these explorations was summarized in that when the subject was the real protagonist of a Mediumistic phenomenon, he could not exercise any control over it, being in most cases a "moron". The Writing Medium was not aware of what he was writing, abject situation that nevertheless filled with joy the witnesses who affirmed that this constituted the "proof" of the veracity of the prodigy. The same could be said about the other classes of Mediumship.

The Talking Medium, totally "possessed" by the Spirit or "disembodied entity" –according to Spiritist jargon– spoke, laughed, roared, or contorted before the contemplative ecstasy of the acolytes, as ignorant as foolish. And the Hearing Medium, who aroused my particular interest, heard, not one but a concert of voices. And they invaded him at all times, ordering, requesting or pleading certain actions, often dishonorable or rude. Something depressing that had nothing in common with my superior experience.

Convinced that in this way I would only find the sick or fanatics, I did the most logical thing one can do in such cases: I set out to look for a solution to my problem by using myself, my own analysis and experience.

In this way, rigorously reviewing the psychic processes that culminated with the appearance of the Voice, I verified that the key did not lie in the mental *interrogation*, in "asking" the Voice this or that. In my confusion, to which contributed, not a little, the contact and the observation of the spiritists, I believed that the Voice was responding to questions posed in my conscience during the meditation. Arbitrarily taking this belief for a truth I concluded that it would be possible to consciously interrogate the Voice, that is, that I would ask and the Voice would respond: Big mistake... as you will see immediately.

Meditating on all this allowed me to understand that the "interrogation" is an intrinsically rational attitude; that is, it is only possible to interrogate starting from that ordering that we call reason. Of all existing creatures only man interrogates and does it to know, to obtain knowledge. An expression of his miserable ineptitude and the drama of his ignorance, the interrogation, starting from reason, from his logic, allows him to make inferences, propositions, and establish judgments. But the knowledge obtained exclusively from reason, by questioning the reality of the world, entails a violence and a covered rebellion. The interrogation implies the possibility of the answer and in this implication there is something superb and arrogant. Questions the one who proudly "knows" that he will be satiated in his knowledge. This rebellion, this pride, this arrogance, in short, this violence that underlies the interrogation is, of course, totally useless, since it does not *facilitate the liberation of man from its chaining to the illusory forms of matter*.

The moral error of the interrogation as a "means of knowing" is evident in all its absurd contradiction when man affirms the "right" to ask, that is, when he establishes that it is legally and morally licit to get knowledge by interrogation. Because if it is licit and even advisable to practice interrogation, without limits or moral fences towards the questioned thing (no taboos), we will soon see the man fiercely standing face to face with God questioning him, an absurd possibility that inevitably leads to the denial of God (atheism), to confess the impossibility of this question (agnosticism) or to the most disturbing hypotheses that are just that, probable answers but not true answers.

The Gnosis, a philosophical current that Belicena Villca referred to quite a lot, affirmed the possibility of "being saved" through knowledge (gnosis), but this "knowledge" should not be obtained rationally. As Serge Hutin said: "The gnosis, possession of the Initiates, is opposed to the vulgar *pistis* (belief) of the simple faithful. It is less a 'knowledge' than a *revelation*, secret and mysterious". "...The gnosis constitutes, once it has been reached, a total, *immediate* knowledge that the individual possesses entirely or which it lacks at all; it is the 'knowledge' itself, *absolute*, that encompasses Man, the Cosmos and the Divinity. And it is only through this *knowledge* --and not by means of faith or works-- that the individual can be *saved*".

There exists then another way to "know" and, although an obscurantist conspiracy has erased Gnosis and its Initiatory Wisdom from Official History, it was in the "gnostic" way that I found the solution to communicate with the voice.

It is that indeed there is a way to obtain knowledge "beyond" reason, without falling into the mechanics of the question and the answer, of the comparison and conclusion, of analysis and synthesis, in short, of dialectics. And it is extremely simple. It consists in *disposing the Spirit to*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**remember**, in analogous way to the attitude assumed by the conscience when it "searches" for a remembrance in the memory.

In this case it is not a question of adopting a contemplative posture, of "mind blank", but a dynamic action that "searches" without "asking".

The wisdom of understanding this lies in accepting the fact that the conscience is "steerable", "addressable" towards areas of the mind.

When we want to **remember** something, reason may or may not question, but the memory comes inexorably. For example, what tie did I wear in the party of John Smith? and the answer comes automatically --the green tie--. But let's face it, is the one obtained a true "answer"? or when we wanted to know what tie we wore we set our minds to "search" for the memory of the party at John Smith's and this memory **appeared** in the conscience as an image that was promptly translated by reason in the form of a proposition: the green tie.

Because if instead of asking, we simply evoke the memory of the worn tie, it will "appear" without necessarily being the answer to a question nor a proposition.

When I checked this and verified reliably that by "remembering" the conscience is "directed" towards the memory, I similarly arranged my Spirit to "address" the Voice.

At first I was unsuccessful, mainly because reason interfered with doubts and skepticism, but when I focused well and was able to recreate in the mind the fleeting moments when the Voice broke in, then I began to progress. The Voice had appeared and disappeared in an instant, faster than the fastest of my thoughts, to the point that, sometimes, I normally could not clearly distinguish his words.

That is why I had to concentrate a lot, and evoke the memory, only evoke, not interrogate, dispose the conscience so that the memory comes up suddenly and remain in total spiritual immobility. He who understands will comprehend that it was not a contemplative attitude but an energetic attitude (of energy), similar to that of the warrior an instant before unloading the arm with the sword, full of potential force. In contemplation there is peace (stillness), in evocation expectant energy.

The procedure used successfully I can explain it like this: I recreated in my Spirit the moment the Voice appeared. I was trying to make this memory as "exact" as possible, that is, it would transport me psychologically to the climax lived during the experience. Then the Voice would present itself, the memory of the Voice, as swiftly as I "remembered" it had appeared. But then, using the recently discovered "orienting" power of the conscience, I "directed" this one "towards" the Voice (I repeat: as one who remembers) and thus achieved to "expand" imperceptibly the Time of manifestation of the Voice. The voice came out in the memory and I tried to wrap the memory around it, cutting out the accessory, concentrating only on it, trying to turn fugacity into permanence, without losing by this its vocal dynamics at all. So I was achieving, more and more, to "follow" the message of the Voice from its appearance to its extinction.

The appearance (beginning) did not worry me, but the extinction did, because it was expanding more and more the last moment of the Voice, until I got to "hear" with total clarity the final tone, the precise limit between Voice and Silence. Having reached that point I felt in the conscience --so directed towards the Voice-- as if there was a **sharp, conical prominence**, like a funnel viewed from the side where the liquid is spilled.

The Voice had entered my mind at one point --the internal ear-- and towards there pointed the vertex of the psychic cone into which the conscience became by tenaciously pursuing the instant of the final extinction of the "message".

I was practicing this sort of selective evocation when, "examining" (somehow it must be said) the psychic cone, suddenly I was rushed into a slightly spiraling and vaporous tunnel, like a vortex of bright and milky energy that soon concluded with a perfectly defined and sharp image. **I could see her and hear her at the same time** because it was from her that the Voice came.

Following the Voice in its extinction, like an echo, I had arrived at its source of origin and this one was dazzling and blinding. Now provided not only with one internal ear but also an internal vision I participated absorbed in a sublime igneous image. Because that wonderful and wise Word was not emitted by any throat, nor did it come from a human or even anthropomorphic entity.

--It just gushed out of a tongue of fire that twinkled rhythmically accompanying the development of the Word.

--Oh frozen and shining fire, God is witness that in you I have recognized the Divinity of the Hyperborean Spirit!

Facing that Divine Presence, made of Fire, Voice and Wisdom, I did not commit the folly of interrogating, nor did I have any surprise or desire to know or understand.

A wild joy, a primordial delight went invading me as the igneous logos glowed under the internal gaze. And that ineffable joy obeyed a certainty: I had recovered something long lost, I could not say when or where. But surely that's what it was all about because the flaming Presence was not

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

unknown to me, although in some mysterious way I had forgotten it until that moment. And the joy of the reencounter filled my Spirit with indescribable pleasure.

I do not know how long that first ecstasy lasted, but I clearly remember the knowledge that "remained" in my conscience as a sedimentary layer at the end of the experience. I say "knowledge" because by connecting telepathically with the mysterious Voice, I accessed a Torrent of Wisdom --I could not call it another way-- that by penetrating the Spirit dissolved all doubt, rendered useless any questioning and gathered and synthesized the opposites. This was the case because the Voice -- authentic Logos-- whose substance was constituted by the Fire and the Word, transmitted Its Word by the mere fact of coming into contact with it.

And what was the Voice saying on that occasion? It would be a clumsy pretension trying to describe in words such a transcendent experience but I will run this risk and briefly and imperfectly summarize the essential parts of the message:

--"I am a Being belonging to the Ancient Race that came to Earth with Lucifer millions of years ago. They called me Angel, but that's one ambiguous naming. I have been one of the Great Hyperborean Guides and as such you have known me in a remote past that, however, is always present in the Mystery of the Pure Blood. By my Hyperborean name you must call me: Kiev; because this is how Humanity will 'know' me again at the end of the Dark Age or Kaly Yuga. You are united to me, like countless other Spirits chained by the Symbol of the Origin, the bond that links the Created with the Uncreated: you, and any of them, can reach me and the Origin of the Race of the Spirit, solving the Mystery of the Labyrinth, going through the Illusion of the Created Forms, going up the Path of the Pure Blood, as you have done now without understanding it. There, in the Origin, there are other Beings like Me, belonging to the Race of the Spirit, whom they have also called Angels. But, in truth, we all come from Venus, **from the Gate of Venus**.

--You can communicate whenever you want with me now that you know how to return to the Origin by following the Path of the Pure Blood, **but you must not do it** as long as you have not managed to understand the Mystery of the Labyrinth and you are the owner of the Space and Time. Otherwise my presence will act like a drug that will numb your incipient spiritual consciousness. You are a victim of the Great Deception. You think you are and you hardly exist beyond the caprice of Jehovah Satan. While not **consciously** returning to the Origin, where you are now without knowing it, you must not come to me because you could lose the way. You must first be what you already are, you must return to the Beginning from where you have never departed, recover the Paradise you never lost. When you solve this Mystery, marching through the path of the Labyrinth and arriving at the **exit**, only then you will be able to say I Am. But do not fear, you will not be abandoned, you will be charismatically led to the end. Follow the Closed Circles of the Order of Thule but don't stop at any of them; always advance, until reaching the Penultimate Circle; there we will see each other again. And finally, try to wisely interpret this, my advice and guidance: **in the planetary order first the Führer; in the individual order first Rudolph Hess**. So follow Rudolph Hess, get inspired by Rudolph Hess".

I had managed to solve the Mystery of the Voice, reaching its hidden source, the Divine Kiev, but immediately after this marvelous psychic feat was accomplished I was forbidden to reestablish contact causing me a rare feeling of sadness. Respectfully self-prevented from contemplating the scintillating sphinx of Kiev because --I tacitly accepted it-- of my imperfection, I only wanted to overcome the obstacles that separated me from the Penultimate Circle of the Thulegesellschaft where I would be authorized to re-establish the telepathic link with the Origin.

I was thinking about all this as the train took me quickly to Pomerania, regretting not having found Rudolph Hess in Berlin to confide in him about what happened and consult him about the Divine Hyperborean Kiev.

### Chapter XVI

Uncle Kurt, what you've told me is wonderful! You alone, internally, that is to say, without anyone's help, you reached one of the Liberator Gods! --I exclaimed, impressed by the similarity of his experience with my perception of that infinite instant, the night of the earthquake, during which I contemplated the Divine image of the Virgin of Agartha.

--And tell me uncle: --I added, ignoring the protesting gestures of Uncle Kurt, who intended to continue linearly with his account-- were you able to keep the power to communicate with Captain Kiev? I mean: did you manage to hear him later? do you still hear him today?

--Yes, neffe --he said resignedly--. Although several years passed until I dared to address Him directly, His Voice guided me in every moment, saving my life shortly after, in Asia, as you will see if you let me continue the story. But I anticipate an affirmative answer to your last question: I still hear

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Him; He still guides me. He ordered me to come to *Santa María* and stay here. And although I complied with His mandate, I did it reluctantly, and all these years, these thirty-three years, I spent in open rebellion against the Unknown Superiors. Yes, neffe: He spoke to me many times, and still speaks to me, as He did before you arrived, when the hum of the bees vibrated, the sound of the Dorje of the Druids, and He warned me that I would be attacked; but I have not responded to His messages. I have never done it since 1945.

--My God! Why, Uncle Kurt? how could you stay silent, remain indifferent to the Voice of the Gods? --I did not understand his attitude and I let him know it almost screaming. Hunted by the Druids, by the White Fraternity, by a whole Hierarchy of infernal beings: how could the only possible help be disregarded, the aid of the Liberator Gods? Oh mein Gott, how difficult it was for me then to understand Uncle Kurt.

--I know you can't understand me, Arturo. But you'd have to put yourself in my place, be in my shoes in 1945, seeing Germany destroyed by the Synarchy of the Allies and verifying that the Wisest men, the Initiates of the Black Order, disappeared without leaving a trace in the Antarctic Oasis or through the Expanded Gates. And while they were leaving, until the Final Battle or who knows until when, I received the order to stay in Hell, alone, to fulfill a mission of which I knew nothing at all and in which I did not believe. Yes, neffe, you can call it lack of faith or whatever you want, but I didn't believe that my stay here was really important: I felt abandoned, betrayed by the Gods, left to my fate. What could I do facing the triumphant Great Conspiracy? And yet I was wrong. Now I know, and I hope it's not too late to correct my stupid posture. The letter of Belicena Villca has shown me an unsuspected part of History, a side that gives final meaning to my life. Because, naturally, it only remains for me to die with honor to wash away the stain of these years of ignoble stillness.

Uncle Kurt was torturing himself uselessly and, once again, it was I who caused his pain. I cursed having asked and I would have liked the earth to swallow me right there. And there was no way to stop his subjective self-criticism.

--I am a ⚡, Arturo! An Initiate of the ⚡ Black Order! --he said in desperation--. I have remained in a comfortable situation; hidden all these years, but secure, comfortably secure!: damn me and all the ⚡ officers who have acted in the same way! We should have fought, formed young consciences, revealed the Hyperborean Wisdom! But we preferred to be silent, assuming a cowardly attitude that pretended to be prudent: Imagine, Arturo: if even the Gods I wasn't able to answer, how much less will would I have to enlighten anyone! And do you know why? Because deep down we didn't believe in the new generations, neither in the Triumph of the Führer, nor in the Final Battle! Maybe, and I say only "maybe", let us be partly excused because in our conviction must have intervened the hand of the Enemy, the Power of Illusion of the White Fraternity. We were incredulous and selfish, and we should not expect forgiveness from the Gods because They are not judges. In truth, we are obliged by ourselves, by our honor...

Until today, neffe, I lived adopting the role of victim, affirming with intransigence that nothing could be done against the Synarchy except to await the Final Battle, the End of the World, the Apocalypse, a Divine intervention. And this I said with irony, without believing that the Parusia was going to happen, that I shouldn't get to see it. And in my disdain, and in the indifference of so many others who perhaps act the same as I, we condemned to ignorance those who must surely participate in the Essential War, in the Final Battle of the Essential War. Oh Gods, what fools we have been! I had not understood it until today, until you came and exposed me your predestined life, until you told me of the years of searching and showed me the impossibility of finding the Truth somewhere: how much blind walking you could have saved yourself if you had met me before! Me, Oskar, or anyone who knew the Truth! Oh, Arturo, what have we done?! We saved our miserable lives but at the cost of losing the honor, abandoning the youth to their own strength, allowing them to be corrupted and destroyed by the Enemy...

--But Uncle Kurt --I said trying to calm him down-- you received an order from Captain Kiev: you had to stay hidden for strategic reasons, perhaps waiting for the letter of Belicena Villca. Other ⚡ may have acted selfishly, as you say, but I find your story very significant, mine, and that of Belicena Villca. I see everything very synchronized, very coincident, and it occurs to me that the Gods had it calculated beforehand. So you must not become bitter in vain: things will make sense, your thirty-three years at Santa María will make sense, if we comply with Belicena Villca's request and find her son and the Wise Sword, if we show her letter to Nimrod de Rosario and we are incorporated to his Order of Wise Builders.

--Maybe you're right. But I have proved my mistake and nothing will stop me from paying the debt of honor that I owe to those who came after me. The debt is with you, Arturo, I know! And for that I am willing to die if necessary; to die with honor, as an ⚡ officer dies. Yes, Arthur, take it as an oath: I will protect you from the Druids, I will put at your disposal all the faculties and powers that I

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

developed in the Black Order, and I will die for you if necessary, so that you fulfill the mission that Belicena Villca entrusted to you!

It was no use trying to persuade Uncle Kurt that the situation was not so serious, that no one was going to die. I only managed to convince him of my naivety. Anyway, one thing was clear: incredibly, he possessed the ability to communicate telepathically with Captain Kiev, one of the Lords of Venus who Belicena Villca mentioned repeatedly in her letter.

### Chapter XVII

I promised myself not to interrupt Uncle Kurt anymore. His account continued as follows:

—According to the signed and sealed papers that the envelope contained handed over by **Oberführer** Papp I was already a member of the *Schutzstaffeln* (Guard Echelons or **SS**) and I was going to receive training at the *Crossinsee Ordensburg* incorporated with the degree of **SS Obersturmführer**.<sup>29</sup> The **SS** was entered normally, for the officer career, with the **SS** degree **Untersturmführer**<sup>30</sup> but the *NAPOLA* graduates, for their previous military training, were incorporated with one more degree. For this reason I entered as **SS Obersturmführer** of the legendary **1st Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler** and because the **Ostenführer** of the Selective Corps of Oriental Studies of the *NAPOLA* had their natural seat in the **Leibstandarte**.

The **SS** officers received instruction in centers specially prepared for this purpose, in different parts of Germany. They were the **Ordensburgs**, castles-monasteries surrounded by forests and parks, self-sufficient with respect to the pedagogical end for which they had been arranged. Three *Ordensburgs* depended on the *N.S.D.A.P.* and one, the **Wewelsburg Castle**, belonged exclusively to the **Waffen SS**.

**Crossinsee** in East Prussia dealt with physical and mental training and with completing the purely military training. **Vogelsang** in the Rhineland gave political and mystical teaching and, finally, **Sonthofen** in Bavaria, was responsible for the advanced training of the **SS** officers in Politics, Diplomacy or Military Arts. These three fortresses, **Crossinsee, Vogelsang and Sonthofen**, were attended in that order, remaining one or more years in each of them according to the particular career followed. But only a true Elite was admitted to **Wewelsburg**, extraordinarily selected, which aspired to receive the Initiation to the Most Hidden Knowledge of the **SS** Black Order, whose Great Master was the **Reichsführer** Heinrich Himmler.

In my particular case, there were express orders, from Rudolph Hess, to speed up the stay in **Crossinsee** and **Vogelsang** so I only attended the first fortress three months and three months the second. I stayed at **Sonthofen** for six months and then I spent three months in **Bernau**, near Berlin, a secret center of the *S.D.*<sup>31</sup> where teaching was taught in counterintelligence techniques. In total fifteen long and hard months of study that culminated in late 1938 when, with the **SS Hauptsturmführer** degree.<sup>32</sup> I definitively left the classrooms and official libraries as a student.

Since my arrival in Germany in 1933, six years had passed during which I received an Elite education, so specific and well conceived for what was desired from me, that it is difficult to imagine how it could have been improved.

On that date --continued Uncle Kurt-- Germany and its allies were going to enter the Total War against the Powers of Matter, a war that was more terrible than that of the Mahabharata, and as time ran out, I had a chance to act in benefit of my fatherland and of Humanity. Indeed, *neffe*: before the conflict broke out I received my first assignment, an undertaking so bizarre that it would be difficult to fit it within military operations, especially today, when "professional" armies are well-oiled machines and soldiers simple robots. But it is that the **Waffen SS** was not a merely military organization but the external expression of the Black Order, an Order of Hyperborean Initiates: they existed, then, alongside classically military operations, missions of a clear esoteric character. One of them was Operation *Altwesten* which had been started in 1937 by Professor Schaeffer, financed and directed by the **SS**. As Rudolph Hess had anticipated, my Destiny was bound up with that expedition to Tibet and no one, not even the traitor Schaeffer, could prevent me from participating in it. However, in 1937 the group had already left and only one year after I joined them in Tibet.

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<sup>29</sup> **SS Obersturmführer**: rank of Lieutenant in the **SS**.

<sup>30</sup> **SS Untersturmführer**: rank of Ensign in the **SS**.

<sup>31</sup> **Sicherheitsdienst**: Security Service of the State.

<sup>32</sup> **SS Hauptsturmführer**: rank of Captain in the **SS**.



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

The previous circumstances were no less strange, but I will narrate them to you after we've had dinner --Uncle Kurt said surprisingly. He looked at his watch and took the hand to the forehead in amazement--. I'm inconsiderate! It's been five hours entertaining you without contemplating that this is the first time you leave the bed in fifteen days. Are you really okay? Tell me the truth because maybe it's better that you lie down and have dinner delivered upstairs.

--I'm very well Uncle Kurt --I said-- and if you want to know the truth, what I feel now is hunger. So let's have dinner!

--Uncle Kurt laughed joyfully as we made our way to the dining room. An hour later we settled back in the armchairs after having had a cold and light dinner, based on cold cuts and salads, during which we talked about various topics completely detached from the interrupted narrative.

At last, over a cup of coffee, Uncle Kurt decided to continue the story.

--It's a beautiful summer night --he said--. Clear sky, pleasant temperature, silence and fragrances of the countryside. I propose that we sit under the willows neffe! You will see that you enjoy the freshness of the night as we move forward with the story.

--Oh no, --I replied--. We'd better go back to the living room. There we will be more comfortable.

I was sorry to spoil Uncle Kurt's enthusiasm but I didn't want to face the bullmastiffs. I knew that sooner or later I would have to but I would try to make it daytime. The bullmastiffs again at night? The idea filled me with apprehension, but Uncle Kurt must not have noticed because shrugging shoulders he went to the living room followed by me.

--Three or four weeks after arriving at Crossinsee I returned to Berlin --Uncle Kurt continued narrating-- to interview Konrad Tarstein, my contact at the Thulegesellschaft.

Gregorstrasse 239 corresponded to a run-down house of two plants that must have had more than two centuries of hazardous existence and its only inhabitant, Konrad Tarstein, turned out to be a typical petit bourgeois Berliner, bald, of short stature, endowed with a thick belly, who matched perfectly with the decrepitude of the place.

It is probable that such a place and subject --I thought-- were intended to mislead potential spies or disappoint restless applicants. I suffered the second effect when hitting a moldy ring that rotated inside a fist of bronze doubtfully attached to the rickety door.

--Yes? --asked a strident voice emerging from some undefined place.

--I'm Kurt von Sübermann --I said, turning to the tiny spyhole that I had finally discovered in one of the door panels, from where a couple of elusive little eyes watched me impatiently. --Herr Rudolph Hess sends me...

The door opened and a small, chubby figure appeared, hand politely extended to greet.

--I am Konrad Tarstein --he said--. Come in, I was waiting for you.

The interior did not improve the initial impression at all. Furnished with manifest bad taste, in a careless mix of forms and styles, some minutes in the house were enough for anyone to be discouraged that, there, something important could be dealt with. And yet I expected a lot from the Thulegesellschaft in which, according to Rudolph Hess, I would find an answer to all my questions.

Sitting in a ridiculous Louis XV armchair, which seemed to have nothing to do there, in front of a Norman table and some friar chairs, I watched in surprise that Konrad Tarstein was getting ready to fill out a card. It was the furthest thing from a spiritual activity that I could imagine and that is why I hesitated when giving my personal data, an attitude that Tarstein mistakenly interpreted as a product of fear.

--Fear not --said Tarstein-- the books of the Order could never be found. I can assure you, Herr Von Sübermann, that there has never been a major leak on details of the Cult or the identity of our members. We have suffered desertions and some minor betrayal, but always at the superficial levels of the Order, and by people who did not possess a very precise knowledge of the internal organization.

--Do you receive many applicants Mr. Tarstein? --I asked.

Konrad Tarstein looked up from the card and stared at me for a few long minutes with curiosity. At last, as if he realized an oblivion or omission, he put a hand to his forehead as his face lit up with a smile.

--The laconism of Rudolph Hess! --he said as if he was thinking aloud--. His eternal and timid laconism. I should have assumed that you would not be aware that this interview is not part of any regular practice at the Thulegesellschaft. Tell me, Kurt von Sübermann, what information did you receive from Rudolph Hess to get here?

I answered him fully about everything I knew about the Thulegesellschaft: what Rudolph Hess had said in our talk at the Chancellery, graduation night, and the reference to a "contact" in Berlin, Konrad Tarstein, stated in his letter that came to my hands through the **⚡ Oberführer** Papp.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

As I spoke I was struck by the doubt that there had been an unexpected misunderstanding, because of some mistake made by me in the interpretation of instructions. But no matter how much I reflected, I could find no reason that could have caused Tarstein's surprise when asking about the reception of other applicants to the Thulegesellschaft. Or is it that, indeed, other applicants never came to Gregorstrasse 239? This was finally confirmed to me by Konrad Tarstein a few minutes later. He approved everything I said with a gesture of his bald head and, after putting the card in a leather briefcase, he invited me to go inside the huge ramshackle house.

The room where we were connected to the street door through a corridor from the small hall. To the right was a staircase of fine polished and carpeted wood, which, by means of a ninety-degree curve, led to the upper floor and continued on the railing, which extended laterally along a corridor, perfectly visible from below. Towards the front of the room opened two doors with large carved wooden frames. Taking through the door on the right we accessed, with Tarstein, an open courtyard, surrounded by galleries with small columns under Norman arches, in each of which doors were opened. Following the gallery on the left, we walked the distance to one side of the tiled patio and continued through a transverse gate that led us to another patio, this one closed with a bell jar, while the gallery stretched across this courtyard to die on the back wall.

Before we got there, we entered the last of the countless doors that led to the transposed galleries. The place where we had arrived, after so labyrinthine excursion, was truly amazing. As I closed the door that led to the gallery, it would seem that we were entering a modern apartment, more like being in a skyscraper on Bernaverstrasse than there, in the heart of a decaying 18th century mansion.

--Are you surprised, Mr. Kurt? --Konrad Tarstein asked smiling--. I had it remodelled a wing of this old house to live with some comfort. No big deal, rather simple, but comfortable for someone who has already covered great part of the final road.

...See Kurt, this is the kitchen, modern and well installed; this, the dining room and living room. This way, please. See, these are the bedrooms, there are two because I usually receive a married couple of old friends as guests. Come this way Kurt; see, this is the main room, where I spend most of the day and the night.

We were in front of a large room, with the four walls covered with bookshelves. In the center, under a height-adjustable square lamp that hung from the ceiling, a table covered with books, some open, others stacked, and several manuscripts, it allowed to guess the work or study place of Konrad Tarstein.

Somewhat overwhelmed by the particular spectacle I was witnessing and containing the desire to go immediately to examine the spines of the books, which were obviously very old, I contained my anxiety and asked:

--Why here? Why build a house inside another house? Wasn't it more feasible to acquire another more comfortable property in a more respectable neighborhood?

--Easy, easy, Kurt, --Tarstein said-- this has been done like this for an important reason: We cannot abandon this property that is very dear to us. In it, very important things have happened for Germany and Humanity. Therefore, although few are those who usually visit it, we keep it intact, without changing anything of its old and disconcerting furniture. Thirty years ago, in 1908, a secret group operated here whose members founded the Germanenorden in 1912, which would later lead to the Thulegesellschaft and the **N.S.D.A.P.** Do you understand now why we must keep this house?

--Because it all started here, --I said admiringly.

--Exactly, here the history of the next millennium began to be written. Here, only here, the Unknown Superiors came one day to seal the foundation of the Third Reich!! Berlin will fall from its foundations before a pin can be touched in this sacred house.

When Konrad Tarstein spoke in this way, his shrill voice took on prophetic tones and became magnetic and attractive, making one forget at times the bizarre aspect of the person who emitted it.

--Let's have a cup of tea --Tarstein proposed-- and I'll let you know a few things about the Thulegesellschaft and the arrangement we have done with Rudolph Hess over your admittance.

I accompanied him regretting leaving that fascinating library, until the brand new kitchen. We left the library through another door, adjacent to the one we had entered, and we went back to the gallery and the patio. I understood, thus, that Konrad Tarstein's house extended over that entire wing of the old mansion, in front of the second floor.

--How many rooms does the house have? I asked while I sweetened the aromatic Shanghai Tea.

--Counting both floors, about... thirty or thirty-two rooms --he answered enigmatically--. Who could know?

--He looked at me for a long moment, as if doubting whether he should stop there or complete the answer. At last something in him seemed to relax, and he opted for the second alternative.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

–Look Kurt, I don't know if you are ready to accept certain facts that escape the normal understanding of the common man. Anyway, since we intend to make you a Hyperborean Initiate, sooner or later such facts will not surprise you at all: it is only a matter of time to understand them. So, I will give you some information that for any rational mind would be logically incredible, but it will not be for us because it corresponds to the most rigorous truth, perfectly verifiable by every Initiate: **in this house, today there may be 32 rooms but tomorrow, perhaps, there are 35, 40 or more; or maybe less, 20, 25, 30, who could know?**

Naturally, neffe, that revelation produced the incomprehension that Tarstein anticipated. Don't forget that I was only 19 years old and that I still found myself shocked by the newly acquired faculty of hearing the Voice of Kiev, the Lord of Venus. However I was not startled and took his words with tranquility. Konrad Tarstein went on, apparently pleased by the null effect caused by his data.

–This is no ordinary house, Kurt. No sir, you are inside what we call a **liberated place**, an **oppidum**, that is, a space **won** to the Enemy. Even though you see only walls surrounding the built-up area, they only conceal a **strategic enclosure** called **Archemone** or **vallo obsesso**, which separates and isolates the place from the **Valplads** or enemy territory, that is to say, from the **campus belli**. You cannot perceive the Archemone because you are not yet Initiated and your Soul blocks the spiritual vision: only your Uncreated Spirit is apt to capture the **charismatic enclosure** of the Archemona. But you'll see, Kurt, you will see. And then you will understand that what seems impossible is real, and that the house **is not geometrically stable** because its structure does not participate exclusively of the Created Archetypes, like every house, but in it an uncreated element intervenes, the **Actual Infinite!**

After that announcement, Tarstein sighed and said:

–Here, Kurt, Time passes in a different way, out of sync with exterior Time, with the Time of the World. Therefore, in this freed space of the place, and with this own time, the construction **cannot be stable** and not only its sectors vary, but they do so in synchronization with the **internal Time: centuries and millennia of distance could be saved by walking through one of these doors**. Through one of such openings of time and space ever came my Ancestors, the Lords of Tharsis of the Germanic branch, who belonged to a medieval Order known historically as **Einherjar**: you should know that my last name Tarstein, means **"stone of Tharsis"**, in memory of a legendary House that traces its racial origins to the white Atlanteans, the white survivors of Atlantis. I know this will sound fantastic to you, but I am descended from a Lineage that remained hidden for centuries due to the tenacious persecution, mortal persecution, to which it was subjected by the Powers of Matter, that is to say, that Occult Hierarchy directed by dark extraterrestrial beings based in Chang Shambhala.

To be more clear: my family, the German branch of the Lords of Tharsis, was a native to Swabia, a country where they had settled with the greatest secrecy in the thirteenth century, fleeing from a legendary attack from the Demons that almost exterminated all our Lineage. There they remained for four centuries, preserving the Hyperborean Wisdom that had been entrusted in remote times to our House. In the 16th century, a Hyperborean Pontiff from England, founded at the court of Emperor Rudolph II, in Prague, the Einherjar Order, which aimed to develop and apply at all times of History an exact method to locate the advent of the Lord of the Absolute Will, the Envoy of the Lord of the War, that is, the Führer of the White Race. At that time, the Pontiff decided that the best Strategy for the sustainability and durability of the Order required that its members always belonged to eight lineages chosen among the Purest Bloodlines of Europe. The case was that one of the Princes summoned by the Pontiff belonged to my family, while another came from the House of Brandenburg, of a collateral lineage of the Hohenzollern. The Order worked in secret during the following centuries, forming Hyperborean Initiates and awaiting the times of the arrival of the Great Chief of the White Race. Its most important base of action was constituted by the **margraviate** of Brandenburg, which was from the twelfth century a hereditary principality enfeoffed with the Emperor. And precisely, the presence of the Order is no stranger to the subsequent rise of the House of Brandenburg over the remaining principalities of Europe, until the obtainment of the investiture of King reached by Frederick William III in 1791. Then Prussia was born, the State where the national guiding principle was honor, where the family was organized around the authoritarian and exemplary figure of the father, where the order reigned in all social classes, nobility, bourgeoisie and peasantry, because it was affirmed in the strongly rooted notions of the fulfillment of duty, saving, unconditional obedience of subordinates, in the entire subordination of officials, and in the most rigid military discipline.

But above all, Prussia was from the beginning a military state: two thirds of its budget was dedicated to supporting the powerful national army that inflicted defeats on France, Austria, Russia, etc., and imposed respect and admiration for the austere and stately Prussian "way of life". And along with the art of war, philosophy, literature and music were cultivated here. But none of this revolution was happening by chance: the Order was rehearsing, in a Society of Pure Blood, the New

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Order that the Führer, in his next coming, would apply to the whole of Germany and the World. That is why the Führer has never concealed his debt to Prussia and has made public his sympathy for Frederick II of Prussia and for Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor.

Well then, Kurt: the ancient Einherjar Order was so strong in the 19th century, that one of its Initiates was crowned King of Prussia in 1840. I am referring to Frederick William IV, politely called "Damian of Brandenburg" for his love of Eloquence and in memory of the famous rhetorician of Ephesus. He was the same King who had Marienburg rebuilt, the castle that served as residence in the Middle Ages to the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order; This restoration work, as you know, is currently being pursued by a special division of the ⚡, carrying out direct orders of the **Reichsführer** Himmler. And it was that same King who, considering that the ancient danger had yielded, and that the Demons could no longer prevent the New Order from being imposed on the World, authorized the creation of the surname **Tharstein** or **Tarstein**, contraction of **Tharsisstein**, accompanied by the noble title of Count and the right to display the family coat of arms in the Castle of the House. The Tarstein Castle is very close to here, Kurt, about 100 km. from Berlin, but I have not frequented it for many years because I am totally dedicated to work for the Thulegesellschaft and the Black Order ⚡.

Come Kurt; I will show you something very secret, and related to this topic.

He then led me down the outside corridor to a nearby room, hermetically sealed with double lock. Once inside, it revealed to my sight another large library: in two walls there must have been deposited four thousand books, many of them of evident antiquity; on another wall, one bookshelf was overflowing with documents and scrolls.

—All this material has a common characteristic: —he explained— it refers to the "Druids" and "druidism". Several of these documents are very secret and have been obtained at a high price: they come from all over Europe and correspond to all the ages, until today. It is, for sure, the most complete collection that no one has ever gathered about the Druids.

—But --I exclaimed surprised-- weren't the Druids historical figures already disappeared? You speak as if they still exist!

—A moment ago I mentioned the fact that my family, the House of Tharsis, was forced to flee seven centuries ago because of "an attack by the Demons"; well: those "Demons" were Druids, or "Golen", as my ancestors called them. And from then on, to my knowledge, their power has never decreased. On the contrary, it could be said that today it is stronger than ever. But keep this in mind, Kurt: if the Führer's Strategy succeeds, and some day the Third Reich ends up reigning over Humanity, one of our great esoteric battles we will have to fight against the Golen, who in Europe constitute a pillar of the Synarchy.

—But, who are they? where are they? I asked, stunned.

—In the Middle Ages its center of action was the Catholic Church —he answered thoughtfully— where, it seems like, they were fiercely fought by members of my family. After the fourteenth century, more specifically after the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templar that obeyed their inspiration, they spread and strengthened in various levels of European society. Nowadays there is hardly any organization where the Golen are not infiltrated.

I know that with this answer I do not clarify much. But later on I will describe the complex structure of the Synarchy and then you can understand functionally the role they currently play and you will be able to identify them easily. If I have now shown you this library and mentioned you the Golen, it is not to respond to the natural curiosity that this would arouse, but to give you a serious warning. Have you heard of the **hunting by species**?

—Well, I think so. Is it not that in which each hunter must kill a piece of a certain species? Like a game, in which a hunter must kill, for example, a hare, another a rabbit, a third a pheasant, the fourth a turkey, etc.?

—Exactly, Kurt --Tarstein confirmed-- Listen to this, then, and record it well in your brain: analogously to the hunting by species, **among the hunters of the Synarchy, the Druids are in charge of hunting the game of your species.**

I stared at him without understanding; or without wanting to understand. He repeated:

—...of your species, **Kurt von Sübermann.**

I could not say what was more amazing to me, if the story that Tarstein had narrated, undoubtedly true, or knowing that I was in front of a Count, a Nobleman of ancient lineage: by his citizen's appearance, by his humble and chivalrous treatment, by his clothing of doubtful quality, I would hardly had suspected. I also inherited a noble title; however something internal, an inexplicable intuition, told me that his Blood was purer, that his Lineage was older, that his nobility was superior to mine. Of his warning, about the danger of the Druids, of course, I took not the slightest notice.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Before leaving, he took some typewritten sheets from the bookshelf of documents and handed them to me. "They are –he told me– the transcription of the article '**Druidism**' from the Encyclopedia Britannica: read it; it will refresh your memory". He locked up the druidic library and we returned to the kitchen.

I was drinking another cup of tea, still confused by Tarstein's revelations, when the latter, who had left a moment before, returned.

–I went up to my study to look for this manuscript –he showed me a book, skillfully bound, and handwritten in exquisite Gothic characters. Its title is "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft". I wrote it using knowledge that is completely secret and that in Germany only a few Initiates know in part. You can read it later, but you should not take it out of this house because it is the only copy that exists and its secret contents could change the political organization of the planet if they fell into the hands of the Enemy. Here is explained, for example, how did the Initiates of the Einherjar Order do to determine that Adolf Hitler was the Führer of the White Race and how they guided him to Power; and the intermediate Orders they had to found, like the Germanenorden and the Thulegesellschaft, until reaching the Order possessing the Hyperborean Wisdom in the Highest Degree, that is, the Black Order **⚡**.

You can imagine how eagerly I looked at that manuscript, wishing to have the possibility to read it right there. The words sounded mysterious in Tarstein's mouth, and this impression was accentuated by the unreality of the place, where centuries were crossed with only walking a few meters of corridor.

–Your taupate Hess –Tarstein continued, changing the subject– I know him since he appeared in Munich in 1919. He was a young student of geopolitics when he joined the Thulegesellschaft that year. However we **recognized** in him one of the great Spirits of Germany, whom he came to be **the Squire of King Arthur. A Parsifal** whose mission would not be this time, the search for the Gral but the sacrifice of sitting in the **dangerous seat** during the **Kingdom's crisis**, that thirteenth place on the round table that can only be occupied by a **Pure Madman**, a Knight capable of making a **Madness of Love** to save the Kingdom. That is why Rudolph has always been close to the Führer, waiting for his time, as the faithful Knight.

And we must all wish that his opportunity never comes, for when Parsifal undertakes his mission, it will mean that King Arthur is wounded, and that the Kingdom is **terra gasta**.

I nodded at Tarstein's inquiring gaze, but this mute answer didn't impress him at all.

–You don't fully understand what I'm saying, right? So it should be because: who will be able to understand the pure madman? his mission is not earthly; the victory, if he triumphs, can only be celebrated in other Heavens. Few will be, yes, those who applaud the anonymous hero in Rudolph Hess. And yet on him depends, to a large extent, the triumph of the Führer.

How much meaning these words would have, which Tarstein told me in that first visit to Gregorstrasse 239, four years later, when in 1941 Rudolph bravely prepares to face the **elementalwesen!** But that Saturday in 1937 the war, and all the horror to come, were still far away, in a future that I could not suspect.

On the other hand, Tarstein's comments caused me a certain pride, in my capacity as godson of the prudent Rudolph Hess, and with a pleasant feeling I smiled foolishly, without deepening the hidden meaning behind the symbology of the Arthurian legend.

I will not elaborate on this first visit because it was not much more that we spoke. After an hour, as I recall, I left there plunged into a sea of doubts but with the firm intention to continue until the end.

Rudolph Hess had interposed his influence to make me reach Konrad Tarstein, whoever he was, and I was unwilling to let him down.

An hour later, on the train, I was reading the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica: it was not much what the English said about the Druids.

***"Druidism was the faith of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul until the time of the Romanization of their country, and of the Celtic population of the British Isles either up to the time of the Romanization of Britain, or, in parts remote from Roman influence, up to the period of the introduction of Christianity".***

***"From the standpoint of the available sources the subject presents two distinct fields for inquiry, the first being pre-Roman and Roman Gaul, and the second pre-Christian and early Christian Ireland and Pictland. In the present state of knowledge it is difficult to assess the interrelation of druidic paganism".***

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

***“Gaul: The earliest mention of druids is reported by Diogenes Laertius (Vita, intro., I and 5) and was found in a lost work by a Greek, Sotion of Alexandria, written about 200 B.C., a date when the greater part of Gaul had been Celtic for more than two centuries and the Greek colonies had been even longer established on the South coast”.***

***“The Gallic druids which were subsequently described by Caesar were an ancient order of religious officials, for when Sotion wrote they already possessed a reputation as philosophers in the outside world. Caesar’s account, however, is the mainspring of present information, and it is an especially valuable document as Caesar’s confidante and friend, the Aeduan noble Divitiacus<sup>33</sup>, was himself a Druid. Caesar’s description of the Druids (Comentarii de bello Gallico, vi) emphasizes their political and judicial functions”.***

***“Although they officiated at sacrifices and taught the Philo-sophy of their religion, they were more than priests; thus at the annual assembly of the order near Chartres, it was not to worship nor to sacrifice that the people came from afar, but to present their disputes for lawful trial. Moreover, it was not only minor quarrels that the Druids decided, for their functions included the investigation of the gravest criminal charges and even intertribal disputes”.***

–Himmel!, I exclaimed, while I suspended my reading for a moment: can it be that I'm so suggested by the Führer's Doctrine that I see Jews everywhere? Well, why deny it! those Priest-Judges, with their white ephod, seemed to me to be pure Hebrew Levites--. You are not wrong! --the Voice of Kiev affirmed in my mind--. The Druids **are** Hebrews! Someday you will know the Truth!  
I kept reading:

***“This, together with the fact that they acknowledged the authority of an Archdruid invested with supreme power, shows that their system was conceived on a national basis and was independent of ordinary intertribal jealousy; and if to this political advantage is added their influence over educated public opinion as the chief instructors of the young, and, finally, the formidable religious sanction behind their decrees, it is evident that before the clash with Rome the Druids must very largely have controlled the civil administration of Gaul”.***

This omnimode power, both in peace as in war, this intermediation between Heaven and Earth, this ability to “train the people” in all its strata, this power to legislate and judge, was it not analogous to that of an Aaron, a Joshua, a Samuel, Levites, that is, that tribe of Israel to whom Jehovah commissioned the mission of **officiating the Cult of the Law?** Questions without answer for now; but questions that gave way to very suggestive intuitions. This is how the article continued:

***“Of druidism itself, little is said except that the Druids taught the immortality of the human soul, maintaining that it passed into other bodies after death. This belief was identified by later writers, such as Diodorus Siculus, with the Pythagorean doctrine, but probably incorrectly, for there is no evidence that the druidic belief included the notion of a chain of successive lives as a means of ethical purification, or that it was governed by a doctrine of moral retribution having the liberation of the soul as the ultimate hope, and this seems to reduce the druidic creed to the level of ordinary religious speculation”.***

Very contradictory, I thought on the train. It is quite unlikely that barbarian peoples, such as the Celts, would submit by millions to the religious, moral and judicial leadership of Priest-Judges, retired in the forests, which only supported a “mere common religious speculation”. Something patent must be exhibited by the Druids, something more than mere rational speculation, something that for the Celts was the Truth.

***“Of the Theology of druidism, Caesar tells us that the Gauls, following the druidic teaching, claimed descent from a God corresponding with Dis in the Latin pantheon, and it is possible that they regarded him as a Supreme Being; he also adds that they worshipped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva, and had much the same notion about these deities as the rest of the world. In short, Caesar’s remarks imply that there was nothing in the***

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<sup>33</sup> Divitiacus is the same Druid “Viviciano” mentioned by Professor Ramírez in Book Three, Chapter III.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

**druidic creed, apart from the doctrine of immortality, that made their faith extraordinary, so that it may be assumed that druidism professed all the known tenets of ancient Celtic religion and that the Gods of the Druids were the familiar and multifarious deities of the Celtic pantheon”.**

Here the English author of the article crossed the line. Nowhere, before this last paragraph, he had said or suggested that the Druids were something different from the Celts, except “that they formed an official Order of Priests”. But now, clearly, he implied that he was truly ignorant of the beliefs of the Druids and **supposed** that they were the same ones that the ancient Celts held. So who were the Druids, if they weren’t Celts? And why did the Celts would have changed their Religion after the, now very likely, arrival of the Druids? Questions without answer. Questions for Konrad Tarstein.

**“The philosophy of druidism does not seem to have survived the test of Roman acquaintance, and was doubtless a mixture of astrology and mythical cosmogony. Cicero (De Divin., i, xli, 90) says that Divitiacus boasted a knowledge of physiologia, but Pliny decided eventually (Natural History, xxx, 13) that the lore of the Druids was little else than a bundle of superstitions. Of the religious rites themselves. Pliny (N.H., xvi, 249) has given and impressive account of the ceremony of culling the mistletoe, and Diodorus Siculus (Hist., v, 31, 2-5) describes their divinations by means of the slaughter of a human victim. Caesar having already mentioned the burning alive of men in wicker cages. It is likely that these victims were malefactors, and it is accordingly possible that such sacrifices were rather occasional national purgings than the common practice of the Druids”.**

Was I wrong, or was the Encyclopedia trying, with a subjective argument, to leave the Druid assassins on their feet? Because it is one thing to be an executioner, unpleasant but socially necessary task, and quite another to be a Priest sacrificer of human victims: executioners can be justified by man, since the executed person is guilty of breaking the law; killing the one who breaks the common law is commonly comprehensible: simply eliminates the one who is incapable of living in community; but the Priests kill to appease a God of the which they are his representatives, and propitiate a human sacrifice that is commonly incomprehensible; only They present it as necessary and only The God can justify them. I realized then that it was a great favor that the English were doing them by presenting the crimes of such sinister Priests as natural acts of justice.

**“The advent of the Romans quickly led to the downfall of the druidic order. The rebellion of Vercingetorix must have ended their intertribal organization, since some of the tribes held aloof from the conflict or took the Roman side; furthermore, at the beginning of the Christian era their cruel practices brought the Druids into direct conflict with Rome, and led, finally, to the official suppression of Druidism”.**

And the contradictions continued. A legalistic people like the Roman, how did it not understand that the ritual murders of the Druids were positive acts of justice, according to the conviction that the writer expressed lines further back? Or perhaps the editor, a connoisseur of history, struggled between his duty to present the true facts **and an order from the Directors of the Encyclopedia, or from other persons of singular influence, by which he was forced to exalt the good of Druidism, very little indeed, and to hide the bad, that was too much, or to sweeten the undeniable?** As you will see, neffe, this was Konrad Tarstein's theory.

**“At the end of the 1st century their status had sunk to that of mere magicians, and in the 2nd century there is no reference to them. A poem of Ausonius, however, shows that in the 4th century there were still people in Gaul who boasted of druidic descent”.**

**“British Isles: There is one mention of Druids in Great Britain as contemporaries of the Gallic clergy, and that is the reference to them by Tacitus (Annals, xiv, 30) from which it is learned that there were elders of that name in Anglesey in A.D. 61; but there is no mention of the Druids in the whole of the history of Roman England, and it may be questions whether there ever were any Druids in the eastern provinces that had been subjected, before the Roman invasion, to German influence”.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*“On the other hand, there were certainly Druids in Ireland and Scotland, and there is no reason to doubt that the order reaches back in antiquity at least to the 1st or 2nd century B.C.; the word drai (Druid) can only be traced to the 8th-century Irish glosses, but there is a strong tradition current in Irish literature that the Druids and their lore (druidecht) were either of an aboriginal or Pictish origin. As to Wales, apart from the existence of Druids in Anglesey there is little to be said except that the earliest of the bards (the Cynfeirdd) very occasionally called themselves derwyddon”.*

*“The Irish Druid was a notable person, figuring in the earliest sagas as prophet teacher and magician; he did not possess, nevertheless, the judicial powers ascribed by Caesar to the Gallic Druids, nor does he seem to have been a member of a national college an Archdruid at its head”.*

*“Further, there is no mention in any of the texts of the Irish Druids presiding at sacrifices, though they are said to have conducted idolatrous worship and to have celebrated funeral and baptismal rites. They are best described as seers who were, for the most part, sycophants of princes”.*

*“Origin: some confusion is avoided if a distinction is made between the origin of the Druids and the origin of druidism. Of the officials themselves, it seems most likely that their order was purely Celtic, and that it originated in Gaul, perhaps as a result of contact with the developed society of Greece; but druidism, on the other hand, is probably in its simplest terms the pre-Celtic and aboriginal faith of Gaul and the British Isles that was aposted with little modification by the migrating Celts. It is easy to understand that this faith might acquire the special distinction of antiquity in remote districts, such as Britain, and this view would explain the belief expressed by Caesar that the discipline of Druidism was of insular origin”.*

*“The etymology of the word Druid is still doubtful, but the old orthodox view taking dru as a strengthening prefix and uid as meaning “knowing”, whereby the Druid was a very learned man, has been abandoned in favour of a derivation from an oak word. Pliny’s derivation from Greek (δρυς) is, however, improbable”.*

*“A great revival of interest in the Druids, largely promulgated by the archaeological theories of Aubrey and Stukeley and by romanticism generally, took place in the XVIII and XIX centuries. One outcome of this interest was the invention of “neodruidism”, an extravagant mixture of helio-arkite theology and Welsh bardic lore, and another result is that more than one society has professed itself as inheriting the traditional knowledge and faith of the early Druids. The United Ancient Order of Druids, however, a friendly society founded in the XVIII century, makes no such claim”.*

Uncle Kurt had handed me an article from the Encyclopedia Britannica, identical to the one Tarstein made him read in Germany in 1937. Considering what I had learned lately about the Druids, ever since they murdered Belicena Vilca, and after reading her letter and receiving the masterful explanations of Professor Ramírez, it is natural that I shared the criteria of Konrad Tarstein, in the sense that this article was too summarized and ambiguous to justify its inclusion in such a prestigious work: the first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica dated from 1771, so it might be expected that in 1930 they would have gathered enough material on the Druids to compose a more extensive and complete article. But it was obvious that the English did not want to delve into the history of some ancient and forgotten Priests, that could kill today with renewed efficiency.

—On the second visit I made to Konrad Tarstein --Uncle Kurt recalled-- he approved my reasoning and assured me that what happened in the article was the most common occurrence, and that he wanted to alert me about it; that’s why he had given it to me: to put me on alert that an incredible European conspiracy denied the information or distorted it, in order to prevent that glances from undesirables could fall on a subject that the most powerful synarchic forces were interested in hiding. And he alerted me again about the, incomprehensible by then, circumstance that ***I was the prey that they would set out to hunt.***

Anyway, neffe; regarding the information it was easy to verify that Tarstein was correct and that he did not admit a simple explanation of the druidic occultation carried out in England. This will be obvious if you make an enlightening comparison. For example, read the article ***“Druid”*** of the Encyclopedic Dictionary of Montaner and Simón, which is edited in Barcelona at the end of the XIX



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

century, and you will have no doubt that the English publication is affected by a strange rickets, although in the Spanish essay you see the same purpose of making the Druids look good.

Immediately afterwards, Uncle Kurt placed Volume VII of the Encyclopedic Dictionary in my hands, a work in 25 volumes that was undoubtedly smaller in size than the Encyclopedia Britannica. I looked for the aforementioned article and read:

**DRUID** (from the lat. druida; from the cimric druiz or deruiz, from dervo, holm oak): m. Priest of the ancient Gauls and Britons.

—**Druid**: Hist. Much has been argued about the etymology of the word druid. Etymologists have even turned to Hebrew dictionaries to see if they found anything in them that would give them any idea about it. The druid name is an appellative like most radical nouns of all languages. In Gallic language *draoi* or *druids* means diviner, augur, magician, and *druidheatch* divination and magic. It's also been said that this word is derived from the Greek voice **δρυς** which means holm oak, because they dwelt and taught their doctrines in the forests, and because, as Pliny the Elder says, they did not make their sacrifices except at the foot of a holm oak; but this etymology, even if it has in its favor the reason of antiquity, since it is from the time of Pliny, does not for that reason cease to seem purely whimsical, for it is not very natural that Druids were to take their name from a foreign voice. Others hold that word *druid* is derived from the British voice **dru** or **drew**, which also means holm oak, and that the Greek word **δρυς** is derived from this. Of the many Eastern etymologies that have been presented seems the most acceptable the Sanskrit form *druwidh*, which means *poor indigent*, because the druids, like the priests of all nations, had to take a vow of poverty. The arguments in favor of the eastern origin of the druids are very worthy to be addressed, since not for other reasons, because it has been accepted by many writers of antiquity. Diogenes Laertius and Aristotle place the druids and the Chaldeans alongside the Persian and Indian magicians, opinion shared with them by a large number of writers. The divinity of the brahmins bears a great resemblance to the druidic divinity. The importance that the druids gave to oxen is another singular coincidence; the druidic mysteries also have great analogy with the mysteries of India. In the magic rod of the druids you can see the cane sacred to the brahmins. Both had the same consecrated objects: they wore cloth tiaras, and the symbolic circle of Brahma, as the crescent, symbol of Siva, were druidic ornaments. Great were also the analogies between the idea that the Druids had of a Supreme Being and that found in the sacred works of India; so it does not seem very risky to suppose great relations between druids and Indian and Persian priests.

There were druids not only in the Britain inhabited by Gallic peoples, but also in the Cisalpine Gaul and the southern valley of the Danube, also inhabited by Gallic peoples; but there were none in Germania, as without any foundation claim those who say that the Germans are the brothers of the Gauls and are called by the imaginary name of Celts; or more clearly and definitively, the priests of the Germans did not bear the name of Druids.

According to Caesar, in his work *De Bello Gallico*, in whose book VI he deals with the manners and customs of the Gauls and Germans, druidic science was invented in Brittany and from there it went to Gaul. Although it is evident that Gaul was inhabited before Brittany and the Ireland, strictly speaking, it is possible that the hierarchical organization of the druid corps and the system of its doctrine was invented in Brittany. However, it is more credible that there were several schools of druids in the Continent and in the islands, and that one or some of Brittany were more famous for the instruction given in it or in them would be more complete. Indeed, Caesar does not say that everyone who wanted to enter the druid class were obliged to go to study in Brittany, but those who wanted a more complete instruction. A new proof that Brittany was not the main center of the druid organization, is that their general assemblies were held in a consecrated forest, in the country of the Carnutes, which was considered the center of Gaul. It has been believed that this forest was in the vicinity of Dreux, and that this city took its name from the druids; but this is no more than an assumption, since Dreux's name (*Duro-Cath* or *Caz*) means *a fort near a river*.

In the work already cited *De Bello Gallico*, Caesar says that all men who belonged to the upper classes in Gaul, figured, already among the nobles, already among the druids. These were the ones in charge of the religious leadership of the town, as well as the main interpreters and keepers of the laws. The druids had the power to impose the most severe punishments to those who refused to submit to their decisions.

Among the penalties that could be imposed, the most feared was that of expulsion from society. The Druids were not a hereditary caste, were exempt from field service and paying tribute, and for these exceptions and privileges all the young men of Gaul aspired to be admitted to the Order. The tests to which a novice had to submit sometimes lasted twenty years. All Druidic science or

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

instruction is communicated orally, but for certain propositions they had a written language, in which they used the Greek characters. The President of the Order, whose office was elective and for life, exercised over all the individuals that formed it a supreme authority. The Druids taught that the soul was immortal. Astrology, Geography, Theology, and Physical Sciences were their favorite studios. The Gauls did not make human sacrifices except in very rare cases, and in them great criminals were sacrificed. All that is known about the religious doctrines taught by the Druids boils down to some fragments found in various works by writers of the antiquity, and particularly in Caesar, Diodorus of Sicily, Valerius Maximus, Lucanus, Cicero, etc. From these fragments it turns out that they believed, as already has been said, in the immortality of the soul and its existence in another world, being death nothing else than the point or moment of separation of two existences. From this belief it is only natural that it would derive that of the prize and punishment in the afterlife, a belief that naturally explains the indomitable courage of the Gauls and their contempt for death. They taught the position and movement of the stars and the magnitude of Heaven and Earth, that is to say that they were dedicated to the study of Astronomy, and without a doubt that of Astrology. Cicero says that they also devoted themselves to the study of the secrets of nature and of Physiology. From this was born their claim to possess the science of Divination and Magic. Their more important study was the theological study, but about it there are no certain data, its theological system being very little known, because the Greek and Latin writers, speaking of the name and the functions and attributes of the druidic deities, referred them to their own theogony; So only conjectures can be made to which the etymological study can give some probabilities. Caesar says that their main divinity was Mercury, that he presided over the Arts, travel and Commerce. They followed after, in order of importance, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva. Lucan and other writers place Teutates at the head of the gods, and after him Hesos, Belenos, Taranos and Hercules Ogmios. Caesar adds that the druids claimed to be descended from *Dis*, a name that he translated as meaning Pluto, and that it was due to this origin that they counted by nights and not by days. This opinion is evidently erroneous, and the error arose from the fact that Dis or Day was among the Gauls one of the names of the Supreme Being, whom they called also Esar or the Eternal and *Abais* or *Aiboll*, the infinite. *Belenos* or *Beal* or *Beas*, was one of the names of the Sun, which was also called *Abils* or *Atheithin* the hot, and *Granius* or *Grianu* the luminous. *Teutates* or *Tuitheas* was the god of fire, death and destruction.

In dealing with the religious beliefs of Gaul it is necessary to cite the opinion of the famous writer Thirrey. According to him, the religious beliefs of the Gauls referred to two bodies of symbols and superstitions, two completely different religions: a very old one, founded on a polytheism derived from the worship of natural phenomena, and the other the druidism, introduced lately by the immigrants of the Cimbrian race, founded on a metaphysical and mysterious material pantheism. The main deities of the Celtic peoples were those already mentioned and *Ogmo Ognius*, god of the science of eloquence, represented under the figure of an old man armed with a mace and bow, followed by captives held by the ears with chains of gold and amber that came from the mouth of the god. In addition to the main divinities the druids had other divinities already assimilated to Mars, like *Camul*, *Camulus*, *Segomon*, *Belaturcadus* and *Catuix*, and to Apollo, like *Mogounus* and *Granus*, and also other divinities who were the deification of natural phenomena, such as *Tarann*, *Tarannis*, thunder; *Kerk Circius*, impetuous wind from the Northeast, or deification of mountains, forests, cities, like *Pennin*, god of the Alps; *Vosege*, *Vosegins*, god of the Vosges, *Ardaena*, *Arduinna*, assimilated to Diana, goddess of the forest of the Ardennes; *Nemansus*, *Vesontis*, *Luxovia*, *Nennerius*, *Bornonia*, *Damona*, local deities of Nimes, Besancón, Luxeuil, Neris, of Bourbon, Lancy. *Epona* was the protector goddess of the grooms and the horse trainers.

The druids were highly revered by the people; they led an austere life and far from the relationship with other men; they dressed in a singular way; they usually wore a tunic that reached even below the knee. Endowed with supreme power they imposed penalties, declared war and made peace; they could depose the magistrates and even the king, when their actions were contrary to the laws of the State; they had the privilege of appointing the magistrates who annually governed the cities, and kings were not elected without their approval. Caesar says that only the nobles could enter the druidic order, while Porfirius maintains that it was enough to enjoy the right of citizenship. It's however, hard to believe that a corp as powerful as the druidic admitted into its bosom individuals who did not belong to a determined caste. The druids were the first order of the nation; they were judges in most public and private matters; they knew of all crimes, murder, hereditary issues, questions about property, and those sentenced to this punishment were considered as infamous and impious; they looked abandoned by everyone, even from their relatives; everyone fled from them, in order not to see each other tainted by their contact, and they lost all their civil rights and the protection of the laws and the Courts. The veneration that was given to druids was so great that if they came between

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

two combatant armies they ceased fighting immediately, and the combatants submitted to their arbitration.

As previously stated, in the opinion of the writers of the antiquity, the druidic doctrine was unwritten, transmitted orally, and novices were obliged to study for twenty years to possess the science. It seems, however, that this assertion is wrong, and that the error comes from the care with which the druids concealed their science from the profane. With age the memory inevitably weakens, and if nothing else had been written, it would have to result, necessarily, that the bosses, that is, the oldest, would be inferior to the youngest in the details of their doctrine. The druids had a sacred writing that, according to tradition, was called **Ogham**. It is thus probable that they had written books with those characters, which perhaps were, as indicated above, Greek characters, but this does not mean, as some have believed, that they wrote in Greek. Unfortunately none of those books have reached the present time. Those who escaped the edicts of the Roman emperors in Gaul and Brittany were destroyed by the early Christian propagandists, by Saint Patrick in Ireland and Saint Columba in Scotland.

The corp of the druids was divided into several classes: the druids themselves, the diviners, the saronids, the semnotes, the silodurs and bards. Regarding the latter, some authors think they should not to be listed among the druids, and others claim that the bards were a corporation of ministers dedicated to religious worship, which preceded the order or corporation of the druids. The bards, the same as the skalds of the Germans, were but poets attached to the chiefs, and who were in charge of singing the great deeds of heroes, of improvising praise and eulogies, funeral prayers and war songs. Did they also celebrate the mysteries of their religion as did the skalds? This is a question that cannot be answered, because among the songs of the bards that have been preserved there isn't any that contains nothing relative to dogmas or ceremonies of any religion. Divination was the common attribute of the druids, they were all soothsayers, and there is no reason to divide them into classes, under this aspect, except for the exercise of the different functions they performed. The semnotes, word derived from *sainch* (ecstasy) were the ecstatic or contemplators; the *silodurs* were the instructors or institutors, and took their name from the word *realadh*, which means teaching, and finally the saronids must have not formed a special class, but the chiefs should have been called like that, since the name saronids is derived from *sar-navidh* or *sar-nidh*, which means very venerable; therefore, it's to be believed that *saronid* was a title and not a new class in the druidic order.

There were also *druidesses*, sometimes the women or daughters of the druids, or simply additions to the corporation, for it is not possible to admit that the druids allowed the exercise of magic, divination and priesthood to women who did not belong to the druidic body and weren't subjected to its discipline. And it is undoubted that there were, because History speaks of vestal Gauls of the Isle of Sen, seers and magicians. Those who predicted to Aurelius and Diocletian that they would be emperors, and to Severus Alexander his dire fate, were druidesses. An inscription found in Metz gives the name druidess to the priestess *Avete (Druiis antistisa)*.

In Thierry's opinion, druidism was already in decline before the time of Caesar. For some time, the nobles for a part and the people on the other, jealous of the great power of the druids, managed to gradually reduce their political influence.

Reynaud, one of the writers who have best studied druidism, argues that the ancient druids were the first to teach with great clarity the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and that they had such a perfect conception of the true nature of God, like the Jews themselves. If they later tolerated the cults of other divinities, it was in order to reconcile druidism with the ideas professed by the uneducated classes most willing to believe in demigods and divinities than to conceive a single God. According to Reynaud, druidism declined and finally disappeared, because it lacked an element of life necessary in every religion: love or charity. Christianity gave that element and druidism disappeared; but it disappeared after having accomplished an important mission: the conservation in a part of Europe of the idea of the unity of God. If this theory, supported by very incomplete data, or in more or less correct reasonings to prove among the Gauls certain ideas about the true nature of God and his relations with man, which later degenerated into vulgar superstition, is true or not, is a question that should not be discussed here.

### Chapter XVIII

As you can imagine, neffe Arturo, just now, when reading Belicena Villca's letter, I have managed to understand that reference made by Konrad Tarstein to that his family constituted the "German

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

branch" of the House of Tharsis. He was evidently one of Vrunalda's descendants of Tharsis, and, according to his later confidences, that were very sparing on this subject, he was also the last offspring of his House; but I couldn't tell if by that he meant "the last Initiate" or really alluded to representing the last member of his lineage. But one thing is certain: that Captain Kiev's prophecy, that Belicena Villca transcribes on Day 50 of her letter, had been strictly complied with, given that the Einherjar Order, not only administered the Hyperborean Initiation to the Führer, but that someone belonging to the "Vrunaldian branch of the House of Tharsis", **"What an Honor for him!"**, he would be **"next to the Great White Chief when he declared the Total War to the Powers of Matter. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the First Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of the War!"**

Yes, Arturo, Kiev's prophecy was fulfilled mathematically, and there is no reason why to doubt that the second prediction, the one referring to the descendants of Valentina de Tharsis, is not to be met too. It is worth saying that the mission of Belicena Villca and her son Noyo must be successful for the Second Coming of the Führer: **"that Lineage of Tharsis, what a Glory for it! will actively participate in the Final Battle. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Second Coming of the Envoy of the Warlord!"**

Belicena Villca, the last Initiate descendant of Valentina de Tharsis has died murdered by the Druids. But her son Noyo, by all indications, has managed to carry out his mission. If this is so, Arturo, how close we are to the Final battle! How near is the Second Coming of the Führer! The Essential War will be unleashed once more on Earth and the Liberator Gods will return to guide the awakened men towards the Infinite Origin of their Eternal Spirit! Oh, Arturo, your presence, and the message of which you are the bearer, has closed a circle of my life, opened more than forty years ago, and has restored my faith in the ideals of the Black Order! For that, I will never stop thanking you!

—Calm down, Uncle Kurt, calm down --I begged--. It's not me who you should give thanks but to the Gods, to those mysterious Race brothers who have guided us towards the triple coincidence between Belicena Villca, you and I. It is clear that we all participate in the same story, we play roles in the same script, we are characters of the same plot. You must finish telling me your life to try, later, to plan the current form of our movements, to adjust to the Great Strategy of the Gods, which undoubtedly expect something from us and that is why they have brought us together, in short, not to commit irreparable mistakes.

—You're right, neffe. But we will continue tomorrow, as time has passed without noticing it and it is already 2 in the morning. I'll just add something about the strange reference that Tarstein made on Rudolph Hess' mystical "madness". I anticipate you that, indeed, when my taupate decides to make his historic flight and parachute into England, his act can only be described as "madness". This from a political point of view, and even a military strategic one. But different will be the opinion of those who observe the facts with an esoteric and initiatory perspective. Because Rudolph's "madness" is analogous to Belicena Villca's madness when she decides to develop a diversionary tactic to enable the movements of her son Noyo: she knew perfectly well that her act was risky, which would attract the persecution of the Golen and they would end up capturing and executing her: she knew it and yet she did not hesitate to act, to sacrifice her life, for the Strategy of the Loyal Gods to triumph. In the same way, Rudolph surrenders himself to the Golen Druids of the Golden Dawn Order, that is, to his representative, the Golen Duke of Hamilton, for he intends to distract the Enemy to aid the Führer's movements. What would the Führer gain after Rudolph Hess' "madness"? Well, **a humanly invaluable goal: after the "capture" of Rudolph Hess, the Druids could no longer "open" a Gate to Shambhala in England, they would be cut off from the Abodes of the Traitor Gods and the White Fraternity, and only from Asia could they reestablish that contact.**

—You will wonder why such an effect was produced, by virtue of what Power Rudolph achieved that miracle, and I will anticipate you that it happened **by his mere presence**, thanks to the Sign of the Origin that he, like you and I, displayed without noticing it. So it was, neffe; and later I will tell you in detail the true esoteric operation that meant Rudolph's trip to England, a fact that has been stupidly interpreted after the war. But long before, tomorrow perhaps, you will know the Doctrine that the Black Order sustained about the Power of the Sign of the Origin.

We retired to our rooms in the utmost silence, each one immersed in his own thoughts. I, of course, couldn't get over the astonishment when verifying how perfectly the stories of Belicena Villca and Uncle Kurt fit together. And I kept wondering how this adventure would end, now that undoubtedly I would have the support of Uncle Kurt to search for Belicena Villca's son.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### Chapter XIX

It was 9 in the morning and a light drizzle was falling outside.

We had both slept little and we knew it. But both, too, sensed that time was running out, that that tranquility that we enjoyed would not last long.

Uncle Kurt sipped the last drink of his coffee and went on with the story.

—In the Nordic **Ordensburg of Crossinsee**, as I said, I stayed three months. Within a month of being there, I visited Konrad Tarstein for the first time and the next two months I went to Gregorstrasse 239 every Saturday because **⚡ Oberführer** Papp had managed a permanent commission for me in Berlin on weekends. It wasn't difficult like this for me to travel from Prussia to Berlin, but I feared, in those days, that I would not be able to do it with the same ease from the **Vogelsang Ordensburg** much further afield, in the Rhineland West.

In those two months, as Tarstein was instructing me in the secrets of the Thulegesellschaft, I felt towards him a growing affection and admiration. Soon the poor initial impression was totally buried before his fascinating personality and I must say that I would have not hesitated to strike at any insolent who dared to express aloud some of what I myself, the first day, had thought about Tarstein. That's how thoughtless youth is!

The "arrangement" that Rudolph Hess and Konrad Tarstein had made about my person was that I had to go to Gregorstrasse 239 for a certain time in order to be instructed in the **Hyperborean Wisdom**, that that was the "Occult Philosophy" of the **true** Thulegesellschaft. This preparation, which would enable me to receive the **Hyperborean Initiation**, would be imparted by the Tarstein himself, a rare honor as I have been noted many times, that was never granted to anyone. It is that Tarstein was, as I came to understand over time, one of the most important men in Germany because of his secret hierarchy in the Thulegesellschaft.

According to Konrad Tarstein in order to receive the Hyperborean Initiation I had to purify myself previously. To that end, he introduced me to that wonderful knowledge that the Hyperborean Wisdom is. But, I must clarify, this teaching does not constitute mere knowledge, an information suspended in the memory to be used in rational judgments. On the contrary Tarstein recommended not to memorize in the least and, if possible, forget what was discussed, since the objective of the instruction aimed to **awaken the Blood Memory**, a phenomenon that could only be achieved if the knowledge acquired acted gnostically on the primordial Hyperborean lineage that constitutes the **Divinity of the virya**.

This is how I was an amazed witness --amazed in all the degrees of astonishment, to the point of horror-- of stories and explanations that surpass the imaginable, at least what I could imagine, in that fantastic Hyperborean Cosmogony of the Thulegesellschaft. If there was a heresiological scale to measure those ideas that deviate profoundly from the "Western Culture" in its Judeo-Christian conception, I could affirm that many of Tarstein's exhibits would rank high on that scale of heresies. Because if a heresy is what contradicts a Dogma (that's why there are Catholic, Buddhist, Islamic heresies, etc.), what about a philosophy that questions the **totality** of human existence with all its Dogmas, Philosophies, Religions and Sciences, which tries to change the historical course, which affirms the possibility of the transmutation of the semi-divine man or virya into immortal Siddha, who, in short, has declared war on Jehovah Satan's material powers, owners of the World, of History and of the majority of men? Let us agree that in Heresiology such ideas would occupy a distinguished place.

I say this because by embracing concepts that deviate from or oppose the "Western Culture" one must be aware of the degree of "estrangement" or "opposition" in which you are situated with respect to it to behave prudently and avoid future evils...

And I was aware that the things I heard and the effect they had on me foretold irreversible behavioral changes. However that did not concern me because I had a goal that overshadowed all personal prevention and made any intention to back down appear like pure selfishness. That goal, that objective for which I had all my desires, was the German fatherland: **Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Führer**<sup>34</sup>.

You will understand now, neffe, that I lived and acted **within a Hyperborean Mystic** and that the **charismatic link** with the Führer was growing, as I delved deeper into the Mystery of the Thulegesellschaft.

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<sup>34</sup> **Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Führer**: National Socialist motto. Literally "One Empire, One People, One Chief".

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

On my first visits to Gregorstrasse 239 I felt so confident in Konrad Tarstein, that one afternoon I did not hesitate to tell him about my strange experience with the Voice of the Hyperborean Kiev. This confidence did not seem to impress him as he watched me for a long time in silence and then he said to me:

–Tell me Kurt, have you told anyone else about that perception?

–No --I answered--. I planned to tell Taufpate Hess about it but I have not yet been able to see him since I returned from Egypt.

–Then we will make a deal: --said Tarstein-- you will reveal to no one that you are in possession of that charisma outside of **your own Circle** in the Thulegesellschaft.

–I promise --I said promptly-- but, who make up my Circle?

–Oh, young Kurt, you should know that a Circle of the Thulegesellschaft is not determined by a **number** of people, as in the exoteric organizations promoted by the Synarchy, but by a **qualitative relationship** called **charismatic link**. The charismatic link is independent of the number and, as every closed Circle of the Thulegesellschaft it exists as such thanks to the charismatic link, being members of the Circle those who **experience** that relationship.

–But how do the members of a Circle really recognize each other? --I asked a bit disconcerted by such gibberish.

–The recognition is internal. **It is simply known** that this or that virya belongs to your own Circle. Of course in outer Circles, made up of **uninitiated** members, some traditional forms of the Secret Societies are practiced for the meeting and recognition, that's to say "the Sanctuary" and "the password"; but this is done temporarily, attending to the urgency that certain investigations require. The real Spirit of the Thulegesellschaft is not in the outer Circles, which will be promptly eliminated after the Total War, but in the inner Circles, those that are rigorously Hyperborean. In them, I repeat, the recognition is interior, **it is known with the blood**.

–So I could not **recognize** the members of my Circle...

–...as long as you don't receive the Hyperborean Initiation --Tarstein completed.

–...and since I promised not to talk about **my charisma**...

–...you won't --Tarstein continued again-- as long as you don't receive the Initiation.

–Well, I feel a bit cheated --I said, smiling.

–You must not take it the wrong way Kurt, but this is a matter of the **highest reserve**. You must thank the trust that you inspire us that we do not have **your immediate separation and hospitalization** for the duration of the instruction that we are giving you. If the Enemy, that is, the Synarchy, was simply suspicious of your charisma you would be executed without waiting for confirmation. And that is something that neither the Thulegesellschaft nor the ⚡ can allow. Your thing is important Kurt.

–Is it so important? --I asked, impressed by the veiled menace that I guessed after Tarstein's kind words.

–Very important Kurt. See it this way: you have the Sign of Lucifer, you possess remarkable psychic qualities and you are an **Ostenführer** of the ⚡, doesn't it seem to you too much to be casual? Well, this is not casual!

He stared at me for a long time as if doubting whether he should continue. Finally he said:

–You are the person we have been waiting for twenty years to lead a special mission. So important, Kurt, so important, that maybe the fate of the Third Reich and, why not? that of the Aryan Race depend on it.

I was stunned by this revelation and, in my confusion, I thought I was being the victim of a joke. But no matter how hard I scrutinized Konrad Tarstein's impassive face I could find nothing to confirm this assumption.

–I... --I stammered-- I never dreamed of being part of a mission of such nature. Besides, I don't think I deserve it.

–**Be part of?** --Tarstein interrupted excitedly-- be part of, you say? **Ha, Ha, Ha** --he laughed frantically-- You will not **be part** Kurt, **you will only carry out the mission**.

Who else could do it? --he asked as if to himself.

You will know everything Kurt --he continued now looking into my eyes--. But keep in mind that this is not about choosing. Neither you, nor I, nor anyone else can choose because **the choice has already been made**, in another sphere of conscience, in another World. We have no choice but to face our Destiny, which is also the destiny of humanity, and to be grateful for having been appointed for such an august task. Our God, Kristos Lucifer, is the Most Beautiful Lord, but is also the Most intrepid, Father of Courage; we must not even dream of disappointing Him.

–Nothing more would I want than to serve the fatherland and humanity --I said giddily-- but it is that I am surprised by everything you say. I don't understand how can I be such an important piece

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in this game and the responsibility overwhelms me. How to live knowing that it is in my hands to obtain something that is precious for the Third Reich and the Aryan Race? I, as every Comrade, and more being an ⚡ Officer, I'm willing to die for our ideals when so disposed, but from now on, I would not want to live with the anguish of failing prematurely, of not being able to comply. Do you understand Tarstein? I am terrified of the time left before the denouement. If there is something so important to do, I would like to do it as soon as possible.

--Well, you should be patient!! --Tarstein stated, almost shouting--. Even if it's a minute or a century away you must not demonstrate any alteration or conduct inappropriate of the **Kshatriya**.

Remember, you are a Knight, a **Warrior Monk**, you must behave accordingly. You will soon be an Initiate and then fulfill your Destiny.

I nodded, embarrassed by the well-deserved reprimand I received from Tarstein. But that day we did not talk about it anymore.

### Chapter XX

Well, neffe --Uncle Kurt said after lunch, his eyes strangely bright-- we are approaching the most important part of my life, the moment when I received the Initiation and I was entrusted with that unusual mission, that operation that Tarstein valued so much and that was still incomprehensible to me.

--At that time, with Tarstein as instructor, I learned a lot. He seemed to know everything and I used to feel ashamed because, after so many years of **NAPOLA**, I was only able to follow him attentively in his exhibitions but I felt incompetent to complete on my own anything he said. Yet Tarstein came to console me in his paradoxical way:

--Don't worry Kurt, it's just confusion, blood impurity. But you're going faster than you think. You will soon know everything, **you will wake up** and then, if you wish, you will be able to master as much Science as the greatest Sage. Of course our Hyperborean Science is a cursed Science for this satanic world. But that should not worry you as the Siddha is really **one** and has no need for nothing but Himself. For the Hyperborean Wisdom there are three kinds of men. The **pasu**, which was conceived by the Demiurge organizer of matter, Jehovah Satan, and that only under certain conditions can be considered "man", being more accurate to call him animal man. Also there is the **virya**, which is basically a pasu of **Hyperborean lineage**, that is, a pasu that **has mixed his blood** with an immortal Siddha, a Mystery that you will understand in the course of your instruction. Viryas are to a greater or lesser extent **disoriented or lost** by the confusion of Blood and only the **memory contained in the Blood** could purify them. That's what the Führer's **Strategy** aims at; to that and **to put an end to the Kaly Yuga** or Dark Age.

Keep in mind that a pasu can never be a semi-divine virya, but that a virya can be **fully descended** to the level of pasu by an ultimate blood confusion. And finally there are the Loyal Siddhas, those who came with Kristos Lucifer to Earth millions of years ago and belong to a "Hyperborean" Race, another Mystery that you will later understand clearly since the terms "Hyperborean" and "Thule" have almost nothing to do with the legends of antiquity.

Thus they are Siddhas, viryas and pasu, in the Hyperborean sense that I have given and not as these terms are commonly understood in Tibet, the three "categories" of men with whom you will have to get used to reasoning from now on. To this add an important concept: "the Synarchy organizes and plans the world for the pasu and the lost viryas. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches how the virya must be purified to recover the Vril and transmute from a mortal semi-divine in Immortal Divine Hyperborean".

I have to tell you something, Kurt, that should fill you with legitimate pride. Your parapsychic analysis of "hearing the Voice of Kiev", even if you have not followed the guidelines of the Hyperborean Wisdom to conquer this charisma has led you to the correct conclusion. I mean, your claim that it is necessary to **"dispose the Spirit to remember"**, as the best attitude before the danger of rationalizing the psychic phenomenon by formulating an equivalent question, strictly matches our philosophy. It is "disposing the Spirit to remember" how to access the Blood Memory. And this previous step, inevitable to obtain the Hyperborean Initiation, you have taken it alone, a feat that should, like I said, make you proud.

For these last words it might be thought that Tarstein, versed in Occult themes, was a dreamy and uncreditable person in rigorous questions, as is usually the case. And nothing would be more erroneous than such an appreciation because although I have not met anyone who knew as him about Occultism, Hermetic Philosophy or Religions, that was only a part of his immense knowledge. In those 30s Germany, in full industrial deployment, was a giant of Science. And Konrad Tarstein knew everything. He was a scholar of German knowledge in all its nuances: he mastered superior

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

mathematics at their highest level, chemistry, physics, biology, the many industrial technologies, etc. Not to mention the humanistic field where his mastery of ancient and modern Philosophies, Logic, Philology, Psychology, etc., was scary. How to define such a man? And the most difficult: how to transmit his thought without distorting it? Sure enough, neffe, I wouldn't have been able to expose the Hyperborean Wisdom to you; and if now I can talk with you about it is thanks to those extraordinary Initiates, Belicena Villca and Nimrod de Rosario. Remember that Oskar Feil claimed that only Tarstein's could compare to the Hyperborean Wisdom of Nimrod de Rosario: I am sure that Belicena Villca would have said the same. Thanks to them, *neffe*, I will be able to entrust you with this part of my life, which would be incomprehensible to any interlocutor who did not know the foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom.<sup>o</sup>

So I will be brief, since you perfectly understand what I mean. Konrad Tarstein instructed me deeply in the Hyperborean Wisdom and one day, in an underground room of Wewelsburg Castle, I received the Hyperborean Initiation. In the Hyperborean Chamber specially built for such ceremonies, a High Initiate of the Black Order, I suppose a Pontiff, performed the ritual in front of an audience of only eight Initiates. And there I was faced with Death, with the Kálibur Death of Pyrene, as Belicena Villca would say. That is to say, with the Archetype of Death, the Death that kills Lukewarm Life; and then with the Cold Death Kálibur, the Naked Truth of Oneself that lies behind the End of the Lukewarm Life. And when I returned to the Lukewarm Life, after sinking into the infinite blackness of Oneself, I verified that the anguish of Death had fled from me forever. The animal fear of dying, the self-preservation instinct was definitely surpassed by the Wisdom of the Eternal Life. A will of steel definitely took over my animal nature and I knew that nothing could stop me, that is, nothing involving Death, the threat of Death. It was pure Resolute Will: I would advance to where I was ordered and I repeat, nothing could stop me.

It was then when it was revealed to me the objective of the mysterious mission for which I had been prepared for so many years. And once again the revelation was in charge of Konrad Tarstein.

–It won't be difficult for you to understand what the mission consists of --told me Tarstein-- when I inform you of certain events that are occurring. Tell me, Kurt. Do you know where they come from the forces that sustain the Synarchy, the World Jewish Conspiracy? I'm referring to the psychic forces, naturally, since the economic or political forces are only external expressions of those.

–Well, as I heard the Führer affirm, and just as you have explained me, such forces come from a Occult Center called Chang Shambhala, where it dwells a Hierarchy of Infernal Beings dedicated to impose on Earth the Plan of Jehovah Satan. In the Black Order there is evidence in that respect. For example, the participation of the Hierarchy in the foundation of Masonry, of the Rosicrucian Order, of the Theosophical Society, etc. Without going any further, we have a copy of the letter that the Supreme Priest of Chang Shambhala, Rigden Jyepo, sent to Lenin through Nicolas Roerich, congratulating him on the success of the Bolshevik Revolution: behind Lenin and the October conspirators, acted the Transhimalayan Lodge, founded by the White Fraternity. Yes, Comrade Tarstein: behind the Synarchy we find Chang Shambhala, the Masters and Priests of the Occult Hierarchy or White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala.

–Right, Kurt. And now complete the concept please: what is Chang Shambhala? A physical place on Earth, or an extraterrestrial Construction?

–As you well know, Shambhala is an extraterrestrial Construction, extended between the Earth and the Sun, on dimensions of Space that make it invisible to the common man --I replied somewhat astonished by such obvious questions--. Its Builders were the Traitor Gods, the founders of the White Fraternity, and the Initiates of the Hierarchy learn a Science called "Káalachakra" that allows them to open the Doors of Shambhala, Doors that are found everywhere.

–Perfect answer, Kurt! Now you will understand what your mission is: you, Kurt, **are the Key that can lock those Doors.**

Certainly I understood less than ever. But Tarstein was about to clear up the enigma.

–In truth, Kurt, the Key that closes those Cursed Doors is the Sign of the Origin, the Sign that has the Power to make the Traitor Gods remember their Primordial Treachery, the Sign that can communicate to them the Symbol of the Origin and confront them with the Absolute Truth of the Spirit, the Symbol of the Origin that can dissolve the Absolute Lie of the Material Creation that they hold. By that Power to reveal the Absolute Truth, those who hold the Absolute Lie, have resolved never to face the Sign of the Origin, that is, while the Lie of the material Universe lasts. And that is why the Sign of the Origin is Key to the Gates of Shambhala, a Key that closes with its impassable seal the Route of the Demons. And you, Kurt, manifest like no one else the Sign of the Origin, although you are not able to notice it by yourself; but that doesn't strategically affect your mission: **your mere presence is enough to close the Cursed Gates; the Demons are unwilling to contemplate the Sign that you are capable of projecting.** Of course, they would kill you when approaching the Door,



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

***if it weren't for the fact that now you are beyond Death.*** Do you understand me, Kurt? ***If you stand in front of a Shambhala Gate, and keep out of the reach of the Demons by practicing the Path of the Strategic Opposition that makes you independent of Time and Space, the Door must be inexorably closed!***

Now I did understand something: with my mere presence, I would cause the closure of those Gates that led to the Damned City, abode of the Demons of the White Fraternity. But I still did not understand the objective of the mission, to what door was Konrad Tarstein referring? An instant later, the explanation of Tarstein would fill me with stupor.

—And now that I have talked about your faculty, of being a Key Sign, I will go directly to the details of the mission, to what the Black Order, the Third Reich and the Führer expect from you. Do you remember Professor Ernst Schaeffer? —he asked with irony; but he did not give me time to answer— Yes, I think you have not forgotten him. Not after the incident you starred in last year when volunteering for the Operation ***Altwesten*** and of which I am aware in all its details. You couldn't know it then, but your involvement in that operation is the last thing in the world that Ernst Schaeffer would accept. You will verify it if you consider the faculty that you have, to close the Gates of Shambhala, and possess the answer to this question: do you know what Operation ***Altwesten*** is all about?

—Comrade Tarstein, Ernest Schaeffer already left a year ago for Tibet. I suppose you know that a good friend of mine was on the expedition, Oskar Feil, who supplied me with all the information I have --I said, warned in the act that it was not good for me to lie to the well-informed Tarstein. I'm sorry if I broke some rule, because I know that the operation is top secret, but I don't have to deny that my distrust of Schaeffer cannot be greater: even my Taufpate Rudolph Hess confirmed that he was under certain suspicions and suggested that, despite everything, I would be part of the expedition. But unfortunately that has not happened, I do not know if for better or for worse, and it no longer has any solution due to the time they have been in Asia. Anyway, I wish to assume full responsibility for any fault that Oskar Feil may have committed mentioning Operation ***Altwesten***, for only my curiosity and the doubts that I have about Schaeffer's conduct are guilty of his confidences.

—Calm down, Kurt, that no one is accusing you of espionage. Just answer me, what do you know about Operation ***Altwesten***?

—Well, almost nothing, Comrade Tarstein. I'm only aware of the road traveled by the expedition so far, thanks to the secret letters that Oskar has managed to send me from different parts of Asia. The last one was dispatched three months ago in Lhasa, Tibet, with a messenger who sent it to Germany through one of our consulates in India. In it he reported that they were preparing to leave for the Northwest, led by two mysterious "lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet", and carrying Dalai Lama's safe-conducts. It is all that I know. The final destination I could not find out because even Oskar ignores it, but it is clearly not an exploration to the West, as its name indicates, but to a site located directly in the opposite direction. It seems that Schaeffer does not fully trust him and has even isolated him from the rest of the Officers.

—That's all I wanted to hear, Kurt. I'll just tell you where Ernst Schaeffer is going: ***towards the Shambhala Door. He is going to request the King of the World, in the name of a supposedly "healthy Forces of Germany", his intervention to put an end to the Third Reich.***

—Treason! I yelled.

—Ha, Ha --he laughed nervously at my exclamation--. You would be surprised if you knew the magnitude, multiplicity and significance of the betrayals that corrode the Third Reich and conspire against the leadership of the Führer. But it is natural that so it happens, since the confrontation that National Socialism poses to the Powers of Matter is Total: every man is subjected to the essential tension between Spirit and Matter; and many will be those who will yield to the Illusion of the Matter, to the ***Jewish form*** of the Illusion of Matter, that is, money, peace, democracy, freedom, law, etc. Only the spiritual men will be able to overcome this Illusion: they will overcome it with the sole force of their Graceful Will, with the act of their Honor, with the courage of their Pure Blood.

Ernst Schaeffer's is one more of such betrayals. Only that it affects us particularly because it is an esoteric fact, a circumstance that we can understand in an eminent way. Yes, Kurt: Schaeffer's is a huge betrayal but it is not the greatest of betrayals that the Führer has to face. However, you do well in taking it seriously, ***because it depends on you whether his disloyal plans succeed or fail.***

—How could I intervene, and influence Schaeffer's plans, from Berlin? I asked stunned.

—Well, it will not be Berlin from where you will act, Kurt, but from Asia. You will immediately leave for India! Tomorrow you will present to the S.D. and you will receive orders from ***44 Oberführer*** Papp: he will show you how it is possible to reach Schaeffer's expedition before he reaches the Kuen Lun Mountain Range! But now I will anticipate you something that, I do not doubt, will motivate you deeply. First of all, I will say that the Black Order has, from the beginning, excellent spies in the group

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of Ernst Schaeffer: it is from their reports that we have learned of the "incident" with the professor and of your friendship with Oskar Feil. Well; it is about the latter that I wished to talk to you:

Take it easy, Kurt, but the truth is that Oskar Feil runs deadly danger. Certainly, Schaeffer has never trusted him, and if he was allowed to integrate the operation it is because he plans to eliminate him in Asia: only you, if you get in time, may perhaps save him!

—But why take him to Asia? If he distrusted Oskar, why didn't he get rid of him in Germany? —I screamed desperately.

—Oh, Kurt. I'm sorry to have to give you this news. Hold on tight because what you are going to hear is impressive: **your Comrade has been chosen to be sacrificed**. Yes; don't look at me that way: it's confirmed! Although it is still possible to avoid it. The fact is that, on his way to Lake Kyaring, beyond the Blue River, Schaeffer will have to cross **the Porche of Shambhala, the last portico before reaching the Chang Shambhala Gate**. And the mentioned portico has been guarded for thousands of years by a tribe of cruel guardians, who are led by the evil **Jafranpa** lamas or "Turmeric Bonnet Lamas", members of the White Fraternity. In Tibet, the true religious authority is not exercised by the Dalai Lama but by the highest-ranking instructor in the **Gelugpa** sect: a **Rinpoche**, that is to say a **"precious"** lama. To the Gelugpa, or "Lamas of the Yellow Bonnet", are subject all the other Lamaist groups, including Jafranpa: only the Bodhisattvas, the Mahatmas, the Immortals, are above them. The Gelugpa protect the lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet and that's why Schaeffer has safe-conducts from the Dalai Lama. However, such passes have a relative value, because although the religious power of the Dalai Lama encompasses all of Tibet, its political power is limited by the Chinese borders: **and The Porche of Shambhala is currently in the territory of China**.

The lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet are experts in the Science of Kālachakra, or "Wheel of Time", the Wisdom that allows understanding and mastering karmic connections, **rtēn abel**, and synchronize the Wheel of Life, Bhavachakra or **Sridpai Khorlo**, with the rhythm of the Plans of the White Fraternity. They are, then, fervent worshipers of the Lords of Karma and their boss, Rigden Jyepo, the Lord of Shambhala, the King of the World, Jehovah Satan. —They require every pilgrim lama that requests authorization to cross the Porche of Shambhala, the **Yajnavirya**, that is, a **human sacrifice**. As you will understand, Ernst Schaeffer gave no reason for being exempted from such obligation.

In short, Kurt: **Oskar Feil was selected by Ernst Schaeffer to be delivered to the Turmeric Bonnet Lamas. They will offer his life to Rigden Jyepo through the Yah-Sa ritual slaughter.**

Hours after this conversation with Konrad Tarstein, while I was traveling to the Rhineland to collect my belongings from Wewelsburg, I looked at myself in a mirror of the train and my eyes were still bloodshot. During the meeting, when Tarstein revealed to me the death that awaited Oskar, I would have destroyed Ernst Schaeffer with my hands, had I been able to reach him in that moment.

Konrad Tarstein took care to warn me that this was not the behavior that the Black Order requested of me. Quite the contrary: my orders consisted of locating Schaeffer's expedition as soon as possible and join it without violence. For that I would be provided with the corresponding official authorizations: a secret decree from the Führer and a pass from **Reichsführer** Himmler. Also, I would be accompanied by two secret agents of the **SS**. There were two **SS Hauptsturmführer** who associated the paradoxical virtues of both possessing a doctorate in laws, and having served for five years in the Gestapo, where they became expert assassins.

According to Tarstein, the best Strategy required that I joined the expedition and manifested there the Sign of the Origin. Such a demonstration would be enough to derail Operation **Altwesten**. And this would be achieved without performing any esoteric maneuver, without using any magical technique: the mere act of my presence would be enough for the Demons to close the Shambhala Gate.

### Chapter XXI

**Oberführer** Papp, an old acquaintance, imposed me on the details of the mission. The departure would be in four days, since they already had everything prepared: food, equipment, weapons, false documentation, etc. In truth, only then did I see it with clarity, that operation had been prepared for a long time and, apparently, it was just up to me to get running. That is to say, that all those who participated in the operation, or in its secret, the Führer included, were awaiting my Initiation, waiting for the moment when I would acquire spiritual awareness of the Key of the Sign and could expose me the mission in Asia. I think I never felt so much ashamed as then: I, the stupid and arrogant Initiate apprentice, had wasted months, precious months, trying to rationally delve into the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Black Order; finally, realizing that I was traveling through a dead end, that I was prey to a trap of logic, I sought in my Spirit the ultimate Truth that reason, and rational

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

knowledge, denied me; **and thus I fostered the Initiatic Kairos**, according to the confirmation made by the Initiates of the Black Order; then I was Initiated and Konrad Tarstein explained to me the nature of the mission "**First Key**", such its codified name, and described the faculty that I should use to "close the Gate of Shambhala", a gate that Ernst Schaeffer proposed to open and that perhaps he was opening in that moment.

Those thoughts, and this possibility, distressed me greatly, and I would tell the truth if I affirmed that even those four days to leave became endlessly long.

The first stage was by plane. We would fly from Berlin to Tanzania on the eastern coast of Africa, stopping in various African countries or colonies of allies of Germany, such as Spain and Italy. In Tanzania, in the region of what was until the First World War the State of Zanzibar, we'd parachute over the farm of an old German settler family now working for the Secret Service. I had to follow that route because the mission was classified as "ultra-secret operation of the Waffen **SS**" and because the flight was carried out in a military plane specially adapted for the case: it was a Dornier, or "**flying pencil**", which had been replaced its classic loading of bombs by supplementary fuel tanks.

In Tanzania, then, we descended without problems both we and the load of weapons and equipment. The settlers had been waiting for us for a long time and they had purchased for us a shipment of cotton threads, in which they hurried to hide the compromising objects. A day later, and wearing an outfit of undoubted Levantine tailoring, very appropriate for the role of Egyptian merchants we were to represent, the settlers led us to the island of Zanzibar in a boat of regular dimensions. In the port was anchored the Italian ship Taranto, which was secretly participating in the operation and would transport us to Dhaka, in North East India.

In Zanzibar our identity completely changed. Both I and the two **SS Hauptsturmführer**, would be from there on "Egyptian merchants". It was a risky move, since Egypt was in the power of the English, but our passports and forged stories had few flaws and it seemed difficult that we arouse such suspicions as to initiate an investigation. I myself was truly Egyptian and spoke English as well as Arabic, a language that my Comrades also dominated, but not English, which they spoke with a strong German accent. However, if necessary, it would be enough for them to express themselves correctly in Arabic, since in Egypt no one was obliged to know English.

The Taranto crossed the Indian Ocean, with only one stopover in Ceylon, and then it entered the Bay of Bengal bound for Calcutta and Dhaka. Finally it ascended the Dalasseri River, which is an arm of the Brahmaputra, and anchored in front of its left bank, in the port of Dhaka, an important city of what was the Presidency of Bengal itself, then Province of Bengal, then the Islamic State of eastern Pakistan, and today Bangladesh. The shipment of African thread, with its precious contraband, was disembarked without inconvenience and stored in a warehouse that we rented for this purpose.

We did not plan to stay in Dhaka too long: long enough to sell or exchange the threads for the rich Bengali silks and muslin, stock up on food, and hire porters. Our next goal was the city of Punakha, Winter capital of the Country of Bhutan. There awaited us the **SS Standartenführer** Karl von Grossen and his assistant, the **SS Obersturmführer** Heinz Schmidt, both from Division III of the **R.S.H.A.**<sup>35</sup>, called "Foreigner Service of Information" or "Exterior S.D.". Von Grossen was the head of the "Operation First Key" and, although he had as immediate superiors Schelleberg and

Heydrich, for this mission he was placed under the direct command of the Reichsführer Himmler. He had gone ahead many months ago and maintained, in some strange way, under permanent observation Ernst Schaeffer's caravan. He had a reputation as an intelligent and tough man. He had also been a policeman, like my assistants Kloster and Hans, reviewing several years in the Gestapo of Bavaria. Later then he requested the pass to the Exterior S.D. to assert his doctorate in History. He was an expert in the History and Geography of Asia, as well as a specialist in rapid deployment tactics, knowledge that explains why the Reichsführer Himmler chose him to command Operation First Key.

Three days later we left Dhaka for the North, taking a road that skirts the left bank of the Brahmaputra to Bonarpara and then deviates in the direction of Rangpur, the residence of the Rajah of Assam. We were in the Autumn of 1938 and the oppressive climate of those swampy regions, crossed by countless rivers and only suitable for rice cultivation, made us wish the ascent to the high and cold areas of Bhutan. Both **SS Hauptsturmführer**, Hans Lechfeld and Kloster Hagen, marched in front, preceded by fifteen pure Aryan porters, of the Holite Race, with all the cargo; I closed the

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<sup>35</sup> **R.S.H.A. : General Reich Security Directorate (S.S.).**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

column. We exhibited only three Mauser rifles of World War I, weapons according to our supposed profession of merchants, while we hid in our clothes the Luger pistols of service and in the backpacks the fearsome Schmeisser submachine guns.

We camped one day in the Garro Mountains and crossed the Assam without stopping longer than necessary. We soon found ourselves at an altitude of more than 2,000 mts., rejoicing to leave behind the tropical regions, infested with wild animals and by the no less savage bandits of the Angka tribes, Michi, Dafla, Abors, etc. A path that meandered up the eastern slope of the Himalaya slowly led us towards Bhutan.

In the village of Taga Dzong we were greeted with great joy, as if we were ambassadors of some western power, which caused us great contrariety because we did not want to attract the attention of the English or any true diplomat of whatever the nation. However, the mystery was soon clarified, when verifying that two envoys from Von Grossen had been waiting for our arrival for months to guide us to Punakha: they were two Lopas, officials of the Deb Rajah of Bhutan.

Accompanied by the slim but vigorous Lopas, also of Aryan Race, we crossed numerous small valleys, nestled between mountain ranges of huge altitude. After each step of the Himalayan slope we ascended hundreds of meters, not being infrequent the paths, or dvaras, of 4 or 5 thousand meters. The Lopas spoke Bodskad, the Tibetan language that I, as **Ostenführer**, understood perfectly. In the dialect of Jam they explained to us that we would not go directly to Punakha because there, next to the Deb Rajah, was an English garrison: Karl von Grossen was in a nearby monastery, under the protection of the spiritual head of the Country, the Dharma Rajah.

At last, we arrived at the Taoist monastery, built on a mountain covered with eternal snows and from which a rugged path started, only suitable for pedestrians, crossing the Himalayas and leading to Tibet. Von Grossen and his assistant came out to meet us

–Heil Hitler! I was afraid you would not arrive on time –he told us for all greeting.

–Heil Hitler! --I replied-- The **⚡ Hauptsturmführer Doktor** Kloster Hagen and the **⚡ Hauptsturmführer Doktor** Hans Lechfeld, --I introduced my companions-- and I'm **⚡ Sturmbannführer** Kurt von Sübermann. Sieg Heil, mein **Standartenführer!**

Von Grossen observed me closely, with scientific curiosity.

–So you are the mysterious Initiate on whom might depend the Fate of the Third Reich? --he wondered in amazement-- I imagined you some other way!

–How? I exclaimed, disturbed by the indiscreet frankness of the **Standartenführer**.

--Don't take it the wrong way --he said, smiling for the first time-- but it is that here it has been spoken a lot about you, perhaps more than in Germany. You know: these people have highly developed psychic faculties and for several weeks you've been perceived while approaching. I would not exaggerate in the least if I affirm that all spiritual Tibet knows at this moment your arrival in Bhutan! Well then, von Sübermann: you have been psychically observed and described in many different ways, **hence my doubts**. There are those who maintain that you are a Great Saint, and others, on the contrary, who make of you a terrible Warrior. --Again, the question was painted on his face--. But we **know** that you are the latter, right?

There was an hint of doubt in Von Grossen's voice that annoyed me exceedingly.

–Indeed, Kamerad Von Grossen! According to the Rule of the Black Order **I am** a Warrior, a **Wise Warrior**. I don't know what appearance did you suppose I should have, but have no doubts that **I am capable of killing in the most terrible way. And that I will kill in that way anyone who tries to frustrate my mission.**

–Bravo! Von Grossen exclaimed with evident sincerity. I'll insist: you must excuse my surprise but, after so many months of waiting, and hearing the craziest stories from the mouths of the lamas, I no longer knew for sure what kind of man I was expecting. I am glad that you are a complete **⚡** officer, Von Sübermann!

Karl von Grossen and Heinz Schmidt, who would not say a word or say it later on, because he was too sparing, had reached us five kms. before the Monastery. When arriving we were invited to go to a comfortable room, where wood and guano burned in a stone hearth; outside the temperature was ten degrees below zero.

We were not really in a simple monastery of lamas, as I had supposed, but in a small citadel surrounded by a dissuasive wall: behind the walls there were three buildings of very different architecture. The most imposing, was the Palace of the Dharma Rajah, where the spiritual Leader of Bhutan resided in Winter. The second most important was an ancient Pagoda, perhaps the Oldest construction of the whole. --It is a **Temple** magnificently carved in a single colossal piece of stone-- Von Grossen explained to us when we crossed the outer courtyard--. It dates from the times when this region was dominated by the **Buddhist Priests of Manipur**: the Temple was dedicated to the Cult of the Manu Vaivasvata, who rules the present māvāntāra or **Manuantara**, that is to say, **the**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

*cycle of existence of a Humanity of animal-men.* Later the Country was conquered by a Lopa tribe under the command of Taoist Initiates, who were deeply iconoclastic and hated *all* Priests, without distinction of Cult. They naturally closed the temple after knifing the last of its inhabitants. If it hadn't been like that, now Maitreya would be venerated here, the next reincarnation of Manu, who would be no other than the Messiah expected by the Jews. But the Orders of Buddhist Priests have not forgotten this place and permanently lurk, seeking the opportunity to win it back.

The third construction, in which we were, was the proper Monastery and consisted of a labyrinthine building where they lived equally a large community of Tibetan monks and nuns. That composition of mixed Initiates surprised me and so I let it be known to Von Grossen.

—It is that the current occupants constitute a Secret Society that is neither Hindu, nor Buddhist, nor Taoist, but is "beyond" such religious systems: and "beyond" does not mean "over" or "above", but *outside*. That is to say, that the Wisdom they possess is outside religious systems. They do not therefore sustain a mere syncretism but a true spiritual Wisdom, possibly the same as you in the Black Order, and we in the Ahnenerbe Institute, call the *Hyperborean Wisdom*. In fact they totally adhere to National Socialism, although they are not so much interested in politics as in the Philosophy of the ⚡ and the earthly presence of the Führer, whom they call "The Lord of the Will".

The five ⚡ officers occupied chairs around the end of a table of remarkable length: a tiny group in a place that could fit more than fifty diners. Von Grossen sat in the center with his back to the crackling hearth. The Holite porters rested in a nearby block. The conversation was interrupted when three monks dressed in black yak wool robes made their entrance. They wore their heads covered with a hood sewn to the same tunic, which darkened their faces, although it could be appreciated that all three had long hair and were of the Tibetan Race, possibly Lopas. Two appeared to be very young and strong, and were of different sex: a yogi and a yogini, Initiates in Martial Arts, who moved with feline grace. The third, an old man of indefinite age, spoke a few words to Von Grossen in Bodska of Jam.

The ⚡ *Standartenführer* was quick to introduce him:

—*Kameraden*: in front of you the *Guru Visaraga*, head of this Monastery, next to his two main *sadhakas*.

They nodded, to which we responded absurdly with the Nazi salute.

—Despite being the hosts --said Von Grossen-- they request permission to stay by our side. I have answered affirmatively, since they are absolutely reliable people. Let's get on, then, with our business.

The monks took their seats and Von Grossen calmly continued speaking in German. And during the time the conversation lasted, I was able to see with displeasure that they did not take their eyes off me, as if something in my appearance irresistibly attracted their attention and would have hypnotized them.

—As I was saying --explained Von Grossen-- these monks constitute a Secret Society known as "Kâula Circle". Their Wisdom is the Kula, the "left-hand" tantrism, a yoga system that allows transmutation and taking advantage of sexual energy, but that requires the physical participation of the woman. Hence the mixed population that has surprised you, Von Sübermann. The Kâulikas are feared in Tibet as they are considered "Black Magicians", but in my view, the only black thing they have is their tunic. Jokes aside, it's evident that such a qualification comes from their most bitter enemies, the members of the White Fraternity, a mysterious organization that is behind Buddhism and other religions, and which is very powerful in these regions: it is by opposition and contrast to the "*white*" Fraternity that the Kâulikas are called "*blacks*", since they are ascetics of high moral standards. All the men and women you have seen here are *vamacharis* *sadhakas*<sup>36</sup>.

The Initiates on the Kula Path periodically carry out a Ritual called "of the Five Challenges", in which they practice "five acts forbidden to the Masters of the Kâlachakra", which explains why they are hated by the Gurus of Shambhala. Vulgarly, the secret Ritual is also known as "*Pankamakâra*" or "of the five M's", because with that letter start the five names of the "forbidden things": *madya*, wine; *mâmsa*, meat; *matsya*, fish; *mudrâ*, cereals; *maithuna*, sexual act. According to their Buddhist enemies, by practicing this Ritual the Kâulikas place themselves in the *vâmo mârگا*, or "Path of the Left", the path of the Kshatriyas, which leads to War and not to Peace, to Agartha and not to Shambhala, to the absolute unification of Him-Self and no to the nirvanic annihilation of the

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<sup>36</sup> *Vamacharis*: Kâulika Magician or Initiate of the Left Hand.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Self identified with The One Parabrahman. Truth is that by means of secret techniques of their sexual Tantra, the Kāulikas develop incredible power over the animal nature of the human body and even, succeed in obtaining spiritual liberation.

In short, Von Sübermann, the Kāulikas are perfect yogis, Initiates capable of reaching in the ecstasy of the sexual act the Infinite and the Eternity of the Spirit, and to place their nucleus of consciousness beyond Mâyâ, the Illusion of the material forms.

Of the primitive Taoism little has remained, although formally, in order to avoid persecution, monks define themselves as "Taoists", Religion more potable for the Buddhist and Hindu princes from neighboring countries. But in the shastras of Lao Tse that are preserved in this Monastery **the word "Tao" has been replaced by "Vrune"**, that is, by **Shakti**, the Eternal Spirit and Infinity of man. Do not forget, Von Sübermann, that here we are in front of a Wisdom that comes from a source other than Chang Shambhala, and for that the Shakti means "Pure Spirit", a concept similar to the "Grace" of western theology.

Vrune is an ancient Indo-Aryan word meaning "Eternal Spirit, Infinite and Uncreated": from it derive the signs that represent such senses, that is, the **Runes**, revealed to the Aryans by Wothan; also the God Varuna records the same root. However, and according to the most remote traditions of the White Race, "Vrune" itself comes in turn from the Atlantean word Vril, which had the same meaning. You see, Von Sübermann, that the "Vril" proposed in Germany, as the spiritual ideal of the ⚡ Knight Initiate, is a state represented here by Vrune, the tantric power of standing beyond Kula and Akula, and as the true spiritual Tao is beyond Ying and Yang. **For the spiritual man, the Vril as Vrune always takes the form of an Ancient Goddess, a Divine Shakti, which is none other than the forgotten image of the Couple of the Origin.** The Kāulikas believe that once the Vrune is reached, what is only achieved after passing through the ritual death, the free Spirit is found faced with the Truth of the Origin, it meets its original partner, and the Weddings of the Spirit are consummated, after which Eternity is recovered. The Kāulika, dead or alive, experiences since then an icy Love that is not of this Universe and is reintegrated into a Race of Vrunic Gods, Lords of the Vril.

In sum, here the Kāulikas follow the Kula Path, which begins in the woman of flesh and ends in the Original Couple, deep within himself: at the end of that dangerous path, the kaulika, faced definitely with the Truth, drawn the veils of all the Mysteries, is Shiva, the Destroyer of Illusion, the Warrior par excellence. For us, Von Sübermann, Shiva is Lucifer, is Cain, is Hermes, is Mercury, is Wothan: for us, Shiva is the prototype of the ⚡ Knight.

Guru Visaraga and his sadhakas continued to watch me with delectation. The extraordinary report provided by Karl von Grossen had just revealed to me why he had been chosen to preside over this operation: to his qualities and military knowledge, the **Standartenführer** added a great understanding of the customs and religious beliefs of Asia. I decided to ask him a specific question, on the main objective of the mission.

–Thank you very much for your valuable information --I said-- but there is something that worries me since we arrived. Then you said, "I thought you wouldn't get in time". How much time do we have, Herr Von Grossen?

–Little, very little, Von Sübermann. But it will be enough, if we part as soon as possible and we double the march, to catch up with Schaeffer before Lake Kyaring, Are you aware that there will be handed over to a sect of fanatic murderers one of the members of the expedition, the officer Oskar Feil?

–Yes --I replied--. I was informed in Berlin. What intrigues me is how have you been able to find out, what means do you use to know at all times the location of Schaeffer's expedition.

–It is not a secret, nor is it a mysterious or supernatural procedure: it is plain and simple espionage; the most classic case of espionage that you've studied in the Security Course. As you already know, since the Operation **Altwesten** was conceived in Germany, it was infiltrated by the S.D.: we have there two Secret Service men who have not aroused any suspicions in the mistrustful Ernst Schaeffer. However, they could have done nothing if we did not count in our favor with the support of the Kāula Circle, whose tentacles are spread throughout Tibet. It is the faithful Kāulikas who transport the messages from our spies across the Himalayas and facilitate permanently the location of the expedition. I already told you, Von Sübermann, that in these countries the Kāulikas are much feared, and their fame favors the collaboration of the superstitious settlers. Fame that, in this sense, they do not merit at all, since more than ascetics they are warrior monks and traitors can be sure that sooner or later they will die at their hands. Thus, a vast espionage network has been laid around our objective.

You should know, Von Sübermann, that the Dharma Rajah, the spiritual Leader of the entire country of Bhutan, is a secret supporter of the Kāula Circle and that's why he has destined the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

adjoining Palace as a Winter Residence. He intensely hates the English, whom he considers "representatives of the Demons", and has ordered that we be given as much help as possible while we stay in his Country. The second important man is Deb Rajah, who is in charge of the Administration and State affairs, so he must stay in Punakha and put up with the English, whom he hates so much as the Dharma Rajah. Anyway, we have official safe conducts that will allow us to reach Tibet and even move in that country, presenting ourselves as officials and merchants in the service of the Rajah.

—According to what has been said --Von Grossen continued-- we have very little time. We should leave tomorrow if possible. Ernst Schaeffer left Lhasa three weeks ago, following the route to Chamdo, but his progress is slow because he does not want some misunderstanding to spoil his visit to Chang Shambhala: he knows that his movements are permanently watched from the Kampala Tower. His caution becomes more understandable, too, if it's considered that he had to stay for a year in Lhasa, in the Palace of the Dalai Lama, until he received the authorization to approach Chang Shambhala: he must still go through the Porche and persuade his Guardians that, indeed, they have the endorsement of the Masters. It is understandable, then, that he tries to avoid mistakes and slowly approaches his infernal destination.

For our part, we must leave as soon as possible because Winter is coming and soon the Himalayan passes will turn into glaciers. However, once in Tibet, we will deviate from the trade route taken by Schaeffer and we will gain time to catch up with him.

### Chapter XXII

Karl von Grossen had everything planned to leave immediately when we arrived. However, despite the efforts, the march could not be started until two days later. The day after our arrival I spent it, then, entertained in touring the Monastery and examining the wonderful sculptural work of the Pagoda. There a pleasant event occurred to me that, surprisingly, has affected you, neffe Arturo, more than forty years later...

As I entered the nave of the carved cyclopean rock, I was suddenly surrounded by a group of Kâulika monks. Until then they had been chanting a mantram in front of a gigantic statue of Shiva dancing over the Dragon Yah: upon noticing my presence they gradually silenced their bijas and then, like the Arabs who kidnapped me in Cairo, they rushed as bewitched beside me. But then I was forewarned for long years I had passed in the Ordensburgs and in the Black Order under the instruction of Konrad Tarstein to ignore what happened to those Initiates. It was the Sign of the Origin, the invisible Sign for me that in the Kâulikak caused the charismatic effect of elevating them spiritually towards the Origin of Itself: that is why they wanted to be near me, to contemplate me, to sustain the perception of the Uncreated. They wanted nothing more than that and that is why I remained immutable in the place, while those Initiates were absent from the unreality of the World and they accessed the Reality of the Spirit.

Thus we remained for a while, in absolute silence: a new court of statues for that gelid pantheon. I understood their language and had tried talking to them, but it was useless because in their mystical state they considered almost a sacrilege to speak to me. After a reasonable time I began to think the way to get rid of them, when I noticed approaching, unusually smiling, the Guru Visaraga. All the monks turned away in his wake and he, taking me by the left arm, got me out of such a difficult situation. Slowly he led me to the courtyard, followed at a regular distance by the hallucinated monks.

In the courtyard were waiting the sadhakas we saw the night before, each supporting the rein of a huge mastiff. They wore a leash around their necks, without a muzzle, from which the aforementioned rein was held, and yet they uttered not a bark: mute, silent as the monks around me, those terrible dogs watched me without blinking.

Then the Guru Visaraga spoke. And his words still echo in my ears with strange clarity.

—Oh Djowo: You are for us a *Shivatulku*, that is, a manifestation of Shiva. These dogs that you see here are a gift from our community for whom so clearly exhibits the Sign of Bhairava: the female is called "Kula", and the male "Akula".

It was the last gift I had expected to receive from the Kâulikak. I was going to protest but the Guru allowed no reply: —*Vielen dank!* I said only.

—Your companion Von Grossen, who shared several months our table, has entrusted us that you ⚡ Initiates are capable of stopping an enraged mastiff by means of a cry.

I nodded:

—Indeed --I said--. Every ⚡ Initiate must demonstrate that he is capable of imposing the Lordship of the Spirit over all the animal creatures of the Earth, as wild as they are.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--Ah --sighed the Guru--. It is difficult for us to imagine your world as it becomes almost impossible for you to represent ours. More than Races, a Universe of Symbols separates us, a Wall of Illusion planted by the Great Deceiver. You are often satisfied with empty words, that is to say, you are content with words that represent ideas, ideas that have little weight in reality, ideas that are as illusory as the other forms of Maya. The Sign that you carry makes you different from the rest of mortals. However, neither you nor your Gurus know how to demonstrate that supremacy. Well then, with this simple pair of bullmastiffs, Oh Bhattaraka, you will do what no one, except who also carries the Sign of Shiva, is capable of doing in this World: **We will reveal you a Kilkor<sup>37</sup> that will allow you to mentally command both mastiffs at the same time.**

Directing a dog with the mind would indeed be incredible for any rationalistic mentality, but I considered it possible and took it naturally; what was incomprehensible to me was that of controlling **"both mastiffs at the same time"**. The Guru Visaraga, who continued to explain the characteristics of the sinister gift, did not take long to clarify all my doubts.

--Don't be fooled by their fierce appearance --he said vehemently--. They're not common animals but a very special pair of **Daivas** dogs<sup>38</sup>; **balanced** in our Monastery thanks to ancient formulas that the Kâula Circle possesses: Daivas dogs are manifestations of the archetypal couple of celestial dogs; each is the exact reflection of the other, and both perfectly emanate from the Dog of Heaven; even their etheric bodies belong to the same Group Soul. They are like **pairs of opposite principles manifested** and, normally, one would neutralize the other without remedy. During a very ancient war, perhaps prior to the one narrated in the Mahabharata, the Gurus trained Daivas dogs as a weapon, so that they would attack in pairs and could not be stopped by the enemies of lower varna: **only the Kshatriyas, the spiritual Heroes, those who by their Pure Blood were "beyond" the opposing principles Kula and Akula, managed to stop the Daivas dogs**. It is what you, who holds the Sign of Shiva, can do today with Kula and Akula!

You see --concluded the Guru-- that although your power to stop an enraged mastiff by voices of command may seem like an inimitable feat, and perhaps it is in the West, you could do nothing against a couple of Daivas dogs. Of course, I'm talking about the ⚡ Initiates in general. Because you, **Sweet Pilgrim**, are different from all, you possess the ancient Tao, the active stillness of Shiva meditating: **You can control Daivas dogs with your mind because Your Spirit is beyond Kula and Akula!**

Imagine, neffe Arturo, eight rods with a **trisula** or trident in each end, that is to say, eight rods and sixteen tridents, arranged in parallel one next to another and separated by small distances. Imagine then another set the same, but with the rods arranged perpendicular to the previous ones. Apply finally one set on top of another to form a grid, and you will get the basic shape of the Yantra that Guru Visaraga taught me: a quadrangular grid with eight side tridents and forty-nine interior squares.

After the aforementioned explanation, the Guru, always accompanied by the sadhaka couple and the ferocious dogs, led me to a room lit by hundreds of candles and whose floor was not paved at all. From one of the multiple candle-covered shelves, he took a few bags full of fine grit of various colors and, with singular mastery, he spilled them on the ground until forming the Kilkor described.

He asked me if I would be able to remember it. I nodded and then he said:

--Son of Shiva: do not be surprised because we know your secrets, because we know more about you than you yourself apprehend. You proceed from a distant country, far more distant than the Assam Kâmarupa that seems very remote to us, but you have a lot in common with the Kâulikas: you are of our same Race and varna, you are a Kshatriya; you fight in our same side against the same Enemy; you are started in the same Ancient Wisdom of Shiva, the Lord of the War and the Destruction of Maya, the Wisdom that founds the Kâula Tantra. And, for us, who are Initiated in the Kâula Tantra, you are a **Tulku** of Shiva, as I called you a moment ago. Do you know what a Tulku is?

--I think so: --I answered without much conviction-- the reincarnation of a God.

--No! --Guru Visaraga firmly denied, although he smiled compassionately--. You must say, in any case: one of the **simultaneous** reincarnations of a God. According to the Tantric Doctrine, when a

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<sup>37</sup> **Yantra** or **Mandala** (in Tibetan: **Kilkor**). Geometric figure for ritual or magical use. It means "enclosure". The term "kor" gives the idea of "enclosing" or "imprisoning". More broadly, a kilkor can be a wall or fortification, a sense that also extends to the Sanskrit "mandala".

<sup>38</sup> **Daivas** dogs: "divine" dogs, dogs of the Gods.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

God, in a certain Age, decides to reveal himself to men, he can do it, and he generally does, in a multitude of physical manifestations: the God possesses then a plurality of bodies, he exists as man simultaneously in different places and circumstances. These men, **like you**, express the signs of the God but sometimes they ignore that they are **Tulkus**.

So there are several Tulkus at the same time. Our Tibet, was always rich in Tulkus due to the elevated spirituality of the Aryans and other Races that equally dominated the ancient Wisdom; we are perhaps the only Initiates in the World who know how to read the signs of the Tulkus. But now, at the end of the Era of Kály, the Gods have moved to the countries of the region that you come from and to others that are behind the dark oceans. Your fatherland, Germany, where nowadays have gathered the strongest descendants of the common racial stock, is one of the last terrestrial scenarios in which the Tulkus will represent the Drama of the War of the Heavens. You are a Tulkus of Shiva! It is not by chance that you are fulfilling this mission or that we are helping you: **it's the other Tulkus, who live with you in your Nation, who with great Wisdom have sent you to block the passage of the Asuras of Shambhala**.

And because we recognize you as Tulkus, we are going to give you the *dīkshā* in the Kilkor svadi<sup>39</sup>.

You can suppose, *neffe*, the doubts that the beliefs of the Kāulikas caused me. Me a Tulkus? The truth was that I felt as the manifestation of **an only Spirit**, but in no way could I affirm or deny that I was also its **only manifestation**. It had never occurred to me to think of such haunting possibility but, in fact, at the time I did not believe in it. Even though I would not have been unhappy, for example, to participate as Tulkus of the essence of the Führer and to share his Destiny of Glory in this way.

The Guru offered me a cup made of a human skull, artistically coated inside with silver foil and adorned with emeralds, which was overflowing with an unpleasant concoction. It contained **nang tcheud**, the tantric version of **soma**, **amrita** or **mead**, that is, the elixir of the Initiation Rituals, the drink of the Gods (Siddhas) or demigods (*viryas*); nang tcheud is used mainly, in the Ritual of the Five Challenges, as it is elaborated with the five "forbidden things": five classes of meat, including human; five fish; five cereals; five wines; and five sex-related substances, such as urine, semen, blood, feces, and marrow.

I drank it with evident distrust and Guru Visaraga, perhaps to reassure me, extended a little more in his explanation:

—There are many kinds of Kilkor: Death, Liberation, Enchantment, Power, etc. And all require mastery in Mantram Yoga and the perfection in the pronunciation of the magic formulas that **vivify them**. That is why there are three degrees or ways of affirming the words of power or **bijas**: the **japa vāchika**, which consists of **shouting** the **bijas**, as **acoustic commands**, as in the mode of your military "command voices"; this is the lowest of the japas and it is the one that the **॥** uses to dominate the mastiffs; the **japa<sup>40</sup> upāmshu**, which demands **expressing** bijas without shouting or speaking, as astral orders; and finally, the most elevated of the japas is the **manasā**, whose effect is not causal but synchronistic, that is, it **charismatically** makes the bijas **coincide** with the event that it wants to affect, like **uncreated orders**. Like the sticks of the I-Ching **form** an uncreated meaning that reveals or discovers the designs of the Gods, a meaning **not wanted** by the Gods, a meaning that **was not** in the destiny, a meaning that emerges by acausal coincidence between the Unknown Superior and the Known Lower, a meaning torn away by the force of the Magician Men to the Traitor Gods, in the same way the japa manasā acts by the sole determination of the Initiates, of those who are beyond Kula and Akula.

You must know, Oh Shivatulkus, that only the great Initiates are capable of acquiring mastery in the japa upāmshu, the second level. They are the ones who possess the power of **tulpa**, or **mudratulpa**, the ability to grant reality to the ordered ideas and bring them into being in the World: with the proper Kilkor and the correct japa upāmshu, it is possible to make appear all kinds of material objects or to produce an infinity of phenomena. Right here these Daivas dogs that you see, are only **tulpas** created by us to demonstrate your Tulkus power.

—Indeed, do not be surprised; we have mentally created the mastiffs so that you put into practice the superior japa, the japa manasā, which is particular virtue only of the Siddhas or viryas and that the Tulkus possess naturally. The Daivas dogs product of the tulpamudra are indeed real, but only you, Oh Shivatulkus, can rule them with the japas of the Kilkor svadi. The Kāulikas require a dangerous *dīkshā* and only go so far as to express the japa upāmshu, but you, who are virya, only

<sup>39</sup> Give the *dīkshā*: Initiation into the Kilkor *svadi*, or "Kilkor of the dog".

<sup>40</sup> **Japa**: recitation of bijas, sounds, or magic words.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

need **us to transmit the Viryayojan Power to you that allows to "give life" to the tulpa mental projections, the angkur of the japa manasâ**. You are not a Kâulika, but you are a tântrika; and you already have the power of the japa manasâ.

He then proceeded to supply me with the key to the 49 bijas that went in the corresponding sectors of the Kilkor.

The "magic" control procedure was as follows: I had to imagine the Kilkor grid and place in each square a bija or **word of power**; and each bija was an order that the dogs would automatically obey: a bija meant silence!, another, advance!, another, stop!, another, attack!, etc., etc., until completing forty nine.

Despite my initial skepticism, and to the joy of the monks, I was able to check that the system was indeed infallible: once I had memorized the Yantra, the dogs became an extension of my own mind and the slightest hint of the bijas was enough to make them obey without saying a word, or rather, without barking.

Since that effect was logically surprising, I couldn't help but question the Guru on the way in which mind control was made effective.

--For us it is very simple --he clarified--. We have embodied a Kilkor similar to this in the subtle body of each dog and we have established an analog correspondence between each bija and certain vital or motor functions of both animals. If this were done with a single animal, of any species, the Guru or the Kâulika Initiate could master it without obstacles. But, as I told you before, the pair of Daivas dogs is different: they participate of a single dog Archetype and both are normally balanced; **if the mental order is emitted "below" the archetypal Plane, one neutralizes the other and it lacks effect; only those who are capable of thinking "above" the archetypal Plane, beyond the Archetype Created by the Gods of Matter, on the relative duality of the manifested and the absolute unity of the unmanifested, can make their will prevail in the action of the Daivas dogs**. Never forget: neither a Master of the Hierarchy nor anyone whose thinking is made up of opposing principles, can stop the Daivas dogs!

Kula and Akula, neffe Arturo, were Ying and Yang's great-great-grandparents, the mastiffs that attacked you when you furtively entered the farm and I took you for an enemy. Like their ancestors, they obey the mental orders of the Yantra and **both move at the same time**, perfectly synchronized.

### Chapter XXIII

That morning Dr. Palacios removed my cast. My arm was healed but there was still a horrible feeling of weakness that reminded me of the terrible efficacy of the Tibetan dogs. Uncle Kurt's latest stories were clarifying all... while they plunged me into a greater Mystery. His Initiation, the mission in Tibet, the Power of the Sign of the Origin, the incredible kinship of his Instructor Konrad Tarstein with Belicena Villca, and the issue of the mastiffs. Yes, everything was clarifying, but at the same time the Mystery of my own existence was growing. Every moment new elements were being incorporated into the context of my life: unknown relatives, remote countries, unknown doctrines, implacable enemies. But, what was I? Of one thing I was now sure: I had never had the slightest chance of escaping from history, had never been free to choose my Destiny, I never had a little bit of free will. It was all illusion, all a farce. I felt played, like a chess piece, by inhuman beings who evidently knew the rules of the game and the position of the pieces: the board was the Mystery, which I barely glimpsed, but that I could not cover for being inserted in it.

I understood that I had to get those pessimistic ideas out of my brain so as not to go crazy. And paradoxically, when Uncle Kurt didn't involve me in his narration, I entertained myself by observing the Daivas dogs, which I no longer feared: I was waiting, though, for Uncle Kurt to keep his promise to reveal me the bijas of the Yantra. According to him, I would also be able to control them with my mind.

### Chapter XXIV

By the way --Uncle Kurt continued that afternoon-- the three days had passed and an icy dawn saw us leave the Monastery heading for Tibet. The caravan now consisted of the five ⚡ officers, five of the Holite porters of Dhaka, who accepted the freight to Tibet, and ten Lopas Kâulikas, experts in Martial Arts and Tantric Magic. The crossing of the Himalayas was done through a pass known only by the monks, which avoided any population until well into the Gangri Valley but which rose to more than 5,000 meters. and passed by the hillside of the Kula Gangri, majestic peak of 7,600 meters.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Already on the Tibetan plateau, the country of **Pey-Yul**, we were to march straight to the North; Von Grossen's plan seemed far-fetched at first, although on the face of it, it was not; and actually produced the results expected. It consisted of reaching the banks of the Brahmaputra, which in the valley of Gangri runs parallel to the Himalayas, from west to east, and embark on a raft to sail in its furious current: the right point to descend (if we weren't shipwrecked before) would be at 30° lat. N. and 95° long. E. where the river "Son of Brahma" violently twists its course towards the South and heads for the valleys of Bengal. With such a tactical procedure we would recover part of the time in which Ernst Schaeffer's expedition was ahead of us.

According to the information available to Von Grossen, Schaeffer and his men were travelling along the YungLam road, which ended its 2,000 km. Route in China and its use was only allowed to the post or the officials of Tibet; merchants, on the other hand, used the Chang-Lam road. But Schaeffer's operation, endorsed by the Dalai Lama, was almost an official mission. However, the transit through that path would not be easy because, before reaching Lake Kyaring, seat of the Porche of Shambhala, tens of obstacles had to be overcome; to give you an idea, neffe Arturo, of how rough they were those communication routes, I will tell you that in only 600 km. of its journey, from Lhasa to Chamdo, the Chang-Lam road went through more than forty mountain ranges, by passes that rose between 3,000 and 5,500 meters; and that's not counting the innumerable streams and rivers, often lacking bridges, that ran energetically through the intermediate valleys.

At Chamdo, Schaeffer's caravan would turn off the official path and would take a route of pilgrim lamas, open in parallel to the right bank of the Mekong River, which would transport travelers directly to Lake Kyaring. Once there they would go to the Monastery, or **Gompa**, of the Turmeric Bonnet lamas, of the Duskha tribe, Guardians of the Porche of Shambhala. That Monastery, known since ancient times as "Ashram Jafran" and that we set on fire, was behind the city wall of the Duskhas, a folk of Tibetan breed famous for the variety of saffron, or turmeric, that they cultivated, from which they extracted a narcotic drug for Ritual use and a tincture with which they dyed the bonnets or tiaras of their lamas. If everything went well, that is to say, after these would have accepted the Necessary Victim and **opened the Portal**, the expedition would continue the trip to the vicinity of Lake Koko Nor, where there is one of the southern ends of the Great Wall of China and also, **or just because of that**, one of the Gates of Chang Shambhala. Our strategy, of course, demanded that we catch up with Ernst Schaeffer before he arrived at the Ashram Jafran because, otherwise, we would have irremediably lost Oskar Feil.

Anyway, the operation that we were going to carry out had been studied meticulously by Von Grossen and Schmidt, and although the anxiety to aid Oskar filled me with impatience, I had no choice but to trust that they were right. Thus, while Schaeffer's expedition was on its way towards the stepped plateaus of Eastern Tibet, crossed by tens of mountain ranges that extended from North to South and as many linked valleys, we advanced at full speed across the plain of the Gangri Valley heading north, trying to reach as soon as possible the Yaru-Zang-Bo River or High Brahmaputra. We would only sail four hundred kilometers down that river but, according to Von Grossen's appreciation, in four or five days we would travel a distance that, by land, along the Yung-Lam road, required five times as long.

At a predetermined point on the coast, two rafts of firm construction awaited us, suitable to transport each 10 people and a ton of load: more than enough to cover our needs. The Kâulikás had been in charge of hiring them and the price was high, because they had to be payed the trip to Sadiga and the cost of the tugs that would bring them back again to the Upper Brahmaputra.

The skilled boatmen, stimulated by the promise of an extra remuneration, or frightened by the dangerousness of the Kâulika monks, drove deftly the rafts through the center of the channel, making the most of the river speed. And as the mighty current quickly got me closer to the objective of the mission, I contemplated admired one of the most extraordinary landscapes of the Earth, comparable only, to a lesser extent, to the plateau of Tiwanaku in America. Because that river "Son of Brahma", which crossed longitudinally a cold valley located 4,000 meters high, had its shores guarded by two mountain ranges so famous for the elevation of their mountains as for the concepts that they deserved to the oldest Religions of Humanity: to the right stretched the Himalayas, in whose system affirms the Asian tradition is found Mount Meru, the Olympus of the Indos; and to the left the Gangri Mountains rose up, a mountain range that culminates in the West with the Mount Kailas, the Abode of Shiva.

A week later we were heading towards Yushu, in the N.W., trying to speed up the days by acquiring yaks, since there was an itinerary of passes and openings that allowed to advance with such animals. After travelling an uninterrupted series of small valleys, going through numerous mountain ranges, crossing the mighty Saluen river and many other minor streams, we arrived one day on the shores of the Mekong, about 80 km. of Chamdo. By that time the Kâulikás had already

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

found out that Schaeffer's expedition was just fifteen days ahead of us: a short time for those latitudes where the duration of trips was measured in months; a lot if it was a matter of saving Oskar Feil's life.

Fortunately, the good weather accompanied us throughout the journey and would stay that way until the end. We passed to the right shore of the Mekong and took the Path of the Lamas, hoping to shorten the distance that separated us from Schaeffer by marching faster than his column and stopping the indispensable to rest. Anyway, progress was slow to exasperation, because the famous "Path" consisted of a narrow and elevated road that barely allowed the yaks to pass, which we often had to unload. Somewhere on that route, at more than 4,000 meters high, we crossed the Chinese border. At last we reached Yushu, checking out that the other group of Westerners had left the city ten days earlier. The news, instead of rejoicing us for the time gained, despaired us, because that city was a point included in the Chang-Lam road, through which most of Tibet's trade with China was channeled and which could be traveled fairly quickly.

Since the previous year, July 1937, China suffered from the invasion of the Japanese, who already ruled Korea and Formosa since the war with Russia in 1905. In those days at the end of 1938, Japan had conquered Manchuria and the entire Southern coast, threatening to extend inland: Canton, Nanking, Shanghai, Beijing, etc., had fallen into their power; with a formidable pincer movement they were now trying to occupy the enormous strip between the rivers Yang Tse Kiang and Hoang-Ho, that is, between the Blue and Yellow rivers. In the country social decomposition reigned, and, in the regions that the Japanese had not yet controlled, the civil war had broken out with singular violence.

Yushu, located on the Western border, was far from the Japanese, but not from the civil war. There was quite a lot of agitation in the city and it was by no means convenient for us to be seen too much, so we remained hidden in the house of a Kāulikā family. They were the ones who gave us the information about the ten days ahead of the German expedition.

It would be impossible to reach them by traveling in caravan as before. According to Von Grossen, we had only one alternative: to separate ourselves from the load, and get ahead on horseback; the advance would be made by the five Germans and eight monks, while two Lopas would stay to watch over the five Holites, the Daivas dogs, the yaks with their load, and the newly incorporated **zhos**, which are the hybrid males product of the cross of the yak with the cow. Following this variation of the plan, the Kāulikās acquired the biggest specimens they managed to get from the little Tibetan horses, and each one took the minimum provisions for ten days, since on that path of merchants the villages and the rest and supply posts frequently alternated. The greatest weight that we had to transport corresponded to the weapons, for which we allocated two horses.

That same day we left Yushu, having slept in turns for only a few hours. The next day we waded through the Yang Tse Kiang or Blue River and we hit the best road after forty days of journey, giving the horses, from that moment on, a considerable speed.

I suppose that to an experienced officer like Karl von Grossen it had not escaped in Yushu that we would never reach Schaeffer before the Lake Kyaring if this one was ten days ahead of us. He undoubtedly sought to please in the best possible way my desire to rescue Oskar Feil alive, perhaps secretly relying on the probability that for some imponderable reason, our pursued would stop more than the necessary in some route point. But such a thing did not happen and they kept the lead enough time to arrive at the Ashram Jafran, hand over Oskar Feil, and depart again heading to Lake Koko Nor.

When the Chang-Lam road crosses the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, which forms successively the lakes Kyaring and Ngoring, it is only about 20 km. away. of the West shore of the first. Next to that bridge we found a man who caught immediately the attention of the Kāulikās monks: he was one of the spies that the Kāula Circle had infiltrated into Schaeffer's expedition and that had just escaped a certain death at the hands of the duskhas. From him we learned that the Germans had left the Ashram three days earlier, guided by Master Djual Khul, a hierarchical member of the White Fraternity, who would lead them to the Shambhala Gate of Koko Nor.

According to the account of the courageous Tibetan, Ernst Schaeffer sent Oskar Feil ahead, in order for him to explore the region of the Ashram Jafran. Soon after leaving, he was captured by the Duskhas, who confined him in a Temple dedicated to the Cult of Rigden Jyepo, where he would be sacrificed just four days later, when the moon made its transition to the last quarter. Oskar was still alive! Unexpectedly we now had a precious time to study the rescue.

Naturally, everything had been planned by Schaeffer in combination with the Duskhas: to avoid the predicament of openly handing over Oskar he made him fall into an infamous trap, of such effect that he was ignorant, for the moment, that he was betrayed by his boss. But it would not be Oskar he who intended to deceive Ernst Schaeffer, since he would die anyway, but some German officers

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

evidently unaware of his plans. The scoundrel thus assured himself a brilliant alibi, since they would inform in their return to Germany that "the *Kamerad* Oskar Feil had disappeared in action", in the course of the Operation **Altwesten**!

This was what shortened the expedition's stay at the Ashram, since Schaeffer did not want to take the risk that the deceived would discover by chance that Oskar was a prisoner of the Duskhas. Precisely, with the complicity of the Duskhas, who hypocritically lent themselves to the farce, eighteen of his Comrades searched inch by inch the entire area for two days trying to find him. Apparently only four officers shared Schaeffer's secret objectives.

The effectiveness of this Kaulika in spying on Schaeffer came from the fact that he wasn't a mere Tibetan porter, although he served as such by order of his Gurus, but a South African of Nepalese origin who perfectly understood English, German, and Dutch. His family, of the Gurkha race, that is, Indo-Aryan, deserted during the Boer War and took refuge in German territories, finally fleeing to Bhutan after 1918, when Germany was stripped of its colonies. Both him, whose name was Bangi, and his brother Gangi, were entrusted as children to the care of Kaulikas monks, who initiated them in the Tantra and finally they were destined in Lhasa, as secret agents in the service of the Rajah Dharma of Bhutan. There they managed to be hired by Schaeffer, who took them for Sherpas, without noticing the difference in Race. But they were not Sherpas but two Gurkha warriors who professed a core hatred towards the English and who were patiently awaiting some new British war to enlist in the opposing side.

The spies managed to hear the requests that the traitor made of the Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet and heard how Master Djual Khul intervened in his favor, agreeing to go through the Portal of Shambhala as soon as possible. They also learned of the existence of "an offering to Rigden Jyepo" propitiated by Ernst Schaeffer and realized that Oskar Feil had been handed over by a stratagem. In view of the fact that his fellow Kaulikas did not arrive in time to prevent the sacrifice, they would try to find out where the prisoner was in order to help him, a very difficult thing in that village inhabited by 2,000 Duskhas and 500 Lamas.

Both brothers gave themselves to observe the surroundings of the Monastery with the utmost caution, rightly presuming that the prisoner had been locked up in a different place from the one occupied by the expeditionaries. Indeed, they found that one of the outer Temples, located on an islet in the Lake Kyaring, was closed and guarded by armed guards.

They communicated the news to the German spies of the S.D., requesting them support to discover the maneuver and free Oskar Feil. The response of one of them, a typical Western secret agent response, took the breath away from the Gurkhas:

—We informed Germany months in advance of the plans that Schaeffer had for Oskar Feil, and the orders we received were clear and strict, as you well know: 'wait for special reinforcements that will prevent Ernst Schaeffer from completing the Operation **Altwesten**. Signed: Heydrich, Himmler, Hitler'. In other words, they told us nothing about Oskar Feil. We appreciate our Comrade very much and we are very sorry for his luck, but in similar cases, the Secret Service regulations prevent acting by own initiative, since it has been established with absolute precision that the priority of our mission is the Operation **Altwesten**. Oskar Feil's rescue conspires against the discretion that we must maintain until the end of the Operation **Altwesten**, in addition to contradicting express orders and constituting a suicidal action, after which there will most likely be three victims instead of one sacrificed by these savages. In short, we will do nothing and we request that you proceed in the same way, as there is still a long way to go and we need your help to send the information through Tibet".

The Gurkhas assured to the satisfaction of the ⚡ that they would not intervene, but discussing the case among themselves they concluded that the orders of the Germans did not reach them in the same way as the vows made to Shiva to combat the treason and the cowardice. What did the infringement of a cold bureaucratic regulation mean in the face of the wrath of Shiva, who punished bad warriors preventing them from accessing the Supreme Shakti? And hadn't they sworn to fight to the death the members of the White Fraternity? Their duties as spies of the Dharma Rajah, authorized by the Kâula Circle, dispensed them from many religious obligations, but allowing a human victim to be sacrificed in holocaust to the head of the White Fraternity fulfilled all measures. No Siddha could justify that sin and they would surely be punished in the Bhardo. No. If for the Germans the priority was to reach the Gate of Shambhala, the abode of the Demons, for them the priority was the Kula, the manifestation of the Divine Shakti. And the Kula would be lost if they didn't act as true Akula warriors. They would, therefore, be at stake to help Oskar Feil.

The second and final night Schaeffer's group would spend at the Ashram Jafran, the Gurkhas decided to act. Without hesitation they sank into the icy waters of Lake Kyaring and swimming silently surrounded the islet to emerge at the back of the Temple. The sentries had noticed nothing. They

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

quickly climbed up to a six-pointed star-shaped skylight that, by looking East, by day allowed the rays of the Sun to illuminate the enormous statue of Rigden Jyepo, but that on the exact day of the summer solstice led the sunlight directly to the Heart of the King of the World. Fortunately that horrible opening admitted the passage of a man, which was taken advantage of by Gangi to descend by throwing a rope inwards; his brother would stand guard on the outer cornice.

Once inside, he verified that the Temple was illuminated by torches, and that, tied tightly with hemp ropes, Oskar Feil slept on the sacrificial stone. In front of him, the Chief of the Lords of Karma was enjoying in advance the *yajnavirya* of his pain, the intruder thought with a shudder, observing the rictus and devilish gaze of the sinister sculpture. But he saw something else: inside there was also a guard. It consisted of four Duskhkas, although they were quite a distance away, next to the only door of the Temple: two slept on a mat, while the other two chatted animatedly. The Gurkha began to creep, trying to get the sacrificial stone to intercept the vision of the Duskhkas and carrying in his mouth a sharp dagger to cut the ligatures.

Momentarily hidden behind the stone altar, the Gurkha Kâulika sat up gently and peered over Oskar's body at the Duskhkas' behavior: they were still completely distracted, entertained now in playing dice. He slid a hand over Oskar's face and he pressed it tightly against his mouth, in order to prevent him from speaking or making any unnecessary sound when waking up. However, despite shaking him with singular violence, the prisoner did not come to himself. He finally opened the eyes, but Gangi saw them white, his pupils bulging upward, and he realized with disappointment that the German was suffering from the effects of a narcotic.

Nothing could be done except to go back and leave the Temple. Shiva would know how to forgive who at least had risked his life to rescue the victim of the Demons. But it's obvious that the Gods arranged another Fate for the Gurkha; by removing his hand from Oskar's mouth, believing him completely vanished, the unthinkable happened: he uttered a high-pitched wail and convulsed for an instant, to immediately fall into the previous faint.

The body was inert again, but it was too late: the sentries were running towards the altar uttering exclamations. The Gurkha jumped on the first and he stabbed him, but had to surrender next in the face of the threat of two deterrent rifles. Another guard opened the door of the Temple and soon there was an enraged crowd of Duskhkas surrounding the intruder. If Gangi had counted with the weapons of the Kâulik warriors he would have put up a better fight, but given the role of porter he represented on the expedition as much as he could carry was that knife hidden in his clothes. In that terrible moment, the only thing that he wished was for his brother to get away.

And his wish was granted, as the other Gurkha swiftly descended from the cornice and plunged into the lake, gaining shore unseen. Hidden behind a little wall that followed the outline of the beach, he observed how minutes later Ernst Schaeffer arrived accompanied by two of his most faithful collaborators and six Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet. His brother's fate was sealed.

In the case of being captured, both agreed to declare that the incursion to the Temple obeyed the sole purpose of the robbery: - "they supposed that in the Temple --they would say-- there would be valuables that could be stolen from the custody of the Duskhkas and then trade them in China or India, thus producing a favorable change in the lives of two poor Sherpas". They would be executed, of course, for the sacrilege committed and, especially, because Schaeffer could not leave witnesses to Oskar Feil's presence in the Temple. But the version of the robbery would remove their suspicions and would not jeopardize the task of the German spies.

Now one of the Gurkhkas, Bangi, was free but there could no room for hope about the fate of his brother: he would be assassinated to avoid him from speaking and thus present his body to the rest of the expedition, stating that he was killed when caught *in the act* carrying out a robbery in a Temple, not the Rigden Jyepo's but another to which the corpse would be transported.

He was not mistaken, for after a while two guards came out carrying the lifeless body of Gangi, followed by the Germans and the Lamas: in the moonshine, he could see his neck sectioned from ear to ear, having to clench his teeth to avoid a cry of pain. He consoled himself by thinking that his brother possessed the Kula and that he would soon dance with Shiva the dance of immortality.

—"Kâly, Oh Kâly: --he mentally invoked-- communicate to me your Power of Death, turn me into *Shindje shed*, the Lord of Death, into *Dordji Vigdje*, the Lord of Terror, in *Shiva Bhairava*; grant me, Oh Parvati, the Honor to avenge the blood of my brother, your faithful servant; help me to regain the dignity of Kshatriya; transform me into *Kâlybala*, the Force that will destroy the Enemies of your Kula Path; put in my hands Trisula, the Trident of Shiva, Vajra, the Ray of Indra, and Gandiva, the Arch of Arjuna, with Isudhi, his two quivers of arrows that never miss their target!"

While praying in this way to the Black Goddess, the Gurkha feverishly swam to get away from the damned Ashram Jafran, aware that he would soon be wanted as an accomplice of his brother and sentenced to the same execution.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Once outside the walls, he climbed a nearby hill from where the next morning he watched the expedition's hurried departure.

–“The Germans --thought Bangi-- were now part of a procession of Demons”--. With Schaeffer, indeed, were Master Djuul Khul and the **Skushok** of the Gompa, a kind of Tibetan Abbot, in addition to four Lamas of the Turmeric bonnet.

At that moment, he realized that he had two alternatives: either to follow the caravan at a distance, risking to starve and freeze to death in a few days; or return to the Chang-Lam road and await the announced reinforcements, then risking to lose track of the expedition, since the Portal of Shambhala meant entering a secret path, which perhaps crossed unknown dimensions of Space or extended into other Worlds. However, he opted for this last variant, having transpired only three days since he was by the bridge of the Hoang-Ho.

### Chapter XXV

Such was, more or less, the story that the Gurkha told us. I think Von Grossen, like his spies on the expedition, was more concerned with the Operation **Altwesten** than the life of Oskar Feil. According to his orders, orders that were signed by the highest authorities of the Third Reich but that I did not ignore emanated from the "gray brains" of the regime, among which was Konrad Tarstein, it was an absolute priority "to make contact with Schaeffer's expedition", "to get Kurt von Süßermann to join it". That is to say, if it had been for Von Grossen we should have abandoned Oskar to his luck and concentrated on following in Schaeffer's footsteps: that was the best Strategy to fulfill the orders. But the life of Oskar Feil mattered more to me than the blessed orders and I wouldn't move from there until I hadn't obtained his freedom.

Paradoxically, the "key" of the Operation First Key was me, my **voluntary** collaboration to divert Operation **Altwesten** from its hidden objectives. And my collaboration now demanded the prior release of Oskar Feil. Therefore, displaying great pragmatism, Von Grossen accepted the facts without discussing and set out to plan the rescue.

The five Germans, the eight Lopa monks, and the Gurkha monk, we camped in a narrow pass, away from the main road but located scarcely five kilometers from the Ashram Jafran. There Von Grossen interrogated the Gurkha about the details of the enemy stronghold, finally working out a plan of operations on which we all agreed. Basically, the Strategy would be the following: **the rescue would take place in the middle of an attack by surprise.**

According to the local traditions, the first thing man worshiped in that place was the islet where later was raised the Temple consecrated to Rigden Jyepo. A popular legend claimed that in very remote times, **Jagannath**, the King of the World, the Hogmin Dordji Chang, had come out of Shambhala to travel the World under His Aspect of Crane. Upon his return, he chose that half-sunken boulder in Lake Kyaring to rest before undertaking the last leg of his journey to Chang Shambhala. The myth tells that in the beach, which was joined to the island by a thin corridor of stones, was a Holy Lama

named Dusk<sup>41</sup> who, taking pity on the exhausted bird, approached to feed it the only thing at hand: a sack of turmeric flowers. Grateful, the Blessed Lord decided to reward Dusk by making him the father of a people of worshipers of the King of the World and granting, to all Initiates that arose from his Race, the custody of the Portal of Shambhala, **which began precisely on that sacred island.**

Another version of the legend, undoubtedly older, stated that the Divine Crane had loved the Lama Dusk and wanted to give him offspring before leaving. The problem was that the Crane was a male specimen, of the same sex as the Lama, so there would be no fertilization possible. Then the Crane of Shambhala, that in this story was fed by the blood of the Lama, remembered that only the intercourse with a male naga snake is able to achieve the miracle of the procreation between members of the same sex. Always on the islet of Lake Kyaring, the Crane mentally activated its Dorje of Power, which was in the Throne of the King of the World, in Chang Shambhala, and transformed the Lama into a male naga snake. They then mated with ardor, leaving the Crane Rigden Jyepo pregnant with the naga serpent. After that homosexual act, before departing, the Divine Crane laid two saffron-colored eggs.

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<sup>41</sup> **Dusk** means **Pain**. The Dusks constituted "the family of Dusk", that is to say, the Sons of Pain.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Later incubated by the Lama Dusk, under the Aspect of a Serpent Naga, both eggs gave rise to a pair of hybrid twins, --a third of Crane, a third of man, and a third of serpent-- who would be the Great Ancestors of the Duskhass.

It should not be surprising, then, that with such a belief they claimed their kinship with the King of the World and became their most fanatical worshipers, demanding from anyone who tried to clear the Portal of Shambhala the offering of pain of a human victim, a pleasant gift for that who holds the titles of "Father of Human Pain", "Lord of the Lords of Karma", and "Supreme Master of the Kâlachakra".

Since then, the Duskhass, a people descended from the mythical Dusk, jealously guarded the region and built the Temple to Rigden Jyepo on the "White Island", named after Chang Swetadvipa, the "White Island of the North", invisible to human eyes and seat of the Gate of Chang Shambhala, the Mansion of the Bodhisattvas. Over the centuries, the people of the Duskhass grew, as did the number of their community of Lamas, forced to build the huge Gompa Ashram Jafran, surrounded by beautiful Pagodas, dedicated to the worship of various Deities of the White Fraternity. The island with its Temple, was very close to the Western shore of the lake; in front of it, the Monastery with its ring of Pagodas was erected on the mainland; and further back, forming a wide semicircle that covered and at the same time protected the group of religious buildings, was the village of the Duskhass.

The Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, has always constituted in that region a triple border between the Kingdoms of Tibet, Mongolia and China. During thousands of years the invading armies, coming from this or that Kingdom, passed in front of the Ashram Jafran, frequently respecting its religious community status but sometimes trying to occupy the village or subjecting it to plunder. That reality forced the Duskhass to fortify the place, building a high stone wall in the shape of a "U", which went from shore to shore of Lake Kyaring: at the opening of the "U", opposite the open space in the lake between the ends of the wall, was the White Island with the Temple and the prisoner who were trying to liberate.

And at the base of the "U", which was the front of the walled city, there was a huge wooden door, framed in two elevated towers that served as watchtowers, permanently occupied by armed lookouts. On the two angles of the "U" there were also two towers with their respective sentinels.

It is good to clarify that such security measures had arisen forced by circumstances, that is, by the need to protect the Temples and the Ashram from possible invaders, for the Duskhass lacked at all, despite their ferocity for the Ritual Sacrifice, of a warrior vocation. They made up, however, a people of natural-born Priests, whose members entered from an early age in the practice of the Cult and lived always ascetically, displaying an ultramontane rigorism. Not only were they not warriors, but war caused an essential horror, and they imagined it as an effect of human error, of the blindness of man, that did not see, like them, the Goodness of the Gods Creators of the Universe.

Their firearms were reduced to a scarce hundred Martini-Henry rifles of the XIX century and six small pieces of fixed artillery, mounted on the towers of the wall: they were completely devoid of fist weapons. Instead the cutlery was plentiful and varied, and handled with fair dexterity.

To these material deficiencies, was added the scarce strategic vision of those wretches, who had quartered the entirety of their garrison, about a hundred troops, in two barracks located on both sides of the main gate. Obviously, the whole weight of their defense was based more on psychological than real factors, that is to say, that they relied on the dissuasion of their walls, and the meager loot behind them, to discourage the potential attackers. The artillery pieces represented a dissuasive object rather than a real danger to the besiegers, since they would hardly work: and that if the ideal conditions were given for there to be dry gunpowder, ammunition and fuse, and these elements were placed in the correct way.

In short, as the region was quiet for the moment, and they had no reason to suspect an attack, the guard was reduced to its minimum expression: one man in each tower, that is, six lookouts; two at the main door and one behind each of the other four side doors, that is, six more guards; six other guards at the White Island Temple, two outside and four in; and forty troops sleeping in each of the barracks, but ready to leave at the slightest alarm.

On that night, Kâly would make the Gurkha's prayers come true. It would not be the strokes of the Trident of Shiva, nor the Fire of the Ray of Indra, nor the certainty of Arjuna's arrows, but Bangi's revenge would be implemented by means of other similar powers: the blows of the bullets of our rifles, the fire of the hand-grenades, and the accuracy of the arrows of the Lopas.

By the number of troops it counted, the formation commanded by Von Grossen was hardly a squad; but, for the combative morale and conscience of the own force, it had to be described as phalanx or legion. A legion, it would be said, for its great mobility for the blitzkrieg. From the outset, we would attack divided: Von Grossen would lead the bulk of the squad, while a squad led by me



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

would operate in the Temple. In a second phase of the plan, the squad would bifurcate into two platoons, and then we would all meet, at a predetermined point, and execute the withdrawal.

Only the Germans would go to the assault equipped with firearms: a Luger pistol and a Schmeisser submachine gun per head, plus two of the obsolete 1914 Mauser rifles, which will be seen what they were for. In those days, the 9 mm. Schmeisser were secret weapons, and only an Elite corps like ours had been allowed to take them out of Germany. We counted with fifty clips with thirty bullets each, but I'd only carry two, leaving the rest for my Comrades who would sustain the bulk of the attack. Naturally, we all carried the ⚡ Knight's dagger, with the legend "Blut und Ehre" carved on the blade.

The Kaulika warriors, for their part, used three kinds of weapons: bow and arrows, scimitar, and dagger. As I said before, those monks were experts in martial arts, and their skill in archery was unrivaled in Tibet, where no one doubted to attribute magical power to their arrows and it was stated that, they could both hit their target during the day and at night, with their eyes open or bandaged, etc. They all carried fifty arrows, not one more, not one less, in a quiver suspended against the right leg: each arrow corresponded to one of the skulls on Kâly's necklace and that is why it had engraved on its rod one of the letters of the sacred alphabet of the Aryans. The scimitar was a short sword, about 80 centimeters with a single-edged blade, curved, convexly truncated and counterpoint, and widened at that end; the quillon protected the fist with two hawks that imitated the claw of the eagle, and the hilt, of black ivory, had an exquisitely chiseled pommel, which represented the Face of Kâly as Mrtyu, the Death. The scimitar, sheathed, hung from a baldric on the left side. And finally, in a small sheath locked by the girdle, was the dagger with flamed blade and ivory hilt, similar in size to the medieval *Panzerbreher* or to its contemporary *"Misericorde"*.

The members of the Kâula Circle denominated *"Rudra"* to Shiva in their Tantra, a word that arose from the contraction and agglutination of Ru and Duska, and that meant *"He who destroys Pain"*. Shiva was thus the Enemy of Pain, or the Enemy of Dusk; and his disciples, by extension, would be the Enemies of the Duskas. I clarify this, neffe, because I couldn't help but consider, in the balance of our own weaponry, the deep hatred that the Kâulikas experienced for the Duskas, as an important tactical element in favor. The Kâulikas had the Duskas as little less than vampires living on human pain, and were psychologically predisposed to act with the utmost rigor against "the family of Dusk": Shiva Rudra would approve and reward the demonstration of courage of his Kshatriyas Kâulikas.

The Sun was hidden behind the formidable Bayan Kara Mountain Range and the night, impenetrable due to the scarce moonlight of the last quarter, descended on Lake Kyaring. At zero hours we left the horses well restrained a kilometer before the Ashram Jafran and we began to advance on foot, carrying the necessary material for the attack. This had been set for one o'clock, the time that the two groups were to be at their posts.

The Gurkha, knowledgeable about the route to the Temple, one of the Lopas, and Me, would take care of rescuing Oskar, at the exact moment that Von Grossen with the others would start the frontal attack. Surprise was the determinant factor of the success of our Strategy and that is why we moved with extreme caution.

At a quarter to one, and about three hundred meters from the tower of surveillance, we entered the lake. The three of us were Initiates and we knew how to release the heat of the igneous Kundalini energy to prevent freezing, but with no doubt in that high mountain aquatic environment the Kâulikas had the upper hand: the Hata yoga practices of the ⚡ were mainly concentrated on resisting with the naked body the low and dry temperatures of the Bavarian Alps. Thus, I was still shivering with cold, when we arrived at the White Island minutes later, without the Duskas hearing us.

At the back of the Temple, the three invaders climbed up to the starry opening through which the unfortunate Gangi entered four days ago. It was almost one in the morning. From then on we would have to act with mathematical precision, since it was possible that the interior guards try to kill Oskar when recovering from the surprise of the attack.

At five seconds past one, with Germanic precision, a powerful outer explosion made the Temple vibrate and paralyzed with terror the custodians. In that instant, while Hell was unleashed outside, I jumped from the window, I rolled across the floor towards the altar, stood up abruptly, and with a single blast from the Schmeisser I wiped out all four guards. The four of them received the bullets in the back and died without knowing what was happening, riveted against the door of the Temple towards which they were turned. A fairer offering than Oskar Feil was the one that now received the horrible idol, after which I had parapeted in case the door was opened and other guards entered.

The Kâulikas, who arrived at the altar seconds later, were engaged in cutting the ligatures and removing the gag that prevented Oskar from speaking, who had already worn off the effect of the narcotic.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

--Kurt! Kurt von Sübermann! --he yelled in a daze--. Is it really you or am I dreaming?

--It's me, it's me! --I stated impatiently--. Get ready because we have to flee from here as soon as possible. I'll explain everything to you later. Poor Oskar couldn't stand up.

For seven days they kept him tied up at the altar and only fed him with what was necessary to arrive alive on the day of his execution. The Lopa and I each put a shoulder under his arms and retreated to the end of the Temple holding him up suspended in the air. Meanwhile, the Gurkha stuck his ear to the door and, not noticing any danger, made sure with the dagger that the guards were well dead.

In truth, we could have gone out the door of the Temple, since the outside guards rushed into the village upon hearing the explosions; but then we did not know it and we did not want to risk an unequal fight. What we did, instead, was to go out the four of us through the window: first the Lopa climbed; then Oskar, standing on my shoulders, got help and passed on to the exterior cornice; and finally Bangi and I went up.

We surrounded the Temple and found that the front was unguarded. We crossed, then, the corridor that connected the White Island with the beach and we hid behind the little wall to observe, fifty meters ahead, what happened in the Monastery. In the following minutes we would meet again with our Comrades!

### Chapter XXVI

The surroundings of the wall had been stripped of rocks, so they had to crawl fifty meters. At five minutes to one Von Grossen, the three ⚡ officers, and three Lopas, were glued to the ground twenty meters from the front door. The remaining four monks were in charge of eliminating the lookouts, deployed in suitable positions to such an end.

Their action was very fast and the lookouts "saw nothing" when the Lopas emerged from the ground with cobra speed, dropped to one knee, and shot four arrows. Four arrows in the night, four accurate targets! It can be said that those sacred arrows sought the hearts of the adorers of the Lord of Shambhala.

Von Grossen and his group then ran towards the door, joining two of the archers; the other two marched, separately, to liquidate the sentries from the extreme towers of the wall, those that were on the waters of the lake. They all pressed against the wall, while Kloster and Hans held the four demolition explosives on hinges and locks. The main entrance to the village was guarded by a heavy and enormous gate of a single sheet, built with assembled boards and covered with ironwork that concealed the indentations completely. It was certainly a strong fence, which would have withstood more than one battering ram charge, but certainly ineffective in modern warfare, against the artillery or the bombs like the ones we placed. Kloster looked at the time: two minutes to one; then he ignited the delayed detonator of two minutes and he pressed himself against the wall, next to Von Grossen.

Psychologically, two minutes can last an instant or an Eternity, especially if there is the possibility that one will die after them. The Germans, to avoid thinking about anything other than combat, engaged in verifying that the submachine guns had the safety unlocked; to check for the umpteenth time that the chargers would come easily to hand, from the canvas cartridge belts; and to make sure that the stick grenades would slide without problems off the belt and the mouth of the boots. Thus, for the Germans, two minutes were closer to the moment than to eternity. The Kâulikās, instead, stood absolutely still, their minds focused on the infinite unity of the Kula. For them, who had shed the awareness of duration, the two minutes were similar to Eternity.

But they all ran anyway when the bombs exploded. And, literally speaking, *they got tired of killing*.

The charges, distributed with singular skill, completely ripped the gate and smashed it, scattering the pieces tens of meters around. The smoke from the entrance had not yet cleared, and Von Grossen and Heinz were standing in front of the only two doors of the barracks.

There was great confusion inside, and only a few managed to take their gun and try to get out; but such a reaction came too late to save their lives. Kloster and Heinz were running since a minute before around the barracks throwing the grenades through the embrasures: to the fifth grenade, simultaneously, both slums began to crumble. Desperate, the ones that turned out miraculously unharmed, struggled to gain the doors and get out, to fall struck down on the corpses of their predecessors, struck down by the inclement bursts from the Schmeisser. Not a single one escaped from that mortal trap.

When no more guards appeared at the gates, Von Grossen gave an order and two Kâulikās entered the ruins and set about finishing off the wounded and survivors with accurate stabs. The

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**Standartenführer** consulted his wristwatch with luminiscent hands: eight past one. In just eight minutes, and without giving them time to fire a shot, the three ⚡ officers exterminated the Duskha garrison!

From the main entrance, until the wide square where the Monastery stood, ran a wide avenue 300 meters long through which Von Grossen had planned the next breakthrough. Except for the two Lopas that remained outside, and whose mission was to climb the towers, the Kāulikās were ordered to "clear" the passage of the Germans. With that purpose, barely blown off the gate, three of them headed straight there brandishing their scimitars and, with remarkable skill, slaughtered all the Duskhas who crossed their path. They had divided up the route and each one came and went about a hundred meters lavishing sword blows to the right and left. The first to die were, of course, the inhabitants of the houses facing the avenue, that made the irreparable mistake of going outside when they heard the explosions: elders, men, women, children, the Kāulika scimitar forgave no one. After ten past one, when they were joined by the two Lopas who were returning from finishing off the wounded in the garrison, the bodies of dozens of entire families layed lifeless in the vicinity of their dwellings.

But, at that stage of the events, after the explosion of the bombs, the grenades, and the clatter of the submachine guns, chaos ruled the Duskha village. Amid the infernal shouting, a bewildered crowd of people converged on that road, some in order to reach the walls, and others to head towards the Monastery. And although many came armed with daggers and sabers, and offered fleeting resistance to the Kāulika monks, these inexorably reaped their miserable lives.

When the four ⚡ officers raced for the Monastery, the avenue had become a river of blood. But the road was effectively "cleared". They only fired a few bursts as they passed, over the crowd that flowed through the side streets. Behind them also advanced the Kāulikās, admirably fulfilling their function of ensuring the mobility of the Germans.

At ten past one, meanwhile the Germans marched down the avenue, the two Lopa archers from outside returned and climbed by a staircase of stone to the towers that guarded the destroyed entrance gate. There they separated: one would take the corridor on the left and the other the one on the right, corridors that connected all the towers to each other and that consisted of narrow cantilever platforms, peripherally distributed on the inner side of the wall. On each tower there was a primitive hearth, which was now useless for heating the definitely frozen bodies of the guards. The Kāulikās, from the first towers, observed the conglomerate of houses that extended compact in a strip three hundred meters wide, parallel to the wall. Using the different towers it was possible to master every detail, block, alley, house or Temple, of the Duskha village.

They had spent the day before making the incendiary arrows. It was not difficult: it was enough to wind a woolen thread around the tips of the common arrows impregnated in a mixture of fuel oil and sugar. They had a hundred of those arrows, then, according to Von Grossen, no more were required; the important thing, explained the **Standartenführer**, was not the quantity of the arrows but the quality of the selected targets and the degree of success in the shots. According to that tactic, the Kāulikās chose the hundred targets one by one, trying to target the flammable materials such as woods and fabrics.

Doors, windows, awnings, curtains, food sacks, stacks of forage and looms armed under wide corridors, began little by little to take different categories of combustion. In some places, the flames soon surpassed the height of the houses and the sparks invaded the surroundings; the fire spread inexorably and the fire became general.

When both Kāulikās reached the final towers, at twenty past one, the Duskha village had been transformed into a gigantic bonfire. The uncontrolled mobs were mostly trying to escape the suffocating heat and reach the lake or go outside the walls. The sentries at the side doors, caught between the flames and the crowd, opened and could not prevent the passing of hundreds of terrified villagers. In that moment, the two Kāulika monks assumed very different attitudes. The one in the tower of the extreme right, lowered himself with a rope outside the wall and went resolutely towards the place where the horses were hidden, knocking down without contemplations, with deadly scimitar blows, the bewildered Duskhas that he found on his way. The one in the tower on the left prepared the rope to descend outside, but then he descended the stone staircase towards the inside and, turned into a whirlwind of deadly thrusts, he cleared the vicinity of that site of enemies: he awaited the arrival of the squad of Von Grossen, which should already be there.

Fifteen past one. The numerous group of Duskhas, gathered at the entrance of the Monastery, demanded with loud voices the presence of the Lamas of the Turmeric bonnet. Ignoring the clamor of their brothers, the monks had entrenched and were probably saying prayers to Rigden Jyepo and the Gods of the White Fraternity.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

It was unlikely that inside the Gompa, the physical headquarters of the Ashram Jafran, there were any firearms; and it was even more unlikely that some Lama was willing to defend his refuge with weapons.

The appearance on the run of Von Grossen and the ⚡ officers was surprising and caused the panic of the villagers. Two grenades fell among them and completed that picture of nameless terror. The explosions, in the middle of the crowd, mutilated the nearest bodies and projected dozens of splinters in all directions, metal teeth eager to bite and wound the flesh, wild beasts blind and winged that killed at random. Von Grossen only had to shoot two times with the submachine gun, so that the hail of bullets dispersed the maddened crowd.

The whole group took preventive shelter under the gallery of a beautiful Tibetan-style Buddhist Pagoda, in order to prepare the next action. Kloster and Hans, in the center of the circle of Kāulika scimitars, lowered their backpacks and extracted the forty rifle grenades. They then took the 1914 Mausers and inserted two of them into the barrel adapter.

The rifle grenades were charged with phosphorus, which exploded at impact, and constituted a highly effective tactical firebomb. Shoot with a rifle similar to the Mauser, it was possible to hit precise targets at 300 meters. Their targets, the windows of the Monastery, invited them to launch the projectiles just 25 meters ahead.

Sitting on a square base of seventy meters on a side, the Gompa showed three rows of windows on the level above the front door, main facade that we saw from the front. It housed, as I said, about 500 Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet, many of whom leaned out and harangued the Duskhās, now pleading, now commanding, to resist the enemy, to reorganize the defense, not to flee, etc. Perhaps the most paradoxical of such dramatic intimations was the one that assured, in the Name of the Blessed Lord, that the intruders were not demons but mere mortals.

There was also a large back door, which led to the White Island, and two small doors on either side of the building, all of which remained locked from the inside. The roofs, covered with brown tiles, sloped in gentle hyperbolic slope, and there was a central courtyard surrounded by galleries and fine columns.

In those moments, the Lamas noticed the fire that consumed the village and exhorted the people to fight it by using the water from the ponds and interior canals, which could be flooded in a matter of minutes by opening some locks that contained the pressure of the lake. Admittedly, some Duskhās remained calm in those tragic moments and ran to fulfill the orders, which the Lamas did not dare to carry out by themselves; and there were others that tried in vain to oppose the voracity of the fire. But one thing is to stop an occasional fire, started by accident in this or that place, and another very different to face a hundred deliberately lit fires.

The fire became uncontrollable in certain neighborhoods and their residents fled in terror, some heading abroad, and others in the direction of the Lamasery. Without noticing the riddled corpses that littered the square, mobs from various directions converged at every moment to request Divine help from their Gods, while the Lamas urged them to fight immediately, against the fire and against the invisible but deadly enemies.

However, although it was deafening the wailing and screaming of the desperate, over the background noise produced by the crackle of burning things, the sound of firearms was no longer heard. Encouraged by such silence, the Lamas were now shouting prayers and mantras from almost every window.

Sixteen past one. Von Grossen's squad suddenly emerged from the darkness of the Pagoda and marched in close order of two at the back for some meters. An instant later Kloster and Hans fired the first two incendiary grenades towards two windows on the second floor: one hit the chest of the Lama who circumstantially shouted his speech and made him disappear under a blinding light; another penetrated cleanly through the contiguous opening and exploded inside the Gompa. And through both windows, after the glow of the explosion faded, it was seen how the flames burned everything.

But the ⚡ did not stop to evaluate the effect of their attack. After the two first, they continued to send grenades against the windows at the rate of ten per front, until completing forty. Kloster ran to the right, followed by Von Grossen and two Kāulikās, stopping at intervals to load the grenade and shoot. Hans did it from the left, protected by Heinz and three Kāulikās, shooting similarly.

No one had counted on the possibility that the Monastery had its own guard force, which went unnoticed for the Gurkha observer. However, this one was insignificant in number, although its members possessed good training in the use of the sabre. There they suffered the first and only casualty, when a surprising stab took the life of a Lopa from Von Grossen's group. The guards, two or three per door, stood outside and tried, showing a certain courage, to prevent the Monastery from

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

being attacked. Of course, they had neither the skill nor the knowledge to rival the Kāulikās and, when they were not eliminated by their scimitars, they fell perforated by the relentless German bullets.

In a few seconds the Lamasery was, then, also victim to the flames. Like unwitting guests of a hellish furnace, as if the Ray of Indra would have effectively fallen on the peaceful Ashram Jafran, the largest part of the hypocritical Holy Lamas found a horrible death in those first minutes of the attack. A death that was accompanied by a shocking concert of howls of pain.

Within two minutes, both platoons met at the rear door of the Monastery, the one that overlooked the White Isle and the Rigden Jyepo Temple. The watches marked eighteen past one, and by the beach approached at a slow pace a third group: it was the group composed of the Gurkha, the Lopa, Oskar Feil, and Me!

Suddenly the door opened and some Lamas tried to go outside. They coughed and cried from the smoke, and their simple Asian faces represented the image of horror: Von Grossen machine-gunned them mercilessly and shouted:

–To the other doors!

Indeed, the remaining doors were opened as well, but they were very few the survivors we had to suppress: the intense heat, and the collapse of the upper floors, wiped out most of them before they could reach the exits. Like the lookouts, like the garrison, all the Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet ended up annihilated because of our superiority in the art of war.

### Chapter XXVII

21 minutes past one. Karl von Grossen, Heinz, Kloster, Hans, Oskar and I, the group of five Lopas, and the Gurkha, we saved the three hundred meters that separated us from the left tower. We had to fight our way bloody among the scarce crowd that still ran chaotically without knowing what to do, but that escape route planned by Von Grossen proved to be, if not the only possible, one of the few that remained. Another evasion course, for example, might have considered the aquatic environment of the lake; what would not be feasible to do was to return the way we came, that is, along the avenue, since it now resembled a high-temperature tunnel due to the general fire; effect anticipated by the provident Von Grossen.

In the center of an eerie circle of cadavers, at the foot of the ladder, we found the Kāulika monk. Preceded by this, we went up in column to the tower and quickly descended with the rope to the outside of the wall.

With no obstacles worthy of note, we began the retreat heading North. Five hundred meters further on we find the Kāulika monk with the horses and completed the retreat, speeding away from the destroyed Dushka village. The road climbed the slope of a hill and I could not avoid turning for a moment to contemplate for the last time the consequence of our attack. The image that I perceived, as a corollary of the operation, was daunting: with the dark frame of the closed night, the square inside the wall was clearly distinguished, illuminated by the reddish glows of the fire, which still retained its destructive vitality; the fire, like a starving beast, had decided to devour everything, and was still feeding on the sinister Monastery; the building, which was the tallest in the village, burned freely and its flames projected a multicolored variety onto the unchanging mirror of Lake Kyaring; in that light, I was even able to recognize the damned Temple of Rigden Jyepo, that was built entirely with white stones.

The success of the attack would have been total had we been able to follow the course of a variant planned by Von Grossen, that contemplated the dynamiting of that Satanic Temple. But no material time was available for it; that is to say, the time was spent covering the doors of the Gompa in order to prevent the Lamas from escaping: the realist Von Grossen found it more practical to kill all the Lamas, living enemies, than to use violence in an "inert" symbol such as the Temple. But I disagreed with such criterion, since I considered that it had more real weight, as an adversary, the Lamasery than the Lamas: for the White Fraternity it was going to be much easier to replace the Lamas than rebuild the millenary Temple! However, I would reproach nothing to Von Grossen since, thanks to his undoubted professionalism, now galloped by my side Oskar Feil.

Loud exclamations abruptly removed me from such thoughts. It took me a while to understand that everyone did the same as me and turned for a second to take the final vision of the Duskha village. And now, while descending to the other side of the hill, they gave uncontrollable and ecstatic cries of joy. Naturally, I mean the Germans, for the Asians remained as indifferent as always. Von Grossen had to allude to the authority of his military grade to prevent Baldur Von Schirach's song "Chant to the Flags of the Hitler Youth" from being sung out loud. I too would have wanted to sing it

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

at that time. And, remembering my childhood in Cairo, I mentally repeated, as my Comrades undoubtedly did:

**...Germany, one day you will rise radiant  
Even if We have to die!  
our Banners wave before Us,  
our Banners are of a Better Time,  
our Banners lead us to Eternity,  
yes, our Banners are superior to Death!**

Yes, our banners were superior to Death itself; and they unleashed Death on the enemies, as they had just verified the Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet. We Germans unleashed Death because History summoned us to do so; the Enemy of our banners would forever regret having nailed its vile claws into the fatherland. I remembered then the "Song of Alarm for the Germans" by Dietrich Eckart, that founding member of the Thulegesellschaft whom Konrad Tarstein told me about tirelessly, since he had also been one of Adolf Hitler's Initiators:

**Convocation, Call, Alarm, Alarm!  
Released is the Serpent!  
The Dragon of the Hells!  
Stupidity and Lies broke their chains;  
the Greed for Gold rests in a horrible seat!  
Red, like Blood, the Sky is burning;  
with a horrific fuss  
the Walls collapse.  
Blow after blow, also to the Sacred Altars!  
The Dragon reduces them to rubble.  
Sound the Alarm now or never!  
Germany wake up!  
Convocation, Call, Alarm, Alarm!  
Ring the bells in all the towers!  
Ring so that the young,  
the men, the elderly,  
those who sleep, leave their rooms.  
Play for the mothers to leave their cradles,  
for the girls to come down the stairs.  
May the air rumble and resound strident,  
Let it roar! Let it roar in the Thunder of Vengeance!  
Ring for the dead  
to come out of their pits.  
Germany wake up!  
Convocation, Call, Alarm, Alarm!  
Ring the bells in all the towers!  
Play until the sparks sprout.  
Judas comes to conquer the Reich.  
Play until the ropes turn red.  
Everything around is burning fire  
and Pain and Death.  
Let the earth rise  
under the Thunder of Saving Vengeance.  
Woe to the people that still sleeps!  
Germany wake up!**

History summoned the fittest to fight against Evil. And the most fit we were! In a unique moment in history we had raised our Eternal Banners, as requested by Baldur Von Schirach. And so the Führer sounded the Alarm, as requested by Dietrich Eckart. Woe to the sleeping peoples, or given to Evil just like the Duskhass! Woe to those who ignore the Sound of the Eternal Spirit! They would suffer the wrath of the Awakened Sons of Germany!

What happened in Tibet was an example: five ⚡ officers and eight Kâulika initiates, lamenting a single casualty, exterminated more than a thousand fierce enemies. One per thousand!: a fair proportion for the life of the fallen Initiate and Oskar Feil's, which they intended to take.

Our enemies, rather, the Enemy of our Banners, should definitely understand that **We** were not threatening in vain!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

### Chapter XXVIII

I want to warn the reader that I did not have similar luck to his, for the narration of Uncle Kurt, referring to the rescue operation of his Comrad, Oskar Feil, demanded several days. Without mentioning those interruptions, I have transcript the main parts in a correlative way so as not to cause impatience, impatience similar to that which, as one might suppose, befell me in those days.

I will only add that, as will surely happen to the reader, that feat in which Uncle Kurt participated, immediately reminded me of "Nimrod's Feat", related by Belicena Villca. Undoubtedly, the Tibet adventure had a seal of *magical heroism*, a style of "boundless intrepidity", which resembled the story of the Kassite King. Otherwise, the Enemy was the same: the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit, the Enemy of the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Enemy of "our Banners", as Uncle Kurt called it, that is, the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala and his earthly agents.

In the same way, I will collect in the following chapters Uncle Kurt's most interesting accounts without intervening. Naturally, I will use such a criterion as far as possible, that is, up to the Epilogue, Epilogue?, that was when Uncle Kurt's account, and every account, had to be interrupted. I, for my part, already was in good health at this point, and awaited only the culmination of the story to fulfill Belicena Villca's request: with each passing day my determination grew, because, at every moment, things were getting irreversibly clearer around the Hyperborean Wisdom.

As I recall, this is how Uncle Kurt went on one morning:

### Chapter XXIX

We rode without stopping until we crossed the Chang-Lam road. Next to the bridge over the Yellow River, in the same place where we found him, we left the Gurkha. He would remain hidden awaiting the rest of the expedition, that is, the two Kaulika monks and the five Holite porters. We, on the other hand, would continue for several kilometers to camp in the mountains of the N.E.

It was not convenient to let us be seen for the moment because the attack on the Dushka village would cause the consequent alarm in the region and we ignored the reaction from the official authorities of Tibet, who may have suspected our intervention.

It was beginning to dawn when we stopped, being evident that the good weather that had been with us until then was over. Dense clouds swiftly ploughed through the heights and an icy breeze, that chilled us to the bones, heralded the imminent storm with no possible misunderstandings. It was a snowstorm and the most protected place would be, paradoxically, the open field: by camping against the rocks of a ravine we could end buried by an avalanche. We finally hit a high depression, a small valley of 30 square meters surrounded by gentle slopes, and we worked with celerity to set up the high mountain tents.

At noon it was impossible to stay out in the open, because the breeze had turned into a frank blizzard, and we had to take refuge in the tents: only the Tibetan horses, like the sons of Zephyrus that they were, naturally resisted the inclement wind. That offshoot of the N.W. monsoon, shook the tents violently and whistled a high and desolate wail, a moan that perhaps arose from the soul of Rigden Jyepo as he mourned the fate of his worshipers.

Inside my tent, another storm threatened to break out. But this one was not caused by the wind but by the tempestuous attitude of Von Grossen. For the *Standartenführer* the operation against the Duskhass was pure fun, a waste of time. His mission, to catch up with Schaeffer's expedition, had not been fulfilled; and time continued to pass uselessly. According to his logical evaluations, now we were worse than before: --firstly --he reasoned-- we did not know the secret path that linked the Portal of Shambhala with the Gate of Shambhala, near Lake Koko Nor; secondly, it seemed evident that we could no longer follow them as before, that is, counting on the collaboration of the Kaulika network, since the Gurkha spies were left out of the expedition; and thirdly, it could be expected that throughout that little or not at all frequented road there would be no inhabitants to whom inquire; but, in fourth place, it would be highly unlikely that if there were, they would provide the required information, after we discovered our affiliation contrary to the White Fraternity destroying the community of Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet.

--How, then, how would we go about reaching them, according to the orders of the Division III of the *R.S.H.A.*?

I pretended to ignore these questions and I was content to explain to Oskar Feil the true causes of his abduction at the hands of the Duskhass: indeed, he had been ambushed; the trap was part of a plot between Ernst Schaeffer and the Lamas of the Turmeric Bonnet, whose purpose was to provide a human victim to the Cult of Rigden Jyepo; however, such a conspiracy had its roots in Germany, in the traitors who called themselves "the Healthy Forces of Germany", who planned that

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

expedition and negotiated with the White Fraternity the price of their support. And such a price would undoubtedly be very high: just for crossing the Portal a sacrifice was required, the execution of a symbol of the New Germany, the death of a ⚡, the holocaust of an exponent of the Blood Aristocracy of the Third Reich. Then in Shambhala, Schaeffer would know the rest of the conditions: the Occult Hierarchy would support the conspirators with their magical powers and with their, most effective, synarchic organizations, in exchange for destroying the spiritual foundations of the Third Reich. Not only the Führer and his staff would have to die, and the National Socialist party be dissolved, but rather the tumor core should be extirpated; that is, it would be necessary to disintegrate the ⚡ and demolish the ⚡ Black Order, mercilessly exterminating its Initiates. Yes, the scalpel of the Fraternity would affect this time the bottom of the wound, scraping if necessary the bone of the German social structure: only in this way, after major surgery, could **the Civilization of Love** be built over the ashes of the Nazi Civilization of Hate.

--But, so far, it would only be a part of the price: with the compliance with these guidelines, the traitors would do no more than demonstrate their good will to collaborate with the Plan of the White Fraternity --I clarified to Oskar--. Full support would come later, if the triumphant conspirators showed their willingness to go to the end and faced a profound transformation of the German society that would erase all traces of the Nazi Culture and the Hyperborean Wisdom: a German society peacefully integrated into the Universal Synarchy of the second half of the XX Century would require, for it to be open and trustworthy to the White Fraternity, a democratic and liberal form of government, and an Official Culture in which they had free expression Zionism, Judeo-Masonry, and Judeo-Marxism, or the ideologies born from those synarchic trunks. So then, if the reigning traitors carried out these conditions of the pact, Germany would be placed in the side of God, of Good, of Love, and of Justice; and the Germans would be pushed aside for ever from their evil ancestral Deities.

So it is, Oskar --I concluded--. Ernst Schaeffer is one of a numerous set of traitors. His role in the conspiracy is to sign, on behalf of the "Healthy Forces of Germany", a synarchic Cultural Pact with the representatives of the White Fraternity. I can't reveal to you what our mission is, how we are going to frustrate their plans, but I assure you that already in Germany your luck was decided. You would never go through the Portal of Shambhala!

Oskar felt ridiculous when he learned that Ernst Schaeffer had condemned him from the beginning to die in Tibet, who perhaps for that purpose alone allowed him to participate in Operation **Altwesten**, and that the espionage that he carried out for me had in turn been supervised by two professional spies of the S.D., also participants of the expedition. And to top it all off he had to find out that he had unintentionally caused Gangi's death.

--I've been a fool --he said ashamed--. And to think that **I dared to advise you** on the way you should act and I suggested you consult Rudolph Hess. Everyone has made fun of me!

--Don't torture yourself, Oskar, for I was ignorant of these facts at that time. And until the last moment I was unaware of the existence of other spies among you. Now we only have to think about preventing the infamous traitor Schaeffer from carrying out his infernal task. **His plans are already failing**: you are alive and that is what counts. You will come with us and you will know the end of the story, you will see the failure of his vain efforts to destroy the New Order --I assured with conviction.

--Very clear concepts and very admirable your faith, Von Sübermann --intervened Von Grossen trying again--. But you haven't told me yet how we're going to find Schaeffer in this labyrinth of mountains, and with the Winter almost on. How will we look for him? Do you think it is possible to randomly rake such a region?

Really, I didn't have the slightest idea that would answer to those questions. Under the pressure from the **Standartenführer**, I only managed to propose:

--We must inquire the Kâulikás. Possibly they know the way to locate those who move through territories that are well known to them.

Karl von Grossen took his head in his hands, realizing that his suspicions were well founded: I did not have the solution to the problem of finding Schaeffer. (Mein Gott: if they failed in that goal, they wouldn't even dream of returning to Germany!) That operation, Himmler and Heydrich had told him very clearly, **could be a one-way trip**. Failure was not allowed. If he failed, he had to star in a sort of harakiri or seppuku, the honorable ritual suicide of Japanese Samurai.

But Von Grossen, in addition to being tough, was a man of proverbial cold blood. Despite his apprehension, he said:

--Good idea, Von Sübermann, we will try to put it immediately in practice.

Without waiting for an answer, he unhooked the cloths from the tent and rushed to the outside, making vigorous frog jumps. Outside the blizzard was getting worse. I remained perplexed and went with him into one of the neighboring lopa tents. Contrary to us, who kept warm in the sleeping bags,



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the five Tibetans ahead of us only wore the uniform of high mountain English porter: jacket and green pants and walking boots.

I stared blankly as the snow on their clothes melted and the water dripped and ran down the floor mat towards the rubbish removal opening, while Von Grossen interrogated the Tibetans in Bodskad of Jam. Naturally, inside he was invoking the Gods, making a plea for the miracle to be fulfilled with the Kāulikas knowing the answers that obsessed the **Standartenführer**.

Suddenly, and I can assure you that for the first time in the weeks that we were together, I saw all the Lopas smile in unison. Yes, there was no doubt: they looked at us and smiled! And after exchanging suggestive gestures of complicity, they looked at us again and laughed still louder. They finally filled the tent with a chorus of uncontrollable laughter.

The ⚡ chief's stern face showed astonishment and mine must have manifested something similar. However, we both waited patiently for the Lopas to dominate the fun caused by Von Grossen's question, trying with hope to glimpse a positive answer in the amazing reaction.

--What do you think about this? --I said in German.

--I guess it's about you --he answered enigmatically--. I suppose that they think you know the way to follow Schaeffer.

So it was. At the conclusion of the general hilarity, Von Grossen repeated the question: was there any way to find the western expedition, now that they had crossed the Portal of Shambhala? They looked at each other again, tempted to laugh, but at last one of the Kāulika monks spoke:

--We are not making fun of you, although your question seems to be what you usually call a **joke**. Well, nothing other than a joke seems to us to find out how you can follow something or someone in the Universe, when he who asks, is accompanied by the master of the Daivas dogs. You answer, seriously, who could hide, and where would there be such a hiding place, once the Daivas dogs obey the order of the Son of Shiva and run after him?

Von Grossen did not know what to say and looked me in the eye with a hostile expression.

--I swear I didn't know! --I apologized, scandalized in front of the possibility that he suspected that I did not want to follow Ernst Schaeffer.

--Tell me what to do and I will comply! --I shouted indignantly at the monks--. Your Guru has given me no more information than an incomprehensible Yantra and only 60 days ago I had no idea that the Daivas dogs existed. Explain to me how should I proceed to get those beasts to locate the German expedition.

The Lopas looked at each other again, but their faces showed now the usual indifference. The one who had spoken, whom they called **Srivirya**, spoke:

--No doubt you are joking too, Oh Svami. Well, you should know better than nobody, you who are beyond Kula and Akula, how to direct the Daivas dogs. And if you do not know, or have forgotten, it will not cost you much to know or remember it using the **Scrotra Krām**, the transcendent Ear of the Tulkus, of which you are gifted. Our Guru has revealed to you the Kilkor svadi, by which it is possible to form **any word or name of Created things**; and you know the **name** of your enemy. Oh Sahakaladai, Magic is Power: and words and names are the utensils of Magic. Repeat the name to which you want to direct the Daivas dogs with the magical language of the Kilkor svadi and they will obey you.

Either because he really believed it was a joke or some kind of trial, or because he did not want to continue talking about it, there was no way to get more information from the laconic Srivirya. His last words were:

--Oh, Mahesvara, he who never argues, we fail to understand the reason you have to confuse us with questions that only you can know the answers. The Kāula Circle knows the Magic that allows the Daivas dogs, but no one who is not a Grand Guru or a Tulku gets to dominate them with the mind, the only way by which they receive orders: they only listen to the Inner Voice of the Gurus and the Gods, those who are beyond Kula and Akula, those who are like Shiva; or **have his Sign, like you**. I was born in a Monastery of the Kāula Circle, and my father and my grandfather were Kāulika Initiates; and neither I, nor my father, nor my grandfather, have ever seen a Guru capable of speaking with the Daivas dogs, until the Gods sent you with us. If you want to confirm it, having met you makes us proud. But don't embarrass us anymore with questions that are proper to the Gods. We know of our weakness and confusion in the Hell of Maya and we do everything possible to remedy this. Believe us, Oh Kshatriya: one day we will emerge from the human misery in which the Spirit has sunk and we will be like you! We will then have open the Scrotra Krām, like you, and we will be able to know everything; and the Gods will reveal us the secrets of Tantra; and the svadi Daivas will obey us as they obey you!

We returned to the tent deeply impressed, although by different reasons. Von Grossen was surprised that the fearsome Kāulikas would sweeten in my presence treating me almost like a God.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

To me, precisely, that deference caused me undeniable displeasure, perhaps because I had not fully understand what was happening around me: since I was kidnapped by the Ophites, during my childhood, until then, it had taken place the phenomenon that certain particular men perceived in me, or through me, a spiritual meaning that tore them from the material world and lifted them towards the highest cusps of the Eternal, Infinite and Uncreated Spirit. And that meaning came from a Sign that revealed itself in me, or through me, a Sign that the Ophites called "of Lucifer", Konrad Tarstein, "of the Origin", and the Kâulikās "of Shiva". The particular men who perceived it, according to Tarstein, and coinciding as I now see with Belicena Villca, shared with me the common Origin of the Spirit and carried in their Pure Blood, unconsciously, the Symbol of the Origin. That is why they perceived the Sign of the Origin in me; in truth, they did not **know** it just now but they then **recognized** it, they projected it on me and then it became --conscious, discovering the Presence of the Spirit in Itself, revealing the Mystery of the Origin. But that meaning that I manifested, and that those particular men understood, **was insignificant to me**.

Strictly speaking, I should say **non-significant** because the Sign mattered a lot to me despite not being able to understand it, not being able to cover its content with the conscious mind. And that intellectual impotence was the cause of the disturbance that it still caused me to verify that certain particular men perceived it. I could tolerate it, as in the case of the Kâulika Pagoda, but I always came out of the experience badly.

This time, to the disturbance of feeling transcended by the meaning of the Sign, was added the effect of the incredible knowledge that the Kâulikās had about the Inner Ear. How did they find out that I had that faculty, a product of the charismatic power of the Führer, is something I never knew. But Von Grossen was fascinated with the subject, his doubts dispelled after the unusual explanation of Srivirya, and the matter of the Inner Ear had not escaped him. As soon as we settled in the tent, he asked straight out:

–What the Hell is that of the Scrotra Krâm, Von Sübermann?

–I'm sorry my **Standartenführer** --I said on the spot, and not without roughness-- but I cannot answer you that question. I'll tell you, yes, I'll do everything I can to carry out the idea of the Kâulika monks. If it is true that the Daivas dogs are able to trace Ernst Schaeffer, rest assured we will find him. I will work from now on to find the solution to the problem, and I will use if necessary the Scrotra Krâm. It's all I can say.

Von Grossen's eyes sparkled but, as usual, he kept his cool and didn't bother me anymore. I certainly couldn't speak with him, about the Inner Ear, because Konrad Tarstein had taken my word that I would only do it with "members of my own Circle"; and a sixth sense warned me shouting that Von Grossen was not.

That night, when everyone was asleep, I decided to "use the Scrotra Krâm", that is, to communicate with the Voice of Captain Kiev. As the first time, as always, it didn't take long for me to be inundated with Wisdom. I thus understood that the bijas of the Yantra not only allowed to emit a set of fixed orders, as Guru Visaraga revealed to me, but constituted an Alphabet of Power with which one could form "any name of things created": the Kâulikās, evidently, knew that property but ignored the alphabetic key that ordered the 49 bijas and made possible the encoding of any word. However, it would not have been difficult for them to discover the Alphabet of Power by performing a cryptographic analysis of the "command words" for the Daivas dogs that appeared in their magic formulas.

Be that as it may, the truth is that the entirety of the secret had been revealed to me. I now knew a symbol, similar to the blueprint of a labyrinth, that applied to the Yantra endowed the bijas with a certain order, arrangement to which the words formed had to be adjusted. I verified it several times with the "words of command" from the Guru and, when I was sure not to make mistakes, I devoted myself to the task of translating the sentence "**follow Ernst Schaeffer**" in the Yantra svadi language.

### Chapter XXX

At night the storm subsided and in the morning the sky appeared clear, no trace of the past storm. Even the wind had stopped for complete and the vayu tattva was serene: a total silence now reigned in the tiny valley. The warm rays of Surya, the Sun, barely melted part of the accumulated snow. But more radiant than the Sun was I, because, even though I hadn't slept all night, I was sure I had the solution to lead the Daivas dogs in the footsteps of Ernst Schaeffer, and that achievement stimulated and overexcited me.

Seeing me, Von Grossen did not need to ask anything to know that the problem was solved. Instead, he took care of sending a Lopa to relieve the Gurkha and notify him the location

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of our camp; then he concentrated on studying the poor maps of Tibet and Western China. I spent the morning chatting with Oskar and the other ⚡ officers, and at noon we had tsempla lunch, a pot cooked by the monks, all together forming a great wheel of fellow soldiers. The recent adventure had brought us closer to danger and death, and left as a positive balance a healthy camaraderie that reminded me of the days of the *hitlerjugend*. Yes; I could even assure you, neffe Arturo, that in those moments we were overwhelmed by a carefree joy.

It was getting dark when the Gurkha, the Lopa commanded by Von Grossen, the two Lopas we left in Yushu, and the five Holite porters with the yaks, zhos, and the terrible mastiffs arrived. I don't think that ever in my life did I feel so happy as on that occasion, to recover the Daivas dogs. The arrival was very celebrated by the ⚡ officers because, in addition to supplies, with the yaks came fifty Schmeisser clips and Luger bullets, to exactly replace the ammunition spent against the Duskhos. The two Kaulika monks brought fresh news about the attack, collected on the Chang-Lam road.

The entire region of Tibet would be, apparently, shocked by the event. Along the way, troops of a titled "Prince of Koko Nor" had them intercepted, but after the explanations received they were allowed to leave without problems. That incident was a consequence of the civil war: at some point in its history, the country of Tibet reached as far as Lake Koko Nor; later, the Chinese formed the province of that name and made the border of Tibet push back further south of the Yang Tse Kiang River; and lately, after the incorporation of other small states, principalities, or Tibetan fiefdoms, constituted the great province of Tsinghai.

At the beginning of the war between Japan and China, and because of the absence of the central power by the occupation of the capital of the Celestial Empire, the Tibetans saw the opportunity to regain their former estates and become independent from China and join Tibet again. In that particular case, the resurgent Prince of Koko Nor was an ardent Buddhist from the Tibetan Lubum tribe, whose members are part of the Lamaist aristocracy. His devotion and respect for the Dalai Lama had no limits, and the assault on the Duskhos had affected him deeply: for this reason he sent several parties of armed men to search for the attackers.

–“We are –said the Lopas– servants of a rich merchant from Bhutan, who are heading to Sining to exchange his merchandise”.

They traveled with the consent of the Dharma Rajah, for whom they had to fulfill certain assignments. And they showed the Tibetan soldiers a letter from the Dharma Rajá in which it stated the list of objects to be acquired.

That was enough. The Lopas presented them with a bottle of *solja* brandy from Bhutan and the soldiers provided abundant information. "We had to take care during the trip because there was a heavily armed band of bandits that operated in the Region. They recently attacked and destroyed a village of peaceful and Holy Lamas, so it was clear that they were not Tibetans, not even religious, but undesirable foreigners. Unless they were members of the clandestine Káula sect, who hated the Buddhist Lamas or Hindus in general; but they would never have dared so much. The Duskhos survivors claimed to have been attacked by the Asuras, but the soldiers were not so credulous and suspected that the 'Demons' would be actually western bandits, seconded by Chinese thugs. If they were right, the criminals would try to return to China through the indefinite border of the East, which they proposed to monitor from now on”.

So they were looking for us and, as Von Grossen rightly predicted, we shouldn't let ourselves be seen for quite some time. The Káulika monks had other news.

Their contacts with members of the Káula Circle allowed them to find out that a deep underground movement of sympathy towards us was articulating throughout the spiritual Tibet. Many admired that group of Initiates who ruthlessly killed the disciples of the Lord of Shambhala. It would be very difficult to return to Bhutan by the same route, but our Tibetan allies guaranteed us a safe escape through China to the Japanese lines. Japan had then excellent relations with Germany and in the German consulate in Shanghai was actively working a delegation from the Secret Service of the ⚡. If we got there, we could embark without drawbacks. The Káulika community of Sining would help us in this endeavor.

But it was still premature to talk about leaving Tibet. Before we had to find Schaeffer and neutralize his plans.

–Are we ready to leave at dawn, Von Sübermann? –Von Grossen asked politely.

–Jawohl, mein *Standartenführer!* –I answered confidently.

We got everything ready and, at dawn, we broke up the camp and arranged to leave. Von Grossen hoped that I would clearly indicate the course, but the only thing we could do would be to accompany the Daivas dogs. I made him understand and I stood in front of the column, taking with both hands the reins of the mastiffs. From the Infinity of the Spirit, beyond Kula and Akula, descended

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

the order "follow Ernst Schaeffer" in the language of the Yantra svadi and entered the Universe of the Created Forms, passed through the ākāsha tattva and implanted in the soulish bodies of the Daivas dogs. And the incredible animals, as if they were actually sniffing out a physical trace, they stiffened and stretched their heads upward, and then shot out like arrows heading North.

We traveled for several days in that manner, always escorting the Daivas dogs and these following the invisible tracks of the German expedition. At the beginning Von Grossen made no objection but then he began to unsettle, to distrust, and openly insinuate the possibility that the dogs had gone astray. In all honesty, I must say that he lacked no reasons to doubt, because the erratic march of the mastiffs, which now went North, now to the East, now they returned to the South, now they turned to the West, had him completely disoriented.

His compass and maps were totally useless, he told me dramatically one day. --We are lost in the heart of Tibet, in an absolutely unknown place to civilization! **Maybe in a place that is not of this World!**--. It's not that the rational Von Grossen had suddenly turned into a superstitious: it so happened that the Daivas dogs actually led us through a route that seemed out of this world. At that time we were in a huge valley, adorned with regular vegetation and endowed with a spring climate; everything was peaceful and perfect there: **only that place could not exist where it was**. I watched a little bird perch on a tree, I saw a flowering yellow bush, I took a blank look at a speedy hare, and realized that the circumstance had no explanation. Only then did I get worried and agreed to Von Grossen's claims.

"Where the Hell are we?" I thought, while stopping with a mental order the mastiffs. Von Grossen was staring at me in annoyance.

--At last you have understood the problem! I've been warning you for a long time that something is not going well but you don't listen to me. You don't listen to anyone. You only pay attention to your damn dogs. I do not deny that in all this there are supernatural facts, facts that perhaps I cannot or should not understand: I accept it and I do not even intend to change things. I know the dogs will guide us down strange, illogical paths, to reach those who also walk a magical path. I know and I don't seek to understand how they do it. That's what you are for. But listen to me well, Von Sübermann, can't it be that, in this or another World, the dogs get disoriented, get lost, lose track of Schaeffer or follow a false trail? can't there be other Magicians, our enemies, who interfere with their course?

--Absolutely not! --I told him, but now he was the one who wasn't listening.

--We have been marching for a week, supposedly towards Lake Koko Nor, that is to say, towards the N.E. Do you know which region we should be in?

--Yes --I reluctantly agreed--. In Tsinghai. This valley...

--No, Von Sübermann: you know perfectly well that a valley like this **does not exist in Tsinghai!** You are an **Ostenführer**, if I recall correctly; I read it in your file. That is to say that you know a lot about the geography of Asia. We should be in Tsinghai, and sometimes it seemed like we were there, but definitely **this is not Tsinghai!** We don't even know if it's Tibet!

Karl von Grossen laughed hysterically and continued. I decided to wait for him to calm down.

--Look at the compass. That way is the East, where we come from. Do you remember the great lake we saw yesterday with the binoculars, and that we agreed that it could be no other than the Koko Nor? Well, the Eastern shore of that lake leads to the valley of Tsinghai, between the Nan Chan Mountains to the North and the Kuen Lun Mountain Range to the South. Do you know the distance between the lake and the Kuen Lun Mountains? If you want you can consult the map.

--Considering that the Kuen Lun mountain range runs parallel from East to West, I think there are about 30 km. between the lake and its eastern end, the Amne Ma-Chin range; --I said by heart-- and between the Eastern shore and the western end of the Kuen Lun, the Altyn Tagh range for example, instead there are about 1,000 km.

--That's it! --he confirmed triumphantly--. Now look to the South with the binoculars. Do you recognize those mountains, no more than 15 km away?

--It's the Altyn Tagh! --I exclaimed, stupefied-- The West end of the Kuen Lun mountain range!

--And do you think, Von Sübermann, that since yesterday till today we were able to travel 1,000 km?

--Nein!

--Now you are being reasonable --he approved--. I'll tell you how much have we walked, for I've made a precise calculation: **only twenty-five km**. Do you understand? **We have united in just 25 km. two places that are normally separated by 1,000 km**. What happened to the normal distance? It shortened? Be aware, Von Sübermann: **on the planet where we were born and studied, Lake Koko Nor is not 25 but 1,000 km. from the Altyn Tagh Mountains. This place is Tibet and China at the same time!**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Faced with that tangible reality, of finding ourselves in front of the Altyn Tagh mountains, in the West of the Kuen Lun mountain range, the meaning of the key name **Altwestenoperation**, which we understood as Operation Old West, was unexpectedly clarified: ingeniously, they had cut the Chinese word **Altyn** to form the German voice **Alt**, old. But then, near the end of the adventure, the true meaning was understood: the terrible mission was really called "Operation **Altyn Tagh**". I thought foolishly about this, while Von Grossen insisted on raising the need to review the Strategy of Operation Key First: he, who a week ago forced me to use the **Scrotra Krâm** faculty and launch the Daivas dogs in the footsteps of Schaeffer, was now asserting the need to review his own Strategy: **Wahnsinn!**

We started talking away from the rest of the caravan, but the three ⚡ officers approached silently and now we were surrounded by them. Von Grossen sighed and put a fatherly hand on my shoulder.

–Look at the Tibetans –he indicated–. Their expression doesn't seem unusual to you? --Indeed, here Von Grossen was not exaggerating: the attitude of the Kaulika monks was undoubtedly out of the ordinary. The natural and imperturbable tranquility had disappeared and they looked nervous and alarmed. Those warriors, who did not hesitate in the face of an enemy a hundred times superior, they tirelessly turned to watch all directions, as if expecting Satan himself to break in behind him! I did not notice it before because the dogs attracted my full attention, as Von Grossen reproached me.

I cursed inside and only muttered:

–It's curious...

–Curious? It's incredible. You've just noticed it, but it's been a day since they have been like this. I tried to find out what was wrong with them, but they have responded with evasive answers, but to you, whom they respect, they will not refuse to respond.

–I want to know what's going on, Von Sübermann! --he continued--. Prior to continuing this crazy journey I want to know what happens: if we are lost, or in another World, or what's happening to the Tibetans, I want to know everything. I will not object to resume the march guided by the dogs, **but I believe it necessary that you reflect and be aware of what is going on around you.**

Obviously, my abstraction of the last few days had affected him. But Von Grossen was wrong. If I wanted to find Ernst Schaeffer, if I intended that the Daivas dogs obeyed the correct command, the worst mistake I could make, would be "being aware of what was happening around me" and "reflecting". Precisely, the secret to controlling the dogs was the ability to be situated **far away from everything "around"**, outside of Space and Time, beyond Kula and Akula; and above all, it was required not to think, not to perceive, **not to "reflect."**

Without realizing it, the **Standartenführer** wanted to force me to fall into Mâyâ, the Illusion of the material forms that filled our "surroundings", that made up the context of the Great Deception. But he was a very cultured man, who spoke with ease of the Vril and demonstrated understanding the terms of the Spirit: the Eternity, the Infinite, the Absolute Liberty. How, then, to explain to him what he already knew? I chose to be silent. I did not want to hurt him, as I could only attribute his forgetfulness of the basic principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom **to an intense feeling of terror.**

–I will interrogate the Gurkha --I proposed--. It seems to me that he is who has the most affinity with us.

Von Grossen agreed and we called him right away. As he supposed, Bangi didn't refuse to answer me.

–We are –he said– in the "Valley of the Immortal Demons". Very close to here is to be found the Gate of Chang Shambhala. You have not developed psychic vision and that is why you do not see the Sanctuary of the Queen Mother of the West. But since a day ago we've approached it and we, Kâulikas, perceive it at every instant with greater clarity.

The Gurkha was pointing towards the Kuen Lun mountains. He at times spoke in Bodskad, and at times in English and German, which showed his anguish.

–Yes: there is the Sanctuary of Hsi Wang Mu, the Enemy of Kula! --he claimed with a shudder--. She is who others call Dolma, Tara, Kuan Yin, and also Binah, the Mother of the mortal men of mud. It is tradition that this Valley of the Immortals is only entered by those that She loves and wishes to preserve for the worship of Brahma, The Creator, and serve the King of the World, that is, they only enter those who hate Kula, those who reject the Eternal Wedding with the Absolute Shakti, the non-men, the non-viriles. Never has a Kâulika set foot in this path contrary to **Tao, the Path and the End at the Beginning**; never a husband of Kula has walked such a miserable path, opposite to the Vrune itself!

You and the Daivas dogs have led us to Hell, to star in physical body the greatest challenge of this life. **She will try to convert us in animals, but we will fight here if necessary; for Shiva; and for you, Son of Shiva; and for your Führer, the Lord of the Absolute Will. But, above all, we will fight because we know that you, who have guided us to the War against the Asuras, will**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

**not abandon us in Hell. You are a Warrior of Heaven and Hell, a Man of Honor, and you will know how to get us out of here!**-- Such a conviction, it is obvious to clarify, deeply impressed me.

–Are we in Hell? Yes we have come a long way! –commented Von Grossen ironically. It is possible then that the son of a bitch Schaeffer is nearby, as this is the most appropriate place for him.

Of course, no one imagined that Von Grossen's joke corresponded to the strictest reality: the traitor and the German expedition were close, very close to there. However the journey did not resume until the next morning, on my initiative. I wanted everyone to rest and I looked for trivial excuses to justify the stop. I explained, to the no longer so hasty **Standartenführer**, that I needed to "reflect" on what was seen and heard, and review the orders of the Daivas dogs. And I think that for the first time on the trip, from Bhutan, everyone internally thanked having to waste a day on the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons.

Camaraderie is not a quantifiable **bond**, a measurable **relationship**, a **ratio** between peers. It is not a mere affective link, like friendship, but **spiritual coincidence, identity of ideals that are carried out simultaneously**. Camaraderie is determined by absolute instants: the time and the space of the event; but it lacks an extensive temporal dimension; that is to say, camaraderie does not admit a category of duration, it is inconceivable a permanent comrade, like a friend. Camaraderie produces Comrades of the act, of the coincident circumstance; it implies the meeting of two or more, in the same moment, with a common ideal that is **made concrete**. Friendship, on the contrary, is temporally extensive and spatially limiting and encompassing; it consists of a thick sentimental link, almost measurable, that unites persons regardless of the event in which they participate. Friendship is independent from any ethical norm because it springs from the heart, like any affective relationship. In the camaraderie, on the contrary, Honor is always present. It is demanded not to question the moral conduct of a friend; it is an obligation, instead, to observe the ethical attitude of a Comrade: **One could betray the country, with help from a friend. But it is only possible to die for the fatherland, with the help of a Comrade.**

Of the opposition between friendship, affective, and camaraderie, spiritual, it becomes clear why the traitor manages to extend his betrayal in time, "forever", analogous to friendship, and why the hero must demonstrate his courage in the act of an instant, an instant that Honor, and the ethics of humility, oblige to later forget: that instant of the hero, which has implied all its value in the act of its occurrence, is the absolute instance of the Comrades, the perfect coincidence of those who will fight for the same ideal. Because, and the clarification is evident, the instant of the hero is a time for Kshatriyas, for Warriors, that is, for Comrades.

In a trench, a chief and ten soldiers are sheltering. It suddenly falls inside a deadly grenade. A soldier throws himself on it and softens the explosion with his body: he has died but has saved everyone else; he is a **hero**. It should be noted, in this example, that the hero, in his absolute instance, is the **charismatic leader** of the group. Let's take a good look: this is a professional army, there are hierarchies and military ranks, superiors and subordinates, bosses and soldiers. However, that external organization, that superficial order, does not count against the imponderable Death; the internal forces of human order they are powerless to oppose the dissolving power of Death. When the grenade falls in the trench, only Death and the men who are going to die are real: in that instant of terror there are no superiors and subordinates, bosses and soldiers, but men who are going to die. But someone decides to oppose the body to Death. He thinks in an instant and decides: he will stop Death, he will not let it pass beyond himself. It is not a suicide: it is an act of giving one's life in favor of an ideal. "I die so that they triumph."

First act: the grenade falls into the trench and the grenade is Death: in front of It, a group of men is going to die.

Second act: A man rises from his own humanity and decides to "die alone and save them", "so that they triumph". And whoever works that way is neither chief nor soldier, for courage does not require hierarchies, but the hero. Here is the miracle: **a soldier seizes the absolute instance and ceases to be soldier to become a hero. And there are no more bosses or soldiers, not even men who are going to die, but the hero and his Comrades.**

His companions, chief and soldiers, are the Comrades who coincide together with him in the act of Death. But, above all acts, there is the objective of the war, the ideal of the warrior, the fatherland or perhaps a national goal. The attainment of the ideal, then, needs the fact of life. Death, in that case, is the Enemy. Hence, stopping Death, preventing it from taking the life of those who fight for the ideal, is an act of service to the ideal, outside of all regulations. If not, the act of the hero would be a mere suicide and the survivors would save a meaningless life. But the life rescued from Death has a meaning: **the triumph of the ideal**. The hero throws himself on the grenade but he says very

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

clear to all: **"I die so that you will triumph"**, that is, "I die like this so that we all triumph", "I die like this so that the ideal triumphs", "triumph!"; he doesn't tell them "I give you life as a gift".

And how does he tell them?: **charismatically**. Everyone listens to him with the Blood; that is why they do not feel that they owe their lives to the hero but that they must triumph, defeat the Enemy, **fulfill his command**. So is there order? Yes, but not the artificial order of the military organization but the formality of the Mystic: in the moment of bravery, the hero is the **charismatic leader** of his Comrades and his last thought is an **order** that everyone will abide by. An order given out of the military hierarchy, disengaged from the chain of command, but endowed with greater force than any other disposition because it has been emitted within each one simultaneously with the explosion of the Death. In the Mystic form of the ideal, the Comrades have received, in a single instant, the order of the charismatic leader, which he is because in that absolute instance he surpasses them all with the heroic value of his act.

Returning to the previous comparison, now you can better appreciate the difference between friendship and camaraderie: **friends can give us a lot, even everything they have; maybe they even give their lives for us; but only Comrades will give us something greater than their lives, even greater than our own lives, that is, the ideal. Just a hero, or a Comrade, will believe in us as heroes or Comrades and order us to follow the ideal, he will point us the ideal, will reveal us the ideal, will bring us closer to the ideal.**

**To be a friend is to be linked to someone else's heart. To be a Comrade is to be committed to an ideal;** it means assuming, at the right moment, the absolute instance of the hero; if necessary, charismatically lead the Comrades, order the march towards the ideal, die for the ideal. **"Germany, one day you will rise radiant / even if We have to die / ... / Yes, our Banners are superior to Death!"**

But heroes don't always have to die. Hero is also the one who leads his Comrades in the absolute instant and leads them directly to victory. And all follow him, persuaded, raptured, won, because they know charismatically, with the Blood, that he has seen the ideal and intends to realize it. Thus a universal principle of the Hyperborean Wisdom is fulfilled; **"one leads the Comrades and the ideal is realized"**.

In our squad, military order prevailed. There was a command echelon that started in Von Grossen, continued with me, followed with Hans and Kloster, and culminated in Heinz; the K aulika warriors also had their hierarchy, and their bosses received directives from us.

However, above the military organization, we were all united by the common ideal of the Spirit, of National Socialism, of the F hrer. In a given instant, we were all Comrades, and then the absolute instance of the hero could take place. During the journey, and the attack on the Duskhas, the squad functioned as a military corps and hierarchies and ranks were respected. However, when the objective sought became incorporeal, and Death and madness began to haunt us, and it was finally evident that neither Von Grossen nor anyone except me could get them out of that sinister "Valley of the Immortal Demons", the hierarchical order decomposed and the charismatic coincidence took place: Me and the Comrades. Everyone believed in me, expected from me, trusted in me.

The circumstance, it is clear, required a hero and a leader. I was aware of it and **I was not willing to pass up the opportunity**. That's why I wanted to rest before resuming the search for Ernst Schaeffer: then there would be no more time. Because, in that absolute instant, followed without hesitation by my Comrades, and following in my turn the Path of Kula and Akula, we would throw ourselves to the throat of the Enemy. We would die or triumph, but whatever the case, our death or triumph would mean for the Comrades of Germany the order to attain the ideal, the victory of the F hrer. --"We will die so that they triumph" --I thought, trembling with heroic resolve. The ideal? As Baldur von Schirach would say, the ideal consisted in "our Banners".

### Chapter XXXI

From there everything happened very quickly, and in the same way I will narrate it to you, neffe Arturo.

Early in the morning we were ready to restart the persecution. All of the warriors took up arms, as if we were, at any moment, to fight a battle: the Tibetans checked the arrows and the edge of their knives, and waited for the voice to march with one hand resting on theommel of the scimitars; the Germans provided themselves with chargers and stick grenades, and replaced the Mauser rifles by the Schmeisser submachine guns. Although Konrad Tarstein's orders, identical to those received by Von Grossen from the S.D., demanded that I peacefully join Ernst Schaeffer's expedition, I doubted that this was possible now. And they didn't consider it possible either Von Grossen and the other **⚡**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

officers. Not after having entered that Valley of the Immortals, after having seen that paradisiacal region amid the eternal snows, that oasis on the heights of Kuen Lun. No such site could exist without surveillance. And the guardians would not be willing to let us advance or retreat. Guardians who, we sensed, would be terribly more dangerous than the Duskhass.

We had barely entered the Threshold of the Valley when we stopped and we camped. If we were watched, the guardians of the Threshold would not take long to act; hence our preventions, the certainty that something threatened us and we would have to face it. We were looking for Schaeffer, that was the main objective, but then the reality was that we were in a Valley of Hell.

—Nothing tells us that Schaeffer has taken this course, much less that he has passed through here, but I think that now it's the same to advance or retreat --Von Grossen conceded--. The truth is that this Valley does not exist in our World: anyway, it doesn't matter to go one way or the other!

The Holite porters refused to continue. But they did not know how to return, so it was necessary to separate again. They stayed with the same two Lopas, elderly monks but equally dangerous, the yaks, zhos, and all of the horses. Although the snow was nowhere to be found, and the weather was spring-like, the tops of the Kuen Lun mountains looked too close to suppose that the horses would be of use for much time.

So, we departed the five Germans, the seven Lopas, and the Gurkha, Comrades of the Eternal Spirit, thirteen heroes in their absolute instance. I mentally gave the order to the Daivas dogs and they went in the same direction that they were following the day before.

—It cannot be denied that you are persistent --Von Grossen growled when checking the course taken.

But I didn't have time to attend to him or anyone else. Kâla, the Devouring Time, it was now Death Mrtyu in front of us, a definitive instant in which we would die or triumph, without middle terms. And in that instant of heroes, it required a Hero among heroes, a leader who transmitted the charismatic order to fight for the ideal, "for our Banners", "even if we have to die". If the ideal was finally achieved, dying or living meant an honor or a triumph, whatever the case. No one should worry about dying or living but the achievement of the ideal, the universal imposition of our Banners, the victory of our own Strategy. That was the charismatic order to my Comrades. To the Daivas dogs I commanded "follow Ernst Schaeffer" in the language of the Yantra svadi. And the dogs Kula and Akula followed the traitor's trail in a region that was neither on Earth nor in Heaven. And I followed the Daivas dogs, beyond Kula and Akula. And my twelve Comrades went after me, no longer caring about whatever surrounded them, without contemplating the possibility of dying or living, only thinking about the ideal, in the realization of the ideal, in the Final Victory of our Banners.

Since we left the bivouac, the excitement of the mastiffs increased, as if its prey was getting closer and closer. With much confidence they guided us by several descending paths, until they found the course of a torrential stream whose current came from the Kuen Lun Mountains. For an hour, more or less, we marched parallel to its right bank, the Kâulika monks, on several occasions, having to chop with scimitars to break through the dense bushy hawthorns.

After all, we arrived at a magnificent 50 m waterfall, and there we got the first proof that we were not misguided. In front of us was erected the wall of a stone ravine 50 to 60 m tall, through which the water of the stream spilled, and at the base of which there were unmistakable signs of man's presence. In a small clearing there was a *minas*, one of those stone tumulus similar to the South American *apachetas*, which are formed in the "holy places" of Tibet by the addition that all the pilgrim Lamas make of a stone painted with signs corresponding to bijas of the Kâlachakra. In a niche excavated in the stone wall, was the motif of the mine: the sculpture of the Living Buddha *Maggogpa*, the Master King of Shambhala, Rigden Jyepo. They had represented him sitting in the lotus position, meditating, and in his hands, a tiny statuette of the Shakti Kâkinî held a bleeding Heart, in the center of which was the sign of the Star of David, indicator of the Anâhata chakra. The set corresponded to the Symbol of the Doctrine of the Heart, the Yoga of Love to be practiced by all adepts who aspire to know the Kâlachakra. His presence there was downright threatening and intimidating: only those who were Initiated adepts in the Doctrine of the Heart could continue their journey to the Gate of Shambhala. The acceptance of such condition was demonstrated by adding a stone with the name written in blood, to the tumulus of the minas.

We only stopped for fifteen minutes in that place, since the mastiffs vigorously insisted on continuing the search and demanded a superhuman effort to contain them. During that time, my Comrades explored the site and discovered that several trails came and went: the Daivas dogs, perhaps to shorten the path, led us through areas that were completely untrod. But it was seen that that "Door of Shambhala" had been visited frequently given the volume of the minas, or at least for many years.



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--Von Grossen, Von Sübermann, look at this! --shouted Heinz Schmidt, who was amused examining the stones of the minas.

He had a stone in his hand and he gave it to me. I observed it was written in blood on two of its faces: one was illegible, for its signs were unknown to me, but the second inscription shook my heart: it said, in correct German: **Ernst Schaeffer**.

Without saying a word I passed it to Von Grossen and called Srivirya and Bangi. --Can you tell me what language is this? --I inquired.

--It is **Zenar**, the sacred language of the Bodhisattvas of Chang Shambhala. The Arhat Djual Khul, who guides the Germans, must have revealed to them certain Kâla-chakra formulas for writing on the stones --explained Srivirya.

And that was all that happened there. Moments later the Daivas dogs climbed two by two the steps of a staircase carved in the stone, which led to the top of the ravine.

Once the ascent was finished, it was accessed a large terrace, in whose limits began the slope of a mountain belonging to the eastern end of the Altyn Tagh range. The place looked equally desolate, but with obvious signs of human activity. We were all surprised, indeed, by the presence of an imposing **Chortens**, a Tibetan sacred monument with a square base and bell-shaped strangled body, usually topped with a truncated cone, at the top of which sits the image of a Deity. Placed on the upper cone of the Chortens, stood out the horrible statue of a Goddess countlessly multiplied in itself and unfolded in hundreds of similar profiles: innumerable faces, legs and arms, turned her into a whirlwind of Presences, that is, they undoubtedly signified her Omnipresence. The Goddess expressed a single Aspect repeated tirelessly: such an aspect, isolated, showed her smiling compassionately at us as she danced on a bleeding Heart; she wore her hair loose and headdress with queen's crown, one eye in the middle of her forehead, and eyes on the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. She had been delicately painted, and the predominant colors were white and blue: white body, blue garments.

The Chortens measured at least 15m tall, and the statue of the Goddess was large enough to allow us to appreciate all its details. The Germans we watched her in silence, expressing with eloquent gestures the displeasure it caused us: teuflich!

The Tibetans also watched her in silence. However, in an unusual act the Gurkha addressed the group of ⚡ officers:

--Are you impressed by the image of Kuan Yin, the Queen Mother of the West? We are equally impressed, but we are much more affected by contemplating the Goddess herself interested in the visitors of her millenary Sanctuary. If you wish, I can translate to you with clear words what this humble Kâulika monk sees and feels when perceiving the Chortens of the Goddess of Mercy in the Valley of the Immortals.

We all agreed, without even imagining up to what details of the hidden plot could reach the keen vision of the Kâulika monk.

--Yesterday I told two of you that if you could see the subtle world you would verify that we were heading towards the Sanctuary of Hsi Wang Mu --Bangi recalled--. Today we have advanced a stretch and we are getting closer to **Her, the Mother of the animal part of man**. But you still don't see her, **even though her presence is everywhere**. Does her image impress you? For what would become of you if you managed to lift the veil of Mâyâ and contemplated Kuan Yin in all her Intelligence and Majesty, in her total **Merciful** Omnipresence? I'll tell you: you couldn't resist the Gaze of the Goddess of Animal Love, the Compassionate of the Heart!

--And you couldn't do it because hers is a glance of many eyes, of hundreds of eyes, millions of eyes, that observe the heart of man, or jiva, waiting for him to approach and identify with his atman, the Divine Archetype created by Brahma in the likeness of Himself. And for that the Shakti Kâkinî makes her voice heard in the sound anâhata shabda, and says "**om mani padme hum**", "Oh you, jewel that is in the lotus", "Oh Mother that is in the chakra", "Oh Devi, that is in the Anâhata chakra". And if the jiva hears this mantram, and recites it as anâhata japa, he becomes jîvâtman; **and he also receives the kâlagiya, the sign to enter Chang Shambhala and become part of the White Fraternity**.

In each point of real Space there is a small archetypal globe or atom, which accurately symbolizes the unity of Brahma, The Creator. And in the center of each of such atoms, there is an eye with which The One contemplates Himself from all created things. Each eye of Father One is called **Yod**, but each pupil belongs to Mother Kuan Yin. When the blood of man is stigmatized by the Lords of Karma, and pain penetrates the eyes of The One like a pleasant symphony, Mother Kuan Yin's pupils soften the suffering chords with the Mercy of her Heart. That's why she is **Avalokiteshvara**, a Bodhisattva of Compassion. Yes, western **Kameraden**: this image that impresses you is just an opaque reflection of Kuan Yin behind the Veil of Mâyâ. Right here, at this

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

moment, the Goddess dances the Dance of Life and her countless eyes look into your Hearts seeking the warmth of Love! Kuan Yin wants to feel Your Hearts beat with Love for things created! She wants to feel you shudder with compassion for the pain that devastates the life of man, the pain caused by those who stray from the harmony of the Universe, from the Law of The One! And what do the eyes of Avalokiteshvara gather in Your Hearts? Only Cold and Hate, instead of the Heat and Love for Life. And then the eyes of the Mother withdraw wrapped in tears, promising herself to help you return to the animal condition, to the warm Heart of those who love tepid Life. She is the Mother of animal men, of the pasu: Her Mercy will reach you and heat your Heart with her Love, removing Cold and Hate, the hard ice! And she will do it even if she has to spin around the Kâlachakra and turn you into primitive apes!

But here, with you, is Ganesha, the Son of Shiva, whom you call Kurt. What has the Mother Goddess of the West seen in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? Also Cold and Hate, but forming the nest for the Cold Death mask, the refuge of Kâly, The Black. Yes, in the Son of Shiva is the greatest abomination, because he has hosted Death in his Heart, the Mask of Death that hides the Naked Truth of the Infinite Blackness of Himself. In the heart of Ganesha, over the dead body of the pasu, son of Mother Kuan Yin, Kâly The Black performs the Dance of the Cold Death; and in the corpse of the pasu, which is carrion, is still living the phallus of Shiva, the diamond lingam of vajra: in front of the symbol of absolute virility, Kâly reveals herself and lets Pârvatî Frya manifest, the Truth behind the Black Death; Pârvatî Frya then performs the yonimudrâ on the lingam of Shiva, and Bhairava resurrects in the Heart of the Son of Shiva; it has abnormally been born a Child of Vajra in the Heart of Ganesha! a child engendered by the Spirit of Shiva with the Truth behind the Mask of Death! a child gestated in the womb of the Infinite Blackness of Himself! a child born in the broken vulva of the Dead Heart of the pasu! a Child of Vajra, a Child of Diamond, a Child of Stone, a Child of Lightning, a Child of Cold Fire, **a God Child!** a Child who is the Uncreated Vrune and who is beyond Kula and Akula, beyond Time and Space, beyond Life and Death, beyond Good and Evil, **definitely beyond the pasu killed by Kâly in the Heart of the Son of Shiva!**

A very great evil have seen the millions of eyes of Avalokiteshvara in the Heart of the Son of Shiva. An evil for which Her Tears of Mercy are not enough, neither her Compassion, nor her Love. An evil for which there is no redemption possible, neither in this nor in another lifetime of the Sripai Khorlo Wheel of Life.

It is the evil of the one who stays away from the care of Father and Mother, that rejects the Father and the Mother, that discovers that he has neither Father nor Mother, that finds the Naked Truth of Himself and strives to Be what He Is and not what he must be according to the Law. Oh, what ingratitude of the one who thus cools the Heart for the Mother and harbors hatred against the Father! The Naked Truth has installed in the Heart of man, on a bed of ice, and it has become a vîrya, a God who competes with the One God. But She has cooled the Heart because she is the Enemy of Love and Mother Kuan Yin cannot allow it. The Enemy of Love has caused a lot of damage: with the Mask of Kâly she has murdered the pasu, her first-born son; and with the Power of the Naked Truth, she has procreated an abominable being that was born on the corpse of the pasu, a Child of Diamond Stone, a child who is not and will never be human. Big is the damage caused by the Enemy, Terrible the evil that nests inside the Heart of the Son of Shiva.

It is the duty of Mother Kuan Yin, who sees everything and Her Mercy reaches to all, to protect her children animal men. Because her children, of warm Heart and cold mind, are like sheep in the herd: they depend on the Shepherd and his crook. And because the Stone Children, of Frozen Heart and warm mind, are like hungry wolves: they stalk the herd to slaughter the lambs, and only flee in front of the Shepherd's crook.

—What has the Mother Goddess of the West seen in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? A wolf, a slayer of lambs, a Stone Child Son of Himself and Husband of the Naked Truth, an abominable Tâo-t'ie Existence outside of Creation. But, above all evils, Kuan Yin has seen that who can manifest the Naked Truth to the World, discover the Forbidden and Intoxicating Beauty of the Enemy of men and spread the evil of Wisdom like an epidemic. To the eyes of Mother Kuan Yin, the Son of Shiva is the Demon of the Destruction of Man. The Naked Truth that Ganesha can display to men asleep will cause in them a new and atrocious fall into the nothingness of the Uncreated. On the ruins of the Humanity of Love, Ganesha transformed into Shiva, will dance the dissolution of the Created, the decomposition of Mâyâ, the Final Death of Illusion. And in the Pralaya of Love and Mercy of Kuan Yin, on the Death of Humanity, in the Götterdämmerung of the Fraternity, the resurrected Heroes, the semi-divine vîryas, the God-Men, will exalt the Naked Truth of Himself, the Enemy of Love, the Wife of the Origin. Oh, how the millions of eyes of Avalokiteshvara cry as they understand the evil that dwells in the Heart of the Son of Shiva!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

But Kuan Yin knows that Ganesha's evil is too great to be forgiven. No; for Kurt von Sübermann there is no possibility of treatment, since his Presence is humiliating for the dignity of the Bodhisattvas, his Presence that unashamedly exposes the Naked Truth of the Origin! No one who is on the side of The One, of Brahma, The Creator, will accept such affront! And it will be once again the Merciful, who speaks in the Heart of the Son Shiva and announces the decision of the Gods. Thus speaks Mother Goddess Kuan Yin to the Heart of the Son of Shiva Kurt von Sübermann!:

Like a wolf, you will kill my sheep.  
Like Child of Stone, T'ao-t'ie,  
then you will turn them into wolves like you.  
For you there will be no compassion!  
Serene my loving Heart,  
dry my many eyes are!  
Monster of the Forbidden Truth  
that transmutes the human Peace:  
the decision is made!  
Where you have come from you will go!  
Off the Path of Man you will go!  
Big bad wolf, you will not stalk my sheep!  
Naked Truth of the Origin  
to the sleeping men  
your Sign you will not reveal!  
Because you are eternal,  
although you don't know, ulfhednar,  
you will not die;  
but if the Path of Man  
you intend to travel,  
to the World of Man  
you will never return!  
To my Sanctuary on Earth  
you will not enter!  
I am the Mother of Humanity!  
I am the attentive Shepherdess  
and I take care of my herd  
with unequalled zeal!  
Who comes here seeks Immortality!  
It is the one who has passed all the tests  
and is a lamb in my corral;  
it is the one who has offered a tender heart  
to Avalokiteshvara;  
it is the one who loves and suffers,  
the one who follows his Dharma,  
the one who is a perfect animal man;  
the one who comes to my sanctuary  
and the Father is going to adore!  
To him I grant  
the immortality!  
I guide him  
towards the Fraternity!  
But you, who are wolf  
with lamb costume  
What are you looking for?  
Bearer of Cold and Black Death,  
in your Heart of Ice,  
the Hidden Enemy goes.  
The Gods cannot punish you,  
but they don't want to see you anymore.  
There are no places for wolves  
in this property!  
By my sūtrātmā of Mercy  
the lycanthrope will not transit!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Here I am Kuan Yin, Chenrezigs,  
the Goddess of the Bottom of the Sea!  
I keep the Path of Deva Yâna  
for the Immortals of the Fraternity!  
Your sin of Frya Stone  
has offended, my eyes of kindness,  
and I have cut your way  
towards the Fraternity.  
For your abominable evil  
today I have closed  
the Gate of Chang Shambhala!  
I am Palden Dordji Lhamo!

We were all amazed and surprised by the monk's words. He called that "translating his impressions of the Chortens", when it seemed that Goddess Kuan Yin herself had spoken to us! Bangi undoubtedly possessed a superior faculty that allowed him to see and hear the Bodhisattvas. But the most upset by that vision was Me, because I discovered in it aspects that touched me closely, meanings that were of interest for the First Key Operation, concepts that made sense within the framework of the own Strategy. The Gurkha, in effect, had transmitted a message to me, although it was unclear whether he was doing so consciously or unconsciously.

In short, what the Gurkha said, and that no one could understand then except for Me, was that **my presence in the Valley of the Immortals forced the Demons to close the Gate of Chang Shambhala**, just as Konrad Tarstein expected to happen. That is to say, if Ernst Schaeffer had not yet succeeded, his Operation **Altwesten** would be permanently suspended, because the Goddess Kuan Yin "said in my heart": "the decision is made", "today I have closed the Gate of Chang Shambhala".



Image of Avalokiteshvara carved in granite .Sokkuram Temple, Korea. 8th century

### Chapter XXXII

It was full noon when we left the Chortens. The Daivas dogs demanded to climb the Western slope of one of the Altyn Tagh, but soon we discovered a hidden path that allowed us to ascend about a thousand meters. Four fatiguing hours later we arrived at the top of the mountain, noting that to the North, the mountain fell thousands of meters into a vertical wall: from the base, a wide desert plain stretched out in all directions except towards the N.W., where the blue waters of a huge lake could be seen.

--Teufel! --exclaimed the efficient Von Grossen--. We are fortunate to contemplate the country from a privileged terrace of 4,000 m. What we see, in all its extension, is the Chinese province of Xinjiang; that plain, is no other than the Takla Makan desert, which is connected to the Mongol desert

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

of the Gobi at its eastern end; and the lake, with all precision, is the Lop Nor. At last a geographical area that conforms to the reality of the German maps!

But, if outside the Valley of the Immortals, the world was still the same, inside the Space and Time were as distorted as before, the Traitor Gods and the Priests of the White Fraternity stalked us to block our way or attack us, and we still had to locate Ernst Schaeffer. The latter happened ahead of schedule. Indeed, while we observed marveled at the Xinjiang, the Kaulika monks explored the hundred square meters of the summit and within minutes brought shocking news: at the foot of the South slope there was a camp! We ran there and checked it out with binoculars. There was no doubt: it was the German camp!

The small glen, which looked more like a gorge, was about 500 m long and 50 m wide, and in Winter it fulfilled the function of transporting the snow of a gigantic glacier, like a titanic stone channel. It was oriented from East to West, and at each end, gorges allowed to enter or exit: from the inside, it could be seen that the West gorge was flanked by the sculptures of two huge armed bodhisattvas. For some reason, the expedition did not dare to cross that stone portal so eloquently ornamented, and decided to camp at the opposite end of the glen, next to the entrance gorge. You could see that they had already been in that place for a few days, and that perhaps they were thinking of staying longer, since they had unpacked all the equipment and rationally distributed, after a rigorous castrametation: they even had two sentries, one to the East and the other to the West of the camp.

For the long cherished moment of running into the expedition of Schaeffer, Von Grossen drew up an approach plan that only lacked adding factual details according to the circumstances. Given the present case, it was only necessary to confirm the positions and functions of each one so that the squad would be ready to execute the plan.

Accordingly, we descended in silence to the entrance of the glen, site where the path of the summit disgorged. Already there, Von Grossen, Oskar Feil, the Gurkha and I, with the Daivas dogs, remained hidden for a few minutes, while the three ⚡ officers and the eight Lopa monks were deployed around the camp. They were to stay safeguarded and cover our next step forward, in anticipation of a misunderstanding or something going wrong.

Unsuspectingly, the sentry was smoking, distracted by his own thoughts, perhaps recalling the distant fatherland. The three Germans suddenly appeared in front of him and he thought he was dreaming. But it was too late to react, especially when seeing the black mouths of the Schmeissers: the Luger, the dagger, and the MP40 submachine gun passed into the hands of Von Grossen.

--We are officers of the Third Reich --explained Von Grossen-- but we can't take risks. Heil Hitler! Approach the camp now, very slowly, and notify our arrival!

--Heil Hitler! --the troubled sentry replied.

With exquisite delicacy, he peered into each one of the six tents and communicated what was happening to its occupants. Many, possibly, will have supposed the sentry was raving.

In seconds 20 or more men were gathered, but you couldn't tell who was an officer or noncommissioned officer because they were all dressed in civilian clothes. One of them let out an exclamation and took several steps closer:

--I know you! You're the **Standartenführer** Karl von Grossen! What the Hell are you doing here, in the armpit of Tibet?

--And I know who you are, **Standartenführer Reinhard von Krupp** --replied maliciously the always well-informed Von Grossen, remarking the degree and the name of the officer. From his years in the Gestapo, Von Grossen kept the bad habit of putting some suggestive emphasis when naming people, implying that he possessed confidential or compromising information about them.

--We're here to... --Von Grossen was going to continue, when he was interrupted by the appearance of Ernst Schaeffer.

It is possible, and even more, very likely, that Schaeffer lost irreversibly reason when faced with that unexpected spectacle. To understand it, you have to imagine what it would be like for him to have reached the Valley of the Immortals, a step away from the Sanctuary of the Queen Mother of the West and the Gate of Chang Shambhala, and verify that instead of the Arhats appeared a group of Germans, one of them his sworn enemy. And next to him, inexplicably, came the propitiatory victim, Oskar Feil, and the missing Gurkha.

--Ahahahah...! --he gave a demential yell and cried out-- shoot, kill them all!

The ⚡ officers and troop, raised their rifles but waited for their **Standartenführer** to confirm the order: Schaeffer was an officer of the Abwer and he had no direct command over the Schutz Staffel. That indecision prevented an armed confrontation with unforeseeable consequences.

--They are Germans, men of the ⚡! --Von Krupp tried to explain, stunned by Ernst Schaeffer's mind-boggling attitude.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

But he had already removed his Luger and was pointing at me, with the obvious intention of eliminating me from the world of the living.

He did not manage to shoot. In a fast movement, two of the ⚡ of his expedition jumped on him and took him hostage: one seized his pistol and held him, while the other put a dagger on his throat. They were the two spies of the S.D.!

–The first who moves, we slaughter this man! –threatened one of them--. Come closer, my **Standartenführer**, and disarm those four! –he added, pointing to Schaeffer's henchmen.

Von Grossen did not wait and shouted various orders. To the general surprise, Hans and Kloster emerged from the rocks and quickly stripped the four of their weapons, who did not put up any resistance. Six figures, dressed in saffron robes and with faces and hands covered in ash, tried to run away towards the West exit of the glen, but they fell after a few steps riddled with arrows: they were the Skushok of the Ashram Jafran and his Lamas. That filled up the measure. Von Krupp bellowed in turn an order and all his men went down on the ground; and little was missing to reach the confrontation again.

Von Krupp's squad doubled us in number. However common sense prevailed and the **Standartenführer** interrogated Von Grossen irately:

–What is this, Von Grossen? You present yourself here, treat us as if we were enemies, and kill the Tibetan guides, who counted on our protection. I imagine you have a good justification for this abuse!

–We have nothing against you but against that gang of traitors –yelled Von Grossen. And if that seems enough justification, here are our orders, approved by the Führer.

He handed him a sealed envelope that read "**Altwestenoperation**". Reinhart von Krupp tore it open and extracted the document. It was a short text decree. He nodded and commented to Schaeffer:

–They have come from Germany to take charge of the expedition! From this moment security and logistics are in charge of the **Standartenführer** Karl von Grossen.

Schaeffer's face was whiter than the Altyn Tagh snow. Von Krupp said loud enough for everyone to hear:

–For my part it's fine. I accept the orders and put myself under your command. But you will have to explain to me what your accusation of treason means. And how come Oskar Feil is with you.

The ⚡ loosened the pressure on the knife. Von Krupp's men stood up and lowered hte rifles, as Heinz and the eight Kaulika monks approached, the latter with the arrows still mounted on their bows.

–Treason! --cried the traitor, deranged--. Treason! Damned assassins, you don't know the damage you have caused to Germany and to Humanity! Ahahahah...! Von Sübermann, son of the Demon, I knew that you intended to prevent our mission! You have come to destroy us: we should have killed you in Germany! For your fault I will be punished: the Masters will never forgive me for your doomed presence in this Sacred Valley! When Arhat Djual Khul left I must have imagined that something terrible was happening! It was you !! You and your execrable stain that offends the Holy Beings!

Damned, a thousand times damned Von Sübermann, spawn of Hell, how did you find me ?! --he roared completely enraged. The two ⚡ spies held his arms to prevent him from throwing himself on me.

–Despicable **Herr Lehrer**, the last thing I would have wanted in my life was seeing you again --I said sincerely--. The merit of getting here is exclusive work of these noble dogs.

Immediately afterwards I let loose a bit of rein on the Daivas dogs, that still obeyed the order "find Ernst Schaeffer", and the mastiffs jumped and launched two ferocious gestures of attack showing teeth a few inches from his neck.

With eyes wild with terror, face decomposed with anger, Schaeffer was the image of madness.

–Now you see: **only an infernal being could come accompanied by the wolves of Wothan!** Don't accept that decree Von Krupp, and kill them all. You're still in time to avoid a terrible evil to Germany and the World. I assure you that nothing will happen to you if you listen to me. Rather I guarantee you that you will be decorated as a hero.

–You are crazy, Schaeffer: in Germany no one is superior to the Führer! If I don't carry out these orders the only decoration I will receive will be a sliding rope of hemp --Von Krupp excused himself.

–No Comrade Von Krupp --I clarified--. It is not the words of a madman but those of a traitor. He does believe that there are men more powerful than the Führer: they are the ones who plan the disappearance of the Third Reich and have entrusted him a secret mission that will help consummate the betrayal. And as for you, **Herr Lehrer**, it is true that Kula and Akula are not the wolves of Wothan, although it is true that I come from Hell and now I am in a bigger Hell; but these dogs, like Cerberus,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

will prevent you from reaching the worst of Hell, the one that is behind that Door at the end of the glen, that is to say, your beloved Chang Shambhala, the hideout of the Immortal Demons.

–Blasphemy! Blasphemy! Kill them, Von Krupp! Kill them now and save your Soul! Kill them before it's too late and they unleash Lucifer on the World! --he implored, having already completely lost the control of his words.

Von Grossen had him locked up in a tent, under the custody of Hans and Kloster. It was already getting dark and the Kāulika monks rushed to set up the tents, before the astonished gaze of Von Krupp's squad. He approached us and asked without much delicacy:

–Can someone explain to me what is happening? It was assumed that I had to lead and protect a scientific expedition that had as its objective to investigate the eastern ancestors of the Aryan Race. Nothing to do with what I am hearing: "Demons", "Hell", "betrayal of the Third Reich". What does all this madness mean? How can the Third Reich be betrayed in this remote place? And the most incredible thing, where did you find Oskar Feil? how did you follow us? What is that of the wolves of Wothan?

For half an hour, Karl von Grossen clarified as best he could all Von Krupp's doubts. In the end, he posed a question for which Von Grossen had no answer.

–And what will we do now?

–My orders --revealed Von Grossen-- specify that when making contact with the expedition we must act according to the instructions of the **Sturmabführer** Kurt von Sübermann. And since you must obey me, I will save myself from relaying such instructions to you if we both know them at the same time --he concluded with overwhelming logic--. Well, Von Sübermann, what do you have to tell us?

–That we have to return to Germany immediately! --I said without hesitation--. Tomorrow we must start the return. We will lead arrested Ernst Schaeffer and his four accomplices, but if they resist, we will execute them under my responsibility.

Karl von Grossen approved without reservation that decision but the most relieved was Von Krupp.

–That's all? Go back to Germany? It's the best news I hear in more than a year. I was afraid that you would request to continue the exploration of Tibet. I fully adhere to that proposal! The truth is that I was already fed up with Ernst Schaeffer and his mysteries.

Poor Von Krupp! Neither Von Grossen, nor I, imagined then that he would never go back to Germany...

### Chapter XXXIII

I could not assure you, neffe, if the first thing we perceived was the sound **or the light, or the sweet, pungent, unmistakable smell of sandalwood smoke**, or if we catch the two tattvas at the same time.

Von Krupp's men were already sheltered in the tents, except for the two sentinels. The Gurkha and the Lopas finished setting up our tents helped by Heinz. And the two **Standartenführer** and I were still talking. The sun had long since set and the dying twilight gave way quickly to the icy night of the Tibetan peaks. However, in an instant, the glen began to light up from the West exit, as if were witnessing the dawn of a new and blinding Sun.

Perplexed, stunned, hypnotized, the three of us stared at the ball of light, which crossed the gorge and advanced through the center of the canyon, more than a hundred meters high. Although the halo stretched tens of meters around the bright nucleus, it was possible to distinguish that the center consisted of four incandescent spheres, eccentrically intersecting each other. But such observation was a matter of a second, because the sound that accompanied the resplendent apparition immediately prevented us from all other perception.

At least for me, who spent my childhood on a farm in Cairo where honey bees were raised, the vibration was clearly familiar: **it was the classic hum of a swarm in motion**. It had started as a faint murmur, just as the light was at first a soft glow, but soon turned unbearable. I think the three of us covered our ears with our hands, to desperately verify that nothing could stop the sound penetration. With my head between my hands, and my brain pierced by the killer wave, I fell on my knees completely knocked out.

I felt like I was going to lose consciousness and, in a supreme effort of will, I looked around me. I saw Von Grossen, still standing, convulsing and screaming, while a few centimeters from me lay the inert body of Reinhart von Krupp. I automatically put my hand on his neck, searching for a pulse, but I understood that he had ceased to exist. My mind was clouded; an intense dizziness gave me the feeling that everything revolved around me; nausea, starting in my stomach, made me shudder

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

in a violent retch; and a growing anguish in the heart, which was already a declared tachycardia, gave me the impression that that organ wanted to jump and flee from my chest. Anyway, victim of a psychophysics attack, for which I knew no defense, I was fainting without remedy. Laughter of Demons, Music of Hell, Harmony of the Creator God of the Universe, in front of that disintegrating force of the Soul, what was left of the Hero, of the charismatic leader, of the Initiate who hours before led his legion willing to fight against enemies of Earth or Heaven? Very little, neffe, very little. Just a spark of will.

Suddenly I was attacked by a strong tremor and it took me a long time to become aware that Bangi had grabbed me by the shoulders and was shaking me firmly. Between brumes, I recognized him before me screaming at the top of his throat; the eight Lopas were also there: two were dragging Oskar Feil; two others were holding Von Grossen; one ran with the Daivas dogs, which were tied in an end of the camp; and the rest were feverishly tracing circles and signs on the ground with their scimitars, while, at the same time, chanting mantras and adopting warrior mudras. The ball of light was already upon us and the buzzing of the bees reached its maximum intensity. Either because of Bangi's shaking, or because of the effect of the yantras of the Lopas, the truth is that I partly recovered my lucidity; enough to understand the dramatic words of the Gurkha.

–**Shivatulku! Shivatulku!** –he called impatiently, without stopping to shake me, culminating in two impetuous slaps. With a head movement I made him understand that I was listening.

–Oh Pawo<sup>42</sup>, get us out of here! Soon or the **Vimāna** of Shambhala will destroy us!

–H... how? How will I do it, if I can't stand up? –I stammered discouraged.

–The Daivas dogs. Oh Dubtob<sup>43</sup>! Order the Daivas dogs to **fly** you to a destination out of here! Do you understand me?

I nodded, even though I did not fully understand the Gurkha's request.

–What should I do to make the Daivas dogs **fly**? I questioned myself absurdly, but in a voice loud enough for Srivirya to reply. The Lopa was obviously attentive to my reactions.

–Name them as if they were identical to Kyungta, the Garuda bird that transports the Gods; or like Lungta, the Pegasus horse that meets the same function! Tell them **Svadi-lung**; Kula and Akula **Svadi-lung**; and they will **fly**!

Destination? What destination? The head looked like it was going to explode. Maybe it was the unconscious, perhaps the Scrotra Krām, but the positive thing was that an Interior Voice told me:

–Sining, you must go to Sining –I thought about the Yantra, I imagined it as I could, and I translated: "**Siningto, Kula and Akula Svadi-lung**".<sup>44</sup>

One of the Lopas had put the reins of the mastiffs in my hands. They were enraged by the presence of the diabolical vimāna and howled as if they were indeed the wolves of Wothan. When I imagined the Yantra they stiffened and threw their heads forward, ready to go in fulfillment of the order. And when I ordered "Sining-To, Kula and Akula Svadi-lung", the incredible wonder happened that the Daivas dogs jumped into a kind of abyss that was incredibly created in front of them.

I felt drawn by the reins, hoisted in the air and carried on heading East, plunged into an impenetrable blackness that now occupied the place where seconds before were the Altyn Tagh Mountains. Being lifted in suspense, an abnormal weight on my legs put my body in tension for an instant. I turned, surprised, and noticed that a human chain hung from my limbs: the Tibetans had performed a series of **tackles** at the time of the jump, holding on to each other and also lifting Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil. The gaze slid down and I stared stupidly at the glen illuminated by the Shambhala vehicle and the camp turned into a collective grave: Reinhart von Krupp, dead; the sentinels, dead; And in the entrances to the tents, the corpses of those who made it out but didn't get very far. The hum was deafening, terrifying, paralyzing; The hum was the call of Death! Heinz, Hans, Kloster! I remembered my Comrades and I think I cried in impotence, before plunging into blackness and losing consciousness.

### Chapter XXXIV

Seconds later I regained consciousness: no signs of the deafening sound or the devilish spark. The twilight still remained so I could verify, without any doubt, that we were in a place completely different from the glen where Schaeffer camped. Immediately everything that happened came to my

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<sup>42</sup> Pawo: Hero in Tibetan

<sup>43</sup> Dubtob: Magician.

<sup>44</sup> "**We are flying to Sining, Kula and Akula**".



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

memory, the attack of the deadly buzz and the escape thanks to the Daivas dogs. I was still living miraculously! But where was I? Because it was evidently not Sining but the bank of a river, a short beach at the foot of a hillside.

I was sitting on the floor, still holding in my hands the now inert reins of the Daivas dogs. Inches from my feet, the rumorous river sang the melody of Nature. Brightness against the hillside showed me the Lopas gathering firewood and feeding an improvised campfire. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil had stood up and were watching the Scene in silence, as if stunned. When the eyes of the **Standartenführer** met with mine he reacted:

–Von Sübermann: Gott sei dank! Where are we? What became of the others?

I sat up and replied with stark frankness:

–I don't know. I ignore which place is this. We are surely a long way from the camp, but at least we're still alive. Because if I'm convinced of something is that those who did not come with us must have died in the glen. Who could survive that attack from the Demons? If even the Kaulika monks, who are experts in such a kind of Black Magic, feared to die inevitably!

In that moment the three of us remembered the monks and searched for them with the glance: the eight were by the fire that they had lit in the shelter of huge rocks, and they watched us in turn calmly. Karl and Oskar approached them. I wanted to do the same, but the reins prevented me. To my horror I discovered that one of the mastiffs had died; the other standing next to it, made periodic groans of pain.

–If I owed my life in this world to anyone, besides my parents, it was to those dogs, so I was understandably moved by the loss of one of them. I let the survivor continue with its pitiful howls, heartbroken réquiem for the absent couple, and I approached the group. Without courtesy, I questioned Srivirya:

–How is it that one of the Daivas dogs has died? Hadn't Guru Visaraga assured me that both constituted an archetypal couple, the manifested synthesis of a pair of opposing principles, the existence of which should be **necessarily** simultaneous? If that was true, shouldn't the two have died? Or rather, why aren't they both alive?

–Be patient, Son of Shiva --the monk advised compassionately-- and remember that these dogs are tulpas, mental creations of the Magicians of the Kâula Circle. Therefore they are not subject to natural laws but to the Will of the Gurus. I told you a few days ago that, although our Order knew the secret of the Daivas dogs, they had never been projected until now because there was no Initiate who was like you, capable of controlling them beyond Kula and Akula. Therefore, we lacked practical information on what it would happen when performed by a Shivatulku. That is to say, we did not know how they were going to behave at this stage of the Kaly Yuga: the last time the Daivas dogs walked the Earth was in Atlantis, thousands of years ago. Evidently, this Iron Age has somehow weakened their Power of Flight and one of them was affected by the Force of the Dordje. But if we did not know how long they were going to live, instead I can answer you why one of them has continued to live after the lung-svadi flight: it is due to particular laws that govern their reproduction.

You have reasoned well, but you did not contemplate the laws of reproduction. Being a perfect couple, archetypally balanced, the two dogs, indeed, should have died in unison. **But the law of reproduction established by the Gurus requires that before the disintegration, the couple engender and give birth to another pair of Daivas dogs.** The process would therefore be the following: the death of any one of them will mean the automatic metamorphosis of the other into an androgynous specimen; it's as if one of the archetypal principles, which was manifested outside, was incorporated inside the survivor; and whoever lives will carry within it the germ of a new pair of Daivas dogs, which will grow, mature, and eventually be born: then, after the birth, the old specimen will fatally disintegrate. Do you understand now why one of them lives?

I nodded, relieved to know that in no time I would recover the pair of Daivas dogs.

–Well then --added Srivirya--; then do not forget that in this period, while the androgynous mastiff is in charge of gestating the new couple, you must refer to it with the name of "Vrune", since it is the unit of Kula and Akula.

I nodded again, since that was undoubtedly logical. Meanwhile Von Grossen exploded.

–By God, Von Sübermann! Always the damned dogs! You worry for the death of a dog? And our Comrades? You have communicated to me your suspicion that they too have died: for them you should grieve! And you don't know where we are either. That's what I was trying to find out from the Tibetans when you interrupted me to talk about the damned mastiffs.

I decided not to respond to Von Grossen's unfair accusations.

–We know nothing about the place where the Shivatulku has brought us Srivirya mediated. It is up to him to respond, since only he knows the order he gave to the Daivas dogs.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Von Grossen's expression was disturbed when he verified that the theme of the mastiffs was inescapable. I did not have to reflect to expose a question that intrigued me since I regained consciousness on that beach.

–To Sining! I ordered the mastiffs to go to Sining. It was the first place that came to my mind, probably because the two monks who led the Holites stated that from there they would help us get to Shanghai. I can't explain why the Daivas dogs did not drive us to Sining.

–Oh, how strange is the mind of the Shivatulku! –Shrivirya exclaimed, who could not conceive that my actions were simply stupid, as in truth they were--. If you wanted to go to Shanghai, why not command the dogs to drive you straight there, instead of asking for the Sining site, located 2,000 km before? Incomprehensible are the Designs of the Gods! Well now that the Daivas dogs are in the process of reproduction you will not be able to use them anymore for a lung-svipa flight: only the future puppies, some day, will take you through Time and Space. Of course now we will know where we are. What Sining have you translated in your order?

–How what Sining? I don't understand what are you talking about –I declared, fearing to hear what would come.

–Of course, Son of Shiva --Shrivirya explained candidly--. The order requested to go to Sining-Fu or Sining-Ho, that is, **to the city** of Sining or **to the Sining River**?

I swore. Why had I been so vague in defining the destination imposed on the air travel of the Daivas dogs? The answer was obvious: because the order was formulated at a critical moment, in the midst of a tremendous physical disorder that prevented me from reasoning enough. In that terrible circumstance I forgot everything, I did not accurately describe the target because I assumed unconsciously that the dogs would understand, that they would exactly interpret my wishes. And the truth was very different: the dogs were tulpas, yidams, machines projected by the will of steel of the Magicians and requiring the correct control of its functions.

–I certainly did not specify if it was Sining-Fu or Sining-Ho --I confessed in disgust. The Kâulika monk meditated for a second and said smiling:

–Then it is very likely that we are by the Sining River. Upon receiving the order, the Daivas dogs found that there were two different targets with the same name. They chose, for reasons that would take a long time to detail, the oldest target corresponding to that name, apparently the river. And that indefiniteness would also explain the death of one of the mastiffs: the cause would be the dilemma to which the opposing principles were subjected, which acted as if it was tried to split the absolute unity of the dog Archetype with a logical wedge. I think the problem lies in the degrees of reality of the things at stake. On one side, the Daivas dogs weren't a perfect match, they couldn't be at this stage of the Kaly Yuga, and exhibited some small degree of imbalance. On the other hand, the Sining River turns out to be a little more real, within the Illusion of Mâyâ, than the city of Sining. Consequence: the Daivas dogs are faced with a dilemma and are forced to choose; because of the supposed imbalance, one of the dogs **tends** towards Sining-Fu and the other **tends** towards Sining-Ho; because magically the real destination is the one that corresponds to the truest name, only one of the mastiffs reaches Sining-Ho, where we are, while the other dog disintegrates to avoid the impossible alteration of the Archetype. And as the Daivas dogs cannot exist except in pairs, the present androgynous will equally disintegrate after reproduction.

–So the dogs have concurred to the Sining River, to which the current that passes in front of us would correspond! --admitted Von Grossen, that finally began to orientate himself geographically. This being the case, Kameraden, I will expose a summary of the situation: **Elements in favor of our Strategy**: a) three Germans and eight Tibetans, members of the First Key Operation, we are still alive; b) the city of Sining may be close to here and this likely represents our ultimate salvation, if we manage to spend the night in these conditions. **Elements against our Strategy**: a) We experienced five casualties, three Germans and two Tibetans, in addition to the five Holite porters and all the equipment; b) if actually this site is to the East of Lake Koko Nor, this implies a distance more than 1,000 km. far from the Valley of the Immortal Demons, which makes impossible for the moment to return to inspect or rescue the bodies and materials. **Conclusion**: It is almost certain that the troops in charge of the Operation Altwesten have suffered the same fate as the members of the Operation First Key, that is, they are dead or missing. This conclusion puts an end to the First Key Operation, and imposes on us the delicate obligation to convincingly explain to our superiors the events occurred at Ernst Schaeffer's camp.

Von Grossen looked at me significantly, as implying that the main person responsible for the explanations would be me. His last words were:

–Considering the diabolical attack we have suffered in that Valley of Hell, in light of the orders received from Germany and the structure of the Operation First Key, I have drawn certain conclusions that I will communicate to you in strictly confidential and personal form. I believe,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

gentlemen, that our German leaders had a pretty good idea of what would happen in Tibet if Kurt von Sübermann joined Operation Altwesten. More clearly, I think they, Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich, Rudolph Hess, and God knows who else knew that certain enemies would react with extreme violence when discovering Von Sübermann: enemies who are perhaps extraterrestrial beings, possessors of terrible weapons, incomparable to any earthly arsenal. If they knew what might happen, why did they allow the enemy to lock us in a death trap? This is a question for which I lack response. I have a feeling that they wanted to check specifically the effectiveness of Von Sübermann to cause the reactions of the "Demons" of Chang Shambhala and perhaps underestimated the enemy: perhaps they thought that the White Fraternity would close the damn doors of their hideouts, and they dismissed the possibility that the Demons tried to kill us all. Whatever it is, I am persuaded that Von Sübermann will never reveal to us the secret on why he inflames the Demons. In summary, I hereby terminate Operation First Key; the evaluation of its results will be done in Germany by the corresponding General Staff. And, as **⚡ Standartenführer** in charge of the execution of the First Key Operation, I order the immediate return to Germany. Do you agree, Kameraden, with the Recap of the Situation and the conclusions?

What else could Oskar Feil and I do, but accept unconditionally the decisions of Von Grossen? The Tibetan monks, for their part, never discussed orders and, once again, they were ready to support our plans.

We would leave at dawn. Meanwhile, we formed a circle around the fire and hugged each other to transfer heat, a posture also adopted by the mastiff Vrune. Despite the prevailing cold at dawn, we all managed to sleep, due to the great psychic fatigue that we accumulated during the last days. We didn't even have a blanket or cape, only what was worn, and that's why we squeezed with each other to avoid freezing, although it was evident that it was not as cold here as it was on the top of the Kuen Lun Mountains. And as for the weapons, we only kept the daggers and Lugers of Karl, Oskar and Me, and the two Schmeisser submachine guns that we carried across our backs: for this fearsome weapon, we had only two clips each, same as for the Luger. Insufficient to travel through a country in civil war, but always better than nothing.

All the Kâulikas, on the other hand, had their daggers, scimitars, and quivers with the fifty arrows. For the rest, no food, no water, no supplies of any kind, except what we were carrying at the time of fleeing from the disastrous glen. There were few things, very few if we had been much more lost in Tibet; they were enough to get to Sining-Fu.

Chilled to the bone, since dawn we marched parallel to the Sining-Ho River. Von Grossen surprised us all by extracting from inside his jacket the canvas card holder and unfolding a map of the Western region of China. And from his pockets, like inexhaustible Pandora's boxes, came the inseparable magnetic compass, a folding scale ruler, and a compass; useless elements, except for the magnetic compass and the map.

Before leaving, I made a burial mound of stones and buried the unfortunate Daivas dog. I was not in the habit of praying, but this time I concentrated for minutes and raised my Self to the sphere of the Gods, using the Śrotra Krâm to get them to listen to me: then I spoke to Wothan, to him personally, and asked for a glass of Mead for the feat of Heinz, Hans, and Kloster. Yes, I said to the Gods: this time They should toast for those three warriors of the Eternal Germany, welcome them as Heroes in the Valhalla; and, if possible, they would have to make room for the Daivas dog, the dog of Shiva that carried the warriors flying like Vâyû, the Wind!

Originating in the meridional mountain chains of Nan Chan, the Sining-Ho descends towards the South and empties into the Tatung-Ho, after passing under the bridge of the Great Wall and bathing the walls of the city of Sining: the Tatung-Ho, for its part, continues towards the S.E. and tributes its waters to the Hoang Ho or Yellow River in the Lan Cheu confluence. Around noon, we reached a small fortified village surrounded by rudimentary crops: it was Hwang-yugn, one of the posts of the Chang-Lam road!

In the village there was a Buddhist Temple, several inns for pilgrims and merchants, and a free market of respectable size. The stable of horses belonged to the Kâula Circle and we headed to its establishment with promptitude. There we calmed down, and we ate the first hot meal in 24 hours. According to its report, the men of the Prince of Koko Nor searched for us a few days, and eventually they returned to Tibet. It would be difficult for them to come back unless someone summoned them, which would not happen if we acted with prudence and we went unnoticed. Anyway, the power of the revolted Tibetans reached only as far as Hwang-yugn, a town located on the North side of the Great Wall, in a region traditionally disputed by Mongols and Tibetans. A few kilometers ahead, behind the Great Wall, was the Chinese province of Kansu and the city of Sining, where the power of the Kâula Circle was considerable.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Of course, if in Sining-Fu we did not have to fear the persecution of the Tibetans, on the other hand we should avoid being involved in the continuous revolts of the bitter Chinese factions. For this time, logistics and tactics were left in the hands of the Kāulikās, better connoisseurs of the terrain and possessing a powerful support infrastructure. Their plan, beyond that, was extremely simple: we would spend the night in the stable, which we fancied a palace after the night before, and in the morning the Chinese and his son would lead us to Sining-Ho hidden in two carts of four oxen each.

The Kaulika monks let us know that they planned to return to Tibet after we were out of danger on our way to Shanghai. They would not return directly to Bhutan as they would try to find their two companions, who had stayed with the Holites at the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. Although they did not have Daivas dogs, they knew a lot about the Kilkor magic and knew positively that the Lost Valley was in the West, in the lands of Queen Mother Kuan Yin: be it to the East, like we did, be it to the West, they would find a way to enter and rescue their Comrades or, perhaps, avenge them. Then, if they returned, they would retire to the Monastery of Bhutan, or to anyone else belonging to the Kāula Circle, to meditate over what happened in that adventure. They fought side by side with the Shivatulku, were led to the Valley of the Immortals by the Daivas dogs, and participated in their lung-svipa flight: they were certainly fortunate, the Gods had smiled on them, and it only remained to retire to meditate and give thanks.

Nothing could I object to this admirable decision, but Karl von Grossen thought differently. He called Srivirya and Bangi apart and called them "deserters". Their mission, he told them, would only end when *those who know* evaluated the results of the operation". And such people, of course, were in Germany: both of them, therefore, were entitled to accompany us to our homeland and provide their valuable testimonies. They would then be free to return, and the ⚡ would put at their disposal all the necessary means.

As the monks wavered, Von Grossen morally pressed assuring them that in any case they would have to accompany us until Shanghai to officiate as Chinese interpreters, and, once there, "it wouldn't be so difficult for them" to embark for Germany, "which was almost as far away as Bhutan". But this was not true.

Srivirya and the Gurkha did indeed speak Chinese, but no one knew a single word of Japanese, the language of those who occupied half of China. On the contrary, Oskar and I studied Chinese and Japanese in the career of *Ostenführer* of the *NAPOLA*; and we were both fluent in Mandarin and Japanese. But, however, there was always the resource of English, a language discredited in Asia but with whom Von Grossen or any of us could communicate. Asia's universal language, as the sons of Perfidious Albion had claimed, would be English, but the truth was that it was only spoken by colonial officials and the usual sepoys; among the learned members of the Asian peoples, call them India, Nepal, Kashmir, Bhutan, China, Burma, etc., English was resisted and it remained habitually unknown, not to say hidden and hated.

Although we disapproved of Von Grossen's attitude, neither Oskar nor I denied his arguments. We watched smilingly, instead, as the two extraordinary Initiates were gradually giving way in their positions. The truth was that deep down we all wanted the two monks to travel with us to Germany. When we left for Sining the next day, they were almost convinced by the persuasive *Standartenführer*.

### Chapter XXXV

What a city, neffe! In those days it had no less than 130,000 inhabitants, and a perimeter of more than 20 km. Its towering walls were reached by routes from all Asia: Mongolia, Russia, Turkestan, Dzungaria, Afghanistan, India, etc., in addition to the aforementioned Chang-Lam from Lhasa, through which the carts that transported us arrived. Our route, since the Daivas dogs deposited us at the foot of the Chan Nan mountain range, followed the same natural course: skirting the mountain range on one side, which now extended into the Ma-ha-che mountains, and the Sining River on the other; on its right shore was Sining-Fu, at 2,500 m of altitude.

The city of Sining was a gigantic market, to which neither the civil war, nor the national war against Japan, had affected its feverish rhythm. The only alteration was constituted by the different troops that coexisted distrustfully and that from time to time staged an incident. Such troops belonged to as many unknown Lords or triads and controlled, each one, a sector of the city: there were even nationalist and communist factions, in addition to the aristocratic or noble, traditionalists, religious and gangsters. However, Sining-Fu was then a "free area", that is, it had not fallen under the control of the Japanese. Faced with an external attack, paradoxically, each troop would take care of defending its part of the wall and all the differences would be forgotten to face the common enemy.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The Kaulika community of Sining-Fu was really important. We checked it out when entering the neighborhood "of the pale faces", named for the color of the skin of their neighbors, and admiring the enormous Sanctuary of Shiva that those possessed. They offered to provide us with everything we needed to start a new expedition to Tibet: they were especially excited by the idea that we undertook the annihilation of other Gompas such as that of the Duskhas. They were disenchanting when we explained them that we had to return to Germany.

—If our Race one day comes to dominate the World, and remains faithful to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the ⚡, **there will be no place on Earth for the worshipers and servants of the Powers of Matter**: the Eternal ⚡ will destroy them without mercy and you, heroic Kaulikas, will be next to us, wearing, perhaps, the *Totenkopf*<sup>45</sup> insignia —I assured them, without suspecting that the latter would come true sooner than I thought.

In view of our irrevocable decision, the Kaulikas agreed to support the trip to the East. Briefly, they explained the situation to us. China's two most powerful military forces were Chiang Kai-Shek's "nationalists" and Mao Tse-Tung's communists. Before 1937 the two armies were fighting fiercely, but now they faced the Japanese enemy together. Naturally, for anyone who understands the political structure of the Synarchy, Mao's communists were supplied by the Soviet Union and the "nationalists" of Chiang helped by England and the United States, that is to say, Anglo-Saxon imperialism. And fraternally united, as its foreign partners were in the Synarchy, the right and the left sided against Japanese "fascism": **on a reduced scale, it was happening in the Chinese war what would happen four years later in World War II.**

There was only one difference, that for the case was not important because the awakened man is guided by facts and not by names: **it was the qualifying of "Nationalists" that adopted to define themselves the members of the Chiang Kai-Shek party.** Curiously, those "nationalists" were not supported by us National Socialists, but by the liberalism at all costs of the Anglo-Saxons. And this is easily explained because that's what they were Chiang and his supporters: exponents of the most reactionary liberal right in China, that is to say, the most sepyo. In this sepyo thing, a supporter of the colonialist powers to the detriment of his own people, it must be admitted that Chiang Kai-Shek was almost as great as the Mahatma Gandhi, that agent of the English Secret Service that handed India over to the exploitation of the masters of the **Commonwealth** preventing a true nationalist revolution from taking place there, that is, national socialist.

Therefore, calling Chiang a "nationalist" would be a joke, a bad joke, if it weren't for the role that his bosses of the Synarchy made him represent, finally caused the fall of the ancient Chinese culture in the mean and narrow Marxist-Leninist doctrine. No; Chiang was not a nationalist but plainly and simply a sepyo. Formosa, modern Taiwan, where there are no popular corporations and the ethical codes that characterize nationalism but rather the rapacious action of multinational companies and the World Banking, and the unlimited exploitation of the Chinese people, completely marginalized from deciding the Destiny of their "Nation" since this has already been determined by the Synarchy.

If a people wishes to be imperialist, History offers them two classic models, which for no less understood by the observers are less used in all times. One is the Greco-Roman model, inherited from the ancient concept of "Universal Empire" of the Indo-Iranians: this model, and Rome gave us one of the last examples, only requires that the remaining peoples are subjected militarily, not culturally; thus, peoples of different idiosyncrasies could be integrated into the Roman Empire preserving their Culture, language and customs, and, if they were brave enough to proudly resist the **pax romana**, they could obtain extraordinary concessions, such as the citizenship of the Gauls and Spaniards, and the control of the army, and of the entire Empire, achieved by the Germanic; this was possible because in that model of Empire value was based paradoxically in the real courage of peoples: the bravest was the most valuable; This principle had an unquestionable character and no one feared the imperial rise of a brave people for it was obvious that such people was valuable to the Empire.

That is, in that first model it would not be necessary to practice the cultural indoctrination of the defeated, employing brainwashing, destroying them morally, corrupting them, keeping them in barbarism or returning them to savagery: **that did not suit anyone, it went against the juridic essence of the Universal Aryan Empire, that is to say, went against Honor.** And here's the heart of the issue: the ethical support of the previous principle, and of all of those that constitute the Universal Empire, is the Principle of principles, the Supreme Principle that is the cornerstone of the

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45 *Totenkopf*. skull *insignia*.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

social-legal structure of the national State: ***the Principle of Honor. The justice with which the Empire will treat a conquered or ally people, on which its existence and development will depend, only will require the guarantee of Honor.*** For example, Alexander, imperialist with Honor, did not need to dismember Egypt, or impose the Greek language

on the Egyptians, or annihilate them, nor subject them to slavery, nor destroy their pyramids, to accept them without prejudice as federated of the Macedonian Empire. And the Romans, bridging the gap, when they finally subdued the Gauls, who had bloodily resisted for centuries, proceeded in the same honorable way: and to such extreme they opened the gates of the Empire for them, that in a short time it was no longer spoken of Gauls but of Gallo-Romans.

The other Model of Empire is the Carthaginian, ***typically non-Aryan***, inherited by the Phoenicians from their Semitic ancestors of Assyria, Babylon and Sumer. It is convenient to understand this concept because to the Carthaginian model have adhered the English and the Americans, peoples completely Judaized by the systematic and tireless work of the White Fraternity.

Belicena Vilca already spoke of the Carthaginians in her letter: merchant people lacking ethical principles; only skillful for trade and piracy, famous for the human sacrifices they offered to their Incandescent Iron Idol. Carthaginians, English, Yankees: like their predecessors of the Assyrian-Babylonian empire, they would think that the remaining peoples of the Earth are a consumable item for their insatiable appetites! Here is the equivalent principle to the value of the peoples in the Greco-Roman model: for the Carthaginians, English and Yankees, the subjugated peoples do not have the value by themselves but ***so far as they are useful to the Empire***. Thus, the peopleconquered or dominated is enslaved, humiliated, dehumanized, emptied of its own value, ***transformed into a tool, into a utensil: it has value while it serves***. Judaic principle of value that is not found by accident at the height of the Anglo-Saxon imperialism. If a "colonial" people ***serves***, then it must be exploited without limits; ***if it can serve***, then it must be indoctrinated so that it provides utility, which represents an investment that will have to be protected and recovered with interest. If something is opposed to exploitation, it must be neutralized: ***if not proceeded like this, they will justify themselves hypocritically, they would not be "helping" that people to regain its value, that is, its utility***. Man has a price, like the merchandise: he is worth what he does, and may be worth more for what he is capable of doing. The Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Empire will commit to extract the maximum utilitarian value from the peoples, granting them the possibility of being worth a lot by producing a lot. What is opposed to this magnanimous concession of those who wield the Power of the World, will be destroyed: in benefit of those who are submitted but can prove their worth; in defense of the possibility of being useful to the imperialists, a possibility that they seriously call "democratic freedom". And what is it that is opposed to that people who are worth nothing, be valued by being useful to the Empire, serving, producing, allowing the Empire to seize its wealth, if it has, or being careful not to spend it for own profit if the Empire needs it now or tomorrow?

Is its own culture the obstacle? Then it will be reculturalized by all possible means. Is the national conscience the enemy? Well, then the essence of the national Being will be attacked: it will begin by discrediting or denying one's own good and the good of another will be exalted; on the contrary, the bad of others will be diminished and its own bad will be exalted to the point of exaggeration; so this way trust in the National Destiny will collapse, and the people will believe overwhelmed that the cultural distance between its own national weakness and the strength and greatness of others, is insurmountable. The second step will consist of specifically attacking the supports of the national Being: territoriality, national symbols, traditions, etc. The borders will be displaced or threatened to create the feeling that the Nation "is not finished", that its something half built, which does not exist; the great men of the Nation will be slandered, those who either badly or well contributed to its existence, for the people to be ashamed of their past; they will be presented for comparison, on the other hand, to their imperialist contemporaries, so that the people repudiate their heroes and admire the gringos, and regret, what were we doing, while they built their mighty empires?

Is racial unity the impediment? The people will be bastardized through the immigration of inferior races. Is it national unity? It will be disintegrated by bribing or buying leaders, pitting one against the other, and creating chaos, the evidence that "it is a people in which their members cannot agree with each other".

As you can see, neffe, the Carthaginian model shows quite a ***modus operandi*** in the action of the imperialists. While on the Greco-Roman model "the most valuable was the most courageous", and the courageous peoples could grow and develop without problems, according to their own cultural guidelines, in the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon model, the principle must be applied permanently "it is worth while it serves", which forces the defeated peoples to be subdued, or dominated by the vilest practices. And here we also get to the heart of the question: the legal support of the previous principle, and of all those that constitute the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Empire, is

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

the Principle of synarchic principles, the Supreme Principle that is the cornerstone of the juridico-social structure of the Synarchic State: **the Principle of Division**.

Division of what? Of everything, because the Principle of Division gives the Emperor or King, Carthaginian, English or Yankee, the **right** to divide the structure of the peoples. The comparison has to be made immediately, so that the differences can be seen: the Principle of Honor of the Greco-Roman imperialists was essentially **ethical** and created the **obligation** to seek the common good, to assess the value of the courageous; on the contrary, the Principle of Division of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialists was fundamentally juridical and amoral and generated **the right to divide** to ensure the value of those who serve, to protect the democratic freedom of being worth by being useful, producing, serving.

Here are the fundamental differences of both models: the ethical against the juridical and amoral; the moral obligation to seek the common good, against the amoral right to divide the common good to extract its utilitarian value. The Greco-Roman imperialism produced "citizens of the Empire", an honorable title that in no way diminished their nationality or racial pride. The Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism models "citizens of the World", ambiguous and dishonorable title that most of the time hides the unspeakable betrayal.

We already know the citizens of the Empire from History. It is interesting, on the other hand, to know how are the "citizens of the world", analogous title to "slave of the Synarchy"? Well, these are beings that have been conformed according to the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon model, that is, beings that have undergone all the modes of the Principle of Division. They are habitually **internationalists** because their nationality has been **divided** and disintegrated: they believe that the **international** saves the difference between the peoples. They are determined **pacifists** because their psychic structure was froideanly **divided** and their warrior instinct described as "primitive aggressive tendencies originating in the cortex, the animal brain, and arising through the Unconscious": for the psychoanalytic Culture, the warrior instinct is a shameful, almost animal impulse, extremely dangerous "because it can be incarnated in the Myth of the Hero" and become dominant in consciousness; those who are thus indoctrinated, identify war with savagery, and believe that peace must be achieved at any cost because in that social status it is possible to demonstrate **utility** by serving pacifist imperialism, World Government, Synarchy, or whatever is called the system that exploits them. These specimens are color blind to nationality and have been blocked their warrior instinct; they therefore lack heroism, capacity of patriotic reaction, they are psychologically mutilated beings who believe in the union of several concepts impossible to unite under a Carthaginian Anglo-Saxon imperialism: peace, happiness, creation, progress, freedom, civilization of love, universal fraternity, etc. Naturally, in our Epoch, they can be good communists or good liberals, indistinctly.

But in addition to being **internationalists** or **pacifists**, they can be collaborators of the Carthaginian imperial system, working from within their Nations, in which they do not believe, to favor the contribution of utilitarian value that the imperialists have assigned to their people or country; or they can be agents of imperialism and devote themselves to executing its plans. Either way, their task will be, from the inside or the outside, to **divide**, that is, in applying the Principle of Division wherever there is something united that opposes Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism: intrigue, corruption, Machiavellism, bribery, deceit, defamation, publicity, disinformation, etc., all means and crimes will be valid to **divide** the wholes and strengthen the parts that are **useful** and **serve** foreign imperialism. In the formation of lackeys of this class, Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism has always excelled: **the classic type is the "sepoj"**. Naturally, I don't mean the Hindu sepoy, the concrete man who many times with incredible courage tried to get rid of the English plunderers, but the sepoy **type**, the class of **"valuable man at their service"** that the English wanted to make by dividing all his principles. Thousands of such mercenaries existed in Carthage. In Asia and Africa the English would manufacture them by the hundreds of thousands.

And so we come to Chiang Kai-Shek, who was the classic type of sepoy at the service of the Carthaginian Anglo-Saxon colonial power, and we verify that when correctly defining the terms such a character can have nothing of "nationalist" but much of an imperialist agent. He, like Gandhi in India, Marcos in the Philippines, F. Duvalier in Haiti, Reza Pahlevi in Iran, Tito in Yugoslavia, Fidel Castro in Cuba, and so many countless tyrants from Asia, Africa and Latin America, were great sepoys that systematically divided the true nationalist movements of their countries and then crushed them part by part; it is understood: nationalism is the worst enemy of Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

Now then, neffe: I have shown you that the Supreme Principle of Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism is the Principle of Division and I opposed it to the Principle of Honor, that lays the foundation of the Universal Aryan Empire. Well then, it should be added that such a "Principle of Division" **is essentially non-Aryan**.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

But it is not just a presumption, the fact that the Carthaginians as the Phoenicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, etc., have deeply employed it, because in the Aryan Kingdoms where priestly hypocrisy has prevailed for some period, the Principle of Division has also been used, since the Priestly castes and the Synarchy record both common interests. The proof of its non-Aryan origin is, as it could not be otherwise, in its biblical origin. That is to say, the Principle, which gives the **Right to Divide**, although ancient and not Aryan, finds its legal formulation in the people who worship a God of Justice, One who lays the Tablets of the Law; and that people is Israel, the Chosen People of Jehovah-Satan.

In order to present the Principle of the Division, the Doctors of the Law expressed it through a metaphor in Book I of the Kings. From that figure the Principle will be extracted and legally regulated, **converted into Divine right of Kings and Emperors; and, modernly, in unwritten law proper of the hierarchs of Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism.**

Logically, since it is a right, its sanction must be carried out in the course of a trial. And a trial in which the judge emerges unappealable, in such a way that the right exercised becomes the Supreme Principle, the First Law. Such a judge can only be "the wisest man on Earth and in History"; and he must also be King, because the Principle of Division will only grant the right to Sovereigns of the Carthaginian model.

The man who met those conditions was, of course, King Solomon:

**"Your servant Solomon is in the midst of the Chosen People, that is so numerous that its crowd cannot be counted. Grant your servant a prudent heart, so that he knows how to judge and discern between the good and the bad. Because, who is capable of judging this so considerable People of yours?"**

**"It pleased Jehovah that Solomon made this request and so he said: ...I will grant you what you ask: I will give you such a wise and intelligent heart, as there has not been another before you nor will there be after you". (I Kings 3,7).**

The character is already presented: he is wise by God's disposition, his judgment is unappealable; and he is King. He must, then, exercise the **Right to Divide**, so that it becomes the Supreme Principle, the First Law. The opportunity is provided by two Jewish prostitutes who discuss the maternity of a child: one of them substituted her dead child for the other's child.

**"Then the King said: this one says: My son is the living one, and your son is the dead. While that one replies: It is not true; your son is the dead one and mine is the living one. And the King added: bring me a Sword and ordered: Split in two the living child and give a half to one and the other half to the other" (I Kings 3,23).**

This is the famous "Solomonic judgment", which legalizes the King's right to divide **if that is useful**; in this case the utility is in knowing the truth, that will valorize the mother with her child reestablishing the service. It should be noted that the Priestly character of the Investiture has been made very clear: the King does not carry the Sword: he requests it; he is a Priest. Let's remind ourselves that the Bible is a Sacred Book and that in it even the last speck has meaning. We hear Evangelist preachers daily qualify the Bible as the "Word of God". But there are those who blindly believe that this is true: they are the Kabbalist Rabbis, the same ones who, precisely, secretly handle Masonry and dozens of Secret Societies of the Synarchy, organizations in which, coincidentally, the "statesmen" who lead Carthaginian Anglo-Saxon imperialism are active.

Therefore, it is a serious thing the Principle that emerges from the Biblical metaphor. What do those images mean, in rabbinical terms? That the Priest-King has the **right** to request the Sword and **divide: and that that fact is fair**. Not just fair, but the source of Justice. Justice at the beginning of the judgment is not manifested, it is not known who the mother really is: **Justice was present after the Priest-King exercised the right to divide**. In short: **the Priest-King takes the Sword, "the Power of the State", and exercises the right to divide the body of a child, "a small people", and this is fair, it produces Justice, the very foundation of the Priest-King**; conclusion: **the King's right to divide his bases justifies the rupture and strengthens the Throne**.

With their customary realism, the Rabbi Doctors have interpreted this way the Solomonic judgment and have synthesized it in the Talmud, whence Machiavelli surely learned it: **"the King must divide to reign"**.

This non-Aryan, Judaic and amoral principle has become the rector axiom of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialists. They divide everything, like I demonstrated before, and even when retiring, for example from a colony, they leave it divided in all possible orders, from territorial to political and economic, counting for that task, of course, on their cohorts of sepoy.

Remember, neffe, that the famous **"International Labor Division"** is a concept of XIX century English liberalism. Now you can see that it gets inspired in the Talmudic Principles: **"the King, if he is Wise, must divide his bases to reign"; "the King is the only whole, who cannot be reached**



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

by any of the parts"; "the parts of the Kingdom are worth while they serve". Naturally, this Kingdom is Malkuth, the tenth Sefirot.

### Chapter XXXVI

Communists and Kuomintang nationalists, explained to us the Kâulikās of Sining, while fighting united against the Japanese, held hard clashes with each other in the interior regions of China. Japan controlled the entire eastern coast, south of Canton, and occupied such important cities as Shanghai, Nankin, Hankou, Beijing, etc. But it's never been easy to get hold of China: countless cities were dominated by Chiang Kai-Shek's troops while the Communists were remarkably strong in the campaign, where they had the unconditional sympathy of the Chinese peasantry; this was the result of 20 years of proselytism in the field, contradicting the postulates of Marxism-Leninism that affirmed the revolutionary primacy of the proletariat or urban working class: that political tactical success was the work of Mao Tse Tung; and thus a small guerrilla movement, which began in the southern Kiangsi<sup>46</sup> and Fukien provinces, and spread to central Szechwan after the "Long March", was now a powerful irregular military force that had under its control three more provinces, around Yenan: Shensi, Ningshia, and Kansu, the province in which we were located.

This meant that the Communists ruled the countryside and guarded the roads of that region. Moreover, the forces of Chiang Kai Shek, strong in the cities, also patrolled the roads, harassing each other at times with the Communists. This situation posed certain risks for those who tried to move to the East without being enrolled in some of the sides in conflict. The Shivaguru of Sining suggested us a way to get to Shanghai:

—Since you do not consider the Japanese your enemies, I am going to suggest a way to reach them without first being killed by the Communists or the nationalists. A few months ago it would have been very simple taking the Northeast roads and benefitting from the navigable stretches of the Yellow River. But now a terrible misfortune has occurred, which has made that region intransitable: the **Tung Chih**<sup>47</sup> Chiang Kai-Shek, may Kuan Yin have mercy on his passionate heart, just blew up the Hoang-Ho River levees to stop the advance of the Japanese, but such action has cost a terrible sacrifice of innocent Chinese lives.

Indeed, neffe: in 1938, Chiang flooded the Yellow River valley and sentenced a whopping 880,000 people to die by drowning. Yes, almost a million killed by a single order: **and I have not heard of anyone bringing him to trial for "crimes against humanity", in 1945**. If this has not happened, it will be necessary to admit that this was acquitted beforehand, and that such a pardon was granted to him in recognition of his refined sepyo quality.

—As it is --continued the Shivaguru-- I advise you to travel to Lan-Chen-Fu, a city located 200 km to the East. From there it is possible to go to Shanghai **in different ways: they will tell you how**. I remind you that in times of peace, it was feasible to travel the 200 km to Shanghai using the railroad. Now that cannot be done because the section that led us to Lan-Chen-Fu is interrupted by the blowing up of the bridge over the Yellow River; and from Lan-Chen-Fu, there is only one branch that does not go beyond Cheng Chou, in the Honan Province<sup>48</sup>. Anyway, you will have to save on horseback the 200 km, along a path infested with guerrillas or "nationalists" and, possibly, you will have to kill members of both sides; but do not worry, killing is a common task these days!

—You are eleven: I will reinforce you with 25 men armed with rifles, part of the troop that protects our neighborhood. Let's talk now about what you will do in Lan-Chen-Fu. Have you heard of **the Green Band**?

—Is it the bandit brotherhood? --asked Von Grossen, who evidently knew something about the matter. The Shivaguru grinned compassionate.

—Don't be hard on us. The Green Band is a Secret Society. And Secret Societies are to China what fragrances are to flowers. The Green Band is a Society of Initiates who share our same Tántra and coincide in identical Tao: many of its members have been or are Kâulika monks. Except that they, due to their particular idiosyncrasy, have chosen a way that goes much deeper into the World of sleeping men. But they, of course, could not accept or comply with the laws of that World without ending also lethargic. And they don't! They act in their own way, according to their own Honor code, and that is why they are called "bandits" by sleeping men. But do not underestimate them because it takes a lot of courage to be the Lord of Oneself in the midst of pleasures and temptations: only

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<sup>46</sup> Example of a Chinese name: **Kiang**: river; **Sí**: west; Kiangsi: River of the West

<sup>47</sup> **Tung Chih**: Comrade.

<sup>48</sup> **Ho**: river; **Nan**: south; Honan: River of the South.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

those who have tried and mastered the desire of the Five Forbidden Things, have sufficient will to perform in the Green Band.

That path is not for anyone, I repeat it. I, for example, prefer the tranquility of our Monasteries, the serenity of the gymnasiums of Martial Arts, **to the permanently dangerous path of the Green Band**. However, we all need each other if we are to march fighting towards the same goal. Thus, the Green Band helps the Kâula Circle with what represents its strength: the domain of material values. And the Kâula Circle helps the Green Band with what it does best: **sha**<sup>49</sup>. Naturally, for us, as for Krishna, the son of Indra, **killing means nothing, if the Spirit of the murderer is beyond Mâyâ, the Illusion of Life; when our scimitar reaps the miserable life, the Spirit dances with Shiva the Dance of Destruction.**

—I know that I should not explain these things to You, who are enlightened by Shiva, and that have performed the marvelous feat of decimating the Duskhas vampires. I asked you about the Green Band, not to know Your opinion, but to inform you that they will be the ones who will lead you to Shanghai. In Lan-Chen-Fu we will put you in contact with the Green Band and from then on you will be in their hands, which are absolutely trustworthy. If you wished so, they could take you out of China through Hong Kong, but if you insist on dealing with the Japanese you can also go to Shanghai.

Before leaving, the Shivaguru of Sining made us a remarkable reflection:

—You Germans are wrong to trust the Japanese: they, sooner or later, will betray you! We have known them for millennia and for that reason we can speak with fundament: **deep down they are miserable Buddhists, even if they show off their samurai tradition**. They were once brave warriors, it is true, but only the memory remains of that; and on memories live the crippled and the elderly. **They have been worked by the Buddhists Priests of the White Fraternity, they have been "moralized", that is, softened, weakened, tamed, pacified**. Today, under the apparent **austerity** beats the Dragon of Envy for the luxury and the Culture of the West; under the disguise of **humility** pants the bourgeois desirous of all pleasures; under the mask of the **warrior** consecrated to the hardships of the struggle, is the cowardly face of the one who loves the comforts of peace; under the declaimed **honor** hides the betrayal. Remember my words, Shivatuku, and repeat them to your Führer if you can. **Your natural ally is not Japan but China: this is where the Tao passes through!**

Oh neffe Arturo, how right that Kâulika monk was in 1938! Just as the Führer explained to me that graduation night, at the Chancellery, and just as was public knowledge, he was the first to bare the internal armor of the Synarchy and expose its Jewish core. In the center was Zionism, esoterically held by the Sages of Zion of the Great Sanhedrin; To dominate the World, the Synarchy had two tactical wings, one right or Judeo-liberal, and another left or Judeo-Marxist; the right wing was supported esoterically by Freemasonry and hundreds of related sects; Marxism counted directly with the control of the Chosen People's members, so its esoteric foundation would be simply rabbinical. According to the Führer, the man most politically enlightened in history, this is how the Great Jewish Conspiracy or Universal Synarchy organically works. But, it was one thing to affirm it and another to prove it. How do you get the enemy, an enemy capable enough to develop a Strategy for centuries and involve in it peoples, countries and nations, unmasked? How to get the Enemy to abandon all caution and expose its dark alliance? How to provoke it to reveal itself in this way?

The Führer found the solution. "If there is one thing the Sages of Zion, or the Synarchy, or the White Fraternity, or the Creator himself, Jehovah-Satan, won't ever permit, **will be that Communism perishes**", it was more or less the great reasoning. Indeed, Communism, the purest political expression of the Jewish mentality, could not be lost: such a possibility, for the Synarchy, was naturally inconceivable. And from such a political point of view "Communism", ergo, **was the Soviet Union**. In short, **a tactical strike against the Soviet Communism would oblige all States participating in the Synarchy to run to the aid of its ally**. Attacking the Soviet Union was, thus, a strategic objective of the first order against the Universal Synarchy. The Führer knew it and acted consciously, foreseeing that the Total War of the Third Reich against the Synarchy would be a War of Supreme Principles: the Eternal Spirit against the Powers of Matter. During the war he anticipated what was to come, with his usual precision: **"If we win the war, the world Jewish power will have gone forever; if we lose, their triumph will be short-lived, because their organization will be definitely exposed"**.

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49 **Sha: kill.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

And what did the Japanese "Comrades" do to favor the Strategy of the Führer? Let's remember. Germany invades the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. Anyone would think that with an "ally" like Japan occupying China from 1937, the Soviet Union would be between two fires. Who thought that, would be very much mistaken, because on April 13, 1941, "coincidentally" two months before Operation Barbarossa, Japan signed the "**Pact of Japanese-Soviet Russian neutrality**" which implied the demilitarization of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is clear, neffe, that if Japan had really shared our **weltanschauung** it would have attacked the Soviet Union simultaneously with the Germans: with the German armies to the West and the Japanese hordes to the East Soviet communism would have been suffocated in a deadly National Socialist clamp.

Logically, after 1945 I have thought a lot about the words of the Shiva-guru of Sining and it was difficult for me not to find them correct, since the facts confirmed them. Of course, in the face of Japan's dishonest attitude, it would have been better for us having the Chinese as allies: in those years they wanted to destroy Soviet Communism almost as much as getting the Japanese off their backs. Was the Führer wrong in trusting Japan, a mistake that would have cost him the Russian Campaign and the outcome of the World War? I think there was no such mistake and that the Führer's Strategy was so brilliant that it was going to achieve the incredible effect of discovering the "Jewish mindset" wherever it was, even among the very "allies" of Germany. In a war of Supreme Principles as the one proposed by the Führer it was of no interest "winning" or "losing" in the Earth, on the material plane, but to impose a spiritual **weltanschauung** whose value was entirely outside the material plane: if the **weltanschauung**, the Hyperborean conception of the World, "our banners", were understood by the man of Honor, the war would be won, even if a material setback was suffered; if the **weltanschauung** was not understood, or was forgotten, the war would be lost, even if the fortunes of arms favored us. In that war of Supreme Principles, a life without Honor would have no interest: it would be the historical moment in which each people would demonstrate their true being and what they would like to be. An extraordinary man, perhaps a God, one whom the Kāulika called the Lord of the Absolute Will, had created the circumstances that would force each people to manifest their essence, which would expose the Synarchy, which would ripen the Judaic pus and cause it to sprout wherever it was incubating its corrupting culture. That being the case, was the Führer wrong or was he marvelously successful in getting Japan to unmask itself before the World and History and show its hidden face, which today causes the admiration of the Synarchy?

In history there are no surprises. Historical facts record causes that sometimes go back centuries or millennia earlier. Japan is today a gigantic kibbutz, the Jewish mentality" has prevailed in all orders, in a manner similar to that of England, and a generalized consensus so that the country remains aligned in the Synarchy, belongs to the Trilateral Commission, to the U.N., to the N.A.T.O., etc .; everyone there talks about yens, peace, consumption, tourism, brotherhood, freedom, fraternity, etc. This "change", apparently "surprising" given the "warrior" vocation of the Japanese before World War II is it really a change, due to the lesson of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the display of the truenature of the Japanese, who perhaps by a kind of collective trauma have wanted for centuries to be what they were not, that is, Kshatriyas, Samurais, and had they ended up simulating, playing, the role of warriors? Because all historical phenomena, such as this supposed "change" of the Japanese, have ancient causes that justify it: **no one becomes a Jew overnight, not even if he is circumcised; to be a good son of Israel you need many "virtues", such as usury and the love of profit, which take a long time to develop.** But in such a short time the Japanese have proven to be as good Jews as the Israelites and the English, Doesn't that mean that in Japan the Jewish mentality was larvated and that the heat of Hiroshima and Nagasaki only produced its metamorphosis, the birth of the synarchic chrysalis that today is already one more beautiful butterfly in the swarm of the White Fraternity?

Dear neffe, you are an idealistic young man and you know History well. Listen to this principle, proven by an old man who has already lived too long, and which synthesizes everything I have told you about the attitude of the Japanese: **no people loses its Honor suddenly; there is no example in History that proves otherwise. The peoples, like everything that lives, follow the laws of nature and among themselves, as among the inhabitants of the jungle, there are lion peoples and sheep peoples, condor peoples and rat peoples; and, as among animals, no lion turns in a blow into a sheep, no condor is suddenly transformed into a rat: if such "change" was indeed possible, it would require a long, millennial, evolution.** Of course, as in fables, sheep may sometime dress up as lions, rats dress up as condors. Here's what I think: **the Führer's strategy has marked a historical hour, analogous to the hour agreed upon at costume balls when everyone must remove their mask, in which we have been given to observe sheep and rats, and countless other vermin, under the showy and deceptive costumes of lion, condor, and other predators.**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I think, neffe, that the Japanese were already before the World War what they are today; that they did not "change" a thing; that the Shivaguru was right in his fears, but that he did not fully understand the Führer's Strategy; that, indeed, they betrayed us, because their hearts were with the White Fraternity, although their lips denied the strategic acts opposed to our *weltanschauung*; and that this was predictable, especially for the Chinese, who had known for millennia the kind of oxen with which they plowed. But the betrayal did not consist only in the infamous pact, respected scrupulously, leaving the Soviets free to deal only with Germany. Let us also remember that on December 7, 1941, when the Germans faced the terrible Russian Winter, relentlessly facing the Bolsheviks, the Japanese "Comrades" attacked the United States at Pearl Harbor, thereby granting that colossal and stupid synarchic power to intervene directly in the world war.

According to the classical model of Judaic Justice, the "sin" of a people towards Jehovah is redeemable through the Ritual Sacrifice of a part of its members and the submission of the rest to the Law. Although the Japanese did not participate directly in the benefits of Jewish culture, their fondness for Buddhism, and all forms of religion founded on Chang Shambhala's Kâlachakra, showed that its departure from the Law was not so great: the greatest sin was undoubtedly its recent alliance with Nazism and Fascism. But that little sin required only a purgatory, of Fire, as opposed to the eternal condemnation that the Rabbis intended to apply to German National Socialism.

How to purge an entire people of a sin that offends the Creator? By the bleach, the Rabbis reply; washing away the sin of the whole race by means of the human bleach obtained in the One Sacrifice, and then reincorporating after the purgatory the entire Race to the Paradise of the Universal Synarchy. It wouldn't be very expensive the price to pay: 250 to 300 thousand men would be enough to make sufficient ash. The Rabbis and the Japanese Priests of the White Fraternity arrange the pact, and this is how on August 6, 1945 and August 9, 1945 the atomic bombs fall on Hiroshima and Nagasaki: ash of thousands of men, salt of Earth and Heaven, water of Heaven and Earth, human bleach that washes away man's sin against Jehovah God and against God's Law.

Who orders the mini Fire Holocaust of the Japanese is the Hebrew President of the United States, Harry **Solomon** Truman, whose real last name is **Shippe**. 33rd Degree Mason, has the hidden advice of the Great Sanhedrin and Jews and Freemasons of the stature of Dean Acherson, of General Marshall, Snyder, Rosenman, etc., who are openly supported by the Jewish band of Baruch, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, Haverell Harriman, Paul Hoffman, Walter Lipman, etc. Because the real synarchic work of the United States in World War II was not developed by Truman, who only came to power on April 12, 1945, after the sudden death of the Jew Roosevelt: this was the true realizer of the Jewish plans. Descendant of Klaes Martensen Rosenwelt, a full-blooded Hebrew who immigrated to New York in 1644, Franklin Delano Roosevelt recorded double Jewish paternity: both his father, James Roosevelt, and his mother, Sarah Delano, belonged to the Chosen People. Also his wife, Eleanor, daughter of the Jews Elliot and Anna Hall. The Jewish mafia that unleashed the 1929 crisis catapulted him to power: some of the collaborators of that time were Jews of extreme dangerousness and nameless evil, such as Bernard Baruch, Herbert Lehman, Haverell Harriman, Sol Bloom, Samuel Rosenman, Henry Morgenthau, Oscar Straus, Marios Davies, Truman, etc., all of exceptional power in the White House.

Sacrifice accomplished, Japanese sin washed with human bleach in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, then would come the reward that is in sight: the Plan of reconstruction of the Jewish Marshall, the end of Japanese "militarism", the integration into the international synarchic system, the barter of the samurais for the yens, the elevation of their standard of life, in short, the discovery of the true face of Japan, as the Shiva-guru of Sining wisely anticipated.

Of course, these charges against Japan cannot be relativized or tempered by the fact that during the war many Japanese fought with unparalleled heroism, such as the Kamikazes. Things must be called by its name and the exceptions to the rules acknowledged: as in loyal Germany there were countless traitors, in traitorous Japan there were many brave loyal warriors who honorably stood out.

### Chapter XXXVII

If Sining-Fu had amazed me by its large dimensions, what can I say of Lan-Cheu-Fu that was four times bigger? But it was about two different kinds of cities: Sining-Fu represented the typical border city, located on an important trade route; its life depended more than anything on the traffic of goods and was not particularly interested in production; so it looked like, as I said, a huge market. Lan-Cheu-Fu, on the other hand, constituted the classic metropolis: it was the capital of the province of Kansu and, although traded as much or more than Sining, it was endowed with key industries such as textiles and steel, and collected a wide variety of agricultural products. Sitting on the right bank of the Yellow River, it gave the impression of being a medieval European city for its crenellated

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

walls and its high towers, but its population density was unmatched: around 1,000,000 inhabitants. Although there were fortified suburbs of poor aspect, behind the wall was the main part of the city: about 80,000 beautifully decorated wooden houses, with all their streets paved with green marble or granite. The "nationalists" had rushed to occupy it, stationing a regiment of 10,000 troops; the reason: to control a famous factory of heavy guns and others of gunpowder and rifles.

China's stuff. Or perhaps of Confucius' rationalism. The funny thing was that in the wall of Lan-Cheu-Fu there was a Shen Hei, or "**black door**", that received its name not because of the color with which it was painted, but because it belonged to the **black market**. With exemplary practicality, the Tsung-Tu<sup>50</sup> negotiated with the heads of organized crime the cession of that door. According to the arrangement, the gangsters would be in charge of keeping permanent guard, coordinated with the nationalist guard of the remaining gates; they could then channel all the smuggling they wanted through the Shen Hei, without being bothered by the police. The profit that the Tsung-Tu made with this original pact lay in the tranquility of his troops, whom he could occupy in the war against the Japanese or fighting the Communists. The criminal Secret Societies were as old as China and it had always been possible to live with them: they represented the lesser evil. Instead with the Communists or the Japanese it would be impossible to coexist in peace. By giving them sovereignty over the Black Door, somehow he legalized illegal activities and achieved some oversight of the uncontrollable Black Market traffic. By not proceeding this way, and forcing the Societies to operate clandestinely, it would be necessary to guard the walls 24 hours a day and periodical armed clashes would have to be held with the smugglers.

The Kāulikas of Sining went directly to the Shen Hei and there they pronounced a password out loud. They immediately gave way to us. But once inside, we were not led in front of a crude criminal, head of a "brotherhood of bandits", as Von Grossen's definition allowed us to presume. The boss of the Green Band was an old Chinese man of exquisite manners, who by the red ruby that he wore in the official cap declared to be a first category and first class Mandarin: such a sign signified the highest hierarchy in the Chinese aristocracy; we also distinguish an image of a richly embroidered unicorn on his suit, insignia proper of the military Kuan: the civilian Kuan wore badges of birds.

He was called Thien-ma, that is, Sky Horse, and he surprised us with his knowledge about all our steps: he knew that we were Germans, that we came from Bhutan, that we explored Tibet at the same time as another German expedition coming from India, that we destroyed the Duskha village, that we mysteriously appeared in the Kan-cheu valley and arrived at Sining, and that now we were asking for help to travel to Shanghai. He spoke in learned Mandarin and he let a halo of intrigue form around his reports.

We were in a huge, luxurious house that might as well pass for a palace. The servants finished setting the table and the Kuan invited us to sit down.

—I will be happy to have lunch with you. I understand that you are **Doctors**, men of study, as well as warriors. So am I: years ago I reached the degree of Hamlin, which is equivalent to what you call **professor**, the highest title granted by the University of Peking. My specialties are Mathematics and Philosophy. I have thoroughly studied Taoism and I profess it: ours could be considered as a Taoist Society. It is because of that affiliation that we are natural allies of the Kāula Circle of Tibet: we consider that they know the hidden part of Taoism; of all the taos, the Tao; of all the roads, the Road; the strategic Path that leads the Spirit to free itself from its material ties. Many of the members of the Green Band, upon retiring, are usually secluded in Kāulika monasteries.

Von Grossen and I, upon meeting Thien-ma, agreed that a new study on Chinese Criminal Societies was needed. Evidently it existed a suggestive confusion, perhaps originating from the common source that the Europeans had to know China were the copious reports supplied by the English, which would contain malicious and false information. After all, for the English the **SS** was also a criminal Secret Society! Because the least of which Thien-ma could be accused was of being a typical criminal; although the actions of his organization were at odds with the law. He, and all of his "Band", were idealists, they had a spiritual goal to reach; and they were in a devilish world. In such gnostic circumstances, the solution is always the same: the spiritual goal justifies any means used to break through enemy territory.

The 25 men of Sining-Fu and the six Lopas had lunch in a contiguous house. Thien-ma was accompanied by Von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Srivirya, Bangi and I, who were the ones who would continue the trip to Shanghai; the first would return to Sining that afternoon, together with the Lopas

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50 **Tsung-Tu**: Governor of the Province.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

whose destination was Tibet. The head of the Green Band spoke English very well, although he was not at all proud and preferred to express himself in Mandarin. It wasn't until very late in the meal we learned about it because he agreed to communicate in that language with Von Grossen. We spent like this, talking with that elderly man, gifted with a child's curiosity, all afternoon: when the philosophical and religious subject was exhausted, we naturally fell into the political question, that is to say, into reality. From there, followed several hours during which we tried to make him understand National Socialism and its Hyperborean essence. He had information, of course, but we provided all the details that he required.

At last, satisfied to hold a totally infrequent conference in those regions, --he assured us-- he prepared to reveal us how he was going to do to get us to Shanghai. But first he made us a reflection on the situation in his fatherland.

--Oh, Tsing<sup>51</sup>: what you tell me about your Führer, and his government supported by patriotic masses, bring to my Spirit dark thoughts about the future of China. The Führer has put before the Germans their heroic and glorious tradition, and they have accepted it with pride. Here, on the contrary, Mao-Tse-Tung indoctrinates the peasants with the theories of the Jews Marx, Engels, and Lenin, and teaches them to admire the Russians, a people who were savages when already China had a developed civilization. And on the other hand, Chiang Kai-Shek has turned out to be a "soft stone"<sup>52</sup>, for he has converted to Christianity denying our ancient traditions: perhaps if he had put, as your Führer, the Chinese Culture before the Chinese, they would have supported it massively. But instead he offers them the attractive and deceptive images of a foreign Culture. A Culture that belongs to those who even until yesterday exploited us like slaves. Mao and Chiang, both renegade Chinese, are dazzled by strange Gods, both present to the people their foreign ideals. And who do you think the Chinese will choose? Those who will surely oppress us again, as they already did, or those who promise to do something for the people? I do not want to respond prematurely to that transcendental question, but from now on I inform you that the people support to a greater extent Mao than Chiang, because Mao believes in the people and knows how to express that belief, while Chiang only believes in Jesus, England, and the United States.

Jesus! There is another Jew, completely oblivious to the History and Tradition of China. But what curse is this, that has fallen on the Middle Kingdom<sup>53</sup>? Was there no other option for China than the Jew Jesus or the Jew Marx? None of us answered these dramatic questions, but I promised myself to send him the English edition of *Mein Kampf*, the Führer's book.

--I do not wish to overwhelm my guests with old man's laments --apologized Thien-ma-- but you will realize that, despite constituting a "criminal gang", as foreigners rate us, we the Greens deeply love China and care about its future. We anticipate that certain foreign forces, which we call Pai-Lung-Yah<sup>54</sup>, will try to kill the sleeping Chinese elephant, **before it wakes up**.

I will tell you how you will get to Shanghai. You must know that there is a Tao-Hey, or **black route**, through which the contraband circulates in both directions towards the Western Sea. It is almost official, since throughout its journey there are bribed officials, and it crosses the same Japanese lines, since neither the Nipponese are reluctant to earn extra yens. In two days departs from here a train that only goes as far as Cheng Chow. But You will descend before, in the Sian City, province of Shensi<sup>55</sup>. From there you will march South, crossing the Tsing-Ling Mountains<sup>56</sup> that separate the Yellow and Blue Rivers<sup>57</sup>, to the village of Han-Kiang, on the right bank of the Han-Kiang River. In that village you will make contact with our men, who will embark you on a transport that habitually carries contraband.

You will sail through the waters of the Han-Kiang and, at the confluence with the Yangtse-Kiang, you will take this one to Shanghai. As you can see, it is a very simple plan.

--It does seem so --replied the meticulous Von Grossen. But let me ask you a few questions.

He nodded in a Chinese gesture that consists of tilting the head forward.

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<sup>51</sup> **Tsing**: Doctor.

<sup>52</sup> **Kai-Shek** means "hard stone". Thien-ma's statement had an ironic sense.

<sup>53</sup> **Ch'in**: Middle Kingdom.

<sup>54</sup> **Pai-Lung-Yah**: the White Dragon Jehovah

<sup>55</sup> **Shen**: pass, door; **Si**: west; Shensi: West Pass.

<sup>56</sup> **Tsing** or **Chin**: middle; **Ling**: mountains; Tsing-Ling: Middle Mountains.

<sup>57</sup> The Hoang-Ho and Yangtse-Kiang Rivers.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

–You're talking about 500 km by train. Isn't it possible that someone is suspicious and subjects us to an interrogation? What will we do then? Because we lack German official papers and we are also clandestinely in China.

–Ah, Tsing. You must cultivate the virtue of patience! --Thien-ma condemned, with naive severity-. I told you that the train leaves in two days: for that date the three Germans will possess papers stating that they are three English accredited in China by the League of Nations, with the diplomatic mission to observe the local situation and present reports that will serve for a future mediation. They will display entry stamps by Hong Kong and will be written in English and Mandarin: but fear no one who may inquire you from here to Shanghai because nobody knows enough English to notice that you are Germans! We will also give you diplomatic safe-conducts and a pass for the two Tibetans, featuring that you have hired them in Sining-Fu.

We will also give you money, a lot of Chinese and Japanese money. All fake, the papers and the money. All of the best quality. But you will not continue alone: a Green will accompany you to Shanghai. He will make you enter the train by a Shen-Hei and he will accommodate you in a wagon that is under our control. The only occasion in which you could be interrogated would be when descending on Sian, which is very unlikely because you will only descend if there are safety signs, or if the train was stopped on the way, something possible and quite frequent, but usually everything is arranged with a generous gift. Be it nationalists, or Communists, in poor China no one resists bribery. The Bolsheviks have not been original in this either, since they were integrated into the old institution of bribery through a name change that saved their dignity: they call it "contribution to the Revolution". However, if they requisition you anyway, you will assert your papers and your, most valuable talent. Are you satisfied? Otherwise I will give you more details; but you should trust the Green Band, who knows China like no one else.

Von Grossen was shocked: the logistical support with which we would count would be analogous to that provided by a Secret Service. However he was not deterred and insisted with another question:

–I suppose the rest of the journey will be equally covered, right? Believe me we trust in you; my questions have a purpose rather... professional. That's it: professional! I am an intelligence officer and I can't help interrogate. In truth, who we trust completely is the Kâula Circle: and they have put us in your hands. So we *must* have confidence in the Green Band.

–You do well to give us credit. We will not let you down. And I assure you that our man will take you safely to Shanghai: he knows the passage through the Tsing-Ling Mountains and the Han-Kiang people, as well as the Japanese from the border guard in Nanking. But, just in case, before leaving here I will give you a password for the contact in Han-Kiang and I'll tell you where to find it.

For the moment, Von Grossen was satisfied, and the five of us were led to a spacious guest room, attended by solicitous and discreet Chinese ladies. In the following days there would surely be an opportunity for the *Standartenführer* to obtain from Thien-ma all the data that interested him.

### Chapter XXXVIII

I can say, neffe, that the Greens easily put us in the very doors of the German consulate in Shanghai. The plan was carried out as Thien-ma had foreseen. Six days later we were sailing in a strong and massive junk by the swampy current of the Yangtse-Kiang. We passed calmly in front of Nanking and, at the height of the city of Chin-Kiang, we came across the confluence of the Vu-Sang River. With great skill, the captain turned the rudder and entered the descending current of this last river, for 500 km ahead, on its left bank, rises the populous Shanghai.

The merchandise that that innocent junk was transporting is unimaginable. Sure that it wouldn't be so much if inspected closely and admired the row of guns to port and starboard, and the two heavy machine guns to bow and stern. But the precautions were not superfluous because the ship smuggled weapons, explosives, fine fabrics, porcelain, metals, minerals, spices, food, opium, and even deserters from both Chinese sides or vulgar informers, in addition to the classic cargo of Chinese prostitutes that no such organization could do without. Next to such diverse and dangerous articles, we were an insignificant bother. We just understood it in Han-Kiang, when boarding the junk and checking the high volume of merchandise that the Green Band trafficked: like that one, our guide informed us, the Society had a whole fleet only in the Yangtse-Kiang, not counting those that floated in other Rivers and in the Sea, and that traveled to Hong Kong, Canton or Macau.

On the Vu-Sang River, we passed numerous modest villages, dedicated to farming and cultivation, and Lake Tai-Hu that was filled with its waters. After sliding 200 km we arrived in Shanghai and docked in a small private jetty, provided with a large hut that served as a deposit. Other Band members, who were waiting disciplined, took charge of the unloading and stowage, and of taking away prostitutes and fugitives. The absence of Japanese control was surprising, which we did not

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

see in Nanking either nor anywhere else. --It is that the Japanese have already been **smear**ed --told us the guide in his flashy **pidgin**, a slang mix of Portuguese and English spoken on China's maritime coasts: Obviously, calling **smear** a bribe is an irony typical of Portugal and Spain. --Didn't Lord Thienma explain it to you? I answered in the same language that yes, but that we were impressed by the power that the **money** of the Green Band exerted on the **smear**ed people. He smiled and he communicated that we would go to Shanghai immediately.

When leaving the port area, taking by streets that the guide seemed to know very well, we arrived at a huge market square, where there was a natural agglomeration of hundreds of yin-kiricsas, those Japanese man-pulled vehicles, which are shaped like individual buggies and that the English called **rickshaw**. We thought it was the height of organization and discipline to verify that six were apart waiting for us, no doubt warned by the Greens who had left the port earlier. I glanced at Von Grossen, but he noticed.

--These rascals really know how to do things --he growled. We should come learn from them.

I did not pay attention to this exaggeration because we were already rolling at quite a speed and I was completely absorbed by the view of the big city: with 5,000,000 of inhabitants in 1938, Shanghai for the English, Changai for the French, and Xangae for Portuguese and Spanish, was a tremendous city for any pair of western eyes. Now we were heading to the "model Colony", or **bund**, the island that westerners knew how to build in the middle of an unhealthy swamp, which was the only place ceded by the Chinese in the Nanking Treaty of 1842, signed off by cannon fire by the English who in that year occupied Shanghai despite the 250 battery guns on the Vu-Sang: the pirates disembarked the infantry, that neutralized the cannons and marched on the city, as the ships entered through the North Gate and the Chinese fled through the South gate.

On those marshy lands a magnificent European citadel was raised, walled, with paved canalization of water, and paved and illuminated streets. Gigantic buildings were built belonging to the three occupying powers: England, the United States and France; and soon three characteristic neighborhoods of these nationalities emerged, in addition to the inevitable **Chinatown**, called Nantao by the Chinese. The three colonialist powers obtained large areas of private port for their Foreign Trade Companies to install commercial factories. When the Germans tried to enter this business, the port was already completely distributed and were forced to pay franchises to their competitors. However, there was not much that Germany traded with Shanghai, although sufficient to require the presence of a Consul; the Embassy was in Nanking. Naturally, the Japanese presence in Shanghai, and their distrust of the Carthaginian imperialist powers that had operated in the region, opened promising expectations for Germany to obtain a greater distribution of the booty.

The rickshaws raced through the lattice fence, crossed a well manicured garden, and stopped in front of the portal of a Rhenish-style mansion. A Kriegmarine sergeant approached us as we descended.

--Heil Hitler! --Von Grossen saluted--. I am the **SS Standartenführer** Karl von Grossen on special mission, Sergeant. We urgently need to see the Consul.

--Yes, Sir --agreed the marine--. Please give me your papers and you will be taken care of immediately.

--We have no papers, Sergeant! Here is a list of the names and the military rank of these Gentlemen who accompany me and mine. We are all **SS** officers.

The far-sighted Von Grossen had drawn up a note for the Consul, anticipating a possible bureaucratic blockade. It said like this:

Mr. Consul of the Third Reich,  
Shanghai,

We present ourselves before you, and request to be immediately repatriated to Germany, the **SS Standartenführer** Karl von Grossen, the **SS Sturmbannführer** Kurt von Sübermann, the **SS Hauptsturmführer** Oskar Feil, and the men from Bhutan, the Gurkha Bangi and the Lopa Srivirya, all members of the "First Key" Operation, **Ultra-confidential**, code **A I R.S.H.A.**, authorized: Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich.

We greet you sincerely  
Signed: Karl von Grossen  
Commander of the First Key Operation.

--Wait a moment, Sir --the marine requested, and he entered with readiness the building. Outside remained another guard.

It seems that everything is fine --said the Green--. I will retire right now, but I'll still be in Shanghai for one day. You can look for me in the port if there is any problem and, in case I have left, I will leave



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

you the name of a contact that I will warn that you are under the protection of the Green Band. Remember that we can always get you out of China.

Fortunately, it was not necessary to resort again to the Secret Society of the Chinese underworld. While we waited for the Sergeant, Von Grossen interrogated the marine. He informed him that the Consulate was at the end of the French quarter, almost next to the Oang-Kin-Pan stream, surrounded by the branch offices of the few German companies that traded with Shanghai. He also told him that two German ships were anchored in the port, with departure planned for three and seven days later.

The sergeant returned accompanied by a diplomatic secretary.

–Please come in, Gentlemen –he ordered.

The five of us entered a comfortable waiting room.

–Have a seat, you will be attended immediately –he asked, and went out through a panel door, but not before taking a suspicious look at Bangi, Srivirya and the Daivas dog.

We had to wait for an hour, until at last the Secretary returned and drove us to the Consul's office. This was a career diplomat from Cologne, surely sent to Shanghai to take advantage of his native knowledge of French, and universitarian English. Impeccably dressed in black suit, he did not represent more than 40 years of age and appeared to be calm.

–Sorry for the delay, but I had to call Nanking. You cannot imagine how has the Ambassador, Baron Heinrich von Baden, protested for what he considers an intrusion of the **R.S.H.A.** in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: he accepts no excuses for not having been informed about that secret mission "Key First".

–But it is that the operation should not be performed in China but in Tibet –interrupted Von Grossen. Here we have come fleeing.

–Don't worry, **Standartenführer**. Von Baden always protests –the Consul calmed him down, smiling–. Let me finish. The military aggregate was consulted, who confirmed that your names and ranks appear in the encrypted list of the **SS**. What he didn't know a word of, of course, was from Operation Key First. Therefore, a request for reports has been sent to Germany and we are waiting for the answer. As soon as the cable arrives, your situation will be resolved.

–And how long can that take? I asked irrationally.

–How to know it? If it is true that you are who you say you are, you will understand that Berlin can answer in an hour, in a day, or not answer and **do something**. In the case of the **R.S.H.A.** no one can anticipate its reaction. And keep in mind that I am not criticising because I am also from the **SS** - - he cut himself short–. Honorary **SS Sturmbannführer**. I obtained that degree in 1936, thanks to the efforts of the current Minister of Foreign Affairs, Joachim von Ribbentrop.

–Very well! Von Grossen approved.

–Yes. I am from the **SS** and that is why I will advise you what you will do from now on. If you remain here I will be obliged to take you into custody, which for you would be very annoying. Instead I will have you driven to a Hotel that is located at four hundred meters, where you will be comfortable until news come from Germany or Nanking. I'll tell the Ambassador that I couldn't detain you and that you are safe there anyway. You didn't have your **real** documents, but do you have other documents? money? It occurs to me that you must be provided with them, otherwise you would not have managed to cross China.

–Indeed, **Sturmbannführer Konsul**: we have fake documentation and money. Good money, they told us, because it is also false, –confirmed Von Grossen sarcastically–. We appreciate your advices, and we will follow them to the letter as they seem very sensible. After spending months exploring Asia we could not resist for an hour as prisoners.

–It is true that you told me you came from Bhutan. By God, what a trip! And what were you fleeing from through China, can you tell? from the Communists?

I think, neffe, that the five of us thought in that moment of the Valley of the Immortal Demons, in the vimāna of Shambhala, in the deadly hum, and we laughed out loud.

–Ha, ha, ha. From the Communists? **No Herr Konsul: we fled from their Bosses** –I answered with my eyes flooded with tears –Ha, ha, ha. **But we cannot reveal you who they are: you wouldn't believe it!**

Karl von Grossen nodded, laughing, a gesture that Oskar, Bangi, and Srivirya mimicked. The surprised Consul chose not to ask any more and made us accompany by the Secretary to the nearby Hotel.

Everything was solved in the following days. Strict orders came from Germany for us to be shipped immediately and without discussion. Seven days later we left on a cargo ship that would do in Macau the first of an endless series of commercial stopovers. However, the Captain reported that "somewhere in the Indian Ocean", whose coordinates would be transmitted by radio, we would

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

transfer to a warship. So it happened a few miles from Sumatra: a bewildered Admiral picked us up on his battle cruiser and headed straight for Germany. The ship was heading to Argentina along with other two, executing a long-planned maneuver. At the height of Cape Town, it was ordered to divert to the Indian Ocean to pick up five passengers. Its new mission was classified as "maximum security" and, from the moment in which the mysterious characters came aboard, it had to transmit in a super secret key and avoid all contact with other ships or land stations. No one should be able to locate the battle cruiser, otherwise there was the possibility to "enter operations". --"Who would attack us in times of peace?" --the Admiral muttered--. "It must be another game of the General Staff, a secret test maneuver for the Kriegsmarine".

The Admiral did not imagine that if the synarchic forces had known the location of his ship, and the identity of its occupants, they would have sunk his ship right there.

### Chapter XXXIX

Twenty days after leaving Shanghai, we disembarked in Hamburg There, an officer of the exterior S.D. at the command of a platoon, was waiting for us; his orders: lead Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Srivirya and Bangi, in two cars to Berlin. I was to get away from the group and board a third car to the local airport, where a plane would transport me also to Berlin.

We were going to separate for the first time in several months and the experience was painful. We had all lost comrades and run mortal dangers together; the adventures lived brought us together. Before abandoning them, Von Grossen wanted to speak to me alone.

--I knew it! He said to me with a worried tone. Von Sübermann: You were the First Key of Operation First Key! And the Thulegesellschaft will only take care of you. We, from this moment, will be held incommunicado, isolated from the rest of the ⚡ to prevent us from talking. We know a lot, Kurt, perhaps more than it is convenient for the Initiates of the Black Order for someone to know! I have a feeling that we might not see each other again --he concluded grimly.

--You are delirious, my **Standartenführer!** --I exclaimed in horror--. That can't be! We are returning from an important mission, I think successfully, and there is no reason why instead of receiving superior approval someone should be punished. You're tired, Von Grossen, I respectfully tell you! You'll see how soon we will meet in a brewery on Friedrichstrasse to celebrate. It is natural that we must first provide the reports corresponding to our respective units, but after these logical procedures we will have time to meet again.

Von Grossen shook his head as if refusing to allow my arguments to penetrate his ears.

--No; no! Von Sübermann, once again you don't understand the situation. Listen to me well now because the possibility that we will part is definitely real. I tell you very consciously and based on all my previous experience in secret operations. I'm not so tired not to be able to anticipate what can happen: **we will be eliminated.** That is, if you do not save us, Kurt. Believe me, we will live only if you assure your Bosses that we won't talk to anyone about what we have seen. That is the guarantee that they need to set us free: the complete opposite of what you suppose! Ha, ha, ha: a report! You make me laugh, Von Sübermann: who cares that I make a report on what I have seen in Tibet and what I have seen you do? Do you think that the Initiates of the Black Order will allow an official report to exist on the vimāna of Shambhala, or on the Daivas dogs, or your Scrotra Krām? No, Von Sübermann: because of you we are condemned to death. And only you can save us. Contrary to what you have naively suggested: assure your Bosses that neither Oskar Feil, nor I, will make any report, and it may be that this way we can preserve life!

I calmed him down as best I could, reaffirming to him my loyalty: I never would allow anything to happen to them because of me! And we left, separately, towards Berlin.

At the Berlin airport a Mercedes Benz from the Chancellery with motorcycle escort was waiting. Seeing it, I thought it was waiting for a Minister or a General, but my surprise was great when I recognized the ⚡ **Oberführer** Papp standing by the door.

--Kurt von Sübermann! --he called, smiling fondly. I could not avoid remembering the first time I saw him, in Rudolph Hess's cabin, in the Obersalsberg of Berchtesgaden. He remembered it too, because he said, as I barely approached:

--Six years, Kurt. A lot or a little? Six years and you come back from your first mission. We have feared for you, you know? It was a relief to all who were aware of the operation to hear from you. But from Shanghai! Ha. No one could believe it. You'll tell me how you got through China.

The car crossed the Spree through the Castle Bridge and began to turn around the **Lustgarten**. I looked at Edwin in surprise, but I didn't have time to say anything:

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--I thought you would like to take a previous lap through the city, before arriving to the Chancellery; it will revive you, after so many months in Asia!

Edwin Papp had correctly interpreted my feelings. It was indescribable the happiness I felt then to find myself again in the fatherland, to which more than once in recent weeks I said goodbye, assuming I would never return. The Mercedes headed West and turned in front of the Brandenburg Gate, which was covered in flags with swastika and garlands from recent festivities. I was heading East now, by the **Unter der Linden** or Avenue of the Tilia: I saw Paris Square and the Statue of Frederick the Great pass by. At the end of the avenue, we went around the Opera Square, area of the Emperor's Palace, the Royal Library, the Opera of Berlin, the Catholic Church of St. Hedwig, the University, and various military buildings. Finally, from the Tiles and the Opera Square, the car headed to the **Friedrichstadt** neighborhood and began to roll down **Vilhelmstrasse**, which is its East limit. The ride was over.

--Can you imagine who sent me to pick you at the airport, right? Your patekind suffered a lot when we thought you were lost and has great impatience to greet you and hug you. He didn't want anyone to divert you and that's why he sent his car to receive you and he commissioned me, under strict orders, --he joked-- to guard you until you arrive safe and sound at his side.

Minutes later we arrived at 77 **Vilhelmstrasse**. In the **Reichskanzlei**<sup>58</sup>, indeed, the Führer's **Stellvertreter**<sup>59</sup> awaited us.

An hour later, after saying goodbye to **Oberführer** Edwin Papp, I was leaving the Chancellery in the company of Rudolph Hess. He became very emotional when he saw me, and then I understood how much that old Dad's Comrade loved me. During the six years that he dealt with my destiny in Germany he was not only like a father, but also professed the same affection for me. Now we were going to Gregorstrasse 239, to visit Konrad Tarstein.

It was the first time that we would go together and, as Rudolph Hess could be easily recognized by the public and did not want to draw attention to Tarstein's home, he had insisted that I drive the Mercedes while he sat discreetly in the back seat. In truth, not only with Rudolph Hess, but with no one but Tarstein was I ever in the mysterious mansion. I even came to suspect that the Initiates of the Black Order would meet somewhere else, because there was never anyone but the two of us during the two years that I frequented the house. But this time it would be different.

As if it were the repetition of a Ritual, I struck the moldy ring that swirled within the bronze fist and Konrad Tarstein's shrill voice answered from some undefined place, behind the rickety door.

--Yes?

--I'm Kurt von Sübermann --I introduced myself, speaking in the direction of the tiny peephole where the elusive little eyes of the Great Initiate verified my identity.

The door opened and the chubby little figure of Konrad Tarstein appeared, his hand politely extended to greet me.

--Kurt, Rudolph, I'm glad to see you --he said, breaking the Ritual.-- Come in: **we were waiting for you**.

It was January 1939. We spent the new year on the high seas, with Von Grossen and other Comrades. I thought of them while Tarstein led me to a room I had never entered, located on the upper floor. I thought of them and remembered the news I brought: in my opinion, the expedition of Ernst Schaeffer had failed in its purpose of sealing the pact between the "Healthy forces of Germany" and the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala. If I was not mistaken, the Shambhala Gate had closed before reaching any agreement, and consequently the destruction of the Third Reich and the universal establishment of the Synarchy were not assured for the Enemy.

It was January 1939 and the Second World War would begin in September of that year. Around a strange crescent-shaped table, sat 16 Initiates of the ⚡ Black Order. Aside from Tarstein and Rudolph Hess, I only recognized four more as high personalities of the Third Reich: the ten remaining ones were until then completely unknown to me. All of them were dressed in civilian clothes, but I assumed that several would be military, although others must be undoubtedly citizens, especially the Asian whose presence filled me with amazement.

I was introduced by Tarstein, and the Initiates greeted me kindly, **but they did not give their names at any time**. On the contrary, they identified with pseudonyms such as **Aquilae, Leo, Serpens, Draconis, Corvus, Pavo, Cycnus**, etc. The Asian said his name was **Phoenix Bird**.

They invited me to sit in front of them, in an armchair located in the convex part of the half-moon.

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<sup>58</sup> Reich Chancellery.

<sup>59</sup> Lieutenant.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--Well then, **Lupus**, what happened to Ernst Schaeffer's Operation Altwesten and with the men that Operation First Key lost? --asked Tarstein, baptizing me that way.

--All dead or missing --I affirmed--. Both the members of the Operation Altwesten as ours. But allow me, Gentlemen, to relate step by step the events that have happened since I left Germany.

Nobody was disturbed when I anticipated the fate of those absent. Neither during the following hours, used in the narration, in which I did my best for providing the main details and presenting the information as objective as possible. Tarstein enlivened the extensive evening with two rounds of coffee, the last accompanied by exquisite jams. And I was hardly interrupted except to request some specific clarification. As I would later understand, those men did not need to ask anything because they were all extraordinary clairvoyants; they possessed what was called in the Thulegesellschaft: **Faculty of Anamnesia**, that is to say, a power proper to the Hyperborean Initiates that allowed **to explore the Akashic Cultural Records**.

From there, from Gregorstrasse 239, they **had seen** all that I had told them about our adventures in Asia.

--Don't take it bad, dear Lupus, --Tarstein said at last-- but we're going to beg you to wait downstairs. We must hold a Council.

The deliberation lasted another hour, until I was summoned again. Konrad Tarstein opened the dialogue:

--I congratulate you, Lupus: we have unanimously agreed that Operation First Key has been a success. Despite the losses, that cost nothing compared to the spiritual benefit of having frustrated the plans of the Demons. The three fallen, Heinz, Hans and Kloster, will be decorated, as well as Von Krupp and his men, for they were not part of Schaeffer's conspiracy.

--Allow me to interrupt you, Kamerad Unicornis. It is very good to decorate the dead, but what about the living? What is going to happen with Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, and the two Tibetans? where are they now?

--Uncommunicated, of course --Tarstein confirmed fatally--. Look, Lupus, we could only set them free, and still promote them, if you make sure they don't speak out of place.

--And how would I do to give such credit?

--It's simple, Lupus: you just have to form a corps directed by you. For example, Oskar Feil would be your assistant from today; and you would take care of controlling his tongue. Similarly, Karl von Grossen would dedicate himself to training an Elite team to support you in your future missions, and he would be in permanent contact with you. How about it?

--I agree --I said, relieved--, and very pleased; because those men deserve the best treatment: they are brave and priceless patriots. But now, Gentlemen, after clarifying that matter that worried me, could I make some questions?

--Of course --"Unicornius" Tarstein agreed.

--Well. The thing is that you seem to know what happened in that valley of Tibet. You could then, clarify some doubts for me. For example, why were we attacked and by whom? And I also have a question, perhaps not so "serious" like the previous ones, but that I am not ashamed to raise here: it is about the future of the Daivas dog. I cannot deny you, Gentlemen, that it has caused me great disappointment to leave Vrune caged in Hamburg, considering that it is a unique specimen on Earth and that it is about to give birth.

--You're right, Lupus! --Tarstein accepted--. Early tomorrow we will send the best veterinary **⚡** officer in the country, and his team of assistants, with the mission to care for and transport the Daivas dog safely to Berlin. Have no doubts, that we value that animal in its proper measure and consider it a **secret weapon** of the Third Reich.

And about what you asked first: --Tarstein continued-- you were attacked by the Druids!

--By the Druids? --I repeated incredulously-- But we were in Tibet!

--Yes, by the Druids. Do you remember what I warned you about the first day you came to this house?: **"among the hunters of the Synarchy, the Druids are in charge of collecting the pieces of your kind" ...of your kind, Von Sübermann**. You are surprised that they ambushed you in Tibet, but you must keep in mind that you went to get into "The Gate of Bera and Birsha", that is, the sinister opening through which the Priests of Melchizedek enter Shambhala. At that particular door wanted to knock Ernst Schaeffer, because from there had come for thousands of years the Arch-Priests and Arch-Druids of the European Orders of the White Fraternity.

--Bera and Birsha? --I asked puzzled.

--Indeed, Bera and Birsha --replied the Asian, whom we called "Phoenix Bird".

--Remember Lupus, didn't you see two majestic images, one on each side of the Gate?

--I suppose you refer to the figures of the winged bodhisattvas, who were carved into the walls of the gorge, or dvara, or shen, that is, in the gap between mountains at the end of the ravine. I

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

remember them perfectly: in both walls of the exit gorge, and with a height of 25 or 30 meters, there were two bas-reliefs that represented Beings of Divine nature, a kind of armed "angels" or "bodhisattvas".

I was silent for a few seconds, evoking that unforgettable vision. Then I added:

–They had wings: the two angels displayed spread out their dove wings. And they wore white ankle-length robes: yes, it was the outfit of a Druid or of an ephod Levite! They even wore the **four-leaf clover** on their chests; and small stars, suns, half-moons, in the guards. And I also remember their weapons: each had his right hand closed on a handle, of which two globes protruded on either side. The scene was very suggestive and that is why I remember it so clearly: I was standing at the entrance gorge, when things had cleared up with Von Krupp; then I looked towards the West, at the end of the glen, and I saw the vertex of the opening, or pass, flanked by those colossal sculptures. They both pointed with the index of their left hand the exit, **as if inviting to pass, a gesture that they also accompanied with the expression of their diabolical faces; however, the right hands kept pointing their balloons in the direction of every possible visitor**, that is, towards the center of the glen. I think that I was just looking at the gorge of the West, and at their terrible guardians, when from there arose the ball of light that the Tibetans called "the vimāna of Shambhala".

–There is no doubt, then, that you have been in front of the Door of Bera and Birsha –assured Phoenix Bird–. The mysterious "angels" you have described are not such, nor "bodhisattvas", but Devils of the worst kind, who are commonly called "Immortals": Bera and Birsha are two Immortal Demons that for thousands of years have acted in Europe and Asia, and whose image you have had the luck, or the misfortune, depending on how you look at it, to contemplate in that glen of Tibet. Their master, Melchizedek, assigned them millennia ago to work in favor of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People, taking special care to support the conspiracy within the peoples of Indo-European, Indo-Iranian and Hindustani lineage. In the European context, They have been the Supreme-Arch-Druids who secretly led the Druidic Order, and that is why Unicorns and other Initiates also qualify them as "Druids" or "Golen". But They are beings much more powerful than the Druids, whom they command.

For example, They have been distinguished by Rigden Jyepo, the King of the World, with the Power of the Dordje, the most terrible weapon in the Solar System. Dordjes: those were the weapons, similar to two balloons joined by a handle, that you observed in the bas-reliefs of the Immortals! But you, Lupus, not only perceived the Dordjes carved in the stone: **You experienced firsthand its deadly power.**

I looked at him open-mouthed. And Phoenix Bird clarified even more what my ears refused to listen.

–Specifically, Lupus: the buzzing of bees that you felt, and that caused the death of your comrades, is nothing more than the acoustic manifestation of the Power of the Dordje, which also acts on the other four tattvas; with the Dordje it is possible to emit the om or the final yod, the monosyllable of the dissolution of the Created Forms, which is identical to the bija of the Beginning of Creation. It's very possible that it was the Demon Bera who applied the Power of the Dordje on his heart. In short, be sure that you have been in front of the Door of Bera and Birsha, in a gorge in Tibet known since ancient times as **"The Pitch"**. Of course, The Pitch is not easy to get to, that is, it is not easy to reach its East gorge, but curiously on many ancient maps it appears there where you found it, by the Altyn Tagh Mountains.

–It can't be --I irrationally denied--. I saw a flying vehicle, an alien ship; I don't know what it was, but surely the buzzing was coming from it.

–So it is, dear Lupus: **the phenomenon you saw was the Devil Bera in all his Power. It was not a flying ship, nor was it a vimāna or unknown plane, but an "absolute unit of energy" of the Universe animated by the infernal "Intelligence" of Bera, which is the Sefirah Binah. An "absolute unit of energy", "an archetypal atom", adopted by Bera to present itself and unleash the dissolving Force of the Dordje: that is what you witnessed, even though you thought you saw something else.**

–It is not possible --I repeated, disturbed, resisting to accept that that Mortal Presence was indeed an, "Immortal", Demon, and that this Monster was finally in my footsteps. I was beginning to understand what Tarstein meant when warning me about **"the hunters of the Synarchy"** that they would try to collect pieces **"of my species"**.

Imperturbable, Phoenix Bird continued to explain:

–The archetypal atom is the Primordial Form par excellence, the Egg of Brahma, the monad made in the image and likeness of The One: all real atoms and all atomic forms, all units, emanate from it and participate of its exemplary existence. And do you know why Bera took that form to manifest before You and use the Power of the Dordje? **Because the only way that remains for a**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

**Devil like Him, traitor to the Spirit of Man, to resist the Sign of the Origin that you exhibit, is to shut himself up in the absolute unity of the Created Monad.** But you've already seen the result of that tactic, Comrade Lupus: **he has not been able to finish with you, with the Sign of the Origin that you possess, and the Gates of Shambhala have been closed to our enemies.**

—Oh, I wouldn't be so optimistic, Comrade Phoenix Bird --I suggested, at the same time that I shuddered agitated by old and new terrors--. I make you present that if I preserve life it is not precisely by effect of the Sign but thanks to the intervention of those incredible warriors that are the Kāulika monks, and the invaluable collaboration of the Daivas dogs that brought us out of the Altyn Tagh.

—Ah, Comrade Lupus, I'm afraid You don't understand the situation.

Phoenix Bird was reproaching me the same as Karl von Grossen. Obviously I understood nothing, or very little, of what was happening around me. Or they all pretended to understand what was happening better than I did. Or I was becoming extremely stubborn or stupid. But whatever it was, there was something that I did understand, and in which I was not wrong: the cause of all my ills, which until yesterday I considered a wonderful privilege, was the elusive Sign of the Origin. Gods Distinction or Stigma? In front of me, the most important men of the Third Reich claimed to count on me, and on my Sign, to carry out the plans of the Führer. But, and this I was understanding now, the most terrible Forces of Hell, Forces that I had seen up close in Tibet, **considered me a priori their mortal enemy and they would develop an unimaginable attack against me.**

Allegorically speaking, such a situation, the only situation that perhaps I understood, was that the Third Reich was preparing to march on the World, like a cyclopean phalanx, and that I would then play the role of **flag bearer**. Yes, I would be the **standard bearer** of the Third Reich, and the flag that I would hoist would be the Sign of the Origin, the Sign of Lucifer, the Sign of Wothan, the Sign of Shiva, **my Sign**. And, as in any army in operations, the Enemy would try to conquer the flags, **our banners**, trying to bring down **without prior notice** the standard-bearer, trying to take away from him the Sacred Insignia of the Spirit, trying to take away his life, trying to take away the banner, trying to take away **my life**, trying to take away **my Sign**.

I didn't protest for the commentary of Phoenix Bird, and he continued:

—Dear Lupus: You do not owe your "salvation" to anyone other than Yourself. Are you forgetting that if there was Operation First Key, and Daivas dogs, it happened **because previously there was an Initiate Kurt von Sübermann, who carried the Sign of the Origin?** The Daivas dogs, and you, are the same thing, because without you there would be no Daivas dogs or Sign of the Origin, or Shiva, and no one capable of placing his Self beyond Kula and Akula. The Demon Bera attacked You with the fury of a vimāna and you believe that you were saved "thanks" to the Daivas dogs: well, know that it is your own insecurity, your lack of faith in Yourself, **your incomprehension of the situation**, the cause for which You encourage such erroneous conviction! Because if You were in reality the Initiate You should be, **sure of Yourself in the face of Death, and beyond Death, until the Origin**, You would know without a doubt that your Sign has turned You invulnerable to the attack of any Created Being, even the most powerful God! If You found yourself alone, in front of the Demons Bera and Birsha, or other similar, and They applied all the Power of the Dordje on the heart, You would be easily out of their reach by standing beyond Kula and Akula, in the Origin, **or creating with a tulpamudra your own Daivas dogs, or Lungpa "Daivas horses", or any illusion of that sort!**

—Okay! Okay! I give up! --I proposed, smiling sadly; and before the claims of the Initiates of the Black Order turned incontestable--. I will strive to understand your points of view --I promised--. Do you really think that those damned Immortals didn't just attack me to death but that they did close the Door of their Hideout?

—That's right, Lupus --Tarstein said--. I will tell you what has happened, according to the coinciding vision of all the Initiates here present. In principle, and this will surprise you, we have reasons to think that Ernst Schaeffer did not die in The Pitch. And if he had died during the attack, we are sure that the Immortals would resurrect him. For that? **For him to return to Europe to look for your head.** Never, get it right, Lupus, because your life is at stake, They will never allow someone like you to exist in a synarchic society. For him On the contrary, being you in the middle there will be no pact between the White Fraternity and the Secret Societies of the Synarchy; and therefore there will be no constitution of the Synarchy. Undoubtedly Ernst Schaeffer, or another similar fool, will be delegated by the Demons to make their conditions be heard in the West: **and in those new conditions will be demanded the elimination of you and of all those who, like you, are bearers of the Sign of the Origin that they cannot bear.**

The Universal Synarchy of the End of Times must see the Traitors Gods take possession of the world, as in the days of Atlantis, side by side with the Chief Rabbis of the Chosen People: **but that**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**they will not be able to do while in the world there are spiritual men who raise the banner of the Origin, that speak with the Runes of Wothan.** Hence we can affirm without fear of being mistaken, Operation First Key has been a success: we have taken an Initiate with the Sign of Origin to The Pitch, in front of the Gate of Bera and Birsha of Chang Shambhala; and we have rescued him for the Strategy of Third Reich. In a word, we have inflicted on the Enemy the greatest challenge on his own ground: it's impossible that it now wants anything else than revenge. And its retaliation will no longer be diplomatic or political, it will no longer promote secret pacts that endorse coups d'état or palace intrigues: the Third Reich must prepare to resist a formidable military potential.

And as for you, Lupus: it is not necessary to tell you what you represent for us. Counting on you means having a **strategic advantage** for the execution of the plans of the Black Order. Based on this we should try to preserve you from all danger; it would be the most logical thing to do. However we will do all the opposite: we will not neglect your safety, but we will not prevent you from fulfilling your mission, **the mission that was entrusted to you by the Gods when they marked you with the Sign of the Origin.** So you will continue running risks! We will carefully study your future operations and we will send you to close, with your Divine Sign, the Gates of Hell! Now we know that you **can** do it, will you?

The sixteen pairs of eyes were drilling my brain. I looked at Rudolph Hess, almost a father to me, what could I deny him? And at Konrad Tarstein, my Hyperborean Instructor, the Sage who revealed so many secrets to me, what would I not give to him, who did not need or ask for anything for himself? And to the remaining Initiates, the Secret Architects of the New Germany, the Chiefs of the ⚡ Black Order: to deny something to them was to refuse to serve the country. At that moment, neffe Arturo, my answer could only be one:

–Heil Hitler! –I yelled, and raised my right arm to nod unequivocally. My answer, neffe, and that was understood by all, was an oath, a vow of ⚡ Knight.

When everyone left, half an hour later, and there was only the host, Rudolph Hess and I at 239 Gregorstrasse, we said goodbye to Tarstein and we left in the Mercedes. Same as before, I was driving and Rudolph Hess remained in the back seat. I longed to say hello to Ilse and discarded that we would go to Rudolph's house, but he immediately warned me "To the Kaiserhof Hotel". I looked at him in the rearview mirror, not understanding.

–Can't you guess who's waiting for us there? –he asked, while smiling mockingly. I trembled as I asked:

–Dad?

–Yes, Kurt. Your father in person. The Baron Von Sübermann has traveled especially from Egypt to interview his elusive son.

–Oh, what a joy; what a joy. I still can not believe it. You warned him, right? Tell me the truth, taufpate?

–You are right. I notified him, when we learned that you were at sea, that you could come to Berlin 20 days later. And that's what he did without losing an instant. What was wrong with that? It's good that your father sees you at least once a year. Or at the end of an operation in which you almost lose your life. You approve of my decision, right?

–Oh yes, taufpate. You have given me the most beautiful gift that I could have expected.

That was one of the best nights of my life. With Dad, Rudolph, Ilse and little Wolf Rüdiger<sup>60</sup>, in Berlin, in January 1939, the World seemed to be in our hands. I still remember that during dinner, Dad announced that his daughter had married a German-Argentine engineer and that soon after they would leave to settle in Argentina, where the Siegnagel were owners of a winery. And that Rudolph also announced that I would be promoted in the following days, in the hierarchy of the ⚡, with the degree of **Standartenführer**, thus skipping the intermediate degree of **Obersturmbannführer**. I would be, he said, a **Stantartenführer** or one of the Youngest Colonels of the Waffen ⚡.

### Chapter XL

Dear neffe, this is how my first mission for the ⚡ and the Third Reich ended. During it, the mysterious character of that Sign of the Origin was evidenced, which caused the devotion of some and the terror of others. Up to this point, many of your initial doubts will have vanished. You will have understood, that I hope, that the story of Belicena and my own story are structured on a same armor,

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60 Rudolph Hess' son, two years old.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

on an infrastructure called "Hyperborean Wisdom". And you will have understood, it is necessary that you do it! **that both stories continue in you, that the Hyperborean Wisdom passes through you, that the Gods have pointed at you with the Sign of the Origin.**

Your story and mine, neffe Arturo, are partly parallel: to begin with, we are both members of the same family trunk; we both suffered a shocking experience: I, for the interview with the Führer, and you for the death of Belicena Villca; and those impressions led us both to search for the truth in ourselves, in the depths of Oneself: I, during the holidays in Egypt, in 1937, when the Scrotra Krâm awoke in me, and you now, in 1980, in that infinite instant of the spiritual **rapture** by the Virgin of Agartha. Yes, neffe: I think that at that point we both **self-initiated**. I know that the Ritual of the Hyperborean Initiation is intended to put the chosen one in contact with the Vrunes of Navutan but, as such Signs were already in us, we have been able to carry out the miracle of the **self-revelation of the Naked Truth of Oneself**.

Then, the parallelism of the events experienced by both culminates in the correlation of the initiatory experience: we are both, now and for ever, indissolubly linked to a Spiritual Source, Eternal and Infinite, to the Grace of the Virgin of Agartha, to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Gods. That's why, **as I raised them at the time, you must raise from now on "our banners", which are the banners of the Spirit**. You wondered in your department of Salta, who to turn to for spiritual help? Who in this world are the representatives of the Hyperborean Wisdom? Well now you have the

answer. **The Führer has given the answer: the answer is the ⚡, the ⚡ Black Order. Remember that the Führer will return, neffe, even Belicena Villca announces it in her letter:**

**"The Great White Chief, the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage, will come once, twice, three times, to your World. The first time, he will break History, but he will go away, and cause the insensate laughter of the Demons** (it seems to me, neffe, this part of the prophecy has already been fulfilled); **the second he will raise the Final Battle, but will leave, amid the Roar of Terror of the Demons** (and I suppose, Arturo, this is what will happen very soon); **the third he will guide the Race of the Spirit to the Origin, but will go away forever, leaving behind the Fire Holocaust in which will convert the followers of the One God, men, Souls and Demons. But those who follow the envoy of the Lord of the War will be eternal!"** (And here I can only ask for "**fiat, fiat**", neffe Arturo).

These are the words of Captain Kiev, which will be inexorably fulfilled. You will look for the Tyrodal Order and you will take to their Initiates the Letter of Belicena Villca. It will be very timely because they are also looking for the Noyo and the Wise Sword to start the Final Battle. But you will take them something more important than the letter of Belicena Villca: the Sign of the Origin, which closes the Gates of Shambhala and opens the Gates of Agartha, through which the Führer and the Eternal ⚡ will return to fight the Final Battle!

That is the **real** reason for the great maneuver, neffe! That you approach those who wait, at the right time, in the kairos of the Final Battle! That is the spiritual meaning of all this series of coincidences: **to approximate the Sign of the Origin to the kairos of the Final Battle!**

**And as with the House of Tharsis, as with me, neffe, you must understand that even with more reason they will try to get you out of the way. The Druids will pursue you! Maybe Bera and Birsha in person!**

For this reason I want to propose that we leave as soon as possible. From my stories, although incomplete, you will have already drawn enough conclusions. Further on, if circumstances allow, I will give you the details of the following events until 1947, the year I came to Argentina and since I remain hidden.

In short, and broadly speaking, this was what happened after 1939.

Bangi and Srivira were granted German citizenship and were awarded the First Class Iron Cross. They were also incorporated to the Waffen ⚡ with the effective degree of **Untersturmführer**. They stayed until the summer of 1939 in Berlin, where they were trained in cryptography and tasks related with the Secret Service, and finally departed for Tibet, and reunited with the Lopas that left our expedition, they were very committed to the mission they had been entrusted with: preparing an Elite corps that would act as a Foreign Legion within the Waffen ⚡. From there would come the famous **Tibetan Legion**, which secretly depended on the **1<sup>st</sup> ⚡ Panzerdivision Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler** and one of whose battalions would defend to the death the Führer's bunker in April 1945.

Karl von Grossen would also return to Asia. From India and China, he would deal with discreetly supplying the Tibetan Legion, whose natural settlement would be in Assam, in the domain of a Kâulika prince, staunch enemy of the English. In that little kingdom on the border with Bhutan, ⚡ instructors coming especially from Germany complemented the offensive arsenal of the Kâulika monks, composed of arrows, daggers and scimitars, with modern weapons of tactical purpose, such



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

as grenades, pistols and assault rifles. However, the maximum effectiveness of those terrible warriors, would always be accompanied by the use of their traditional weapons, for which they had no rival in Tibet. Anyway, it is worth mentioning, that body never had more than a hundred troops.

But long before the Tibetan Legion was ready, Vrune gave life in Berlin to two beautiful Daivas dog puppies, dying during birth. Another legion, this one of ⚡ veterinarians, was commissioned, under the severest threats, that the twins lived. Despite our reserves, they grew up smoothly and I baptized them **Yum** and **Yab**. They responded well to conventional training and better still when employing the Kilkor svadi, understanding and obeying my slightest wishes.

In September Germany invades Poland and the Second World War begins. On June 14 of the following year, 1940, the troops of the Third Reich enter Paris. Neither the Tibetan Legion, nor I, intervened in those actions because it was repeated to us in the Black Order that **"the true and only front of the Third Reich was in the East"**.

Contrary, then, to the movement of our armies, we were concentrating on planning Asian operations, in everything similar to First Key, in which I got my baptism of fire. At last, in August 1940, I received the order to execute "Operation Key Two", which was aimed at achieving the Mount Elbruz, where according to Indo-Aryan traditions, **the Aryans were born two times**. But it was not a question of going directly to the Caucasus, but of **strategically approaching it with the Daivas dogs to arrive at a Gate located in other dimensions**.

That time, I traveled from Germany with Oskar Feil, a **Hauptsturmführer** named Caesar von Lossow, and the mastiffs Yum and Yab. On the Pamir plateau, in the origins of the river Piandy, Karl von Grossen awaited us with the **Gebirgsjäger**<sup>61</sup> of the Tibetan Legion, about fifty men in total. From there, we started one of those crazy journeys that the Daivas dogs made to go somewhere. I do not know what shortcuts they had taken, because, instead of going through Tajikistan, Afghanistan, Turkmenistan, Iran, Armenia and Georgia, and travel 3,000 km, the mastiffs found Georgia 500 km away. Although it is hard to believe, 500 km from the Piandy River we came across Grozny, a city located at the foot of Mount Elbruz; even though the vicissitudes and unexpected events lived until then, and that I can't narrate now, took us several months.

Inversely to what was in The Pitch, **on Mount Elbruz there was a Path towards Agartha, or towards Venus, which is the same**. The mission entrusted by Tarstein, and the Initiates of the Black Order, consisted of **locating the Caucasian Gate of Agartha and uniting that place with the town of Rastenburg, in East Prussia**. How? With the Daivas dogs; ordering the mastiffs in the Caucasus that they reach Rastenburg, by means of a jump across Time and Space. Thus, according to the presumptions of Tarstein, the distance between Elbruz and Rastenburg would be **suppressed** or, what is also the same, the Agartha Gate would "be" in Rastenburg.

How important was Rastenburg to demand such an operation? Then we did not know, because we were only asked to execute the plan before May 1941, but as of June 22, when the Third Reich began the invasion of the Soviet Union, the Führer's Headquarters would be installed in Rastenburg.

The Führer's code name **Wolf**, and hence his center of Eastern operations, the Throne from where he would oppose with the Power of the Spirit the darkest Powers of Matter, would be known as **Führerhauptquartier Wolfsschanze**, that is, Fort of the Wolf Supreme Headquarters. It was in the Prussian province of Königsberg, an old stronghold of the Teutonic Order, amidst the forests that grow on the banks of the Guber, and there Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Bangi, Srivirya, and I landed one day in May 1941: the rest of the legion remained camped on Mount Elbruz, 2000 km away. Just like their parents in Tibet, Yun and Yab had responded to the order to **fly** and crossed the established distance in an instant. Once in Rastenburg, we dedicated ourselves to pointing out the exact place where the Daivas dogs had descended, because until there, wherever the site was, would be stretched a railway track to park the Führer's wagon. We had a strict order of not moving until we were not located by the ⚡ troops that Himmler had detached and that constantly patrolled the region. A platoon found us and an entire battalion immediately occupied the area where, weeks later, would park the Wolfsschanze. It is worth remembering that in that same place, on July 20, 1944, a group of traitorous Generals, the same ones who supported Ernst Schaeffer, attempted to assassinate the Führer by installing a high-powered bomb a few meters from him. Of course, those who do not know what was the Caucasian gate of Rastenburg, still do not understand how the Führer emerged unharmed from the attack.

When I finally returned to Berlin, in August 1941, it was too late to say goodbye to Rudolph Hess: on May 10 my taufpate had flown to England to try to neutralize the Golen Strategy that had the

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61 High Mountain Detachment.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

British High Command dominated. His flight was arranged between members of the English Secret Society Golden Dawn and Initiates of the Thulegesellschaft, but not well landed he was captured by the Druids thanks to the betrayal of the German Albrecht Haushofer and of the British Duke of Hamilton, and confined in a military prison. For the Sinarchy, peace between England and Germany would have been a catastrophe, and its alliance against the Soviet Union, a project that Rudolph Hess was authorized to manage. He was therefore held incommunicado during the years of the war and an alleged insanity was publicized while they tried to effectively destroy his psyche with drugs similar to those mentioned by Belicena Villca. Similarly, to the case of Belicena Villca, in the case of a Great Initiate like Rudolph, the Golen did not achieve their purpose.

Yes, neffe, in August 1941 it was time to remember the words Tarstein had told me four years earlier: ***“we must all wish thathis chance never comes, for when Parsifal undertakes his mission it will mean that King Arthur is wounded... and that the Kingdom is terra gasta”***. Yes, Rudolph, the pure madman, like Parsifal, had departed for Albion, England, the White Island that somehow represented Chang Shambhala, the Abode of the Demons: Tarstein predicted it to me because he knew it was possible, because he knew an esoteric meaning that explained the deep symbolism of the trip. That the diplomat Albrecht Haushofer was a traitor, a member of the group of the “healthy forces of Germany”, we had already known for years from the reports that Heydrich had elaborated in the S.D.: Albrecht was the son of Professor Karl Haushofer and a Jewess named Martha Mayer-Doss. And that the Secret Society Golden Dawn<sup>62</sup>, which sometime at the beginning of the century was related to the Einherjar and the Thulegesellschaft, fell to the Druids after the takeover by Priest Aleister Crowley, we knew it too. Rudolph could hardly be caught off guard by the result of his mission so there must be a deeper and more secret reason to justify his sacrifice.

I asked Tarstein directly, but this time he avoided direct clarification and he spoke to me again in symbolic language, undoubtedly not to affect the Myth, so that the Myth would continue to act.

–See Kurt: –he pointed– King Arthur, the Führer, can be betrayed by Guinevere-Germany and such disgrace leave the Kingdom weak in the face of the attack of the elemental beings, the hordes of ***Elementalwesen*** from the East. To avoid the Kingdom to be destroyed, King Arthur needs to have the strength of the Gral. But the Gral has not been present in the World of the sleeping men for 700 years. What should be done? Like Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Führer says:

***“Man mac mich dá in stríte sehen:  
der muoz mînhalp von iu geschehen”***.<sup>63</sup>

And Parsifal departs for the Castle of Sigune, from which arise the forces that animate the subhuman beings that threaten the Kingdom. And there, as Joseph of Arimathea, King Crudel captures and sentences to 48 years in prison, both him and his Knights. But then, in prison, Joseph of Arimathea enters contact with the Gral and it nourishes him spiritually for the duration of his confinement: and the elemental forces are thus, to a certain extent slowed down, because the Knight of the Gral, still locked up, possesses enough spiritual forces to pass them on to King Arthur and hold him in his Royal Function. Someday the Knight Joseph of Arimathea will get out of his unjust confinement and will be free with the Stone of the Gral, reading in it the Name of the Führer and restoring his sovereignty in the Kingdom. It will be in that moment when Frederick II, bearer of the Stone of Genghis Khan, meets the Lord of the Dog, Prester John, the Lord of Cathay or K’Taagar, that is, the Lord of Agartha. Then the elemental forces will be definitely defeated in the Earth.

Nothing more than symbolic statements of this kind I managed to obtain from Tarstein, who did not help me much to understand the hidden meaning of his mission, although I had a good sense of it. But I haven’t seen my taufpate since 1940. Naturally, during the Nuremberg Trial of 1945/46, Rudolph was interrogated by the hypocritical Allied judges and, of course, he did not say a word about the Gral or King Arthur. Instead he talked a lot about the brainwashing and drug treatments that the English put him under:

“...As it’s logical, I continually thought about what explanation could have the monstrous behavior of the people around me. I excluded the possibility that they were criminals, since, socially, they caused very good impression. And, on the other hand, his past also contradicted that imposition”.

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62 No translation needed.

63 It will seem that I am the one who fights, but in truth You will be the one who does it in me.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

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"Then the idea occurred to me that those people had been hypnotized, although I was unaware then that there was the possibility of producing such an intense and long-lasting state of hypnotism. I frankly stated this suspicion to Commander F., who evidently took it as a funny joke. He said that he and everyone else around me were absolutely normal and that, unfortunately, I was a victim of autosuggestion".

.....  
"My headache continued unceasingly. I insisted on pretending that I had lost memory. I learned from my mistakes. I supposed I shouldn't recognize people I had seen more than fourteen days ago, even if they were the doctors who had been with me for several years. It can be deduced from this what a terrible poison they gave me for which there was no antidote,... "Soon I didn't make any more mistakes. I went through tests such as the sudden appearance of people I had met before, and pretended not to recognize them, even though I was in a hypnotic sleep state. I had to be alert day and night. I finally became ready to respond falsely to the questions, even in dreams, persisting in faking memory loss".

.....  
"On April 19, 1945, Brigadier General Doctor Rees came to see me again.. He again tried to convince me that both my conclusions and my suffering were the mere consequence of obsessive manias. I interrupted him affirming that his words were of no use **because I knew what was happening**. In the meantime I had acquired new convictions that justified my suspicions. The abominable atrocities that, during the Boer War, perpetrated the English in women and children in concentration camps could be attributed also **to the secret chemical substance**".

"Brigadier General Rees reflected for a moment with a shadowy expression. Then he jumped to his feet and hurried out, murmuring: «You are very insightful; I wish you good luck»".

"I had been imprisoned for four years in the company of lunatics and at the mercy of their tortures, without being able to inform anyone of it, and without being able to convince the Swiss envoy of the truth of what was happening, not to mention my inability to instruct lunatics about their status. It was worse than being in the hands of criminals, for these, at least, have some reason in some dark corner of their brain, some feeling in some dark corner of their heart, and a little conscience. With my lunatics, this was totally out of the question. But the worst were the doctors, who used their scientific knowledge for the most refined tortures. Actually, I lacked a doctor during those four years, for those who gave themselves that name had no mission other than causing me sufferings and, in any case, aggravate them. Likewise, I remained all that time without medicines, because what they gave me under that name was only serving the same purpose and, moreover, it was poison".

"In front of my garden they walked from one place to another crazy, or drugged, with loaded rifles, the crazy surrounded me in the house, when I went out for a walk I was preceded and followed by madmen, all in British Army uniform, and we passed by columns of inmates from a nearby madhouse who were taken to work. My companions showed compassion towards them **and did not notice that they belonged to the same column**; that the Doctor who ran the Hospital and, at the same time, ran the madhouse, should have been its own patient for a long time. They did not realize that they themselves were worthy of compassion; and they did not realize because they were, all, drugged and hypnotized. I sincerely pitied them; honest people were there turned into criminals".

"Yet, what did this matter to the Jews? They cared as little for it as for the King of England and the British people. **Because the Jews were behind all that**. If it had not been enough to demonstrate it the simple probability, what I am about to relate would have shown it. I had been given a book written by a Jew about the treatment he had suffered in Germany, as well as reports from British Consulates on the treatment of Jews in Germany as described by the Jews themselves. Doctor Dix said that my obsessive manias were the consequences of remorse for the treatment of Jews, for whom I was responsible, to which I replied that it had not been my competence to decide the treatment to apply to the Jews. However, had it been so, **I would have done everything possible to protect my people from those criminals and would not have felt remorse for it**. The Lieutenant A.C., of the Scots Guards, who was with me for my protection on behalf of the King, told me one day: «You are being treated the same as the Gestapo treats its political enemies». Doctor Dix and the male nurse, Sergeant Everett, were present and assented with a smile. As they had departed from the role they were assigned since it was always stated that my sufferings were imaginary, the doctor and the officer were relieved shortly after".

"In my protest note of September 5, 1941, I mentioned the expression used by A.C., of the Scots Guards, and added that it was typical of the Jews claiming that their enemies did what they did for themselves, without the Jews giving them motives, and blaming their enemies for the crimes that

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

actually they used to commit. The Hungarian Bishop Prohaska had already discovered that after the Bolshevik domination of Hungary in 1919. He reported that during that period trucks loaded with mutilated bodies were driven in Budapest to the bridges over the Danube and their cargo dumped into the River; that the priests had their bonnets nailed to their heads with nails of steel, their nails had been pulled out and their eyes hollowed out, and the joke of the moment was why they had to go to the other world with their eyes open. All those responsible, led by Bela Kun, had been Jews. The Press world had been silenced or was in Hebrew hands. However, when after the collapse of the Bolshevik government, some of the guilty, the same world press screamed blue murder for the white terror in Hungary. The same thing has always happened, Prohaska concluded, when a people has had to fight the Jews".

"I could not foresee then that the Jews, to obtain propaganda material against Germany, would come by means of the use of the secret chemical substance, **to induce the guardians of the German concentration camps to treat internees as the G.P.V.**<sup>64</sup> did: every criminal act of that nature must be attributed to the use of the secret drugs that the Jews employed within Germany itself. Asking me for the reasons for the crimes perpetrated against me, I suspect the following: First, the British Government had been hypnotized into trying to turn me into a lunatic, so that I could be presented as such if necessary, if they were reproached not having accepted my attempt of an understanding with which

England could have saved many sacrifices. Second, the general inclination of the Jews or non-Jews whom they had induced to mistreat me and take revenge on me for the fact that National Socialist Germany had defended itself from the Jews. Third, revenge against me because I had tried to put an end too soon to the war that with so much work had started the Jews, which would have been prevented them from achieving their warlike objectives. Fourth, I should be prevented from making public the disclosures contained in this report".<sup>65</sup>

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In these statements of Rudolph Hess may be the secret truth about the famous "Holocaust of 6,000,000 Jews". It is remarkable, indeed, that the members of the Chosen People have been victims of a typically Jewish genocide, a mode of extermination that, like Belicena Villca demonstrates in her Letter, is the one that the Rabbis have been demanding for millennia to apply to the "Gentiles" or "Goim". But Rudolph Hess exposed rightly "that it was typical of the Jews to claim that their enemies did what they did for themselves, without the Jews giving them cause, and charge them their enemies the crimes that they actually used to commit". This attitude of the Jews is frequent, it is confirmed by hundreds of historical proofs, and explains the incredible accusation that the ⚡ would have practised on them a mini Holocaust of Fire, projecting over the concentration camps the image of the Final Death with which they themselves dream to destroy the spiritual Humanity, that is to say, non Jewish. In short, neffe Arturo, only one typically Judaic mentality could have conceived such a mode of extermination, which never crossed the imagination of Heinrich Himmler nor, of course, the Führer's. And as for the Germans who supposedly "confessed" having perpetrated these crimes, in addition to the fact that there are many obvious explanations about why someone would testify against himself or against his fatherland, it is clear that the real cause must be sought in the secret drugs known to the Druids, whose main hideout has been for millennia, precisely, England. Rudolph Hess himself exposed it in 1945, as you have seen, by stating that not only the witnesses would have been drugged and hypnotized to testify against themselves but, in case some crime could truly have been committed in the German K.Z., this was to be attributed to the introduction of drugs before the fall of the Third Reich, in order to disturb the guards to obtain further propaganda revenues.

All in all, if I didn't see Rudolph Hess again after my return to Elbruz-Rastenburg, by contrast I heard from the damned Ernst Schaeffer: he had quietly returned, just as Tarstein foresaw, and he was in the occupied France. He was protected by the Secret Service of Admiral Canaris, the Abwehr, which was outside the jurisdiction of the Exterior S.D. According to reports available to Walter Schellenberg, it seemed highly probable that he was also accompanied by his four henchmen, although one of them "**would have lost his sight in Tibet**", because his eyes were exposed "**to an intense and unknown source of Light**".

Naturally, I immediately proposed a covert operation to execute him, as well as his accomplices, but I was dissuaded by Tarstein, who argued that the traitor was more valuable alive than dead: "being alive he will be able to communicate to the synarchic forces that with the Third Reich they

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64 Soviet Secret Police, whose bosses are invariably Jewish of unparalleled cruelty.

65 Fragments of the Rudolph Hess Report, read by him during the Nuremberg trial in 1946.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

have only one way: war", Tarstein explained to us. The White Fraternity will support an alliance against Germany but only if after its total destruction it is constituted in a short time the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People. If this objective is materialized, Germany will undoubtedly be sacrificed, but that World Government will mean the end of History: Germany will be reborn once more, perhaps not as a Nation, but its Spirit will, its Führer, its God Wothan, will be supported by the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, **and the Final Battle will be fought over the Earth.**

Ernst Schaeffer returned converted into a Master of the White Hierarchy, that is, spiritually dead. His Initiation in Tibet earned him the recognition of numerous Synarchic Secret Societies, as for example the English Masonry, which granted him the 33rd degree and the position of President of the Grand Orient of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. The destruction of Operation Altwesten was attributed in the papers to common accidents in this kind of exploration and Schaeffer lived quietly until after the war: his relatives still reside in Argentina.

That freedom that he enjoyed under the protection of the Führer resistance groups, allowed him, as we had calculated in the Black Order, to plan and launch multitude of attacks against my person. No one knows for sure how many attacks were perpetrated against the Führer, but those that I suffered in those years were not far behind: poisonings, bombs, snipers, ambushes, sabotages on my equipment and permanent threats: either I left the ⚡, deserted, I left Germany forever, I was definitely away from the places sacred to the Priests, **or there would be no place on Earth where I could hide from the inevitable rabbinical revenge.**

Of course, I did not give in to the threats and carried out my orders till the end, neffe, even those orders that I didn't like, like the last one, which forced me to stay 35 years in Santa María de Catamarca.

### Chapter XLI

I will not talk about intermediate operations, as this will be my last reference to the intense esoteric enterprises of those years. I'll just recall that in 1945 we were working in southern Italy, in the Apulia region, where the Octagonal Castle of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen is located, who ruled from 1215 to 1244 and who Belicena Villca deals with quite a bit in her letter. Our mission was not directly related to the war, because there was little that could be done to reverse a situation every day more adverse. In those days, Germany was backing down on all fronts; but in all fronts, for the first time in history, the same Jew enemy could be singled out: Capitalists, Communists, Zionists, all Allied Nations, no matter their ideology, showed the same Hebrew faces, the true profile of the Synarchy.

And in the midst of that colossal debacle, while Germany yielded to forces thousand times greater, forces that emerged united under the mask of Jehovah Satan, we no longer worked for Germany, to close the Gates of the Demons enemies of Germany, but **for the ⚡, for the Future of the ⚡.** What did our mission in Southern Italy consist in? In something unusual: we were to look for **the Stone of Genghis Khan.**

Yes; it is not a delusion. Konrad Tarstein had at his disposal specific and ancient information that claimed that in 1221 Genghis Khan sent Frederick II, to his court in Sicily, a Stone from Agartha, in which was found engraved a tripartite pact to establish the Universal Empire; the three parts would be: Genghis Khan, Emperor of Asia; Frederick II, Emperor of the West; and the Loyal Gods of Agartha, for the Underground Forces of the Earth. Before he died, in 1244, Frederick had that strange octagonal castle built and hid the Stone forever. Now, Konrad Tarstein explained to us that the Castle, in its construction, hid a key to locate the Stone, which would not be a long way from the place. Indeed, 800 m away, under a gentle grassy slope, the Daivas dogs tracked a krypt of stone that contained a chest of Queen Constanza and the desired Stone of Genghis Khan, engraved in Vigur characters and in Germanic Runes.

It was not easy to find it, deep excavations had to be carried out and trigonometric measurements with theodolites. Measurements were made a posteriori, to try to discover the key to the construction by strategic opposition that allowed **to protect** a valuable object, placing it **outside the walls.**

There was no time to complete the measurements because since April 5, 1945 the Allied invasion of Italy had begun. We went retroceding, then, towards the North, but at every step we saw the magnitude of the disaster. The war was lost for Germany and would soon be over. We decided to separate. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil, under protest, would go into hiding in a Franciscan monastery whose prior was a sympathizer of Germany and the Arab cause: both had to exchange the black uniform of the ⚡ for the brown **seraphic** soutane. The Daivas dogs would also be left in their care.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

While our Comrades remained in the Monastery of Naples, the Tibetan Legion undertook a journey to Berlin. We went Bangi, Srivirya, fifty commandos and me. After multiple clashes with the Communists partisans who infested the roads, we managed to reach Verona, from where they started several paths that passed the Alps. We took by the one in Bolzano, which led us a day later straight to Berchtesgaden.

On April 25 the ⚡ commander of Berchtesgaden received a telegram from Bormann in which he was ordered to arrest Marshal Goering. When we arrived there was no one who could assist us or give us information. We then headed to the Obersalzberg, but before arriving, Destiny, that tragic Destiny that always pursued me, decided to put on its best performance: 318 Lancaster bombers arrived first and began to unload tons of bombs on the peaceful alpine village. Paralyzed with pain, pierced by the lacerating nostalgia, I believe screaming with impotence, I saw blown to pieces Rudolph Hess' house and others surrounding. That house where 12 years ago I would come with my father to visit the Führer's Stellvertreter and ask him for help to guide my career! There, Dad had entrusted him with the medal of the Ophites. What would have become of it? Maybe Ilse had them, his and mine...

How many memories!...

Damned English, damned Yankees, damned Russians, damned Jewish Synarchy! What need was there to destroy that village of Obersalzberg? Maybe delete a symbol? But symbols can only be broken in shape, break its appearance, because the content is metaphysical, transcendent, and can never be reached by a Lancaster bomb.

Anyway, unable to hold back my tears, I looked at the smoking ruins of the Berghof, the Führer's Headquarters, empty at the time because, as the Allies knew well, the Führer was in the Berlin bunker, and the remains of the houses of Bormann and Goering, and of many settlers who had nothing to do with Nazism and the Third Reich. We returned to Berchtesgaden and achieved the next day transport to Munich. There I interviewed General Koller who reported the disastrous situation in Berlin: the Russians had reached the banks of the Elbe and Eisenhower stopped the American Army near Torgau, with the declared purpose of having Berlin ravaged by the Slavic hordes. "That was, the damned Jew justified himself, what had been agreed in Yalta".

Berlin was, thus, besieged by the Russians, making it almost impossible to enter or go out by ground. Well then, the Tibetan Legion will enter Berlin! –I affirmed with determination.

–You will not need to take such a risk, **Brigadientführer** Von Sübermann: Orders have just come in for you, commanding you to head to Plauen. The **Reichsführer** Himmler wishes to see you personally there. General Koller, to my surprise, extended Himmler's telegram to me. How did the **Reichsführer** know that we would meet in Munich? There was only one answer: the S.D. Officer from Berchtesgaden had reported our passage. I cursed to myself and asked Koller.

–Is there a telephone line to the **Reichsführer**?

–Only in case of extreme urgency.

–Well, this one is, my General. This is an emergency.

–Alright **Brigadientführer**. Pass by the radio that I will authorize the call.

I sighed in relief: I needed to confirm my suspicions before leaving!

–This is **Brigadientführer** Kurt von Sübermann my **Reichsführer** –I greeted, across the inaudible line.

–Von Sübermann! How glad I am to hear from you at this time! I congratulate you on getting to Munich. Just in time! It couldn't be expected less from You. Well, **Brigadientführer** Von Sübermann; listen to me carefully: **things have changed here in Germany, and now I am in charge of Operation Frederick II. So you must come as soon as possible and bring me the King's Relic. Come by plane.** See you soon. Put me with General Koller to give him the necessary instructions.

See you soon, my **Reichsführer**! –I said goodbye, immersed in the blackest of apprehensions.

I met with Bangi and Srivirya. Luckily there were no planes available in that moment. What would I do? It was evident that Himmler planned to seize the Genghis Khan's stone for personal use. But the Stone of Agartha belonged not to him but to the ⚡ Black Order, to the Thulegesellschaft, to Germany. The **Reichsführer** deserved the best of concepts, an Hyperborean Initiate faithful to the Führer and loyal to our banners: if the fall of Germany had deranged him, that would be understandable. But in the Black Order I would never be forgiven if I lost an object that Frederick II Hohenstaufen protected for 700 years.

–Comrades, I'm in trouble –I confided to the Tibetan Legion chiefs. I will surely find myself in the need to disobey an order of the **Reichsführer** and I don't want you to get involved. I have thought of transferring you to the local Commander of the ⚡, and continue alone the trip to Berlin. It's my duty to deliver the chest that we found in Apulia to the Initiates of the Black Order, who are also

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

members of the Thulegesellschaft, and for that I must go to Berlin; on the contrary, the **Reichsführer** wants me to give the Relic only to him, in the city of Plauen.

–And how will you go to Berlin, Shivatulku?

–Well, by land, since by air it is impossible to get there. I'll pretend to go to Plauen, but then I will turn North, and somehow try to cross the Russian siege.

–Then we will follow you to Berlin. Think about it: We will be useful to perform the feat you plan. And on the other hand, what do we care about the disobedience charges, even if it meant death? We have already lived too long and Death does not scare us at all!

The Gurkha's words brought me to reality. No doubt those days signaled the end of the Third Reich. And most likely they would represent our own end. Yes; it was all over, and maybe we would too. Now or later, life would have to be risked against a host of enemies, Russian, English, Yankees, French, who, by Wothan, who would take our lives? Leaving the Tibetan Legion in Munich only meant prolonging their lives a day or two more: that was the reality.

I made up my mind on the spot. We had to act before General Koller got the plane.

I gathered them all in a remote courtyard and spoke to them:

–Tibetan Legion! In a few minutes we will be in operations. Our goal is to reach Berlin, and we need to equip ourselves on the spot. **But we cannot officially request these supplies.** Therefore, we will seize them.

First of all, it is necessary to seize two armed trucks, with spare rubber tires and enough ammunition. Bangi and fifteen men will take care of it, trying not to cause casualties on either side, which are the same side of Germany. Capture and gag those you have to steal, and keep them hidden in the trucks, we will release them before we go. You have ten minutes to execute the mission and park in front of the Logistics depot.

Strivirya and 20 men will storm the depot, taking only what's indispensable for a 600 km trip and 50 troops: grenades, guns, ammunition and minimal provisions. You immobilize everyone and when the trucks arrive, you load everything and meet us in the dormitory building, next to the casino. In fifteen minutes you have to be there! –I ordered.

The fifteen Tibetans and I set about picking up our equipment and clothes, and stacking everything at the barrack door. Fifteen minutes later we left from the Munich barracks. The first group had taken four prisoners. The one of highest degree was a **Scharführer**: to him I gave the letter addressed to General Koller. On it I apologized to him for the outrage, and informed him that "I could not obey the order of the **Reichsführer** Himmler as it was in contradiction with another previous order forcing me to go to Berlin. The author of the first order was a Chief of the Secret Service that I was only authorized to mention his code name: Unicornis". I begged this textual message to be communicated to the **Reichsführer** and kindly said goodbye to General Koller. I did not expect that Koller would forgive me for ridiculing his men, but I had faith that Himmler would leave everything as it was, rather than face **the hidden brains of the Third Reich**. So we released the bewildered soldiers in the North entrance of Munich, reiterating that they transmit this letter as soon as possible to General Koller.

My calculations were correct because Himmler did nothing after receiving the laconic message. We even ran into ⚡ troops from the Russian front to which no warning had been made regarding us.

Now, it was April 28 and I think that was the last day were there was a minimal possibility of reaching Berlin by road. Our route was like marching the edge of the Synarchic Dragon's teeth: they were all enemy vanguards along the way; first French and Yankee vanguards advancing from the West, and then Russian vanguards from the East, colliding with the Yankee columns on the banks of the Elbe. Munich would fall into the hands of the Franco-Yankees on April 30, that is, two days after we left.

Anyway, and holding periodic battles against Yankees and Russians, we reached Potsdam at dusk. Impossible to cross the Russian lines in two German trucks and a ⚡ legion. It took two more hours to locate an appropriate Russian camp to get the must-have camouflage: about 60 Russian infantry soldiers slept in a row of tents, protected by four sentinels. All were killed by knife, most of them their throats cut, because no one wanted to spoil his disguise. However, no legionnaires wanted to take off the uniform of the ⚡ and had to put the Russian clothes on top of it, many times helping it to enter with generous blows of knife.

Thus dressed, we marched more or less openly in the direction of the Spree. Following its shore we came upon the Veindendammer bridge, which was covered by the children of the Hitler Youth of Arthur Axmann. For ten minutes I had a hard time convincing a 12-year-old **Obersturmführer** that we were a ⚡ legion and that he should let us pass. We finally crossed and all took off the Russian clothes right there, except for me, who still had a long way to go.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Because we had decided to separate, this time, definitely. The Tibetan Legion belonged to the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, the ⚡ Corps that was in charge of the Führer's personal guard, and the most logical thing would be for that corps to go to the bunker to contribute to its defense. Berlin offered a catastrophic aspect: entire blocks demolished by the aerial bombardment and the cannonade of the Russians, the streets covered with debris, gleams of different fires were added to the twilight of the dawn of that fateful April 29, 1945. We marched in silence for several blocks until we reached the Friedrichstrasse, or what was left of it. The idea was to follow that route up to the subway station and then descend and travel underground; at the Vilhelmsplatz station we would ascend a few meters from the Chancellery. It was not possible to carry out this simple plan because in Frederick's street was being waged a terrible tank battle. So we tried to reach by running the Vilhelmstrasse when Fortune, so elusive until then, came in our help.

Indeed, along the transversal street that we took, it began to turn towards us a column of tanks. In command was a ⚡ **Oberführer** named Otto Meyer, whom we knew because Von Grossen got him, three years earlier, to give us a lecture on armored cavalry tactics: he was a young officer of legendary courage and great professionalism for the command of motorized troops. He had fought in France and Russia, and survived, in addition to causing great losses to the enemy. When Rudolph, after my first mission, hinted that I would be one of the youngest **Oberführer** of the German Army, without a doubt he included Otto Meyer in his plural concept. Now they had summoned him for the Battle of Berlin, the last, and would surely die.

He stopped his panzer and went out through the tower: –Kurt von Sübermann and the Tibetan Legion! Ha, ha, ha. I never expected to find you here, **secret agent!** Where the hell do you think you're going?

–Otto Meyer! --I shouted, moved--. I did not imagine seeing you again. Oh, Otto: this is the Führer's guard. It must reach the Chancellery!

–But it is only a few blocks! Do not worry that they will arrive. Tell them to march protected by the panzers and I will leave them at the very door. And you come up to the cabin, I want to chat with someone who has not gone crazy yet, like they are all in this city.

Fifteen minutes later the five panzers stopped in front of the Chancellery, which practically no longer existed, except for the underground bunkers; and the Tibetan Legion formed in the garden. The astonishment of **Brigadientführer** Mohnke, ⚡ Commander of the Chancellery, had no limits, when contemplating that troop of Asian faces.

–The Tibetan Legion, special formation of the 1<sup>st</sup> ⚡ Panzerdivision Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, reports to take over the guard in the bunkerführer! Heil Hitler, my **Brigadientführer!** --I presented and greeted loudly.

Mohnke was suspicious of this reinforcement, of which he had no news, and he thought of a possible defection from the front, but he was reassured when I proved that our destination was Italy, from where logically we had to withdraw, and I informed him that Himmler was informed of our departure towards Berlin.

–Now, if I can, I must complete the mission entrusted to me by the Secret Service, --I requested.

–As for me, do your duty, **Brigadientführer**. There is nothing else to do here --he said grimly.

It was 10 o'clock. I heard Otto Meyer being told that the Führer was resting, that he could not receive him. The heroic Meyer had tried to see Hitler before embarking on a journey from which he might never come back. I signalled to him to wait a moment and said goodbye forever to Bangi, Srivirya, and the fifty Lopas warriors of the Tibetan Legion. What for describe what that farewell was? It's enough to add that even after 35 years, I see them clearly in the garden of the Chancellery in ruins, raising their arm to salute me militarily, and I hear the voice of the Gurkha who says "Goodbye Shivatulku! Do not suffer for us, for we will soon find ourselves in another war, fighting alongside the Gods!"

–The Gregorstrasse? --Meyer repeated questioningly--. But that is at the Gipfelstadt (67): you have to go through the Brandenburg Gate and cross the Thiergarten (68). Look Kurt, for a few days the Russians have been trying to occupy the Thiergarten but have failed to break our anti-tank batteries. Therefore, they too have assembled their own batteries. Conclusion: nobody can go through because a crossfire hell has been formed. But do not get your hopes up: you could not get there on foot either because we have mined all the fields and Zoo paths.

I looked at him desolate and this drew another of his usual laughs.

–Easy, Kurt, calm down, all is not lost. Although the panzers cannot pass, that does not mean that **nothing can pass**. Have you heard of the Kamikaze? He asked, always joking.

–Yes: they are the Japanese suicide pilots.

–Well then, my dear Comrade! If you dare to be a **motorcyclist Kamikaze**, we might make you cross to the Gipfelstadt!



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

I was beginning to understand.

–The plan is elementary; only the kamikaze is needed to carry it out --he said smiling.

I nodded, implying that I would play the role of suicide pilot.

–Then there is nothing more to talk about. You take an escort motorcycle, which are now completely useless, and you rush down the great avenue, cross the Brandenburg Gate, and enter the Thiergarten; with luck, in ten minutes you'll be on Gregorstrasse. Of course, you must take the Thiergarten at great speed, more than a hundred km. per hour, so the Russians can't fine tune the aim. Meanwhile, we will entertain them with fire at will. Do you agree?

–Absolutely agree. The plan is truly suicidal, but the only one that gives me some chance, --I accepted.

–You have done well to keep that Russian suit: it's an officer's. It can be useful to you later on, since where you are going there are not Germans but Russians. And you speak the language of the subhumans, right?

I nodded. I no longer felt like talking or joking; I only longed to go on the suicidal adventure. I understood that I was putting all at stake and just wanted to leave.

Otto Meyer understood it that way but he did not stop making jokes until the end.

–Goodbye Comrade --he said smiling--, the next time we meet you will take me for a ride in a sidecar. Ha, ha, ha.

–And you in a carousel panzer. Ha, ha, ha.

In the end we both laughed, and said goodbye forever too.

### Chapter XLII

I crossed the main avenue of the Thiergarten reclined on a bolide that was running at over a hundred kilometers per hour, dodging with instant reflexes thousands of potholes of what looked like a lunar landscape. The German batteries, alerted by Otto Meyer, opened fire pretending to try to hit me, which puzzled the Russians and led them to concentrate fire on them, allowing me to get away.

Ten minutes later I entered the Gipfelstadt and circulated at regular speed down Gregorstrasse. I stopped in front of 239, lifted up my goggles, and looked on both sides of the street: not a soul. But the most curious was that, contrary to the other blocks, which had suffered the devastating bombing attack, the one that contained Konrad Tarstein's house was intact, as if the war hadn't happened there.

Again, like a Rite a thousand times repeated, I struck, the moldy ring spinning in the bronze fist.

–Yes? Tarstein's shrill voice was heard through a crack in the old door.

–I am Kurt von Sübermann; I mean, Lupus, I'm Lupus, Comrade Unicornis.

The door opened and Tarstein, at the height of serenity, repeated once more.

–Come in, I was expecting you. It's 4:00 p.m. You arrive just right for a cup of tea, if it does not affect you to advance an hour the English time? --he asked ironically.

–No, no. A tea will be fine. You don't know what I've had to go through to get here: I literally went through a gorge of heavy ammunition. In those instants I didn't know if I was going to get here; and I didn't know what I was going to find either here. You can imagine my surprise to see that you have not departed from your usual habits.

–My dear Lupus, it is not good for health that an old man like Me is changing his way of life at this point --he explained with renewed irony--. Come on, let's go to the kitchen and have that tea, and forget about what's going on outside for a long while. I left everything on that sofa, except the saddlebag containing the Stone of Genghis Khan. Because that's what you have come for, right? You have risked life one and a thousand times to comply with the Black Order: you are admirable Kurt von Sübermann, a Knight worthy of the Führer, an Initiate worthy of the Gods.

As so many times before, I walked into the modern kitchen and sat before a small table covered with a fine white linen tablecloth. Tarstein prepared the infusion in a Shanghai porcelain teapot and filled the cups with tea from the same origin. While I savored it, calmer now, I watched Tarstein examine the Stone of Genghis Khan. He seemed moved, which was unusual for him. Finally he asked:

–Do you know what this is? The proof that Humanity has an opportunity, the concrete testimony that the Gods of the Spirit agreed to deal with the Great Initiates who were trying to make the Universal Empire a reality. If they had triumphed in the thirteenth century, the History of Humanity would be very different and the Enemy would not have had the possibility of constituting the Universal Synarchy in the fourteenth century: for example, it would not have been necessary for Philip the Fair

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

to dissolve the Templars between 1307 and 1314 as Frederick II should have liquidated them, willingly, in 1227. And do you know why this wasn't achieved? Well, because this Stone that you have brought was lost for seven key years, from 1221 to 1228. In truth, it was not lost but was lost, with the purpose of the failure of the imperial plans. Oh, Lupus: if this Stone had arrived in time at the hands of Emperor Frederick II, perhaps my own family, the House of Tharsis, would not have been exterminated in 1268!

I, naturally neffe, understood very little of all this. Just now, after reading Belicena Villca's Letter, Tarstein's words acquire their true and dramatic meaning. At the time, Konrad Tarstein must have noticed the bewilderment on my face as he tried to clarify with other words the sense of that incredible Relic.

–Do you remember the story of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen? –he asked energetically.

–Yes. That is to say: I remember some prominent facts --I answered hesitantly.

–Well then. This fact is very prominent. Do you remember what happened to his Crusader vow?

–Oh, yes! --I stated, pleased that I was not totally ignorant--. I think that Frederick II was crowned at Aachen, in 1214, and there he made the fatal vow to Innocent III to undertake a Crusade to the Holy Land; for various reasons, he didn't comply with this promise until 1228, which cost him countless complications with the Popes, which led to excommunications and wars.

–The dates are correct, Lupus. What you do not know exactly, because it has remained a secret until now and was only the domain of certain Secret Societies, is the **real reason** why Frederick II delayed his trip to Palestine. **And that reason is this: the Stone of Genghis Khan.** Frederick II awaited since 1221 the arrival of a Mongol Initiate who would be the bearer of a written pact between the Emperor of the East and the Emperor of the West: such Initiate never arrived in Sicily and the reason was that he was assassinated in Frankish Syria by order of the Catholic Druids. When Frederick II finally decided to travel to the Middle East, he did it for the purpose of rescuing the Stone of Genghis Khan, which was in the power of the Lord of Beirut. But it was already too late to consummate the metaphysical pact, to submit the Order of the World to the Universal Empire: Genghis Khan had died in 1227 and his successors, who were not Initiates, fell quickly into the hands of the Priests of the White Fraternity.

It is worth knowing the story in all its details, because now, 700 years later, the possibility of erecting the Universal Empire has once again arisen. And as then, the real fight takes place in the plane of the Great Initiates and the High Doctrines: the Universal Empire against the Universal Synarchy; the Hyperborean Wisdom against the Judaic Culture; the Führer's pact with the Loyal Gods of Agartha against the pact of a handful of little men, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, De Gaulle, etc., with the Traitor Gods of Chang Shambhala. The enormous massacres of the fighting masses are impressive but are unimportant, always unimportant, in the face of the confrontation of the Initiates and the Gods. This Stone, which you have found in the Castle of Frederick II, was the pact of the Emperors with the Gods of Agartha that was going to make possible the realization of the Universal Empire in the XIII century. Frederick II had it hidden by Hyperborean Initiates, experts in the Lithic Construction, with the rule that it was only to be found by the future Universal Emperor. This Stone, as you will understand, belongs to the Führer.

–Then I should have given it to him personally, when I went through the bunker a few hours ago, I reflected foolishly.

–No, Lupus! This Stone will be delivered to the Führer in the Antarctic Oasis where he is now. The Führer of the bunker, possibly by now, is dead.

–I don't understand --I confessed, still knowing that my words would irritate Konrad Tarstein.

–Well, you should understand! –he claimed with predictable anger– After all you are also a **Tulku!** The Tulkus, my dear Lupus, possess several bodies. And nobody knows how many or where. As they rightly told you in the Tibet, in the Third Reich there has been the strange phenomenon that there are many "reincarnated Gods"; **many Tulkus**, Kurt von Sübermann. The Führer is a Tulku and there is nothing strange that he dies in Berlin and simultaneously lives in Antarctica. To that Führer, powerful and strong as he was at the age of twenty-five or thirty, we will send him the Stone of the Blood Pact with Agartha.

It was stronger than me and I had to inquire:

–But was the Führer aware that he had that extraordinary faculty?

–You "Shivatulku", do you know where your other, necessary, existences are taking place?

–Certainly not.

–Well, there is the answer you are looking for. If you, then, are unable to answer, how do you want me to know the process of a Tulku?

I'll give you an idea though --he conceded--. This is how I imagine the Tulkus process: a special case of **metamorphosis**. Let's establish an analogy relationship between Tulkus and Lepidopteran

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

insects, and suppose that **the whole life of an example of Tulkus, such as the Führer, You, or Rudolph Hess, is analogous to a lepidopteran butterfly**. Let's suppose also that there is a set of twin larvae that, by a particular law of the Tulkus, remain in a dormant state of life while the butterfly develops its active life. And finally, suppose that the special laws of the Tulkus determine that when the butterfly dies, one of the larvae automatically returns to the process of metamorphosis and transforms into a chrysalis, generating a new active life **and a new reality**. Of course, because larval life is latent life, and the active life, of butterflies and Tulkus, is **real life**: the reality of life therefore corresponds to the butterflies-Tulkus; Tulkus-larvae live in a plane of existence not real, but possible: such existence is not of the same degree than that shown by butterflies-Tulkus. Only if one butterfly-Tulku dies, or if there is a Tulkus law that requires the existence of two or more butterflies-Tulkus, a larva-Tulku will transform into real. But, my dear Lupus, who knows the laws of the Tulkus? Who knows how many Tulkus-men can exist in the larval stage? An ordinary man can take a single decision to make in a given time and space: if there are two alternatives. he must say without a doubt "I'm going to do this" or "I'm going to do that". The Tulkus, on the contrary, can choose to do both possibilities, although for this he needs, logically, to dispose of two simultaneous realities. The Tulkus can, for example, say **"I'm going to stay in Berlin, and I will die there if the Third Reich loses the war"** and also say **"I will retire to the Antarctic Oases, together with the Elite of the 44, to prepare the Final Battle against the Universal Synarchy", and fulfill both statements**. For an ordinary person it would be impossible to carry out the two sentences, but for a **Führertulku** this is perfectly possible.

Naturally, Lupus, that the two or three realities of the Tulkus **will only have to coincide in the Tulkus himself, in the context that gives him significance and that he signifies**. Outside the Tulkus, the realities of the living Tulkus may not coincide, Time contract or expand, things dislocate, History contradict itself. What is in the reality of a living Tulkus, that is, an example, of a real Tulkus, of a butterfly-Tulku, beyond **the Tulkus, may not be in the reality of another real Tulkus but different from the first; or, conversely, it may well be in his context**. I clarify this to warn you that, from now on, **the adherents of the Hyperborean Wisdom must define to which reality they refer: if to the reality of the Führer dead in the Chancellery-bunker of Berlin or to the reality of the Führer alive, always young in his Magic Refuge, where he awaits the historical times of the Final battle**. And I anticipate you that from now on those who choose to live in the first reality, will be considered traitors, no matter how much they proclaim themselves "National Socialists" or "Nazis".

With eyes gleaming, Konrad Tarstein paused for a second to pour more tea.

—Rudolph Hess...?

—Yes, Rudolph Hess is also a Tulkus and that is why he is now together with the Führer, in the Secret Refuge: he is as you know him; he has not changed a thing. And because he is a Tulkus, he can be with the Führer and, **moreover, be prisoner of the English**.

But let's leave the Tulkus for the moment and return to the Stone of Genghis Khan. I told you before that it is worth knowing the story in detail. You have found it and you deserve better than anyone to know that story, although this is not the best occasion to relate it. Either way I will summarize it for you; pay attention:

In Mongolia, in the Gobi desert, there is a place that the Hyperborean Wisdom calls **"The Tar Gate"**, which communicates directly with the Kingdom of Agartha. In the time of Genghis Khan and Frederick II, the Loyal Siddhas had approved a plan of the Hyperborean Initiates, known as the **Tyr Strategy**, destined to found the Universal Empire on Earth: the Chosen One in the East for that was Prince Temujin, who received the Hyperborean Initiation as a young man by part of some Siddhas coming from the Tar Gate. Remember that the Father of Temujin, Yesügei, had been poisoned by the Tartars when the young Prince was only 9 years old and that, from then until his adulthood, he lived miserably with his mother and his brothers in the desert lands of the Upper Onon. Like all the Great Chosen in History, it is during that period that the Siddhas instruct and initiate him.

According to local tradition the Great Ancestors of the Mongols were the Gray Wolf and the Tawny Roe Deer, which means that their Ancestors were not humans, or what is the same, that they were Gods. In the sacred cavern of Erkene Qon, the Gray Wolf married the Roe, that came from the vicinities of Lake Baikal. Subsequently, the original couple moved to the sacred mountain Burgan Qaldun, the current Kentei, former abode of **Kök Kev**, God of Infinity.

If their great Ancestors were Gods, their close relatives were not less powerful: his grandfather was Kabul Khan (69), the first organizer of the Mongolian tribes and military conqueror; and his father, Yesügei, had taken the nickname of Ba 'atur, that is to say, "the Valiant". His mother Hö'elün brought him to the world in "the year of the pig" of 1167, that is to say that he was 27 years older than Frederick II, born in 1194.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

His **Blood Purity** was so high that he was awarded a **representation** of the Sign of the Origin, the highest Hyperborean distinction of the XIII century after the Gral, which was entrusted to the Occitan Cathars. That's why when an Assembly of Mongol Chiefs and Kings met in 1206 at Karakorum, and chose him "Khan", Temujin proudly displayed the sign that had given him the triumph over his enemies and allowed him to materialize the unity of his Race: that sign, which he wore in his ring and banner, was none other than the **left-facing swastika**, the same that seven hundred years later would be displayed in the most glorious deeds by another Hyperborean people, but this time of the White Race.

Genghis Khan was entrusted with a historic mission that he knew how to comply with in all its aspects, so that it is not possible to blame him for anything regarding the failure of the Tyr Strategy. On the contrary, this failure is due almost exclusively to the excellent counteroffensive unleashed in the West by the enemy forces, operating undercover in the Catholic Church. That historic mission consisted in founding a Great Mongol Kingdom in the East, encompassing completely North and Central Asia, **simultaneously** with the emergence of a Great White Kingdom in the West.

When the founding of these Kingdoms was accomplished, then the time would come to seal with a pact the creation of a Universal Empire in which the Mongols would be subordinate to a true King of the White World and where the yellow masses would reserve the right to advance to the West and the white Elites, less numerous but more culturally capable, would march to the East. There, in Mongolia, the Crown of the Earth, would flourish a Hyperborean civilization never seen since the days of Atlantis. These were, in short, the objectives proposed by the Tyr Strategy.

I will show you now, Lupus, how Genghis Khan carries out his part in the Tyr strategy. In 1206 he unites all the Mongol tribes and begins the conquest of China and, in 1215, with the taking of Peking, he reaches the eastern limit of Asia. From then on, all that remains is to make contact with the "King of the West". But who is this king? How to recognize him if, towards the West, far from existing a unity you notice a confusing feudal organization? I remind you, Lupus, that according to the Hyperborean Wisdom **the effects of the Kâly Yuga do not have the same intensity in all geographical points**; on the contrary, there is a **Route of the Kâly Yuga** that spirals along the spherical surface of the Earth and over which the Kâly Yuga is "more intense" or more active. This area is orientable and, in the region we are considering, orientable "from East to West", that is, the effects of the Kâly Yuga are more intense towards the West than towards the East: **going East increases "spirituality" and going West increases the "materialism" proper to the Kâly Yuga**. Attending to these principles is that the Tar Gate, in the Gobi Desert, is also called "Center of less intensity of the Kâly Yuga".

In order to be situated in the dilemma of Genghis Khan it is necessary to consider that the "King of the West" should be "Great" by the power of the Spirit, as was also Temujin, and reflect on the difficulties of **looking** from the East of Asia to the West of the Occident. Genghis Khan, **"to the West"**, only **"saw"** spiritual darkness... and Kingdoms. Many Kingdoms, but no "Great Kingdom". The Kingdom of the Persians, which would soon fall, the Kingdom of the Byzantine Greeks, who barely resisted the Arab and Turkish siege: a very small and weak Kingdom, with Kings without Initiative who liked to call themselves "Emperors". The Slav Kingdoms of the Russians and Poles, could not even dream of putting themselves at the head of the peoples of the West and, on the contrary, would be easy prey for the Golden Horde. For the same reason, Armenia, Georgia, Bulgaria, Hungary, etc. could be ruled out.

The Germanic Kingdoms of Europe remained, undoubtedly the strongest, but in them, according to the vision of Genghis Khan, the darkness was absolute. If the Great King was there, it would be necessary to distinguish him by his external qualities and for that he should have the appropriate information. With that purpose he made lead to his presence many travelers, merchants or religious, whom he interrogated harshly, with little result. But from their stories he could know that there were truly two great Christian Kingdoms, one Frankish and the other Roman-German. The Frankish Kingdom was precisely the one that, for a century, carried out this absurd war against the Arabs, during which they had occupied Syria and Palestine.

Genghis Khan thought then that he should address the Frankish King and the German King but there was still a doubt to be cleared: both Kings called themselves "Christians" and servants of a Great Priest called "Pope", wouldn't this Pope be the true King of the World? To form an opinion about Christianity and the Pope he sent for Nestorian priests from Armenia and some Orthodox Greeks who were slaves in Peking; through them he learned the story of Jesus Christ and he knew that the Pope was not a warrior but a shepherd, that did not kill but commanded to kill, and that did not ride alongside his people during wars but remained all his life in safe and distant convents. And with a grimace of disgust Genghis Khan dismissed the Pope as a worthy spiritual authority with which he could deal.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Before 1220 Genghis Khan already knew that of the two Kings, the Frank and the German, it suited his plans to address the last of them. Such a conviction he obtained by evaluating the information provided by one of his many esoteric confidants. But it is worth making a clarification here: while the life of Genghis Khan lasted three were the religions that surrounded him and to which he lent special attention: Nestorian Christianity, Persian Manichaeism, and fundamentally, Taoism<sup>66</sup>. The religion of Confucius he rejected for reactionary and in Buddhism he immediately recognized a system based on the Kâlachakra of Chang Shambhala, against which his Hyperborean instructors warned him early on.

It was a Manichean priest who informed him one day that "beyond the Kingdom of the Franks, in the fiefdoms of the King of Aragón, who is in turn vassal of the German King, there is a powerful Manichean community whom the Angels have given in custody a Stone Vase that is not of this World". This news impressed Genghis Khan, as well as the knowledge that the troops of the King of the Franks, with the Pope's blessing, were dedicating themselves to exterminate those Manicheans of the West called "Cathars", that is to say, "pure". A whole "Manichean route" allowed such novelties to reach Asia: from Languedoc to Italy, to the Cathar and Bogomil communities of Milan; from there to Bulgaria, center of Bogomil Manichaeism; and, from the Balkans, Bogomil missionaries and Paulicians carried the news as far as Armenia and Iran.

The Cathars held that the material world had been created by Jehovah Satan with the help of a court of Demons; they believed in a true God who was Incognizable from the state of spiritual impurity that incarnation was; they also believed in Christ Lux, whom they called Lucibel, and in the Paraklite or Holy Spirit, an absolutely transcendent agent to the material sphere. Consequently with these beliefs they rejected the Ancient Testament of the Bible, considering that it narrated the history of the creation of the world by Jehovah-Satan, an evil Demiurge, and in which it was not mentioned the true God at all; of the New Testament they only accepted the Gospel of John and the Apocalypse. About the Church of Rome they thought it was "The Synagogue of Satan", a refuge for the Demons and their servants in which not a ray of spiritual light shone.

Naturally, if believers in such a clear doctrine were condemned to death by the Pope, and repressed to annihilation by the troops of the Frank King, there was no doubt that the latter were, in turn, supporters of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. But things did not "look" so clear from Mongolia; indeed: it was suspicious that the Frankish King Philip Augustus participated personally in the Cathar massacre and, what was even more striking, that all of France had been called into question between 1200 and 1213, by Innocent III due to the concubinage that the King had with a mistress. Which of the Kings, the German or the Frankish, was, at last, the ally mentioned by the Siddhas?

Seeing the West darkened by the blackness of Kâly Yuga, Genghis Khan decided to send three ambassador messengers, to Innocent III, to Philip Augustus, and to Frederick II, with the mission of initiating diplomatic relations and whom he instructed to carry out discreet surveys aimed at establishing an alliance between the East and the West. He did this to buy time, while other envoys of his traveled to the "center of less intensity" to seek the long-awaited answers.

By 1220, Genghis Khan already knew that the deal had to be concluded with the German king. But such a pact, which would not be political but spiritual and which would be held in several worlds at the same time, required greater certainties than the mere human conviction: in 1221 the Taoist sage Chiu Chuchi returned, after two years, from the expedition to the "center of less intensity". In the Mongol camp, on the banks of the River Oro, the sage related to Genghis Khan his incredible adventure: he had been authorized by the Siddhas to visit the Kingdom of Agartha; guided by some mysterious Mongol Initiates they penetrated hundreds of kilometers into the Gobi desert until reaching a completely desolate and barren place where it did not seem possible that there was any vestige of plant or animal life; in that site, apparently in the middle of the desert, the monks decided to camp and, although it seemed a suicide, the Chinese sage did not dare to contradict them; they remained there for several days, he lost count of the total, until one night when he was fast asleep, trying to replenish the strength that during the day the burning sun ruthlessly snatched him away, was abruptly awakened; without coming out of his astonishment he was invited by the monks, who were accompanied by some terrible warriors emerged he did not imagine from where, to go with them into the desert in a certain direction; but they did not walk much because very close to the camp, in a place that in those days he had observed many times and in which **there could be**

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<sup>66</sup> Manichaeism, which had managed to spread to China in the thirteenth century, was respected by Genghis Khan but not by his successors, who fought it fiercely until it disappeared; in the same way, Taoism was later persecuted.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

**nothing but sand**, was clearly distinguished a whitish glow that sprouted from the ground; it was a clear night, with a moon that poured streams of silver light onto the sinuous surface of the desert; however, and this was repeated many times by the sage of Shantung, arriving within a few steps away **the light that came from the ground was a hundred times more intense than the moon**, to such an extent that its blinding glare made it impossible to distinguish what or who produced it; staggering he stopped next to the light source and only a few seconds later, when his eyes had gotten used to it, he could see that a perfect rectangular outline was silhouetted against the floor, where a heavy slab of stone had been moved; the light came from that opening that led straight to a descending staircase whose steps were lost quickly out of sight deep within the Earth.

Despite the fantastic nature of the story, Genghis Khan accepted it without hesitation. because Sage Chiu Chuchi deserved his total trust and, mainly, **because his mission had been successful**: he brought with him **a message from the Siddhas** and he was accompanied, to interpret such a message before the Khan of the Mongols, by **an inhabitant of Agartha**. According to Chiu Chuchi, after descending into incredible depths through that desert trap, they arrived at a horizontal tunnel perfectly illuminated, and there they got into "a carriage that traveled fast without wheels or horses", which took them in a few minutes to the "City of Wo-Tang, The Lord of the War", where "despite being underground it is possible to see the sky and the stars". In Agartha "the Lord of the War himself" received Chiu Chuchi to whom he said, "I was waiting to deliver **the magic formula that gives power over the peoples**". Such a formula, Wo-Tang explained, **was already known to Genghis Khan from the days of his Hyperborean Initiation**. The novelty now consisted in that the formula **"had been endowed with a new light, more intense, so that it could be read even in the midst of the most impenetrable darkness"**.

In short: Wo-Tang gave Chiu Chuchi a Green Stone, similar to jade, in which were carved two parallel columns of thirteen signs for, Wo-Tang explained, both the Vigur language, which Genghis Khan spoke, as the language of the Great King of the West for whom the Stone was intended, came from an ancient sacred language called **"H"**, that is, **eta**. The stone, consisted only of the **"pactio verborum"**<sup>67</sup> since, by the mere reading by each of the Kings, the Mongolian and the Western, of the written formula, a metaphysical pact would be sealed, that involved neither the body nor the material goods but the Spirit of the Peoples and that engaged in the dispute the Lord of the War and his army of Angels. Such a pact was surely a thousand times more powerful and enduring than the weak and dubious alliances of men. In order to guard the Stone and ensure that the formula would be pronounced with the Ritual suitable, one of those strange inhabitants of Agartha, with features Mongolian but with reddish skin, he would accompany Chiu Chuchi to the camp by Genghis Khan.

In 1221, when Genghis Khan spoke the thirteen words in the right order and at the right time, his part in the Tyr Strategy was definitely completed; from there everything would depend on the White Races of the West: if they were pure enough they would not hesitate to follow a Universal Emperor of his lineage **once he had pronounced the thirteen words**, which were also thirteen Runes. Since a year ago, at the time when Chiu Chuchi returned from the Gobi desert, messengers from the Khan had departed to distant Sicily to advance to the German Emperor the future arrival of an Initiate, who would carry a message "from another world". And for the next several years, between 1222 and 1228, that envoy would be vainly awaited in the West, a fact that delayed more than once the Crusade that the German Emperor had to undertake to the Holy Land and that ultimately led to his excommunication.

What had happened to the messenger and the Stone? For four years Federico II waited unsuccessfully for his arrival but the "Tartar" had been swallowed by the earth. The excellent Berber clairvoyants that the Emperor kept at his court in Palermo, told him many times that the envoy of the Khan "had been detained in the Holy Land", but Frederick II refused to give credit to such omens, attributing them rather to the antipathy that the Franks woke up in the Saracens. However, he took advantage of his recent widowhood and in 1225 he married Isabella de Brienne, the daughter of Jean de Brienne, Frank King of Jerusalem. Elizabeth brought the Kingdom of Jerusalem as a dowry, but Frederick II was not so interested in that crown as in knowing where the Genghis Khan Stone was. Through his wife he was able to find out: his uncles, Jean and Philippe de Ibelin, encouraged by the papal legate, had seized the Messenger and his Message. But it was too late for the Tyr Strategy: Frederick II learned the truth only in 1227, the year of Genghis Khan's death, and after threatening Isabella with repudiation.

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67 Pactio verborum: agreed formula; terms of the agreement.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Determined to find the Stone, he left for the Holy Land, but not before being excommunicated by Pope Gregory IX. In that same year died in childbirth the unfortunate Queen Isabella, giving birth to the future King Conrado IV, father later of the unfortunate Conradino. Knowing that Jean de Ibelin was in Cyprus, he took this island by storm with 800 Teutonic Knights and seized his sons, Bailan and Baldwin de Ibelin. Arrived at the Emperor's camp to parley, Frederick II requested him the return of the Stone and the Messenger of Genghis Khan, to which Jean de Ibelin replied that the Mongol had died years ago and that the Stone was in his castle in Beirut, in the Frank Palestine. Considering this, Frederick had the young Princes placed on the rack and threatened with torture if the Stone was not returned to him within a minimum time, to which the Lord of Beirut agreed unconditionally.

Once the Stone was obtained, he was able to know the root of the plot. This had had its origin in the Order of Knights Templar: the Grand Master had assured the Pope, and many pious Frankish Knights, that Frederick II planned an alliance with the Mongols to submit the World to his will; the next step would be the destruction of the Catholic Church. This information, although not totally false, was malicious and mean-spirited, and it achieved the effect sought to prevent this pact from being finalized. But the plot had developed six years earlier and could no longer be fixed, after Genghis Khan's death.

Thus, defeated in what was the spiritual goal of his life, Frederick II landed in the Holy Land ready to take revenge as soon as he had the possibility. Paradoxically, that Emperor of the Christian Kings faced a general uprising of the Frankish Lords, fomented by the Templar and Hospital Orders, and instead he enjoyed the high esteem of the Arabs. For years, indeed, Frederick II corresponded with the Sultan of Egypt, Malikal-Kamil, who considered him "the greatest Prince of Christianity" and "a Saint". On that occasion he did not hesitate to give him the three holy cities, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, which were in his power; in 1229 the Jaffa treaty confirming such an assignment was signed, **as long as the custody was in charge of the Teutonic Knights.**

But Frederick II was not content to humiliate the Franks in this way: he wanted all of Syria to pass to the Teutonic Knights and employed as much resources as he had at hand to achieve it, among them the promise made to the Sultans of sharing the holy places with Mohammedans; in fact, he allowed mosques to remain open in Jerusalem, just as in the other cities that he recovered. In Jerusalem he started in the most irritating act to take the King's Crown, which was over the Holy Sepulcher, and crown himself by placing it on his head in the presence of the Great Master of the Teutonic Order Hermann von Salza and hundreds of German and Sicilian Knights.

Not satisfied with this, he went to Saint John of Acre, Bastion of the Templars, and occupied it with his troops. In the King's palace, which he seized for being sovereign of Jerusalem, he gave a great feast to which he invited numerous chiefs of the Saracen Army, during which he exhibited dozens of Christian prostitutes rescued from brothels belonging to the Templars. This initiative exposed the hypocrisy of the Frankish Knights, who on one side proclaimed chastity, and even practiced sodomy, and on the other exposed these baptized women to all sorts of temptations and sins. Such a stark reality impressed even the not too virtuous Saracens, and the Templars' prestige fell lower than ever.

Of course, the Emperor sought with such denunciations that the Templars lost patience and offered him an excuse to battle them. And his tactic paid off because they tried to assassinate him and responded by attacking the House of the Templar and the Castle "Chatel-Pélerin". And if they were not all exterminated by the wrath of Frederick II, who predictably would not be slow to call the Arabs to his aid, it was because he was stabbed in the back by knowing that his father-in-law Jean de Brienne was invading Sicily by mandate of Pope Gregory IX and that his son Henry II, King of Germany, betrayed him by supporting the Guelphs. That bad news forced him to return to Sicily where he, with far superior troops, defeated the Pope and forced him to lift his excommunication, then marching to Germany where he deposed Henry and replaced him by the child Conrado IV.

In the following years he had the Castle of the King of the World built by the Hyperborean Initiates and buried the Stone that you have now located Lupus.

But keep in mind that Frederick II was also a Tulku, something that everyone accepted in his time since the people never resigned themselves to his death and awaited "his return" for centuries. And where did the Ghibellines suppose the Emperor traveled? Well, no less than to the Kingdom of Prester John, that's to say, to the Kingdom of Genghis Khan, the Great Emperor of Cathay, K'Taagar or Agartha: the mythical Kingdom of Catigara, which was located "in China".

In the time of Frederick II, the Great Khan was also the Great "Dog", that is to say, the Lord of the Dog, the Guardian of the Sky Stone, the King of the Universal Empire "from the East", as I mentioned several years ago, on the occasion of the Rudolph Hess flight to England. When Frederick II "departed", after 1250, and especially during the Interregnum, hundreds of troubadours and minstrels sang couplets in which the journey of the Emperor to the Kingdom of Prester John was

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

narrated, and tears and lamentations were shed because both Kings had not finally "met", a fact that would bring about the New Order of the Universal Empire: "However, it was assured in the trovas, one day Frederick II, carrying his Stone of Venus, *lapist exilis*, would meet with Genghis Khan to found the Universal Empire".

Finally, I want to remind you that the aforementioned alliance between the Holy Roman Empire and the Mongol Empire was an open secret in the XIII century, although later the synarchic obscurantism concealed the truth of the facts. But it is enough to refer to the evidence to know that truth: as soon as in The West became known the death of Genghis Khan, and the position of his successor, Oegodei, there was no other thought than creating another alliance, favorable this time to the synarchic plans. Behind this was, of course, the White Fraternity. In 1245 Pope Innocent IV, who had taken refuge in Lyon, the City of the Druids, fleeing from Frederick II, proclaimed a General Council with the object to excommunicate him and strip him of the imperial investiture: it was the famous Council of Lyon, a kind of "Basel Congress" of the time, that is, similar to the one held by the Rabbis in 1897 and that are mentioned in the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion", in which they discussed the fastest way to end with the House of Swabia and implement the Universal Synarchy. Well, nobody associates the fact that at that Council, convened exclusively to deal with the subject of Frederick II, Pope Innocent IV proposed to send an embassy to the Mongol Emperor: from the Council of Lyon would emanate the directives followed by the Franciscan monk Giovanni da Pian di Carpine and the friars Benedict of Poland and Stephen of Bohemia, who in 1246 would arrive in Mongolia after crossing Russia. And if the synarchic counter-alliance did not materialize then, it was because Oegodei had died and Guyuk, his successor, was not at all convinced by the letters of the Pope, from whom he was warned by his grandfather Genghis Khan.

Later the Holy See would send Fray Ascelin with the same mission of convincing the Mongols of the benefits of the Synarchy and Saint Louis himself would send Knights to Mongolia, but only to request help against the Arabs: the representatives of Saint Louis were, among others, André de Longjumeau and the friar Guillaume de Rubrouck. These left in 1253 and reached Karakorum by the Black Sea Route, but they also failed because then Mongka Khan reigned, whom Sartac, great-grandson of Genghis Khan and Nestorian Christian, had advised against the Pope of Rome.

Pope Nicholas IV, pressed by the Order of Preachers, sends to Baghdad the Dominican Ricold de Monte-Croix, who establishes a fruitful deal with the Mongols and succeeds in founding a Monastery in Marghah. As a product of this embassy arises the trip of the Turkish Bishop Raban Coma to Paris in representation of the Mongolian King of Persia, Argun. At the time reigned in France the grandson of Saint Louis, Philip the Fair, staunch Ghibelline and supporter of the Universal Empire, and that is why the alliance has a chance this time to prosper. However, despite maintaining a permanent diplomatic connection with Mongolia, Philip the Fair fails to complete the project due to the fall of Saint John of Acre in 1291, at the hands of the Mamluks of Sultan Al-Achraf, that would bring the Templars to Europe. Philip the Fair wished to be Universal Emperor like Frederick II of Swabia, but that would only be possible if he finished with the power of the Templars and the Popes; the terrible confrontations that he had with Boniface VIII and the very complex task of dismantling the infrastructure of the Order of the Knights Templar would keep him busy until his death. Maybe the historical opportunity of Frederick II was still present in the time of Philip the Fair, but this one lacked the material time to consolidate in Europe and join the spiritual forces of Asia.

In short, Lupus, all this proves that there was a great esoteric movement between Europe and Mongolia-China long before the publicized and folkloric adventures of the Venetian merchants Polo in the XIV century: their's was just a lucrative materialistic adventure, devoid of all transcendent content, and without a doubt because of that it is put in the first place. It has been tried by the usual obscurantist methods to ignore what does not want to be accepted as real, of denying or not answering the disturbing question of the military might of the Mongols: their tactical superiority, invariably devastating the medieval formations, is undeniable, but has caused a collective trauma to the Europeans. Where can the superiority of a Strategy come from if not from the Spirit, from a lucid Intelligence and a Courage without limits? If the Mongols were the barbarians they are claimed to be they would never have passed the Urals. But of us they will also say that we were barbarians and that we ate human flesh; or who knows what atrocities more. Do not forget that we have acted in a way similar to the Mongols of Genghis Khan, and against the same Enemy, and bearing the same banner: even our best tactic, *blitzkrieg*, is inspired by the fast and accurate movement of the Mongolian horde.

Wait a minute, Lupus, I'll go get something I had prepared for You.

The master class Tarstein had just given had made me forget the war, the imminent military defeat of the Third Reich, and even the black reality that I didn't know what I was going to do from then on, if I had to go die in the bunker, as heroically decided the Tibetan Legion, or if I was to flee



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

to an uncertain fate in a World without the Third Reich, that is, in a synarchic World. I didn't even want to consider this last possibility. Instead I sheltered the secret hope that the Initiates of the Black Order had decided to take me with them to the Führer's Antarctic Refuge: didn't I make enough merits to deserve such a distinction? There was **also** Rudolph Hess there, my protector, but would he disapprove of my presence? I did not understand completely the mysterious issue of the Tulkus and their ability to possess various bodies. I already told you, neffe, that I felt like a unique individual, a perception that did not vary until today, and then I did not see what problem there could be for another Tulkus to join the Tulkus preparing for the Final Battle.

Before continuing with the account of what happened that day, the last that I was there, at 239 Gregorstrasse, I want you to notice that the information contributed by Tarstein on Frederick II clarifies enough the words of Belicena Villca written on the Nineteenth Day of her Letter: there it said "the causes (of the hostility of Frederick II towards the Golen Church) were two: the positive reaction of the Inheritance of his Pure Blood **thanks to the historical proximity of the Gral**, concept that I will explain; **and the influence of certain Hyperborean Initiates that Frederick II himself had brought to his court in Palermo from afar countries of Asia and whose story I will not be able to stop to relate in this letter**".

--You have brought today something very valuable for the Führer and the ⚡--began saying Tarstein when he returned, as he handed me a leather case with silver hardware and key lock-- and I'll reward you with something incomparably minor, but no less valuable to me. Take, Lupus, Kurt, my unpublished book "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft": in it is narrated the history of the last 630 years of the German branch of the House of Tharsis, and contains the evidence of its outstanding involvement in the founding of the Einherjar medieval Order, which would last several centuries and would give rise in the 20th century to the Thulegesellschaft, and then to the ⚡ Black Order. I give it to you because I have consulted with the Siddhas and they have told me that you are predestined to know all the secrets of my Lineage: perhaps You will be given to know what even I have not been able to achieve, that is, to follow the millennial history of the House of Tharsis and discover the mission entrusted to it by its Great Ancestors.

I noticed that for Tarstein that release was very important, but I also understood that he was subtly saying goodbye to me, and that was what I feared. I was sorry for Tarstein's feelings but I had to clarify things. I took the book and ignored his speech.

--You speak as if we were never going to see each other again, but at the same time as if I was going to survive long enough to read this book --I said harshly.

Tarstein was not intimidated and decided to respond with irony to my insolence, but with similar harshness.

--Very clever, Lupus! But it is that effectively we will not see each other again in this life, even though very soon we will meet in the Final Battle: this ambiguous is the Destiny of the Tulkus! It was very difficult for me to communicate this to you, trust me, but I'm glad you got to the point. Now I will tell you frankly what is the situation: **you are still a ⚡ officer and must carry out orders as everyone**. And your orders are: **flee Germany immediately and hide in the Argentine Republic, where your Sister lives**.

--No! --I yelled, interrupting the directives--.

You can't do this to me. I have complied with everything that has been ordered to me so far, with all the loyalty and courage that I could, but these orders are excessive. I'd rather die a thousand times than survive in a World dominated by Jews. It is not lack of courage, it is not disloyalty, it is disgust, Comrade Tarstein, simple repugnance and horror of living in a World without Honor, where our banners nowhere wave: since childhood in Egypt, when I joined the Hitler Youth, I have breathed without ceasing the Mystic of National Socialism; nobody prepared us for this! No, Comrade, we were not made to be defeated by the infernal forces and survive under their empire. A moment ago, I hoped that I would be allowed to be evacuated to the Refuge of the Führer-Tulkus, as you call it; but now you leave me frozen with your orders to hide in Argentina. I've been ⚡ official, I've been Initiated, I have developed amazing faculties, but now I see that I have only been an instrument of Destiny, a toy of the Gods. And do you know why I feel this way? Because, despite everything that I have been and have done, the truth is that I understand nothing, in the same way that I cannot see the Sign that I am myself and that you admire so much. And less do I understand this condemnation to survive the destruction of the Third Reich. I beg of you, Comrade Tarstein, if it is not possible to part with you to where the Führer is, ask me to die, grant me the authorization to die with Honor, or have me killed!

--See Kurt, you get difficult and I will have to interrupt the presentation of your orders to clarify some points. First, and foremost, I already warned you that, from now on, **the adherents of the Hyperborean Wisdom will have to define which reality they refer to: whether to the reality of the dead Führer or to the reality of the living Führer**. And I anticipated that those who choose to

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

live in the first reality would be considered traitors by the **Black Order**. You, my dear Kurt, in considering the case of survival in a World where the Third Reich has been defeated, are participating in the first reality. Of course, I will not make from this a syllogism and conclude that you are a traitor because I know you are not. Only that, in effect, "you don't understand the situation", an accusation that, according to what you said, other people have already made. So I will clarify the situation so that you have no doubts: **you are not going to stay in the World you imagine as a condemned man, but will act as a secret agent of the ⚡ Black Order in an effectively Judaic World; and will act like a representative of the living Führer, as his fifth column, as an ⚡ Initiate infiltrated into enemy territory, nothing different from the missions you have complied with so far. Trust me, Kurt, Lupus, don't believe in the fall of the bunker and the suicide of the Führer! It's the only way that you will be able to carry out your orders.**

Second, and you must believe me, we would gladly take you to the Refuge of the Führer but the Siddhas affirm that you **must comply with this last mission**. As I told you years ago, you are not only important: you are a support of first grade for the Führer's Strategy. And the Strategy cannot afford to do without you in the place where you have to be just because you suffer from nausea and Judeophobia. What we ask of you is not impossible for you and I know that you will deliver: They need You here. And the Loyal Gods are the ones who decide who goes and who does not go to the Führer's Refuge: such a selection is totally beyond the will of the Initiates of the Black Order.

Third, you have erroneously presumed that I too will depart to the Führer's Refuge but I must repeat to you what I told you at the beginning: "we will not meet again in this life". That does not mean that I am authorized to depart from here: like you, my orders assure that I must stay in this World, in this Eastern Berlin house that will never be found by the Russians, not even if they rake every house on the block. However, you should not come to see me, nor should you see no one else from the Waffen ⚡ except your dear Comrade Oskar Feil. About Karl Von Grossen I will later tell you what the orders are. That's all, have you understood me Kurt? If so, I will continue to explain your orders.

-Let's suppose that the years pass, and nothing happens, and I disobey and decide to come and see you --I interrupted.

-You don't understand Kurt! **You will never find this house!** Take the test when you exit, walk a few blocks in either direction, turn onto the block, do what you want and then go back to Gregorstrasse and try to find 239: You will verify that it does not exist, You will find a different house, perhaps bombarded. If You have been able to get here, it is because I expected You, but when your Presence is not necessary for the Strategy You will never coincide with me and this house: **such is the power of the absolute location that the beings consecrated to the Hyperborean Strategy possess; they only coincide in space and time the beings whose coincidence is strategically significant; And that is the reality of the beings that exist; and the other created beings, even though they are related to each other in space and time, if they are not strategically significant they do not exist for the Spirit, they are Maya, Illusion.** You as an Initiate should know. Perhaps have you forgotten that this is the War between the Spirit and the Powers of Matter?

But I did not listen to reasons. Of course I understood that a Hyperborean Pontiff like Tarstein had the power to place himself in other dimensions of the illusory reality of Maya, including the house of the Thulegesellschaft, and that I would never find it if he did not want it to happen. But I insisted once more.

-What if I use the Daivas dogs? If I trace you through the dimensions and I approach you, even if it is not at Gregorstrasse 239?

Tarstein laughed.

-You're really stubborn, Kurt. If you use the Daivas dogs, You will certainly find me. Likewise, if You make them **fly** to the Führer's Refuge, with security you will get there. But I don't want to exaggerate how any of us will take a similar attitude on your part. Accept it once and for all! You are a military and You will continue to be one from now on, no one will discharge You from the ⚡! And as a military, You must obey orders, orders that I will transmit to You now and that You will comply scrupulously! Orders that if You do not comply will be causals for summary or Court of Honor! If You appear by my side, or go to the Refuge of the Führer, You would be liable to the very summary penalty of execution, but, what is worse than death for an Initiate, **You would be expelled from the ⚡ Black Order.**

I know what I'm telling you is hard, but you must accept it and behave like a military, like a Wise Warrior. Earlier You complained that the Third Reich did not instruct You to live under the Universal Synarchy. It's true. But if we have clarified You in something is in the difference between the Heart and the egoic Mind, that is, between the reason of the Heart and the reason of the Self, between the

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

emotions or feelings of the Heart and the pure ideas of the spiritual Self. And in the noological Ethics of the Hyperborean Wisdom we have shown you the spiritual superiority of the Self over the Heart, we have taught You to dominate the Heart with the Self, we stripped You of feelings and we forged You a new Heart of steel.

We put You a Stone in the Heart, Kurt! And in exchange for the reason of the Heart, which is weak and charming, we made You access the Absolute Honor of the Spirit, foundation of Camaraderie. I remind you of these ethiconoological principles because, and excuse me for being frank, I find your attitude pusillanimous, the product of a miserable affective connection, of a fear of doing without the illusory relationships between Hyperborean Initiates, of a lack of faith in Oneself. The truth, the hard truth Kurt, is that **we are not friends and we will never be; we are, undoubtedly, Comrades, supporters of the mystic ideals of the Führer's Strategy. And if we are not friends, and the strategic orders demand that we no longer see each other in this life.can you tell me for what spiritual reason would You like to meet me outside of the kairos?**

I was speechless. I would no longer answer this unanswered question because I remembered my attitude in Key First Operation, when guided by the Daivas dogs I became a Charismatic Leader, a Hero, and led the Comrades to the Hell of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. What a different moral that of that moment and the present. Of course, the war had not started and the Third Reich seemed militarily invincible. I fully realized that what was difficult to digest, even if one understood the strategic motives of the Führer and shared them, was the destruction of the Third Reich and the probable constitution of the Universal Synarchy. It did not happen that my heart had softened, but the war, the apparent result of the war, had confused me. And from that confusion was formed the nihilistic attitude that I presented towards Tarstein's orders. Then I understood it, the Wisdom of Tarstein had made me understand. That is why his question would go unanswered. But not for that I would give up my negative attitude. Like I told you, neffe, the reality of 1945 was very difficult to digest, even though Tarstein advised me not to believe in it.

Seeing that I did not reply, Konrad Tarstein simply continued with the exposition of orders.

—Okay, Kurt: I'll continue with your orders. The first thing You will do, upon leaving here, will be to return to Italy, to the Monastery of our Franciscan Comrades where Von Grossen and Feil have hidden. You three are in a secret list that runs an ⚡ organization known with the code name of "The Spider". Such an organization has been formed to support members of the Waffen ⚡ that are subject to Jewish persecution after the war. You have to be cautious when dealing with them because it consists of an exoteric group, who know little or nothing about the Black Order, other than secondhand news. To your misfortune I will confirm You that the 775 ⚡ Initiates of the Black Order, and their Instructors, have been or will be evacuated from the Western Civilization because, although not all will be accepted in the Führer's Refuge, there are other appropriate Refuges to await the Final Battle: the 15,000 children of Pure Blood, product of the racial experiments of Darré and Rosenberg, have been transferred to those sites. On the contrary, you are asked to remain in this World and I do not know of another Initiate who has been given such an order, although I do not rule out that Initiates will be sent in the future to fulfill special missions: the Gods will know why they have determined it this way and You will have to claim to them. But in the meantime you must be careful, very careful, because those who remain in representation of the ⚡ will be Comrades without esoteric instruction on the Hyperborean Wisdom, many of which have not understood and will not understand the true Strategy of the Führer. Notice that, although the Führer suggested resisting to the last drop of blood, and destroying Germany to the ground rather than allowing it to fall into enemy hands, our most valuable human capital has been made available to the allies, that is to say, the great scientists. The ⚡ could have executed them all and has nevertheless protected them and served them on a platter to the allies. You will ask yourself why? Because all have received the Führer's order to reveal to the Enemy, and stimulate its construction, the secret of the most terrible weapons that the human mind can conceive. From the different countries where they are carried, they will foster the competition of sophisticated armaments and will develop weapons never dreamed of, which will put one against the other for the natural ignorance of the military, and will endanger the universal synarchic alliance. With the plans that they are already taking from the Third Reich, they have plenty to start this tactic. Tactic that obeys the strategic purpose of generating a certain state of world tension when the Universal Synarchy is declared. Then the Gods will intervene; the underground spiritual currents of Humanity, put in extreme tension by the permanent danger of the end of Civilization, will react to the Judaic Terror in which the Synarchy will be affirmed; and the Final Battle will happen unexpectedly, during which the Führer and the Eternal ⚡ will return.

You understand this simple but top-secret tactic, which is the inevitable trap that allies will fall into, but how many more will understand it? You will see how many so-called Nazis, and even former members of the ⚡, will maintain that our scientists are traitors. But it is that they are incapable of

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

understanding the Führer's Strategy, and therefore do not understand the actions of those who act motivated by strategic goals. **Less will they understand you, if they find out what You are, dear Lupus.**

You must be prudent and tolerant with those Comrades **who have chosen the reality of the dead Führer**. Once they have located You, You will disconnect from them and never resume contact. It will be an elementary way of preventing unnecessary risks because, for enemies, you already have enough and terrible, with the White Fraternity, the Immortals Bera and Birsha, and the Druids and Jews who will seek to eliminate You. As I told you, You will wait in Italy until they give You the Argentine passports and the tickets. The Spider will deposit in Banks of Buenos Aires a sum of money that will allow each of you to install without problems; you should immediately withdraw those funds to avoid possible tracing and investigations. Concerning You, the Siddhas say that You should look for a locality consecrated to the Virgin of Agartha, not far from your family. You will be able to meet with your sister, but using all the forms of coverup of the Secret Service Manual: it's for the good of both; consider that if the Enemy discovers your sister, it may try to elicit your whereabouts by violent means and even pressure on you, and that if you are well covered, but if You tell on your sister, they can take revenge on her for the impossibility of capturing You.

The same precautions will be taken to meet with Oskar Feil, who must live in a place far from your abode. You are prohibited from establishing any type of commercial company, not even through third parties, and intervene in common activities that can relate you fortuitously. You will only meet as Comrades, to share your spiritual ideals. Regarding Von Grossen, you will have to say goodbye to him forever in Argentina. Oskar Feil may maintain the contact but it is convenient that he also withdraws, since the old fox will not sit still and try to wage his private war against the Synarchy. He will possibly become an adviser on Intelligence and Counterintelligence, and puts himself at the service of pseudo-fascist regimes, which are abundant in South America. Nothing that suits you.

Finally: keep the Daivas dogs but do not use them except in cases of extreme need. The same applies for your initiatory faculties: stay alert, well trained, but do not act except in extreme cases. These are, in short, your orders: **to wait**. Survive, protect yourself and **wait!**

—In all the Gods' names! —I screamed out of me. Wait for what?

—I can't give you any more information --Tarstein replied impassively--. Follow your orders and you will know!

He shook my hands and, as if such a greeting wasn't enough, he hugged me.

—Goodbye forever, Kurt von Sübermann. Go quietly, for your contribution has been invaluable to the cause of the ⚡ Black Order. The Third Reich has decorated You with the Iron Cross, but the Order will one day grant You an even more valuable distinction, which You have deservedly earned. I repeat: soon we'll see each other again, during the Final Battle, even if we don't meet anymore in this life.

We were at the door. I had come out and was holding the useless motorcycle, while listening to Konrad Tarstein say almost the same words of the Gurkha Bangi. I would have wanted to cry of impotence in the face of that absurdity: they all died or were leaving. Only I, mute witness of a terrible and secret reality, should stay in Hell. And without knowing why.

—Heil Hitler! —I shouted for all greeting, while the door of the Gregorstrasse 239 closed behind me forever.

I started the motorcycle and, dodging the debris, turned around the block. Before completing the third block someone shot me from a terrace. The bullet sliced through the fork cleanly and the front wheel was crossed suddenly; I hit the brakes and flew several meters ahead. Without ceasing to roll I hid behind the incinerated chassis of a car, pursued by a rain of bullets. "I had forgotten I was wearing a Russian uniform and was strolling through a lonely street in Berlin without any protection". I swore several times and ran to the corner, sticking to the walls. I was back in the Gregorstrasse. I would already be far from there if I had not proposed myself to take a last look at Tarstein's house. I advanced the meters that separated me from it looking to both corners, alternately. It was a close night but not silent; that April 30 would dawn accompanied by the most fierce fighting and the noise of the bullets, howitzers and bombs was deafening.

I was soon devastated confirming that Tarstein's warning was not in vain. In fact, the 239 did not exist now on Gregorstrasse. But the place where I came out from did exist; evidenced by recent motorcycle tire tracks on the sidewalk and on the street. But the door 239, in front of those footprints, was no longer found. In its place was the closed door of a business in pretty good condition.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

I removed the layer of dust that covered the plate with my hand and read: "**Buchhandlung Hyperborea**"<sup>68</sup>. I felt footsteps approaching; maybe the snipers who had shot at me minutes before.

There was nothing left to do there, so I ran in the opposite direction.

I repeat to You that time is running out, neffe, so I'll leave for another opportunity the story of the adventures lived until reaching Italy. I will only mention that in June 1945 I met Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil at the Franciscan Monastery of Southern Italy and that I remained there until February 1947. On that date our contact with The Spider introduced us to an officer of the Argentine Army named Zapalla, who provided us with passports and tickets, and, of course, new identities: I came to be called Cerino Sanguedolce, as you already know; Oskar became Domingo Pietratesta; and Karl von Grossen, Carlo de Grandi. The three of us would pretend to be Italian immigrants, hence the linguistic affiliation of the names.

Already in this country, everything happened as Tarstein had foreseen: they gave us the money in Buenos Aires, and each one went to live in a different province. Von Grossen stayed in Buenos Aires and, as Tarstein said, would soon become involved in organizing a Secret Service in the company of another former Comrade of his from the Gestapo, the **Standartenführer** Justinian von Grosmann. Oskar Feil chose Córdoba, and it seems that the Gods guided him for years later he found there the Tyrodal Knights Order, which oriented his last days; and I, knowing that the Siegnagel resided in Salta, decided that "Santa María de la Candelaria" was a good title for the Virgin of Agartha, and acquired this property where I live since then.

### Shields of Argentinian Provinces.



Mendoza



La Pampa



Neuquén



Río Negro



Chubut



Santa Cruz

Having left the World War behind, and having to stick to "my orders", I resumed the traditional family profession of making sweets and I remained hidden until now, meditating all these years on what had happened in the first half of my life. My only amusements were the sporadic visits of your parents, or Oskar, to the neutral sites agreed in advance to hold short, very short meetings. And the only permanent companions that I have had, faithful beyond measure, have been the Daivas dogs: Ying and Yang are the third Argentinian generation, great-grandsons of Yun and Yab.

And never, never since I settled in Argentina, except for the failed attempt to contact Nimrod de Rosario in Córdoba acceding to Oskar's request, no one summoned me to comply with the final

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68 *Hyperborean Library*.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

mission of the Hyperborean Wisdom until you showed up around here with the Letter of Belicena Villca. I am not ashamed to confess: I had already lost all hope that Konrad Tarstein's announcements would be fulfilled. Yet I was on my guard as he ordered me, and as you unfortunately verified. ***Meine Ehre heist True!***<sup>69</sup>.

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69 Oath of the ⚡ Black Order, also carved on the Knight's Dagger: ***My Honor is called Loyalty.***

# The Mystery of Belicena Villca

## EPILOGUE

of the fantastic book  
"The Mystery of Belicena Villca",  
dedicated to Them.

... or

## PROLOGUE

of the real Mystery of Belicena Villca,  
dedicated to us,  
those of us who feel run through the veins  
The Blood of Tharsis.

## Chapter I

And that was all Uncle Kurt managed to tell me about the story of his life. At the time he was right to be in a rush, as events were in charge of demonstrating, but he left the most interesting part pending: the details of his secret missions during the war and the mysterious mission of his godfather Rudolph Hess. Logically, he also hoped to complete his stories in a next occasion. But it was written that such an occasion would never present itself.

However, that last night, when we talked about these issues and he told me about his arrival in Argentina, I managed to ask him two questions that I still remember clearly. It was already late, like eleven o'clock at night on March 21, exactly two months after the spiritual rapture of January 21, and we resolved to go to sleep, after a long day of conversation. It was then when I raised a question that was causing me quite a bit of annoyance.

–Tell me Uncle Kurt: if you had received in 1945 Konrad Tarstein's unpublished book "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft", in which the German story of the house of Tharsis is told, how come you remained indifferent the first time we talked about the Letter of Belicena Villca, implying that you ignored its important historical participation? I remember very well that you only startled when you heard the name "Tharsis", but you said nothing about the German Tharsis. However, you should know a part of the story, maybe as rich in nuances as the one I knew from Belicena Villca. And you kept very well from saying anything about it, even until now. Your behavior does not seem right to me, Uncle Kurt! --I affirmed with a tone of painful reproach.

Uncle Kurt looked at me in surprise and let out one of his formidable laughs.

–But it is that I hadn't read it! –he apologized.

–How? After thirty-five years, you hadn't read Tarstein's book? --I asked astonished.

–I already told you, neffe, that I was very angry by the orders that Tarstein transmitted to me! Here, in Santa María, I simply kept the book to read it on the day Tarstein's predictions came true, that is, the day that I somehow had access to the rest of the history of his Lineage. And that day came with your visit and the letter of Belicena Villca. That is why I read it, in effect, during the days that I was locked in my room, after knowing the content of the Letter: everything coincided, it was really the missing part of the story of Belicena, the connection between the Vrunaldian branch of the House of Tharsis and the Thulegesellschaft! The story of the search for the Führer, which began in the Middle Ages, and his localizing and Initiation in the XX century! But if I had told you nothing after on this was because I hoped to narrate you my own life and make you know the existence of that work, which I still keep. It is my wish that you read it yourself and then retain it as part of your inheritance! To whom, if not you, does it correspond in justice? You must join it to the Letter of Belicena Villca and take it to Córdoba, to be known by the Tirodal Knights and, if possible, by Noyo Villca.

I was blown away by my uncle's incredible answer: thirty-five years without reading Tarstein's book! Ha! That's what you call **deserving** the qualifying of **stubborn**!

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Uncle Kurt went to his room and came back with the leather case with hardware of silver that stored the precious work. He gave it to me without conditions and there I fired the second question:

–I was left curious of knowing what happened to the Tibetan Legion. If you don't mind wasting a minute, tell me synthetically what happened to them.

–I'll tell you. And it is not too long to tell. The part of the Legion that remained at its base in Assam, on the border with Bhutan, dispersed without making noise at the end of the war: some returned to the Kaulika Monasteries and others enlisted as mercenaries in later Asian wars: that of Chiang Kai-Shek against Mao and those of Korea and Vietnam. Those, in theory, survived WWII. But you surely ask me for the fate of Bangi, Srivirya, and the fifty legionaries who stayed in Berlin to guard the bunkerführer: about them I must confess you, with pride, that all died fighting the Russians. It's a funny episode: according to what was reported to me in those days, when I still had to flee from Germany, on the 30th of April the Russians managed to take the bunker but only at the terrible cost of ten to one. That is to say the Tibetans ended up with an infantry battalion of more than five hundred men. And the impact of that carnage was so impressive, carried out by a ⚡ Asian Legion, that Stalin himself ordered the withdrawal and concealment of the Tibetan corpses and negotiated with the allies the official suppression of all news about the Tibetan Legion of the bunker. However, many independent researchers have mentioned the existence of the Legion and its courageous determination to defend the bunker till the end. Of course if the "official historians" are consulted, those who must live on academic or journalistic budgets, the version will be quite different: the Russians would have found the bunker almost unguarded; and the Tibetan Legion never existed.

### Chapter II

We said goodbye until the next day, with the order of leaving immediately towards Tucumán. After all, it had been almost three months since the murder of Belicena Vilca and I had not yet tried to fulfill her request. I mentally counted them: 74 days. Seventy-four days! It could be a long time; perhaps for Noyo Vilca it was, and I regretted it. But for me they would be the seventy-four most fruitful days of my life. It caused me laughter and sadness to remember what I was before January 6, in that sinister Neuropsychiatric Hospital: "Dr. Arturo Siegnagel, one of our best interns" –the nurses introduced me. What the system had turned me into! Before January 6 I had everything, from the material point of view, but I lacked clear ideals: I had been brainwashed! On the contrary, now I had nothing, comparing myself with the prestigious Dr. that I had been, ***I lacked a material future, a predictable future within the laws of the system; but I was clear about the ideal of the Hyperborean Wisdom.*** And with that ideal I had now, I didn't need to possess nothing else in life, and much less the determination of a ***mediocre future!***

I crawled into bed, gleefully, I'd say. How everything had changed for good! How I had changed for the better! The night was coming starry and a little cool, perhaps heralding the beginning of autumn. At first I thought about reading Konrad Tarstein's book, but then I held back. I was also somewhat tired and I did not want to lose control at all, I did not want the current joy to dominate me completely: if Uncle Kurt kept 35 years from reading it, why should I be impatient? Was I not capable of waiting one more day? And then, after generating such foolish thoughts, I turned off the light and prepared to sleep.

Oh Gods, what a fool! that's what I had become now, apart from "enlightened by the Hyperborean Wisdom", which incidentally had nothing to do with what happened. It was Me, my disproportionate pride as a result of everything I knew in such a short time and that inflated my plumage like a peacock, the only guilty that Misfortune, which was lurking, threw itself that night on us. Of course; I do not rule out or underestimate the astonishing vigilance that the enemy holds over the whole World, or "over many Worlds", according to the concepts that Captain Kiev used with Belicena Vilca. No; I'm not going to underestimate the careful observation task that the Demons undertook trying to locate Uncle Kurt; perhaps that guard would have one day paid off and they would have found him somehow. ***But of what happened that night I was the main responsible! A hundred times, a thousand times, it would have been preferable that I read Tarstein's book, as I "normally" wished, instead of doing what I did!!!***

Like I said, I turned off the light and went to sleep. I saw the starry sky through the crystals, and closed my eyes. But, still quite nervous, in addition to being tired, ***I decided to go numb mentalizing the Kilkor svadi. And that would be the fatal mistake!***

Uncle Kurt revealed the shape of the Kilkor to me and made demonstrations on the mental control that it allowed to exercise over the Daivas dogs. I understood then that the "whistle" used to throw the dogs on me, when I entered sneaking into his farm, hadn't really been an audible sound: it was



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

my unconscious predisposition to grasp the symbols of the Kilkor, from "beyond Kula and Akula", the cause for the perception of Uncle Kurt's order. The same had happened with the moans of the Tibetan mastiffs that expressed their contained wishes to attack: everything was mental, extrasensory perceptions, symbols that the ignorance of my reason translated as originated by sounds, the illusion of sounds. Of course, only I, or someone who possessed as me "the Sign of the Origin" could have heard them: any "normal" person, no matter how much training his auditory sense possessed, would have only noticed the presence of the dogs when the mortal jaws had closed on his limbs.

Anyway, Uncle Kurt had agreed, like so many things that were left unfinished, to allow Me to use it according to his indications; but the occasion did not appear and I did not get to do any kind of practice on the mastiffs. That night, at fifteen or twenty to 12, I entertained myself a long time fixing the image of the Kilkor in the mind and finally, without reflecting on it, I issued an order. That is to say, I composed the word of an order without imagining that this would be inexorably fulfilled. It was a simple directive, "**bark**" I thought, which in no way allowed us to suppose what it would cause.

Instantly, the mastiffs let out a heartbreaking, wolfish howl, and began to bark in duet, **without stopping**. The roars they launched were shocking, and very intense, so I sat up in bed, frozen with horror and despair. "They'll wake up Uncle Kurt", I thought foolishly, and I concentrated on the Yantra again, trying to form a word that stopped the canine concert. I imagined that the word would be "**silence**" but, how do you say **silence** in Sanskrit or Tibetan, the only languages to which could be translated the concept with the key of the Kilkor svadi? "Uncle Kurt had told me", I was assuring to myself, while I tried unsuccessfully to remember. And it was then that took place the first of a series of nefarious phenomena that would happen during that infernal night.

It happened as if my consciousness had suddenly expanded unlimitedly: I perceived **the whole room at a single glance**, but without looking, as if a will more powerful than mine compelled me to do so. Then I saw the exterior of the house, the Farm, **all at once**; and the city of Santa María, and the road to Salta, and my own farm in Cerrillos. I saw Dad, Mom, Katalina, Enrique and Federico, my nephews, and even Canuto the dog. Like hypnotized, I saw everything and could not stop seeing. Suddenly, from the bottom of my field of vision, just in front of me, and as if emerging behind the Cumbres del Obispo, a point began to grow at prodigious speed until occupying my full attention. I will never forget it! Taking the words that Princess Isa told, I would affirm that it was "**the most hideous and abominable monster that one can imagine in an eternity of madness**", one "**that cannot be described by any mortal without losing his sanity**". And what saved me from that Presence of Hell? Undoubtedly the Virgin of Agartha, the Stone Seed that She deposited on January 21 in a human and mortal heart; the Seed that, despite everything, had germinated and made me what I was now.

Because in the past I would have died right there, in front of the Demon that had contemplated me for an instant with a hatred that I never thought possible that anyone could experiment. But now I had enough strength to face him and take him away from me. Yes; he disappeared from sight and the vision faded. Again I found myself in Santa María's room, sitting on the bed and listening to how the mastiffs howled nonstop. I understood in an instant that my mind, trying to silence the Daivas dogs, "neglected", offered a weak flank, and was "tuned", captured, by a Demon of the White Fraternity, a representative of the Powers of Matter, perhaps the Immortal Bera, perhaps Rigden Jyepo, perhaps Enlil-Jehovah-Satan himself.

Obviously, I was not completely distracted because I heard, or thought I heard, Uncle Kurt's voice that thundered the words "**Nischala miravâta svadi**" directly inside my psyche, whereupon the dogs stopped immediate barking. The truth was that an instant later Uncle Kurt really did burst into my room, yelling "Arturo! Arturo!"

—Arturo! You're okay, thank the Gods! —he exclaimed when he turned on the light and made sure I was alive. What have you done, Arturo? The Demon Bera has located you! For a moment I felt him like that time in The Pitch glen, in Tibet!

I told him about my reckless use of the Yantra.

—Oh, Arturo, --he was amazed-- you have been very strong in getting rid of him. But I don't think that's enough. I am afraid that the Druids have discovered this house. We will have to get out of here as soon as possible.

I didn't know what to say. Irrationally, I took the wristwatch from the bedside table and looked at the time: "0.10 hours" --I said-- and turned my head to Uncle Kurt, who was watching me with wild eyes.

It didn't take long for me to understand the reason for his horror: **it was the hum, the unmistakable hum of the honey bees**. In truth, that euphonic sound of the Dordje was only noticed when its complementary effects were already producing. At first I didn't notice, but then naturally

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

after Uncle Kurt perceived it, I heard it clearly, filling the atmosphere with the sensation of the arrival of an innumerable swarm. But at that point it was impossible to react because the pressure on the heart did not admit distractions. I let myself fall backwards, until my head hit the pillow, and I relaxed the best I could; unconsciously I covered my ears with my hands, but the mortal sound penetrated the same, every moment with more intensity; and the heart, completely out of control, seemed to want to get off my chest. And the worst was yet to come.

I was experiencing increasing paralysis throughout my entire body and I reasoned, already in the end of psychic resistance, that the best mental tactic to fight against the mighty Willpower of the Demons would consist of concentrating in the thought of an idea alien to the terrible reality of the Dordje. Think of another thing, but in what? Oh Gods, how miserly of ideas can become a fanciful imagination like mine in a similar extreme situation, when animal life is at stake! And how much more miserly it must become if, as the Hyperborean Wisdom assures, the Created Soul is ready to betray us since its substance is part of the Creator, participant of its Archetype in image and likeness! There I verified it without a doubt: the Soul would always betray the Spirit, the Self, to favor the Will of the Demons, who belong to the White Hierarchy in which unfolds and chains the One-Creator! Because suddenly I finally had a saving idea: it was a memory of my student days in college, when I attended Biology classes. And I got carried away by the memory; and it seemed for a moment that I was free from the pressure of the Dordje. Yes; the Soul, owner of memory and memories, had finally obeyed the will of the Self and took me out of that deadly reality. It was a Biology class, I remembered perfectly; I was surrounded by dozens of classmates; What was the class about? Oh yes! Insect Physiology! Now Professor Jacobo Cañas entered the Master Classroom and began to impart the class. Theme: "the **common bee**; also classified with the name of ***Apis mellifica*** by Linnaeus; ***Apis doméstica*** by Reaumur; ***Apis cerifera*** by Scopoli; ***Apis gregaria*** by Geoffroy; and many other names with which the Great Naturalists have designated the same insect".

I lacked the strength to get out of the memory. Someone inside me, the same that tried to sink me into the Abyss the night of the Salta seism, had betrayed me again. Ah, if I had ascended for help to the Virgin of Agartha, as then, if I had let me be kidnapped by Her Divine Grace! For sure, that kidnapping of the Absolute Woman was what the Káulikas called the Kula. The Kula would have transformed me into Akula, into a living Shiva, and the Spirit would have situated "beyond Kula and Akula". Surely, then, that was the true way of salvation to get out of the enclosure of the Demons, which I did not know how to find from the outset due to a manifest lack of faith in Myself, because of the distrust in the fact that my Spirit could really be loved by the Goddess of Eternal Liberation.

Instead, I remained in the class of Professor Jacobo Cañas: "the Hymenopteran hum is generally a combination of three different tones, generated in different organs. The most intense is that of the wings, although it is the least frequent: for the same specimen of ***Apis mellifica***, it varies statistically between a ***la*** of 440 cycles per second and a ***mi*** of the same octave of 330 cycles per second; the first tone corresponds to the rested bee, when leaving the hive; the last, to the fatigued bee, at the end of its working day". I precisely perceived those tones; I clearly heard the sound of flapping wings; ***hymenoptera*** were flying towards me. "The second tone that makes up the characteristic hum is produced by the vibration of the stigmas that carry air to the pulmonary tracheae: it is typically a ***si*** of 594 cycles per second, appreciably more sharp than the tone of the wings, but less intense". I now heard the hum of a bee; the hum of a swarm; the hum saturated my senses, it paralyzed my body, it invaded my mind. The hum was taking over my heartbeats and synchronizing them with its frequency! The hum was killing me!

"The third tone, very weak, comes from the movement of the abdominal rings"... I would never finish remembering Professor Jacobo Cañas' class. In the paroxysm of the cardiac crisis, I suffered a sensation of unbearable heat, terrible, as if my body had been thrown suddenly in an incandescent oven. But no; in the instant the thermal seizure lasted, I noticed that the Fire was not outside but inside of me; that impregnated my whole body like a flaming liquid decomposing into fiery gases. And that liquid that burned was my blood.

The calorific impulse lasted an instant, which shook me to the rhythm of the bees hum, but I naturally thought I was dying: like a last agonizing vision I contemplated the faces of Mom, Katalina, my nephews, and many other relatives unknown until then but whose kinship was obvious. But all faces resembled each other, not by virtue of their genetic similarity, but because of the common expression they manifested, probably identical to mine at that moment: ***they were all faces in agony, faces of human beings who died in great pain; their expressions reproduced the Expression of Death.*** And then it was all over.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

### Chapter III

In other words, I mean that then the phenomenon ended; or that is, the buzzing stopped and the pressure on the heart was released. Little by little my pulse went normalizing and I was able to move at will. Still in a daze I reacted and sat up, remembering Uncle Kurt: I feared the worst.

However, he was also recovering in those moments; and I checked that he had fallen to his knees, as also happened to him in the Tibetan glen of The Pitch, more than 40 years before. I was immobile for a few minutes, ordering my ideas, until suddenly I remembered the last moment of the phenomenon, when I lived my own agony and that of all my relatives. **And then I understood. Then I knew that was true, that something irreparable had happened to my family.** Decomposed with panic, I interrogated Uncle Kurt with my eyes: **in the horror that I read in his eyes I knew that I was right.**

At last I managed to articulate words and screamed:

–Mom, Katalina! Oh, Uncle Kurt, something terrible has happened to the family! What has happened, Uncle Kurt, what has happened?

What has happened, Uncle Kurt, what has happened?

–I think something horrifying, Arturo. I don't want to alarm you, but it seems that the Demon Bera did not really manage to find out your whereabouts, and mine, but I fear that what he saw in your psyche was enough for him to find the Farm of Beatriz in Cerrillos. If so, our family has been in serious danger. We must go to Salta immediately, Arturo! Ask for a telephone communication while I prepare the **Jeep!**

"To Salta, thirty minutes of delay", was the laconic response of the operator. I also requested the communication as an urgent matter and I begged to activate it every ten minutes. She then notified me of the time I settled my order and I could hardly believe it: it was only 0.30 a.m. In fifteen or twenty minutes it had all happened. Could it be? Could the Demons have acted in such a short time? That doubt, inconsistent, gave me a little hope. But it was only until Uncle Kurt came back from the garage and I communicated him my concern.

He shook his head in a negative and discouraging gesture, and said:

–I would like to confirm your hope but I cannot deceive you. We should not be optimistic in any way: the Immortals dominate Time and Space, they are Masters in the art of moving in the countless Worlds of the mayic Illusion. They cannot find us, as they could not find Belicena and Noyo Villca, because Our Initiated Spirits are truly isolated from the Time and Space by the Runes of Wothan; or by the Vrunes of Navutan, if you prefer. They do not know our Reality, the World that the Spirit affirms from the Origin, and that puzzles them, prevents them from locating us; but once **obtained the real reference of a determined World, to it they can head and arrive in any Time and Space.**

I don't know why I was asking if I knew it was like that. But I deluded myself for a moment trusting that my reasoning would have value, waiting vainly that reason prevailed over the irrationality that was taking hold of my life. The telephone bell brought me out of so bitter reflections.

-- "Your call with Salta" --the operator laconically anticipated.

For ten long minutes I heard the ringtones through the phone, without anyone answering in Cerrillos. That was not normal! Still being one in the morning someone should attend in much less time: a thousand times I had made similar calls from Salta and they always answered me in three or four minutes!

"They don't answer in your number", interrupted the operator. "Do we repeat the call later?" I did not know what to say. I glanced at Uncle Kurt and saw that he was giving me an obvious signal with the jeep keys.

–No, miss, I'm canceling it now. There must be no one in that house --I suggested bitterly.

### Chapter IV

Fifteen minutes later I was for the second time in my life rolling down Esquiú Street: Uncle Kurt, Me and the Daiva dogs were going. "It is necessary to take them just in case they have a trap for us", he explained to me; "But those demons are proud and assume that they will never miss a hit; they may already be at Chang Shambhala; or fulfilling another of their macabre missions". He stayed thoughtful for a moment and then he added gloomily:

–Heavens, Arturo: where do you suppose they would go next, if as we fear they have already passed through Cerrillos?

–To Tucumán, to Taffí del Valle, to the Farm of Belicena Villca –I answered without hesitating.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

That probability, and what could have happened in Cerrillos, took away the desire to talk for the rest of the trip. Tiring trip, if you keep in mind the night hours, the bad roads, the fact that we had a sleepless day, and the recent physical strain caused by the attack of the Demons.

The bells of the church of Cerrillos called the eight o'clock mass when we passed in front of her. And a hundred meters before reaching the gate of the Farm we already knew that something terrible had really happened: the rotating lights on the roof of the police patrol cars tragically confirmed our suspicions and fears. Ignoring the police officers who were guarding the entrance, Uncle Kurt turned the jeep and took the road towards the house at high speed. Obviously nothing mattered to him now: nor his strategic coverage, nor the possible persecutions if he was discovered, nor that according to his new identity nothing linked him with the Siegnagel-Von Sübermann. Poor Uncle Kurt! In thirty-five years he never dared to cross that gate to visit his only sister, and now he should do it for her funeral!

Because everyone had died, even my Mother, that is, her sister Beatriz! And in the most horrendous way!

Parked next to the Farm, behind the lapachos where I received from the hands of my mother the fateful letter of Belicena Villca, there were four cars: two police patrols and two ambulances. Next to a lapacho, my favorite, below whose blessed shadow I studied my university degrees and meditated on the mystery of man and his miserable earthly life, was the lifeless body of Canuto, covered by bloody newspapers. How had that place changed in just two months! The joy and happiness of the family had been turned into death and mourning! Damn Letter from Belicena Villca! If only hadn't read it! I tortured myself uselessly. As I said at the beginning: ***"in the life of certain persons there are like carefully set traps: touching its spring is enough to trigger irreversible mechanisms"***.

When they felt the engine of the jeep, several men came out of the house. One was the Cerrillos police Commissioner, who knew me as a child.

—Jesus! Arturo Siegnagel! Just in time! —he said without thinking, then he repented, looked down, and putting a hand on my shoulder he spoke to me cautiously, that is to say, as delicately as a policeman can speak when faced with a mind-boggling multiple homicide. Uncle Kurt stayed by my side.

—Excuse me, Arturo. The truth is that you ***have not arrived on time***. I only said it thinking about the investigation, because we did not know where to find you. I don't know how to say it, understand that I am a policeman, not a priest, but you should know that all your family has been murdered in a ***strange way***.

I feigned to go inside the house, seeing that they hadn't loaded up yet any of the bodies onto the ambulances, but the Commissioner stopped me. "Wait a moment, Arturo, but it is my duty to interrogate you, did you know that something had happened here? where do you come from now?"

—Oh yes! —I said hastily— I knew something was wrong because no one answered the Farm's phone this morning at one. That was why we immediately left for here.

—But where did you make the call from, where were you? —he wanted to know without excuses.

—Well, at the farm of this friend here, Mr. Cerino Sanguedolce, who is a manufacturer of sweets in Santa María de Catamarca and with whom I was adjusting a business to sell him our leftover must. I had been there for a few days.

—It's okay Arturo, I'll verify it —he said, while putting away the notebook in which he wrote down all the data.

—Well, you can go in. You are a Doctor and you are supposed to possess "cold blood", but this is different: the murderer, or murderers, are undoubtedly ***psychopaths***, perhaps escaped from the hospital where you worked. They have committed the crimes with a savagery never seen around here. You better go in prepared.

Inside the disorder was total, after the passage of unknown policemen who carried out their even more unknown inspections. In the dining room, the edges of two tables had been put together, and on them were deposited the five corpses. Prudent sheets covered the exposure of the bodies. Uncle Kurt squeezed my arm with his iron hand and discovered the first corpse himself.

—Beatriz! —he screamed.

—Mom, Oh Mom! What have they done to you? —I shouted desperately, when checking that the sweet face of my mother, now twisted by a grimace of indescribable horror, appeared slaughtered from ear to ear.

—You see? —the Commissioner commented inopportunely—. This is the most aberrant criminal act I have ever seen, incomprehensible, undoubtedly product of a sick mind.

The following bodies belonged to my sister Katalina and her two children, Enrique and Federico. They did not show any signs of violence.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

—We think they were poisoned, and we were going to transfer them to the local morgue to do the autopsy when you arrived. Now that you've seen them I'll give the order to load them onto the ambulances. The others, there will be no need to take them because their death is obvious and has already been determined by the forensic doctor: your mother had her throat slit, as you have verified yourself, and your father died by the crushing of the skull, probably when resisting the attack: do you have anything to object about this diagnosis?

I shook my head negatively and uncovered Dad's body: the blow *came from above*, discharged with a blunt object skillfully wielded, since it only sunk two centimeters of his cranial vault, at the level of the encephalon.

Uncle Kurt stood absorbed in front of the lifeless body of his sister. The ambulances had already removed Katalina and her children, and the policemen were beginning to withdraw. I invited the Commissioner for a drink, and I pointed out several boxes of our best *Sauvignon*, instructing him to distribute them to his men, an act of courtesy prohibited by police regulations but which would be taken as an inhospitable gesture if it were not offered. It did not take long for the Commissioner to have the wine boxes loaded and meeting me in the kitchen. Iced *Chablis* and raw ham was consumed in quantity, while loosening the policeman's tongue. A little while later Uncle Kurt joined us.

—Who gave the news? --I asked.

—The staff who come in at 5 --he replied--. A Creole named "Jorge Luna" seems to have been the first to arrive. He was surprised to note that all lights in the house were on "as on a party night", as he declared; He then approached the kitchen, where your father was always drinking mate from 4.30 am, but he saw no one. So he started circling the house thinking your father would be outside. The first sign he had that something was wrong was when he stumbled on the body of the dog, literally split in two, near the lapachos. A few meters away lay the corpse of Mr. Siegnagel, with a shattered skull.

At first glance and speculating a bit --the Commissioner continued-- I would tell you that at least two accomplices have intervened, perhaps three. Two are essential to reconstruct the event with a certain logic, since it is evident that your father left the house at your mother's request, perhaps responding to a terrifying scream from her, and was surprised by the murderous blow by the door. As soon as he looked out, he received the blow that, according to the forensic, caused his death in the act. There Jorge Luna found him and ran with his bicycle to the Police Station to seek help, while he warned the remaining workers who arrived not to approach the farm. We found Mrs. Beatriz by the winery. Presumably from there she called your father, before she was murdered, and we believe that she was tricked out of the house: it was past 0.00 a.m. when the crime occurred, improper time to voluntarily go out to the exterior of the house in people used to getting up at 5 in the morning. Of course, it's just guesswork. Until no more elements are gathered, together with the results of the expert's reports, we will not be able to evaluate very precisely the facts --he stopped himself, as every professional policeman does when he does not want to compromise his opinion.

I encouraged the commissioner to continue with the description of what happened, while the slices of ham and the glasses of Chablis circulated.

—God forgive me; you ask me and I will have to answer you crudely, Arturo. The madman, who seized your mother, dragged her to the winery, perhaps gagged, and from there he allowed her to scream to attract Mr. Siegnagel to the trap set by his accomplice. Once your father died, both met to assassinate Mrs. Beatriz. You wonder how I can be so sure? Well because, **as the forensic doctor deduced, to kill that way it takes four hands; that is, two to hold the victim and two to practice such a perfect cut from ear to ear.** Four hands wouldn't be necessary if the victim was unconscious, but this is not the case, because no blows to the head or signs of narcotics were discovered --we'll have to wait for the analyses to be sure of everything-- and, more specifically, there are footprints, which reveal a desperate resistance until exhaling the last breath.

I felt myself getting dizzy, that everything was spinning around me, that the nausea was gaining my stomach, my throat... I hesitated in the chair, about to vomit.

—Have a drink, Arturo! Come on, drink! You need it! --the Commissioner urged me, handing me the glass overflowing with good white wine.

I drank it in one shot; and in faith, I had never liked one of our varieties so much.

—It was foreseeable that you would break down, it was too dreadful and disgusting what happened tonight in your house. Are you sure that do you want to know everything now? You could rest for a few hours and find out later, when you feel calmer.

—No! no! Please, Commissioner! --I begged--. It was just a momentary dizziness. Tell me everything now, the sooner the better.

Uncle Kurt gestured in support of this request.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

—And here comes the worst, Arturo: Mrs. Beatriz was held in such a way that as her throat was cut, the murderers managed to make her blood fall entirely on the winery; to the last drop!

The Commissioner looked at us puzzled. He hoped to surprise us with that macabre data but we were not perturbed, since we imagined the Ritual maneuvers of Bera and Birsha and we discounted that their purpose would be to take advantage of the precious Pure Blood of the Von Sübermann to try to exterminate the entire Lineage, as they did in the XIII century with the House of Tharsis.

—On the other hand —said the Commissioner— I would like you to explain us something that intrigued us all.

—Whatever you want to know, Commissioner.

—It's about the winery; what capacity does it have?

—Well... if I remember correctly, about 20,000 liters --I replied.

—And is it possible to know **what the hell they filled it with Tar for?**

### Chapter V

I was sitting on the sofa in the living room, dozing. I had ingested 3 mg of a tranquilizer and my nervous system was fairly sedated. It would be ten o'clock at night and, between dreams, I heard Uncle Kurt speak in Arabic and German. But it was not a dream: at noon, Uncle Kurt requested an international call and they had just communicated it. Minutes later he came to me and shook me without contemplations.

—They are all dead, Arturo! All of them! You and I are the only Von Sübermann that have remained alive!

I looked at him through the brumes. He continued:

—My uncles and cousins from Egypt, even some distant cousins who lived and studied in Europe, they all died this morning at 0.15 am!

Uncle Kurt did not raise his voice, but his gestures were eloquent: he was beside himself. I tried to calm him down, to transmit him my pharmacological tranquility, but I only managed to get nervous again; Uncle Kurt's fury was contagious!

A few steps away, in the dining room where I saw my parents dead, two coffins lay on pairs of sawhorses; crowns, flower palms, candle holders with lighted candles, and crosses, completed the ceremonial elements of the Catholic funeral. My father was known in that town since childhood and mother since 1938, so the parade of neighbors and friends who wanted to give them the last goodbye was incessant. Many, belonging to the more humble people, but with whom we always counted for the rough work of the field, would stay the night.

Someone hired some professional weeping woman from La Merced, famous for the feeling and fervor that they imposed on their laments, who were dedicated in that moment to represent their role.

Terrible moment that, of impotence, of checking the way in which our enemies attacked us and of not being able to respond to the same extent. Surprisingly, the tough Uncle Kurt had finally sat down on another couch and at times he sobbed in sorrow. I should receive the condolences of the visitors, according to traditional custom, who before leaving left their names on a card, which assured them they would receive, within a period of no more than ten days, the postal gratitude. Customs, habits in practice since time immemorial, of which I could not escape without causing a great scandal.

At midnight the house was packed with people. Some neighbors were kind enough to prepare coffee and attend the acquaintances. Various groups of friends formed huddles to discuss the horrible crimes, and the most unusual rumors circulated by word of mouth from the superstitious indian and mestizo neighborhood. Uncle Kurt and I tried in vain to get the police to hand us over the bodies of Katalina and the children, fearing that in a few hours they would corrupt as it happened with the members of the House of Tharsis. But our effort was useless. The autopsy would not be completed until the next day. And, although the Police did not admit it, we knew the reason for that delay: the forensic Doctors were unable to establish the cause of the deaths. My sister and nephews were found in their rooms, on the top floor of the house, and presumably perished without learning of the gruesome murders that were being perpetrated outside; they would have died, as the uninitiated members of the House of Tharsis, at the time when the power of the Dordje of Bera transformed the blood in the winery into Tar, that is, at 0.15 a.m. And obviously, this was not known to the forensic Doctors.

We resigned ourselves, then, to only watch over my parents, although we commissioned the funeral service company to periodically insist on the morgue and reclaim the pending bodies. A car stopped and descended a well-known person, but whom I would not have imagined seeing there: the officer Maidana, the policeman who intervened in the case of Belicena Vilca! Seeing me, he

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

hurriedly approached me and made me present "his deepest condolences", as it was usual. And then he elaborated on the reasons that had decided him to attend the funeral, speaking in his particular style, simple and frank.

–Dr. Siegnagel, this case, as you can imagine, has moved the Province: we all wish to apprehend the insane murderers of your family. But this matter is outside my jurisdiction this time: I am now a Commissioner of the Investigations Department, but not the Head of the Division. With this clarification I want to assure you that I did not come here as a police officer but as a friend. Do you understand me, Dr.?

I nodded not understanding where I wanted to go. Uncle Kurt was next to me and looked curiously at Commissioner Maidana.

–Then I'll get to the point: are you in trouble? Do you need some kind of help? Whatever it is, don't hesitate to trust me. I have friendly people, brave and loyal, men proven in the anti-subversive struggle, who would be willing to act, say outside the regulations, to settle accounts with the Jews or whoever is chasing you.

Uncle Kurt frowned and for a moment I was afraid he would throw one of his uproarious laughs; but he was too hurt for it and instead he smiled mercifully. I, for my part, was irritated and astounded; irritated not for Maidana's offer, which I appreciated because, although absurd, it was sincere, but for having to live through all that amazing situation, including the funeral; and astounded, because I did not imagine how the officer had come to the conclusion that I needed that kind of help.

–You do not respond to me? –he said dismayed– Or is it that you don't trust me? But I know that you are being persecuted, even if you deny it. It is my profession to discover these things. I have known since yesterday, when I received the report on what happened in Cerrillos. Then I remembered you and the case of the sick Belicena Villca. Making a parenthesis, I will confess now that you were right in stating that there was a dark point in this crime: that point was never cleared; but it is also true that nobody was interested in clarifying it, and that the Police have more important emergencies to attend to with the money of the taxpayers. I know !: you don't care about that; You want to see Justice triumph; you are very interested in Belicena Villca because the case touched you closely. But we have to attend hundreds of cases and that was just one more, one that, I repeat, nobody was interested in. I am telling you this because in a certain way I agree with you Dr. Take it that way! I really wanted to bury that case because it had no importance **But now I know that it is not so!**

–What do you mean? –I asked reluctantly.

–Well, closing the parenthesis that I opened to apologize to you, it happens that this morning I tried to locate you in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where you worked and there they informed me that you resigned two months ago, during your vacation. I then called the University and found out that you requested your withdrawal from the subjects you were studying and dropped out of medical residency. All very stranger acts to proceed from someone so... normal?... as you. It was then, at mid-morning, that I decided to take the day off and dedicate myself to doing a little research on my own. So I found out that you sold your apartment of Cerro San Bernardo without informing anyone of your new address; and that your friends got the news from your parents that you "investigated on your own an archaeological site in Catamarca"; all very vague, Dr. Siegnagel. Closed bank accounts, change of address, abandonment of work, studies, friendships: **it would seem that they are the acts of one who wishes to erase his footsteps, of someone who flees.** But you are not a criminal, you **did not have** motives or enemies that forced you to flee two months ago. Or is it that **then** the mysterious enemies arose?

Yes, Dr. Siegnagel. I gave in a bit in my position and connected your strange conduct with the crime of the Neuropsychiatric Hospital. "It could be that there was something else, something that forced the Dr. to flee", I said to myself, and I gave myself to rereading the file on the murder of Belicena Villca. And what do I discover? That we didn't pay the least attention to the **Jewish** medals that the deadly rope had on its ends. I wanted to know, as soon as possible, what the inscriptions said and, without respecting the siesta, I went to the University and investigated in a labyrinthine section, I think it was called the Department of Philology, until I came across an incredible character called "Professor Ramírez". And what does Dr. Ramírez tell me? Well, the poor man fled when he found out that I was a policeman and when he saw the photos of the medals. I had to persuade him for hours to speak. It turned out, he knew you very well. That you had consulted him three months ago on the same inscriptions, but without mentioning the crime (you did well, because when he knew about it, his mouth was automatically closed). And that behind all this there is an amazing story in which we have, **as I said Dr. Siegnagel**, the damn Jews.

Yes; yes. I know what you think. That I do not know how to distinguish the Druids from the Jews, nor am I able to understand the universal structure of the Synarchy. You, like every German, thinks

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

we are idiots. (Druid is how you say it? I think that's how Professor Ramírez named it). Look, it is possible that I do not know what is a Druid. But I anticipate that I have just come from being six or seven hours with Professor Ramírez in which he insisted on showing me that a Druid is the same as a Jew, if I did not misunderstand his final synthesis. So, for the case it's the same, intellectual subtleties. I was right: Belicena Villca was liquidated by Jews, special Jews but Jews at last. And you were also right when you told me that the form of the murder, the *modus operandi*, was quasi-masonic. Yes, you were right and I ignored you.

But now I will not make the same mistake as I have been thinking. I have reflected on what happened three months ago, your subsequent steps, and what happened here yesterday. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?

–I don't dare imagine it --I told him sincerely.

–Well, the murder of your family **constitutes a Ritual crime.**

–I can't deny it --I agreed, as the police officer deserved the confirmation to his conclusions.

–**And of the same class as Belicena Villca's, perhaps committed by the same killers?**

–I couldn't prove it, but I'm sure the answer is yes --I conceded.

–That's better Dr. Siegnagel! I already told you that I'm not here as a cop but as a friend. I understand that for some reason you cannot report the truth and that is why I come to offer my help, mine and that of my nationalist Comrades. I have a task force ready to go into operation in any moment! –he said, lowering the tone of voice to an inaudible level.

Although it seems incredible, I still did not understand what the officer Maidana was proposing me.

–And what do you want to do? --I asked him without disguise.

–And you ask me Dr.? Help you against your enemies, who undoubtedly are our enemies, and are our country's enemies! We offer you concrete help, men, weapons, equipment! **You only have to give us the names of the murderers, give us a clue, reveal to us what is their organization.** Don't you want to avenge your family? We will do it for you, or together with you.

I contemplated Maidana discouraged. How could I explain him the reality of Bera and Birsha? Undoubtedly in the mind of the policeman there was no possibility that behind the murderers there was a supernatural cause. He did not concede real existence to the magical; and in his opinion, the esoteric would be only a method of intelligence, aimed at achieving "psychological action" and "cultural penetration". In short, officer Maidana, as a good veteran of the nationalist **conspiracy**, he only conceived enemies of flesh and blood, solid targets, Jews, Marxists, Masons, Zionists, or whatever, but enemies permeable to the artillery of various caliber and to trophy.

–I thank you for your offer, Maidana. I thank you deeply because I know that it is honest and disinterested. But you can't help us and I can't give you any information. Believe me, it is better to leave things as they are. Now it is not about a mere intern of the shrink: it is about my family, Maidana; **of all my family.** If you could help me, how would I not accept? However now I am the one who wishes to leave things as they are. I know what I am saying.

–What do you mean, we can't help you? --Maidana protested--. Do you know what I think?: that you are afraid! I don't know who committed the crimes. But it is obvious that you know and do not want to share the secret. And why would you do such thing? Well, because you assume that the enemy is too "powerful" for us clumsy South Americans. I understand; You are a German and have a prejudice against Argentinian nationalism; and maybe you're right, because a whole fauna of imbeciles and traitors have discredited us; I can't answer for those charges. But you are wrong if you assume that it will always be the same! We are in another time, and there are other men: **our generation, Dr. Siegnagel, they will not be able to stop materially** --he affirmed with firmness--. We are many, we have ideals, and we are fed up with corruption and materialism; the day is coming when we will give the synarchic forces a great national punishment. Trust in us and you won't regret it! No enemy is too strong in our fatherland so that we cannot deliver it an unforgettable blow. Maybe we won't win him the war, but we can punish him partially, hurt his pride, break his arrogance, prevent him from tasting the triumph of his crimes! What do you say, Dr.? Is it the Mossad? The English MI5? The C.I.A.?

What to answer Commissioner Maidana?

–I'll just tell you this, and only this: --I said-- **if the Enemy were human, I'm sure your help would be effective.** Yes, Maidana: if the enemy were human I assure you that I would count on your support. This should be enough for you.

–But what are you saying? --he asked in a mocking tone--. I am surprised that you, a person whom I respect because of his sincerity, shows me that he resorts to a simple escapism to evade the threat of the assassins. You are afraid and do not want to face the fact that sooner or later you



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

will also be attacked by the assassins! **Otherwise, if you were in your right mind, you would understand that the murderers are very human.**

--What? --I exclaimed involuntarily.

--Yes, Dr .; react --asked Maidana--. The killers are human beings: **if they weren't, why would they use knives and truncheons?** --he asked with irrefutable police logic.

It was a simple, absurd and elementally simple conclusion. That's why I could not accept it, I denied it entry into my reason; for that, and for coming from Maidana, a mere policeman from Salta.

--No! No! --I stubbornly denied--. You do not understand the nature of the Enemy. You cannot help us.

I had locked myself into a pitiful childish attitude when Uncle Kurt's intervention surprised us both.

--Yes, you can help us! --he assured.

We looked at him open-mouthed.

--Maybe you can get them to return us the bodies of Katalina and the children --he suggested.

--Oh! --Maidana sighed--. It's a bureaucratic procedure. It's another kind of help that I came to offer you, but don't think I'm going to let you down if you ask me a favor.

He looked at his wristwatch and added:

--It's 2.15 a.m. Bad time to make arrangements. However I will arrive at the local police station to find out what's happening with those bodies, and then I'll be back. Don't forget what I told you, Dr.! In the meantime, please consider my offer.

### Chapter VI

Commissioner Maidana's car climbed the slope of the exit road, and two hundred meters later he entered the provincial route. Two fat women who waited patiently, approached and embraced, both at the same time: They were Katalina's "milk mothers" and mine. There it was very important that of being "mom of milk", "son of milk", or "brother of milk"; everything started when a good mother whose "milk was cut off" for her baby, or did not produce it in the sufficient quantity: then she resorted to the help of another mother, a stronger mother, that had given birth to her child on an approximate date, and it was required her contest to breastfeed both babies. The mother of milk, although she was the strongest, was often the poorest as well, since she used to be a creole or indian, perhaps already the mother of many children, who willingly lent her collaboration. And, of course, she was paid for such services. But the retribution was one thing, usually gifts for hers own children, clothes and food, and a very different one the love of the mother: that could not be paid for with anything and that is why superior ties to the simple commercial transaction were created: "the milk joint motherhood". Indeed, the milk mother habitually became a "godmother" of the real mother and enjoyed a certain friendship or preference with respect to other women of the Calchaquí valley. Customs, centenarian customs, which came from the time of the Spanish, or perhaps the indians.

Of those two women who hugged me, one was "my milk mother" and the other had been Katalina's. "I have nothing, the first one told me, nor do I look like Mrs. Beatriz, but everything that is mine is yours, Arturito, all my love". I squeezed hard to that creole who had seen my birth, and I kissed her on both cheeks. "Thanks, Mrs. Isabel, thank you very much, I said moved, while the weeping women of La Merced chorused me with their painful laments.

I left the godmothers crossing themselves beside the coffins and retired to a secluded corner, in the company of Uncle Kurt. Since the Commissioner Maidana left, a growing overexcitement was taking hold of me. I had one idea, an idea that emerged from the rational conclusion of the policeman, that I wanted to communicate without delay to Uncle Kurt. Naturally, if I did not want to accept Maidana's proposals, Uncle Kurt hadn't even listened to them. So, I repeated it to him:

--Uncle Kurt! Uncle Kurt! --I startled him--. Reflect on the words of the policeman: they are like a syllogism. He claimed "murderers are human"; why?: "because they use knives and truncheons, that is, material weapons", he deduced. In that moment I flatly denied such a possibility, but now I consider nothing short of brilliant the deduction of Commissioner Maidana.

--You are crazy, neffe, absolutely crazy! --Uncle Kurt disqualified me to give his opinion--They are Immortal! Bera and Birsha are Immortal! It means nothing that they have used a dagger: it was necessary for the Ritual of Sacrifice.

--By the Gods, Uncle Kurt, don't treat me like I'm an imbecile! --I defended myself--. I know they are Immortal: **but, as Belicena Villca said in the story of Nimrod, they are only so as long as they are not killed, as long as you don't exercise physical violence on Them**". "These Immortals, too, can die".

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--You're crazy! --he repeated, even more closed-minded--. Didn't you realize last night the power of the Demon Bera? We can do nothing against them. You have done very well in discouraging the policeman!

--Oh, *mein Gott!* --I swore-- No Uncle Kurt! I'm not crazy! It is you who are a bit too stubborn! But you are going to listen to me. And you are going to allow me to present my idea; *die prüfen?*

--Ja, ja --he promised without conviction.

--Then listen. My concept is that there are two irreducible planes, that now, due to an erroneous and subjective appreciation of reality, have interfered with or mixed. Such planes are: ***the Plane of the Reality of the Spirit***; and ***the Plane of Human Reality***. Between both planes there cannot be relationships or connections, but ***unreasons***: every connection or reason is illusory, not real. But there is also a law, which is ***the reason of the unreason***, which protects and affirms the absolute reality of the planes. And this law, which upholds the reason of the unreason between such planes, is the only reference not to lose reason and get mad. This law of sanity demands: ***not to transgress the planes. Not to transfer to the plane of the Reality of the Spirit entities proper to the plane of the Human Reality***; and reciprocally: ***not projecting onto the plane of Reality Human ideas proper to the plane of the Reality of the Spirit***.

In this demonic issue of Bera and Birsha, my dear Uncle Kurt, it seems that the planes have been confused, that we no longer know what the plane is that's threatened by the Immortals. But I'll tell you Uncle Kurt. I will tell you so clearly that you will no longer be able to repeat that I am crazy but you will have to accept that I'm too sane. That is, let us first observe the plane of the Reality of the Spirit: there ***the truth*** is the Origin, the Symbol of the Origin; for that truth, for not being able to bear the weight of that truth, for denying or not bearing the presence of that truth, the Immortals are forced to manifest an ***archetypal monadic*** form, like the one you saw in The Pitch. The monad form, the unity of Light, allows them to exist powerfully ***outside the plane of Human Reality*** and avoid confronting the truth of the Origin, the Symbol of the Origin; and that powerful form is surely the most dangerous one can imagine; I agree that such danger is also real.

However, let us now go to the plane of Human Reality: there ***the truth*** is the Self, that is, the psychic and volitional manifestation of the Spirit chained to Matter. And the lie, the Illusion of Man, but also his soulish engine, is ***Pain***. The Creator God is nourished by a force called ***human pain***; and man produces ***pain*** and ***suffering*** to feed the Creator of the Great Deception. The common man produces little pain because to suffer the illusion of pain it is required the wounded nobility of the Spirit. Hence Great Men, Great incarnated Spirits, are able to generate Great pains, Great sufferings, Great afflictions, Great anguishes: ***the hunger of God, of Jehovah-God, demands the contribution of pain from Great Men. And those men capable of the greatest suffering must also be capable of offering the greatest sacrifice: their pain must be sacred to God, to Jehovah-God. This requires the representatives of Jehovah-God, the Priests of Jehovah-God, Those with the power to consecrate the Great pain, for example, Bera and Birsha***. Because it will always be necessary that in the plane of Human Reality exist Priests of God who consecrate the Great Pain of the Great Man, to the unity of God, of Jehovah-God. Only in this way will it be possible to ***sacrifice*** the Great Man so that his Great consecrated pain nourishes the unity of The One, of the Creator God Jehovah-God.

In short, Uncle Kurt, one thing is the Immortals faced with the plane of the Reality of the Spirit, where they have no choice but to manifest monadically, as a unit of Light, to avoid the truth of the Origin: just as happened to Bera with you, he had no alternative but ***to dress in the clothes of The One***, that is, ***with his Monad of Light***. You will object to me saying that manifestation also occurred on the plane of Human Reality, but I will reply that you are an atypical case, and you know it. ***You are like an accidented man, to whom an unusual wound exposes one of its most intimate bones; those who contemplate it remain deeply impressed by perceiving an intimate reality, which habitually eludes any consideration: analogously, those who have contemplated the Sign of the Origin that you involuntarily exhibit, have been deeply impressed because they have sensed in the discovery the revelation of the other Reality, intimate and alien***. In short, Uncle Kurt, your experience has no general value, it is proper of someone capable of exhibiting in the plane of the Reality of Man, signs of ideas originating in the World of the Spirit, proper of a Shivatulku, perhaps.

But in the field of ordinary human beings, like the uninitiated members of the House of Tharsis, like Mom and Katalina and Me, things happen according to the aforementioned law: ***pain must be consecrated and sacrificed to Jehovah God; and for that we need Priests of flesh and blood***. Thence that in all her letter, Belicena Vilca always describes the Immortals as ***Diabolical Priests***, have you understood me Uncle Kurt?: ***for the Sacrifice of Pain must be officiated the Ritual of Death; and, to officiate the Ritual of Death, sacrificing Priests are needed!***

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--What are you getting at? Or rather, where do you think your arguments will get me to? --Uncle Kurt asked, suspecting that my intention was to make him fall into a dialectical trap.

--Very simple: **my conclusion is, and I believe I have demonstrated it, that to perform Ritual murders like the ones they executed yesterday, the Immortals must be present in a human priestly form.** In a word, I think Commissioner Maidana is correct: my parents' murderers were human beings, Priests of Crime who must use dagger and physical force to reduce its victims.

--... Although it seems crazy, I must admit that it is not without meaning. Well neffe; suppose it is like this: and what would we gain from it? What would be the difference in the situation?

--Ahhh ... --I sighed triumphantly--. Your question is due to the fact that you don't even remotely consider **attacking**, right?

--**Attack?** I think you have gone crazy --he prejudged.

--Yes! Attack, attack the Demons! What's wrong with you, uncle? Thirty five years of forced vacation have softened you up? --I mocked--. You just agreed with me that the Demons, by acting as Priests, are transformed into human beings, then what prevents us from executing them, claiming with their disgusting lives all the damage they have caused us?

--But how, Arturo, how would we do that? Where would we find them --I had left Uncle Kurt, virtually baffled, not knowing what argument to oppose against my absurd idea--. And, even assuming we could do it, what would it serve us, what would it serve the Strategy of the Siddhas? Didn't we agree, already, the best thing would be to follow the track of Noyo Vilca, fulfill Belicena Vilca's request?

--**Shhhh** --I blew, putting my index finger over my mouth as a sign of silence--. **Still! All those answers you will get yourself, when you know the plan.**

--**W...hat plan?** --Uncle Kurt asked fearfully.

--My plan! The plan I have to attack the Demons! But I will not speak for now on it until the funeral is over. Then I will explain it to you and we will discuss it.

Not at all convinced, Uncle Kurt shook his head in comical concern. If we weren't in such tragic circumstances, I would have laughed heartily at his gestures, with which he intended to express that he was a serious person that had fallen into the hands of a madman.

## Chapter VII

At 5.30 a.m., two hearses arrived carrying Katalina and her children. The three coffins were immediately arranged next to those of my parents, a fact that inspired the weeping women to renew with singular pathos their litany. Fifteen minutes later, Commissioner Maidana appeared, the author of that incredible bureaucratic feat.

--How did you do it, Commissioner? I inquired.

--Well, it was not that difficult, considering that the forensic reports were ready, though unsigned: no one likes to sign a report devoid of diagnosis. Because that's what they had: **nothing**. Namely, they did not know what your sister and nephews died of. My only merit was to convince the doctors, who only arrived at 5:00, that I had confidential information that the case would be buried by superior order. Still, I had to wake up a respectable Judge to get verbal approval to allow the Commissioner to deliver the bodies; however, the forensic reports being ready, there was no impediment to complete the process and the Judge agreed to receive them in the morning and sign the authorization. And here are your unfortunate relatives, Dr.; and do you know with what diagnosis? **heart attack**. It's silly, for we all agree that this is a multiple homicide, but these doctors could not determine the cause of death: I instead would have requested an in-depth study at the University of Salta, but since you are in such a rush to finish the funeral, things are going to remain that way.

--Indeed, Commissioner Maidana. So they will remain; for the benefit of all --I assured. Either way, the murderers will pay for what they have done to my parents.

--That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Siegnagel! --Maidana said euphorically, totally changing attitude.

Excuse me if I'm being a bit optimistic --he apologized-- but **I love winning** arguments or betting, especially when the opponent is a respectable person like you: **that fills me with pride** --he confessed naively.

--And what have you won? --I asked perplexed.

--Maybe for you it is not important, but before I left I made you an offering --he recalled--. And I still have in mind your unusual words, absurdly suggesting that **"the killers would not be human"**. "If they were human, you said, you would accept my help". You said it!

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–Calm down, Maidana, I'm not going to back down! Indeed, I thought so, although later I have modified my opinion and now I practically agree with you in that the murderers would be human beings, perverse and infamous human beings.

–Bravo, Dr. Siegnagel! I'm glad you changed your mind; now it will be easier for you to admit that I was right. New elements have emerged in this case, Dr.!

–What elements?

–**Witnesses, Dr. Siegnagel. Two witnesses came forward who saw the murderers perfectly** --he reported in a professional tone-- At this moment they are testifying and providing the description that will allow to reconstruct the faces of the criminals: once the identikit is made, thousands of them will be distributed throughout the Province, and the rest of the country, and a rake operation will be launched to detect their movements.

Uncle Kurt had gone livid. I, on the contrary, was evaluating that those news benefited my plans.

–Who are the witnesses? –I wanted to know.

–I will tell you with total reserve, because the case is under the secret of the judicial summary. There were two doormen from the Tobacco Company, who had to enter at 0.00 a.m., 300 meters from here, and passed in front of the entrance gate almost at that time. Since they are neighbors, they always cover the journey in company, each one with his bicycle. And like all dawns, yesterday's also seemed quiet: **until they got here and saw the car.**

–The car! –we shouted in duet, Uncle Kurt and I –What car?

–Ahaha –said Maidana ironically-- Do you see how your murderers are very human?: **so much that they even circulate in a huge imported car.**

–Could you give us more details? --I frantically demanded.

–Be patient, Dr. and I'll tell you everything I know, which is not much. At 11.59, or 0.00, roughly, the two men began to roll their bicycles in front of this Farm. Very soon they noticed that further ahead slowly circulated a huge black car; it was going slowly, as if it was looking for a certain house, and the cyclists didn't overtake out of sheer curiosity. That way, they continued in a caravan until they reached the gate, when the car turned and pulled off the road, parking at the entrance. Then they had a good view of their occupants: **they were two "oriental-looking" men**, impeccably dressed in a black suit; even one of them got out of the car to open the gate and was clearly observed by both.

The witnesses have been held since yesterday at noon, only that nothing was informed to you about the progress of the investigation. The important thing is that they watched through the computer monitor an ethnographic program, and that the doormen identified the second character as a kind of "Turk" or person from the Middle East. What did I tell you Dr.? I was not very wrong when I suggested to you that they might be members of the Mossad.

No, Bera and Birsha were not members of the Israeli Mossad, but without a doubt could be the Heads of that sinister "Intelligence Service", or Jewish "Squad of Death": they were more than capable of doing so. Yes, they were from the Middle East, where according to Belicena Villca they had been Kings in remote times. There was therefore no doubt about the way in which the Supreme Priests of Melchizedek had come to Cerrillos: as "human beings", wearing modern clothing, and driving a luxurious car. Upon receiving this news, Uncle Kurt went completely silent.

–What was the brand of the car? –I asked.

–Neither model nor brand. Interestingly, the witnesses agreed to give a detailed description of the car, but they failed to recognize the brand; They also didn't notice if it had a license plate. From their statements it is deduced that it would be a very large car, a Cadillac or Lincoln, which, because it is not of a frequent type in our country would have made identification difficult.

–When Maidana finished communicating the police information that he obtained in such a short time, he tried again with his own: he wanted me to pay him back with equal loyalty and reveal to him how much I knew about the murders and the mysterious assassins. Of course, I couldn't tell him the truth, incredible truth on the other hand, and I was thus trapped in a moral problem.

At 7.05 a.m. the Cerrillos Commissioner arrived. He came to greet me and comply with a request from Maidana, who had awakened him too, at 3 in the morning.

–Hello Arturo. Good morning Mr. Sanguedolce. How are you, Maidana? --he greeted-- I was unaware that you were friends with Arturo. I have brought what you asked me, but as you are friends, remember that everything is still being held in reserve. The judge is trying to shed light on a matter that has become quite strange, and only in the morning he will issue the orders that will allow us to act. Until then the summary is secret.

He handed an envelope to Maidana, who rushed to open it. It contained the identikits of the assassins and various drawings representing the scenes seen by the witnesses.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

The portraits showed two faces of undoubted oriental aspect: round, high cheekbones, sparse eyebrows, slightly slanted eyes, thick lips. They were neatly shaven and apparently hairless. The latter could not be assured with certainty **because, unusually, the criminals wore "bowler" hats, very tightly packed.**

--There are things that make no sense, that are not in accordance with the general patterns of Criminology --commented the Commissioner of Cerrillos with annoyance--. We are looking for two ferocious murderers, authors of the massacre of a harmless family. Two witnesses see them, at the time of the crime, enter the house. So far everything is correct, everything "normal". We then ask the witnesses to describe the alleged criminals to us. They agree to; and there ends the typological normality: the case escapes any general framework; nor the criminological casuistry, nor the antecedents, nor the accumulated experience, serve to understand the incident. Witnesses were initially suspected, but later it was verified their capacity to testify: they are blameless people, who never drink a drop of alcohol, since they must exercise a guard post, and on top of it, they are expolicemen, that is, retired policemen, trained to observe facts and used to providing details. But their story was just too unbelievable. --Look at that image, where the companion has descended to open the gate and the driver is sitting behind the wheel of the impressive black car-- What have the witnesses seen? Not two "normal" criminals, who are going to furtively murder a family, but to two elegantly dressed **gentlemen**, who enter as if they were visiting the Siegnagel's Farm. In fact, the Judge made them be examined by psychiatrists, yesterday afternoon, but the report is positive: they are in perfect mental conditions. They even lent themselves to an interrogatory under hypnosis, which also yielded positive results: concretely, **they say the truth**; whatever they have seen, they believe in what they say.

I cast a sidelong glance at Commissioner Maidana, for from all that was coming off the whiff familiar during the murder of Belicena Vilca. But he was unperturbed; evidently he also had a rational explanation for the curious attire of the "Mossad agents".

--Look at this, Gentlemen! --insisted the Commissioner of Cerrillos-- Could there be something more ridiculous than murderers dressed in black three-piece suits, black shoes, black hat, black bowler hat!, black tie and white shirt? Yes, I know there can be killers like this: in Hong Kong, in Istanbul, London, New York, and a thousand other places in the world. **But here, in Cerrillos?** In the case of other types of people it would even be possible to accept their presence in the area: for example, if they were executives of a transnational company that come for business, to loot some of our raw materials. Such criminals can be imagined effortlessly. But in the present case, they easily escape the general pattern of the murderers of farmers.

The Commissioner consulted the watch and said goodbye: --I must go now. Bye, Arturo; I'm very sorry about all this. I'll see you this afternoon at the cemetery. Sorry for the talk but it was Maidana who came to stir the hornet's nest; I would not have bothered you **until after the funeral.** Naturally, the Judge also wishes to talk to you and it won't take long to summon you; when this tragic moment passes, **naturally.**

The last words of the Commissioner of Cerrillos caused me deep concern. What would the police want? My family was murdered and the interrogated would be me?

--Easy, Dr., it's nothing, --Maidana assured--. Simple routine. The Police is clueless and will want to know your opinion. The same happens to the Judge; that is why he was reluctant to hand over the bodies. I could give you many hypotheses about what the Commissioner did not say and what has probably happened: for example, it is almost certain that they have broadcast the description of the black car and did not get to find out its whereabouts; they won't even know if it left the Province. That puzzles them; it's a rare car and they suppose someone should have seen it. **But they do not advance because they investigate professionally. You and I know that, contrary to what the Commissioner and the Judge affirm, this is in effect a classic case: a classic case within the Intelligence and the International Counterintelligence.**

Maidana was convinced of his theory and I would have to give him a reply without delay.

### Chapter VIII

8:30 in the morning. I was in the kitchen of the Farm of Cerrillos, having breakfast with Uncle Kurt and Commissioner Maidana. I remembered with sadness that in that environment I had seen my parents together for the last time: last image of a reality that would no longer be repeated; as a product of the trip that I undertook that morning, my parents now layed in the room next, inside two coffins. The memory hurt, but according to Uncle Kurt that was **the weakness**: the Hyperborean Initiates, the ⚡ Knights, he told me in Santa Maria, **they couldn't have a family**; much less love it:

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

that would be making it a target of the Enemy, expose it to a sure destruction, and, worse, it would be our weak point. Back then I underestimated his warnings, but now I fatally understood how much truth there was in his words; that's why he insisted so much: he who knew the Enemy knew, as I now knew, that no advice was enough to prevent against Them. He had deprived himself for 35 years of assiduously seeing her sister to protect her, and it would be Me, the son, who would recklessly send her to the executioner. **It was enough to drive you crazy. But I couldn't go crazy. On my family's death I had a certain responsibility for the negligence committed. But I shouldn't forget that the objective killings had been carried out by the Enemy. So, we were in a war: and in the Strategy of that War, I had a mission to accomplish!**

After breakfast, Maidana would spend a moment at the Headquarters of the Police in Salta and then he would go to rest. He had promised to return at 6 p.m. for burial. However, he was rushing a definition on the spot about his offer of help. For him, time could not be lost, because every minute that passed was an advantage that the assassins gained in their escape tactic. However, he suggested, if I did not wish to catch the material murderers but did wish to strike the instigators, then we could speak on another less dramatic occasion, because he guaranteed that his nationalist group would also support me.

It would not be necessary to wait: I had already made a decision:

–Commissioner Maidana, would you be so kind as to wait just half an hour more, and do not take it bad that I talk alone with Mr. Sanguedolce? --I asked him.

–I have no problems --he said confidently. Then while Uncle Kurt was heading towards the stairs, he leaned close to my ear and added--. Deliberate calmly, but don't think I'm stupid. I have watched him closely and would swear he is not Italian. He maybe German or from some Nordic country. And he may be a relative of yours or one of those Nazi heroes that the Jews seek to liquidate. Maybe he is the hidden target of the oriental assassins: a Mossad "contract", why not?...

I walked away without listening anymore. It was very difficult to deal with Maidana: he was intelligent, educated, he had intuition, but he persisted in the wrong attitude of encompassing all the facts with a superficial political concept. I shouldn't think more about him, but on the speech that I would make to Uncle Kurt.

We gathered in my room, a place saturated with painful memories. Uncle Kurt leaned back on the bed, and I took a chair. Before I said my first word he made me know his opposition. But I was prepared for his reaction, since I had understood days ago why Tarstein called him **obstinate**.

–I imagine what you are going to tell me, neffe. Since the policeman Maidana showed up, and you gave credit to the incredible idea of the "humanity" of Bera and Birsha, I've been fearing to hear "your plan". And do you know why? Because I imagine it. But do not worry; I will listen to your plan and consider it with my best good will. I only want to leave something settled in advance, a principle from which I will not move whatever happens: **the Immortals cannot die**.

It's obvious, "the Immortals can't die", and Uncle Kurt standing stubbornly on that principle would never coincide with my plan. Not even with his better "goodwill". But, as I anticipated, I was prepared for his reaction and I had already found a way that the future would not be left to his "goodwill": I admired Uncle Kurt but I thought he was very capable of waiting for another 35 years before taking action. I released my speech:

–My dear Uncle Kurt: we are faced with two points of view; and to be able to move, one of them must prevail over the other. However, none of us will yield in his position; **and it is not convenient for us to do so**. You, because, although you are overly obstinate, you have powers that nobody has and an Initiatic knowledge that must be respected. Me, because, oh tautology, I can be right or I can be wrong; nobody knows, not even you. For some reason I was summoned now by the Gods, for some reason I received the Letter of Belicena Villca, for some reason I am a Von Sübermann, for some reason I suffer this pain, the attack of the Demons against my family; there is a reason for all these things, but they are not enough by themselves to decide if I am right or wrong. You tend to believe that everything that happens to me is because of you, but I have a different idea of myself and I think that I also exist; and that if I exist it is for some reason: for that reason that we ignore what it is but that maybe it is being right in my plan, which would suppose that I will also be right when fulfilling Belicena Villca's request, that I will find her son, the Noyo of the Wise Sword.

How to know what the truth is? How to know it if, after what has happened with my family and verifying that Bera and Birsha have reincarnated to attack, I will never accept that the future steps are decided by your "good will" nor will I decide for myself? I will explain you **how we will know**. And forgive me if I have to be hard on you, Uncle Kurt. You have settled your principle from which you will not depart. Well, I will expose mine to you, from which I will not move either: **I will only accept, and I will uniquely accept, the Will of the Gods!** Let them decide!

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

Logically, I do not propose a "Proof of God", an Ordeal, to find out the Will of the Gods. Because there is something that I'm willing to trust in; and it is in your Honor, in the Honor of your Eternal Spirit. **And you can talk with the Gods by means of the Scrotra Krâm faculty**, although I am sure that you, for stubbornness, will never have used it since the Third Reich fell. Well then, talk to the Gods, to Captain Kiev, and ask about our future, ask specifically what steps we should take! Whatever the answer They offer you, I will accept it. And I will accept it from you: **I will believe in what you tell me.**

Actually what I trusted was that the Honor of Uncle Kurt would prevent him from deceiving me. And if, despite everything, he deceived me, it would be his problem: the Führer, who communicated the Scrotra Krâm to him, would take care of him. More than persuading him by eloquence, I hoped with my speech to get Uncle Kurt into a dialectic trap that forced him to choose between carrying out the attack on the Demons or betraying the Führer's Strategy. That is, if my plan was correct. But if it wasn't, and if Uncle Kurt claimed that to Captain Kiev it was not, I would never know. Logically, I was as sure that my plan was good as he was that the conversation with Commissioner Maidana had disturbed my reason.

For the moment, Uncle Kurt fell silent. I got him out of self-absorption because I needed his approval before explaining the plan. In order not to fail, I went for a dramatic coup d'effect.

—What do you say, Uncle Kurt? Will you speak to Captain Kiev and receive his message? Do you want me to beg you? I'm not ashamed to beg you: do it for me. Remember that when I went to Santa María, and you almost had me killed by the Daivas dogs, you assured that if I had died you would have committed suicide: what can be worse than that? or what happened to us later, when the Demons exterminated our Lineage? Yes Uncle Kurt, I beg of you: **for once in life loosen your stubbornness a little!**

—Wait a moment --he interrupted-- for it's not that big a deal. You must not exaggerate. Your proposal seems fair to me and I accept it willingly. I will use again the Scrotra Krâm, which I certainly never used since the Second War, and I will try to find out the Will of the Gods. It's just that I have difficulty even conceiving the usefulness of your plan: **the Immortals cannot die.** But maybe you are right, above all, and your **demential** idea has to be carried out. Now could you confirm with details what my intuition has already made me see, so that doubts do not arise about what I have to consult?

I had convinced him! the bird was in the bag! the goat had fallen in the trap! I shuddered with joy, but did not make a gesture that betrayed my state of mind, which was comparable to that of Cicero when he convinced the Senate that Rome should go to war with Carthage: if he caught my thoughts it was something, that I could not avoid, but I would try not to do anything that could offend him. Although he did not miss an opportunity to point out that my plan could only proceed from a madman.

—Strategically --I explained-- my plan is based on the principle of the two Realities that I mentioned you before. More clearly, I affirm that the Demons, to attack us, must have **descended** to the plane of Human Reality and that has made them become vulnerable **in this plane.** It's not much, but what else can we ask for? The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that the nature of fear is essentially animal, that is, psychic, human, proper to the Immortal Soul; On the contrary, the Eternal Spirit is pure courage, **does not know fear, which is essentially alien to it.** Now then: Bera and Birsha are two highly evolved Immortal Souls, **but the nature of fear is not alien to them;** On the contrary, they must be capable of feeling fear, and a lot; when? when they are overcome by **force.** That is because, like all soulish essence, they only understand one language: **that of force.** Of course, they are aware of their own force, and for that reason they do not fear an enemy they know inferior **in force,** as the Spirits that are chained to Matter, as are the spiritual men. That is why they are right not to fear men **if They themselves are supermen**; and it is true that it is crazy to try to attack Bera and Birsha **outside the plane of Human Reality.** But now the case is different because They have placed themselves in the plane of Human Reality by becoming momentarily humans, offering a weak point in their Strategy: **now we can attack them in their human weakness like They attacked us.**

What would we gain if, as you say, finally **"the Immortals cannot die"**? Looking at the issue in this way, like you solve it, that is, **from the principles,** in case of taking their human lives we would only achieve to disincarnate their Immortal Souls. That is: we would get nothing. But I think that this is not how the question should be answered because by clinging to a single principle, other principles are being neglected, as important as that of the Immortality of the Soul, which if considered **can give us a relative strategic advantage.** Concretely, I'm referring to the **principle of fear,** already exposed, **and to the "avalanche effect" that takes place in the terrifying phenomenon, that is, to panic:** as a professional of psychic phenomena, I know very well that the feeling of fear grows following an exponential curve, which is inverse to the volitional curve; at a given point, both curves

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

intersect and then fear dominates the will, or what is the same, the will is weakened faced with instinctive force, and panic ensues, during which the soulish is out of rational control, it becomes irrational.

My theory is the following: Normally we would not have enough force to attack the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha and cause them the fear that puts them on the run. Abnormally, They have placed themselves on the plane of Human Reality, they have incarnated in human beings, they have become Priests: diabolic Priests but human beings at last, with their vision limited by reason **and by the instinct of fear**. Against human beings, no matter how diabolical they are, we have weapons to fight with; **and force enough to cause them a great fear; such a fear that it turns into terror; such a terror that breaks their satanic pride, their magical assurance that they cannot be defeated by human beings, and instills panic in them; such a panic that leaves the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha instantly out of control: as in an avalanche, a small initial force will be amplified in a great final force; as in a cosmic panic, a small initial fear, human, will be amplified in a great final terror, at the level of the Immortal Souls.**

You know what Time is, Uncle Kurt: pure illusion. The only reality of Time, on the plane of the Creator of Time, is the Beginning and the End of Time, that are identical. And you know what safety is for the Magician: the source of the power; the Magician cannot doubt once because he cuts off his magic power; **the magician must always believe that he is powerful, at every moment more powerful: that is "satanic pride"**; a single moment of doubt and such belief will remain broken, "broken the satanic pride", lost the evolution achieved because of the consequent metaphysical fall. And according to my theory, if we get to instill that instant of panic in Bera and Birsha, **that will be equivalent to their own magical destruction and their automatic remission to the Beginning of Time by cause of the instantaneous evolution loss**. I do not know if two evolved Immortal Souls such as Bera and Birsha would manage to return from that situation of total involution. But if we are to accept the Hyperborean Wisdom, we must remember that it teaches that both at the Beginning of Time, and at the End, is found the Mahapralaya, the Non-Manifestation or the Final Death of all the soulish. In the Beginning of Time, Bera and Birsha would thus have two paths: one, **not to enter Time and sink into the Mahapralaya**; and two, **enter Time, bound to recover their lost evolution "in" Time**, that is, **manifesting monadically in the Elemental Worlds and then evolving into the Archetypal Final Perfection for eons, successively reaching the Mineral, animal, and human Kingdoms, in planetary rounds and chains, in manvantaras and kalpas**.

Conclusion of my theory: **they will never be able to attack us again**.

Putting this theory into practice is possible through my plan, which I will explain now. It's very simple, and I'll start by defining its goal: **kill the "oriental assassins", that is, the Priests Bera and Birsha, in the course of a command operation**. To achieve this goal it is necessary to meet four conditions; I'll name them and then tell how they can be achieved: first, have short-range blunt weapons; second, locate the murderers; third, get close enough to Them as to ensure the shots; and fourth, have the surprise factor.

The first condition I think I can fulfill with the help of the Commissioner Maidana, whom I consider from now on, and although you disagree with my criteria, as **an envoy of the Gods**; certainly an envoy unaware of his mission.

The second does not require any investigation because we are both sure that from here they left in the direction of the Farm of Belicena Vilca: it will be there where we will catch them; and where, anyway, we should go. I'm just asking you to **confirm** our presumption in your inquiry to Captain Kiev.

The third depends on you, on your ability to control and direct the Daivas dogs. I count on them, that the **svadi-lung** jump allows us to get closer at the right distance so as not to miss the shots on the assassins.

The fourth, naturally, depends on the third and also on you, on how you build the mental orders with the Kilkor svadi that the Daivas dogs will obey. It is logical that if in these orders you mention, only mention, Bera and Birsha, these will detect you like they did with me and will be warned. The surprise factor therefore demands not to refer the mastiffs to Bera and Birsha. How do we approach, then? We must rule out the possibility of directing the Daivas dogs directly to the Farm of Belicena Vilca, because we run the risk of not coinciding in the right moment, that is, **when both are inside the house**. We should not forget that such a moment **has already passed**, that the murderers **have already been in the Farm**, and that the dogs will have to jump not only in Space but in Time, going back in Time just the right period. How, then, are we going to approach surprisingly? Referring the Daivas dogs **to the automobile of the assassins**, to the **empty** black car **located in the Farm**. This can be achieved in several steps, the first of which is to make the Daivas dogs identify **right here, in Cerrillos**, the trail of the black car. In that way they will possess **in abstracto** the "idea" or



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

"name" of the black car a priori of the final order. And the final order will be a precise mathematical construction that implants the idea, or coded name, of the black car in the context of the Farm. We must think about solving the problem Uncle Kurt! But I'm sure there won't be insurmountable difficulties because the Yantra is extremely versatile to build all types of orders, even the most complex ones.

### Chapter IX

Uncle Kurt demanded to be alone in my room. He would consult Captain Kiev immediately with his Scrotra Krâm on whether or not to perform my **demential** plan. I was convinced that if my theory was correct my Plan would be approved by the Gods, whether Uncle Kurt liked it or not. On the other hand, Uncle Kurt himself seemed to have somewhat deposed his negative attitude: when I finished the speech, he just smiled, for the first time in two days, and said:

—I was wrong, neffe. You not only look like me, as I estimated in Santa María. You also resemble Konrad Tarstein. And you have reminded me now, providing me, as you have, one of his **demential** missions. At the time, listening to him, like you today, I was assailed by the conviction that I had fallen into the hands of a madman. But then everything went according to plans and I had to surrender to whom had "better strategic vision than me". Really, because you deserve it, I wish the same thing would happen today and that you are right. **As for me, I will always perceive that those plans lack something, that they are incomplete, that they cannot give good results.** And if they come to a successful conclusion, **I will always be struck by the impression that success did not depend on the plan, on its greater or lesser perfection, as much as on the Divine intervention, on the miracle that will save us at the last moment.**

Anyway, that was my Uncle Kurt, and no one could change him anymore. I retired to the room next door, that of the late Katalina, while he communicated with the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man.

No more than seven or eight minutes had passed but I was fast asleep when Uncle Kurt came in. Maybe because I accumulated a lot of fatigue, perhaps not to think of Katalina, who hours before had occupied that room with her children until she felt her blood turn into fire, the truth was that as soon as I rested my head on the pillow I began to dream. It was a strange, symbolic dream, but very suggestive: I was without knowing how, in a building with many floors, linked to each other by countless stairs; I was looking for something and going up and down the stairs without finding its whereabouts; suddenly, when ascending some steps of green stone, I accessed a square platform with no exit; I was going to undertake the return when I noticed a subtle movement in one of the walls that surrounded the platform; I turned around, and looking closely, I realized that the wall was really a mirror; at first the mirror reflected me, my exterior appearance, and so what happened next caught me completely offguard: paralyzed with terror I discovered that a huge and frightening black spider was watching me with equal care; I immediately guessed that that spider was I myself, or something of Myself that was reflected outside; beating the apprehension, I timidly stretched a hand toward the mirror, time the spider advanced its left foreleg in that direction; on the specular surface, we touched; then the spider bristled, like determined to sting, and in the midst of my horror, leaped forward, stepped out of the mirror, and fell on me, inside of me, sinking into the Bottom of Myself; the terrible experience forced me to close my eyes, but then I opened them again, still paralyzed, and I saw the mirror again: but it no longer reflected the spider but a wonderful and beautiful Sword; I recognized it instantly, it was the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis, unmistakable with its two sparrow hawks in the quillon, its Stone of Venus, its spiral ivory hilt of the horn of the Unicorn Barbel and the legend "Honor et Mortis"; it was as animated, as provided with a life that peeked furtively behind the symbolic form; one more time I took my hand to the mirror, noticing in amazement that I could now pierce the surface; so I reached the Sword with the intention of taking it, but when I touched it, it suddenly transformed and also jumped towards me, it entered me, and moved to the depths of Myself; but this time it was not a spider but a Lady, the most beautiful I had ever conceived, only comparable with the Uncreated Beauty of the Virgin of Agartha, who **re-entered into Myself**, and whom I only saw furtively, as She allowed Her Eternal Life to be perceived under the Symbolic clothing, Vronic, of the Wise Sword; in that nuptial moment, seeing her for the first and last time in my life, I screamed without knowing why: "I have found you again!"; and She **kissed me when passing**, losing herself in the Infinite Blackness of Myself, and leaving me in an indescribable ecstasy, colder than ever, harder than ever, more complete than ever: **Ice Stone, Man of Stone, Kâlibur Woman, Wise Sword, Kâli; OH Kâli!** "Oh, Kâli!", I murmured, when Uncle Kurt came in and transported me to the bitter reality of Cerrillos' funeral. It was difficult for me to regain lucidity,

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

after that vivid dream, and as in between dreams I heard Uncle Kurt describe Captain Kiev's message. He certainly didn't do it without making his personal protest heard.

–I spoke to Captain Kiev, neffe! like I did 35 or 40 years ago! And you were right: **it is convenient to execute your plan, strategically convenient!** Which does not necessarily mean that the plan is good. So, do not be too happy, because the Lord of Venus made me a warning, **ambiguous, like all the warnings of the Gods**. But before I refer to it, I will tell you that **nothing has changed** after so many years, that **for me everything remains the same, that is, in the most opaque nebula**; and that I am fed up with this life in which I have the power but, not understanding my power, by not encompassing the Symbol of the Origin that I am, I cannot insert myself rationally in the Strategy, in the Grand Strategy of the Loyal Siddhas and the Führer. History has repeated itself again; commenting to Captain Kiev that I had no faith in the effectiveness of that plan, and even less after the warning that he had transmitted to me, **he told me textually "that I did not understand the situation"**. Do you realize neffe? –he asked with an affliction that, to me, was comical– **The Gods confirm the diagnosis of Tarstein, Von Grossen, the Kâulikās, and so many others!** I do not understand the situation, **any situation**, so it seems! I know that and it fills me with regret, but to them it seems they care a damn thing about my regret: it is enough and more than enough that I give them my power to carry out their **demential** plans, although I do not understand them. And Captain Kiev participates in this attitude: **my role is not to understand but act, carry out orders to the letter**. To understand the Strategy there are men like you and Tarstein, Nimrod's emulators, the Kassite King, the madmen who plan and manage to continue the war in Heaven, and take Heaven by assault. But of course, with the indispensable collaboration of us, the powerful people who do not know how to apply power, who do not "understand the situation", but we must use all our power to save the skin of the Wise.

And so he continued protesting for a long time, while I attended him with patience. Finally, he addressed what we were urgently interested in.

–In short, neffe, for lack of a better understanding, I will abide by the principle that is clearer to me: **the Immortals cannot die**. And here goes Captain Kiev's warning. In general, he approved of what you propose to do, but he told me these enigmatic words: **"at the end of the operation you will just see what you did not contemplate at first, but that if you had seen it at first would have prevented you from completing the operation"**. You tell me, who the Gods trust, what he meant with such an ambiguous warning.

–Dear Uncle Kurt, I have to be as sincere as you: I don't know for sure, but I presume that he is warning us about **a flaw** in the plan; about something, an important detail, **which I have overlooked and, if I consider it, maybe I would give up going forward**. But still, he advises us to act and that we will do. But I will not stop thinking about the matter; I will meditate a thousand times on the plan to try to discover what is hidden from my strategic vision: I wouldn't like to receive a surprise at the end; And I wouldn't risk it for anything in the world if I was not convinced that we are going to win. The surprise, Uncle Kurt, must be for the murderers! We have to master all the variables of the attack to avoid being surprised at the same time! And I swear I will leave no element unconsidered until I have achieved the maximum safety in the operation!

Forty-five minutes after going upstairs, we went back to Commissioner Maidana: he was peacefully asleep on the sofa where we left him sitting. Uncle Kurt asked me, going downstairs, about the tactic that I would adopt to obtain the particular help we needed from him.

–Have you thought about what you will say to him? You will not give him details of the operation, won't you? –he saturated me with his doubts–. You see, neffe: I don't trust him, or any person like him. They suffer from great ideological confusion and cannot be true Comrades: today they are with you and tomorrow you don't know who they will respond to.

–Slow down Uncle Kurt, slow down! –I tried to calm him–. Do not despise like this someone who represents our only support. Here, in Argentina, he is the best that there is: we are no longer in the Third Reich! That passed! The Führer **is no longer at view to awaken the boundless loyalty that you feel**. The Führer is only seen by us, the Initiates! And we cannot demand from them to behave as ⚡ Knights if they are forced to live in the world of the Universal pre-Synarchy: remember that you yourself would rather die than survive in this world! So be a little tolerant; And don't worry, I'll only tell him what he wants to hear. Understand, Uncle Kurt, that I must not lie; but I can't tell him all the truth either. I will reveal to him, then, **part of the truth, that part that he longs to know and that does not affect us that he knows**.

I woke up Maidana, with a cup of coffee in hand. He apologized for his "lack of control" and he recovered instantly. He drank coffee like water and within minutes he consumed three cups, while he listened to my proposal.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

–I will speak to you as a Nationalist Comrade, Commissioner Maidana –I clarified–. We have coincided, with my friend, that you can indeed facilitate the kind of help we need. Logically, to reach an agreement, I'll have to put some cards on the table, so I'll start with the murder of Belicena Villca. First of all, I will point out the motive for the crime: **her son Noyo Villca**. The assassins tried to establish the whereabouts of Noyo Villca, why? Because the young man was an intelligence agent infiltrated in the subversive organizations.

–I knew there was something concrete in all this! –exclaimed triumphantly Maidana–. After so much madness, and profusion of false leads, there had to be a specific mobile intended to be hidden.

–Indeed –I confirmed–. And do you know who Noyo Villca worked for? Well, for none other than the Argentine Army. More so: he was an officer of the Army, a G2 captain.

–Mother of God! –he invoked– And why were these data not included in the Belicena Villca police file?

–Because a powerful synarchic organization, which works in all Army levels, took care to hide the information. Don't forget it was the Army who locked her in the asylum. To this organization, integrated **not only by Jews**, belong the murderers of Belicena Villca and my family. What you should know, since it will allow you to discover the link between both crimes, is that Noyo Villca is a fugitive because the Sinarchy tries to suppress him to prevent him from **putting his ultra-confidential knowledge into practice**. And that, his mother before dying provided me with the keys to find him.

–Everything clears up now! –Maidana believed–. I congratulate you Dr. Siegnagel! You're quite a man: you alone put all at stake for the national cause and the international murderers made you pay dearly! You have done well to trust me. From this moment we can work together against that organization and also help Noyo Villca.

–Don't get ahead, Maidana, that is not how I see things –I stopped him–. The favor that we are going to ask you does not consist of the support of you and your group but something else. In that sense, **and for the moment**, you will be left out of our action: that will be the basis of the deal; no discussion: **take it or leave it**. The proposal is as follows: Noyo Villca belonged to a top secret nationalist group of the Army: I know his contact and I am willing to reveal it to you, whereupon your group and his can arrange to work together. In that way you will not be left out of the case: but, for the moment, I repeat, you must let us operate against the murderers.

–What do you mean by **"for the moment"**? –Maidana, who was not to be taken for a fool, wanted to know.

–I mean that the restriction I impose is temporary, motivated by the presumption that we will have a better chance of success if we operate alone. But, that we trust you, is proven by the contact that I am going to give you. And I will also give you **my word of honor that if our action fails, and there is another opportunity, we will turn to you without hesitation**.

–In principle I accept –Maidana agreed–. Who is the contact?

–Before you must assure me that you will comply with the favor that we will request you –I prevented myself.

–Well, tell me once and for all what it is all about! –he demanded irritated.

–Weapons, Commissioner Maidana. We need at least two weapons as soon as possible.

–What kind of weapons? –he asked hesitatingly; and added– I don't know why not leave this in the hands of professionals, Dr. You're acting out of your specialty; it is as if I now dedicate myself to performing psychiatric cures.

–I already told you, Maidana, what the terms of the deal were: **you take it or you leave it**.

–I have no choice, Siegnagel! Of course I can lend you weapons.

We have all kinds of weapons! Just tell me what the damn kind of weapons you want.

–We need a type of weapon that is very effective point-blank, that destroys the body. Two repeating shotguns would be ideal –I suggested.

–I can give you two Itakas this afternoon. What else?

–Well... ammunition for the shotguns and... is it possible to also get fist weapons? –I realized that I lacked military training as to request things clearly. Uncle Kurt, who was a specialist on the subject, remained silent so as not to draw attention to his knowledge.

–Fist weapons? There are hundreds of fist weapons at your disposal; but, if you allow me to intervene with my experience in this matter, it seems to me that you better explain to me what you plan to do and let me take care of the equipment.

I could not, of course, explain the plan to him. But I could show him some general details.

–It is a commando operation against the murderers.

–What kind of operation?

–An ambush –I defined.

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

–Well, then you don't need any fist weapon but machine pistols. And you must also carry fragmentation grenades. Look, Siegnagel: I will prepare two SWAT equipments for you, suitable for an operation of that kind. Where are you going to operate, can you wear a battle jacket?

–Yes... I think so --I replied. I looked out of the corner of my eye at Uncle Kurt and saw that he nodded--. How important is it?

–It is that the jackets that I am going to lend you have all the pockets, rings and necessary hooks --he explained--. You will carry the machine pistols, which are very small despite firing a thousand bullets per minute, in an underarm holster, and you will resort to them only in case of need, since you will carry the Itakas in the hands. The Itakas can be worn with a shoulder strap or with a leg holster, but for that matter I suggest the strap. They have an 8-cartridge capacity, giving them a hellish firepower; with a single charge it should be enough for an ambush, but if you must sustain a shooting, you'll find more cartridges in the jacket. Likewise, in other pockets there will be spare magazines for the machine pistols and in the belt the ten fragmentation grenades. Just in case you are forced to demolish something, I will also provide two loaves of trotyl with electronic detonator to each one, which will also be attached to the jacket. I will complete your equipment with two mountain knives, whose sheath is sewn on the inside of the jacket. Is it okay, Dr. Siegnagel?

–When can you give me such equipment? --I asked admiringly.

–This afternoon. Now give me the name of the contact.

–Captain Diego Fernández. In 1978 he was stationed in Tucumán. He does not know me and surely he does not know what happened to Belicena Vilca three months ago. He won't refuse to talk to you, when he knows we're trying to protect his Comrade.

### Chapter X

At 6 p.m. the sad burial was carried out. The Siegnagel possessed a large mausoleum in the local cemetery and there would be deposited the five coffins: cremation would not be welcome by the village priests. First, the funeral caravan passed by the church, according to custom, and a mass was celebrated there for "the eternal rest of their Souls", Golen formula, still de rigueur. The old priest, friend of my parents, tried to console me for the immense loss suffered and insinuated veiled that my estrangement from the Church could be connected with the current disgrace. I promised to return to Sunday Masses, just like when I was a child, and confess and take communion, until the good man was satisfied.

A large crowd, between curious and sad, gathered in the necropolis to bid farewell to the mortal remains. There they were, punctually, Maidana and the Commissioner of Cerrillos. The latter gave me the expected summons.

–I'm sorry to bother you right now, Arturo, but you will know how to understand that we have a duty to fulfill. Tomorrow you can come to give a statement to the police station. It is at 11 a.m.: the Judge will be waiting, who also wishes to interrogate you.

I promised to attend exactly and the Commissioner left satisfied. After the response, the priest also moved away, and behind him the people dispersed, but not without before repeating their condolences. When I locked up the mausoleum, we only remained Uncle Kurt, Maidana and Me.

We met again at the Farm. With extreme caution, Maidana lowered four airplane cloth bags containing the SWAT equipment. He made us a thousand recommendations on the prudence with which we had to handle that material, and some clarifications of a practical nature. There was everything promised and even more: he added boots, pants, shirts and berets, in short, all the commando clothing, stained with shades suitable for the mountain camouflage.

–I've fulfilled my part of the bargain --he said--. And I wish you luck in the operation. For dedicating myself to gather this in such a short time I have not been able to rest, so I'm leaving because I cannot stand on my feet. Ah; I investigated about officer Diego Fernández! He is active. Now he's Major G2, and he's assigned to the Intelligence Battalion 702, in Buenos Aires. Tomorrow or the day after I will go personally to speak with him.

–Well, goodbye, Comrades! --he said farewell solemnly-- Ah; something else, which I had already forgotten! When you come back, Dr. Siegnagel, will you clarify me those two dark points of the Belicena Vilca case, those irrational facts that blocked the whole investigation? I'm referring to that tale of the murder inside the hermetically sealed cell, and the jeweled rope used in the strangulation. I know that Ritual crimes exist, and that whoever practice them, are precisely members of synarchic organizations. But what was the importance of giving Ritual form to the death of a poor alienated woman, or to the multiple murder of your family? It's what I don't quite understand.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I looked at him discouraged. How could I explain to him that the Rituals would be effective if those who performed them are Magicians of the quality of Bera and Birsha? He must have read the disappointment on my face because he raised his arms in an expression of stop and backed towards his car smiling.

—Not now, not now, Dr. You are as tired as I am and it is not convenient to continue with the hypothesis but to go to sleep as soon as possible. **When you come back**, I told you. You will see that then you will find a way to explain it to me!

He left immediately, and I never saw him again.

That night, a sepulchral silence descended on the Farm. Uncle Kurt spent an hour examining the weapons, while I used that time to bury Canuto. My faithful dog had received a kind of lightning bolt in the middle of the body, perhaps a blow from the Dordje, and he was turned into a rag: he would never wait for me at the gate to give me his affection, during those two hundred meters to the house that belonged only to him. And never again I would never see my parents, and my sister with her children, at the end of the road. Damn Demons Bera and Birsha! Damn Priests of The One Jehovah Satan! Damn Sacred Sacrificers! Soon, very soon we would see each other again and they would be executed. Not "Bera and Birsha" because, as Uncle Kurt repeated, "the Immortals cannot die", but we could kill the "oriental assassins" of my family, the human manifestation of Bera and Birsha. They would know my fury; Uncle Kurt's; and that of all the members of the House of Tharsis who They murdered, tormented, and persecuted, and who now seemed to come in my aid and encourage me. Because if I had the willpower to impose myself on Uncle Kurt and force him to accept my plan it was simply because of that: because I was certain that eliminating the oriental assassins was a question of Honor; above all things; and I clearly felt that in that longing I was spiritually accompanied by the House of Tharsis. I clearly saw Belicena Villca; and I listened her speak to me, that she referred to the last words of her letter and said to me: "Yes, Dr. Siegnagel; it's a question of Honor to finish off Bera and Birsha! They have made a mistake and you should take advantage of it; the House of Tharsis accompanies you in your decision! Now you will prove that you are a Kshatriya! And then, very soon, we will meet again during the Final Battle, or in the Valhalla!"

The Spirit of Belicena Villca guided me; I was sure of it; maybe it was She who brought Commissioner Maidana to Cerrillos so opportunely. I finished burying Canuto at the foot of my favorite lapacho, and returned to the house.

Uncle Kurt had retired to the upper room taking with him the entire equipment. I drank the umpteenth coffee of the day and went turning off the lights until I reached my room, that is, to the room that belonged to Katalina, and quickly immersed myself into the restful indifference of sleep.

## Chapter XI

On January 6, 1980, Belicena Villca was assassinated.

On January 21, 1980, I experienced the spiritual rapture of the Virgin of Agartha.

On January 28, 1980, I found out that I had an uncle Kurt von Sübermann and I left for Santa María.

On March 21, 1980, Uncle Kurt concluded the account of his life and, that night, I was detected by the Demon Bera.

On March 22, 1980, at 0.15 a.m., the Demons try to exterminate the Von Sübermann Lineage. As a result, all the family members die, except Uncle Kurt and Me.

On March 22, at 8:00 a.m. we arrived in Cerrillos and confirmed a quintuple murder, according to the version of the police.

On March 23, at 0.30 a.m., Commissioner Maidana comes to bring me his condolences, and to bring armed protection.

On March 23, at 5.45 a.m., Commissioner Maidana informs us about the existence of the "oriental assassins" and their strange vehicle.

On March 23, at 7.05 a.m., the Commissioner of Cerrillos showed us the identikits of the oriental assassins. At that time I had already conceived my plan until the last detail.

On March 23, at 8.45 a.m., I convince Uncle Kurt to consult my plan with Captain Kiev.

On March 23, at 10:30 a.m., we close a deal with Commissioner Maidana: he will give us material help in exchange for staying on the case.

On March 23, at 8:00 p.m., Commissioner Maidana left Cerrillos, after handing us over the commando equipments; I would never see him again.

On March 23, at 11:00 p.m., I went to sleep for the first time since the disastrous night of the 21st.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

On March 24, at 11 a.m., I went to the Cerrillos Police Station and made my statement. There was not much I knew about the murders, and they did not doubt this, since they had verified my alibi: for this they sent two policemen who made the reverse way to Santa María, collected testimonials about our trip from 0.30 to 8.00 a.m., they asked the phone operator, who knew my voice from calling Cerrillos frequently, and they interrogated José Tolaba and his wife, Uncle Kurt's butlers. No, about my absence at the crime scene they did not doubt, nor were they suspicious of Uncle Kurt; **what they presumed, both the police and the Judge, was that I knew the motive for the crime, which had been discarded as a common crime.** Could it be a mistake? Would there be an unknown political purpose? What was I on to? What were my ideas and activities? Why had I moved away from the Church? Would my parents have received previous threats? Was there extortion?

Thus, bombarding me with similar questions, they kept me until 5 in the afternoon and promised to summon me again.

On March 24, at 10:00 a.m., while I was getting ready to go to the Police station, Uncle Kurt started working with Ying and Yang. Upon returning in the afternoon, the Daivas dogs had already managed to isolate the trail of the black car: Uncle Kurt designated it with a key word and, mentally affirming it, demonstrated to me in an effective way how the Daivas dogs went directly to the site where it was parked.

On March 25, Uncle Kurt dedicated the entire day to building the order with the Kilkor svadi: the whole operation depended on the precision of that order and it was understandable his meticulousness. He only took a few hours to coordinate with me the movements we would make against our enemies. For example, we agreed that he would shoot first, and always to the left, while I should cover the right.

On March 25 I dedicated entirely to leave the operation of the farm in good working order.

Some neighbors, by participating in the product of the harvest, gladly agreed to take care of the vineyards and the future grape picking; it would not be a difficult task because Dad had the production mechanisms properly oiled and all the work would come down to managing the field and supervising the operators. We signed an improvised contract, in which I included a clause completely out of the ordinary: they compromised to clean the winery **and inject the 20,000 liters of Tar in one of the farm's water wells, whose water table dried up years ago and whose mouth was still open with a cistern.** I did this because he could not take the risk that the Pitch would be sold or used energetically: **I did not forget for a moment that that lake of asphalt constituted an organic synthesis of our blood, which represented the blood of the Von Sübermann Lineage.**

On March 25, at 6:00 p.m., I finally acquired the only item that Uncle Kurt requested to complete the tactical equipment: a teflon jug, with hermetic screw top, filled with five liters of sulfuric acid.

On March 26, 1980, we were ready to start the operation.

## Chapter XII

We could have taken action that same morning, but Uncle Kurt preferred to wait for dusk and spend the day going over every last detail of "Operation Boomerang". We had dubbed it this way, a bit jokingly and a bit seriously, considering that, analogously to those Australian weapons, the blows of Bera and Birsha would return against those who launched them.

At 7:00 p.m. we were already loading the equipment and getting ready to depart. At 7:30 p.m. we left the house, because the dying twilight would prevent anyone from being amazed to see us wearing military garb. Lying by the lapacho trees, the mastiffs were the image of canine tranquility. We also kept calm. And we no longer thought of anything. We knew all the details of what we should do and our only concern was to act as soon as possible.

Uncle Kurt took the reins of the Daivas dogs and put them on alert. Both of them stopped abruptly and, moving with prodigious synchronicity, tensed their muscles and moved their heads up, as if sniffing in the air an inconceivable trace. I stayed behind Uncle Kurt; he carried on his back, the acid jug attached with strings, and hanging from the shoulder, ready to shoot, the relentless Itaka. Finally, we had decided to wear the commando uniform because it's invaluable more practical for action, although later it would represent a problem if we were seen by other people. But, what could that risk matter in the face of suppressing the oriental assassins? If the fate of arms turned out to be adverse to us, there would be no return; and if we were successful, we would find a way to get other clothes. Or were the assassins not also in disguise too, not giving a damn what the witnesses thought?

I had, therefore, both hands free, in order to fulfill Uncle Kurt's instructions: --**"You must hold on to my waist as soon as I begin to elevate"**. **"And when we are in space, remember that you**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*will have to focus your attention all the time on me: not for a second can you distract yourself because you would run the risk of separating from me and getting lost in one of the innumerable Worlds of Illusion that we will cross". "Once out of the usual context of our life, the only way that we both continue together, coinciding in Time and Space, is to keep between us a volitional nexus: and that's what you will do by keeping me under visual and tactile contact".*

It seemed as if we were already leaving, and I started to take him by the waist as soon as he moved, but he turned to me again to make recommendations. Do you keep your shotgun handy? As soon as you set foot in the Farm you must let go and take the gun!

–Yes, uncle, yes.

–Neffe Arturo? –he called me in a different tone, strangely affectionate.

–Yes, Uncle Kurt.

–Perhaps this is the last time we see each other. I don't want to be pessimistic, but just in case, let's say goodbye here.

–Nooo, no --I exclaimed in horror, trying to drive away the negative thoughts. After what happened to my family, I couldn't think without trembling at the prospect of losing Uncle Kurt as well. Nothing bad will happen to us, dear Uncle Kurt, the triumph is certain! we will be like the boomerang that returns to the hands of the one who threw it, returns his blow, and stops!

But my arguments were worthless. Uncle Kurt had already turned completely and hugged me effusively.

–Goodbye neffe --he said to me with nostalgia--. Life gave us no chance of getting to know us better. However, it was very good to have you in Santa María those months. You restored my faith in the Hyperborean Wisdom by bringing the answers that I waited for 35 years. Now I will risk my last strengths in the most **demential** of all the missions I've ever been commissioned. And this too is necessary for the Führer's Strategy; as always, I don't understand why, but I know that it is so. Goodbye Neffe Arturo: we'll see each other at the end; **at the end of Operation Boomerang or when the Final Battle is waged.**

I got a lump in my throat; I didn't have the courage to say goodbye to him. I just hugged him tightly.

However, Uncle Kurt was still the same old hardheaded.

–Let's go, then --he proposed--. Just remember that whatever happens, I will not stray from the only principle that I understand.

–Yes; I already know, Uncle Kurt; by Wothan, don't repeat it to me anymore! **"the Immortals cannot die"!**

It would be 7:45 on March 26, 1980, and it was already quite dark in Cerrillos. Uncle Kurt gave the first order to Ying and Yang and instantly the phenomenon began to occur: slowly, they levitated upwards the Daivas dogs and Uncle Kurt, who seemed to have an effective foothold under his feet. Such a point of support was not enough for me, and that is why I hastened to take hold of his waist, literally hanging in space, without any base, and observing that Uncle Kurt bent over, accusing my dead weight.

The ascent lasted a few seconds, until I lost track of the altitude. In the meantime, I managed to see out of the corner of my eye the tops of the lapacho trees, the roofs of the Farm, and, in a screenshot, the town of Cerrillos, artificially illuminated by the street lamps. We were not moving uniformly, but the climb accelerated as we gained height. In a given moment, Uncle Kurt, beyond Kula and Akula, materialised the complex mental orders and the Daivas dogs, without stopping their movement, performed the svipa-Lung flight. The order from the Eternal Spirit had the effect of a whiplash and, not only for the Daivas dogs: I felt it too; and I verified **the power**, the terrible power that is capable of demonstrating a Hyperborean Initiate, a Man God.

If I had to refer to time, I would say that the flight through Time and Space did not last more than a second. However, that sinking into the most impenetrable blackness did not convey a sense of temporality but of eternity, of being out of life and death, and of all go by.

After that instant without time, in which without any doubt I experienced the impression of a jump, began a decelerated descent, during which I again distinguished the usual objects, skies, mountains, houses, trees, lights. The journey thus consisted of three phases: one, of accelerated ascent, with permanent perception of the sky and stars; the second, of the proper svadi-Lung jump, in which I lacked all contextual vision, except for Uncle Kurt; and the third, of a decelerated descent, in which I reassuringly found above me the cosmic womb of the starry sky.

It would be 10 or 11 p.m. on March 22, 1980, when my feet touched the ground of the Farm of Belicena Villca, in Tafi del Valle. I stepped on solid ground and yet my knees loosened a bit, until

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

Uncle Kurt landed, whose feet were at all times one meter higher than mine: I repeat that I traveled "hanging" from his waist.

But as soon as I regained my stability, I let go of Uncle Kurt and grabbed the Itaka. I still had not finished orientating and I obeyed a gesture of his that indicated me to bend over. Quickly, everything went making sense to me: we were hiding behind a huge black car. The car of the oriental assassins!

Uncle Kurt signaled with a finger over the mouth to be quiet, and then he pointed ahead, past the car. I peeked over the hood and sighted a house no more than thirty steps away, shedding profuse light towards the exterior blackness through a row of three lateral windows. Apparently the car was parked parallel to the corner of the house, which allowed us to dominate, in addition to the windows on one side, the entrance door located in the other. The door, closed, was situated on a plane of forty-five degrees to the left; and that's where we should get to.

Undoubtedly, we had the surprise factor. The dogs had pressed to the ground like snakes, mentally commanded by Uncle Kurt, and there they would stay. We were going to advance towards the door, to begin the attack, when a human cry, a strident scream of pain, nailed us to the spot: inside they were tormenting someone! So then we ran to the door as quietly as possible.

And as we got closer, a pungent, sweet odor was what first caught our attention. It was a fragrance like an aromatic smoke of sandalwood or incense and it looked so out of place there that we looked at each other perplexed. We both immediately recognized that perfume for having perceived it previously, in different and dramatic circumstances: Uncle Kurt, in the Tibetan valley of The Pitch; and I in Belicena Vilca's cell, the night of her death. But this only lasted a moment because what came next concentrated all of our attention.

### Chapter XIII

But it was clear that those would not be ordinary human beings. Halfway, when we had not yet separated from the plane of the door and we weren't fully visible from it, it was suddenly opened to leave way to two men of enormous physical build. One jumped out and the other remained on the threshold: contrasted by the interior light, we had in front of us the two Oriental Gentlemen, impeccably dressed in their English suits of fine tailoring.

The first to come out was Bera, holding a handle with two balloons, the fatal Dordje. He instantly raised the gun towards Uncle Kurt, as his face was decomposing with terror. I understood that the human Demon wasn't seeing Uncle Kurt but the Sign of the Origin, the Absolute Truth of the Spirit that dissolved the Essential Lie of his own illusory existence.

Despite everything, he was still going to shoot the deadly ray, but Uncle Kurt was faster. Running, barely aiming, he pulled the trigger once; and it was enough. The shot struck Bera in the middle of the chest, lifted him a meter high, and threw him several meters beyond. Simultaneously, I who was not exactly a professional commando, stopped, aimed, and fired twice, impacting the stomach and the chest of the Demon Birsha. The eighteen ammunitions wisely disseminated by that magnificent weapon, crushed Birsha against the door frame without giving him any time.

—Soon! —Uncle Kurt yelled, seeing that I had remained immobile, resisting to believe that it was all over—. Soon, prepare the acid, Arturo! Hurry, **before Avalokiteshvara manifests!**

**--Avalokitesh...? --I asked, surprised--. Gods! Avalokiteshvara, the Merciful! *That was the flaw in my plan that we were veiledly warned about by Captain Kiev! I had forgotten Avalokiteshvara, now I saw clearly, and that forgetfulness could make my plan fail, even cost us our lives! The Great Mother would never allow two of her best children to be destroyed; not if She could prevent it; that was just one of her cosmic functions: protect her animal-men children, calm the fear of their Souls! And if She could remove the fear of Bera and Birsha, even to tone it down, my whole plan would crumble like a house of cards! We might even suffer a counterattack from the Demons, already recovered, who then would know in which world to find us!***

Evaluating these possibilities paralyzed me. I laboriously untied the ropes and lowered the jug of acid from my back. Uncle Kurt displaying extraordinary ability, had already extracted Bera's heart, leaving in its place a horrible hole through which flowed abundant blood, which formed a pool around his corpse. He put the steaming heart inside the bowler hat, which floated on the blood like a grotesque replica of Charon's boat, and quickly fell on the lifeless body of Birsha. With accurate cuts of the mountain knife, sharp as a razor, he went cutting the vest of fine English cashmere and the no less valuable shirt of Chinese silk; at the moment of reaching the flesh, he made a deep central incision, which he would then enlarge to expose the end of the ribs and the thoracic cavity: from



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

there he would section the arteries of the heart, which in those Demons was located on the right side of the Body.

--"Uncle Kurt knew it!" --I discovered, dismayed--. And to think that I dared to test his Honor; he not only knew we could fail: he also knew why we could fail. And despite knowing it, he kept quiet to comply with the orders of the Lord of Venus. I remembered Captain Kiev's warning: "**when finishing the operation they will only see what they did not contemplate at the beginning, but that if they had seen it at the beginning it would prevent them from completing the operation**". Avalokiteshvara, She was what I had not contemplated at first, since if I would have assumed that her Mercy would help the Demons overcome their panic. I wouldn't have launched Operation Boomerang! And Uncle Kurt had understood then, he who complained of not understanding anything, but he had kept quiet because he knew how much I wanted to attack the Demons. That's why he made me buy the sulfuric acid without giving me further explanations: he also had a theory; he knew an alchemistic way of neutralizing the protection of the Great Mother Binah; or he knew how to keep the Demon's panic. Right away I would know what the answer was.

On sulfuric acid, he only told me that it "**attaches the organic matter in Saturn**": "by introducing the heart, seat of the Soul, in the sulfuric acid, we are constellating the Soul on Saturn, placing it at the beginning of the Universe and contributing to its involuntal regression". According to plan, I was in charge of putting the hearts in the jug of acid. But now I presumed that that recommendation pointed to another objective, in addition to the one declared by Uncle Kurt.

I set the jug on the threshold of the door and uncapped it; I took the bowler hat, which had just received the second heart, and I placed it next to it; and not without some disgust, I prepared to take the diabolical organs. It was then when I stopped fascinated, and then I was paralyzed with horror.

It is written: "**the hearts belong to Avalokiteshvara**". The heart of the animal-man, of the Man of Mud, receives the protection of the Great Mother Binah through the *Intellegentia* of *YHVH*; and her twilight *consciousness*, receives more light through the *Sapientia* of the Great Father Chokhmah.

### Chapter XIV

Like I said, I was going to take the human hearts of Bera and Birsha, when I stopped fascinated: the cause was the *scintilla luminis*, or sparks of light, which began to sprout from them. Thousands of sparks that jumped in all directions, now turning in a circle, now in a spiral, or tracing bright curves of capricious shape, prevented me from distinguishing the bottom of the hat, and even the hat itself. Fascinated by the spectacle, enchanted, perhaps spellbound, I accidentally remembered the definition of the Alchemist Khunrath; they are, he said, "**Scintillae Animae Mundi igneae, Luminis nimirum Naturae**", that is, "**they are Igneous Sparks of the Soul of the World, Lights that are evidenced in Nature**". Such *scintillae* always accompany the phases of Alchemy; and in that moment all the elements of the opus were present: in the Cabinet of Nature, there was the *prima materia* of the hearts; the *Sulfur Philosophorum's aqua permanens*; and Mercury, the great *Artifex* transmutator, was present, that is, Uncle Kurt *Shivatulku*, representative of Wothan, who is Hermes, and who is Mercury.

Spinning in a hypnotic whirlwind, the *scintillae luminis* were covering my field of vision. Golden sparks were now pouring out from everywhere and streaking across space until extinguished, a space strangely devoid of wind and sounds, as if the whole of Nature was entertained in manifesting its *lumen naturae*. I looked away from the bowler hat and the jug of acid, invisible under the luminous spring and, semi-anesthetized, I looked all around: *scintillae* seemed to arise from the whole world. From the house, from the ground, from the trees that I did not see before, but that stood ten steps away, from all things a flickering golden aura emerged, composed of myriads of *scintillae luminis*. Or did that vision signify the sudden activity of a new sense, that made it possible to perceive the Anima Mundi, a *luminositas sensus naturae*?

But a bigger *luminositas* caught my attention. On the corpses of the oriental assassins, in effect, were beginning to rise two clouds of ectoplasmic vapor, also glittering due to the emission and absorption of thousands of *scintillae*; At a meter high, those clouds kept spinning in a spiral, and constantly feeding on the milky vapor that emanated from the pools of blood. As in a painting from the Impressionist school, as in a work of Henri Matisse, I saw the Reality decomposed into millions of color points, sparks of light that swirled in the shape of the *elementum primordiale* and of the *massa confusa*, of the *chaos naturae*. With the vision saturated by the hive of *scintillae*, I felt that internally, and irrationally, a voice was speaking to me; it said: "**Yod, Yod, every scintillae is yod,**

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

***an eye of Avalokiteshvara"; "and among all the scintillae there are two that are The One, they are the scintillae ones, the Monads of Bera and Birsha that cannot die".***

Already chastened by what happened in Santa María, it was just listening to these voices from the Soul, from my own Soul emotionally influenced by the Great Mother, and refer me to the Virgin of Agartha. Yes: I closed my ears as I was able, since I could not do without the great ***luminositas***, and I gave myself to the abduction of the Virgin of the Stone Child, whose spiritual help allowed me to sustain in that terrible moment. According to what happened next, I would have lost my mind without a doubt if She did not support my Spirit from the Origin. Because at that moment, when the quantity and multiplicity of ***scintillae*** had reached their highest exaltation, ***all opened in unison and showed an expressionless eye, an eye that was the same eye repeated insanely in all points in space***. All the Nature, all things differentiated, all that I could see and perceive now seethed with expressionless eyes, with ichthyic eyes that undoubtedly looked at us: ***and those millions of fish eyes, of oculi piscium, were the Eyes of the Merciful that opened to contemplate the Souls of her Beloved Sons, the Souls of Bera and Birsha that were disincarnating in the midst of a great terror***.

Think about the scene: in the general form of entities nothing has changed, all are distinguishable and recognizable, all are nameable as always; the tree, the floor, the house, the sky, the cloud, the bodies, all objects continue being the same; ***but now, they also exude with a life seething with Divine eyes, with eyes that look with natural Love***. Think of the tree, composed entirely of eyes, and in the house, or in the Sky, also composed of eyes, and think that ***the thousands of glances from the tree to the house and those from the house to the tree, and those of both to the Sky, are the ties that bind and unite the entities and constitute the superstructure of reality***: a structure of objects linked together by the Will of the Creator and the natural Love of the Great Mother.

If you have imagined it, you have to think now that in that scene I found myself, frightened by the omnipresent eyes of Avalokiteshvara, "the all-seeing one", and shaken to the root of my feelings, agitated in my emotional nature for the intense Love of the Great Mother, for her unlimited Mercy. So there was first the fascination with ***scintillae*** and then the fright of the ***panoptic*** ebullition; and the biggest fright was to see that my own body was made up of millions of compassionate eyes. And this phenomenon, terrible, demential, explains why my hand stopped before taking the hearts from the inside of the bowler hat.

--Neffe! Arturo! --Uncle Kurt's voice was heard from several meters away--. I knew this would happen and I know what you are seeing. Do not fear for all is illusion: we can still achieve our goal. Can you hear me?

--Yes, Uncle Kurt --I replied in a daze--. I hear you as if your voice was coming from a lot of distance, and I find myself very influenced by this profusion of eyes manifested by nature, by this monster that the World has become.

--Listen to me well, Arturo: you will do exactly what I requested and you will answer my questions. ***You will tell me what you will see, because here there are no eyes but yours: all the eyes of Avalokiteshvara are illusory, they are projections of your own emotional weakness***.

I made an effort and turned to the direction his voice was coming from. I saw millions of bright eyes, I saw that all Reality was still made up of fish eyes, but where Uncle Kurt was, where his eyes should be, I only saw two empty basins, two craters of impenetrable blackness, two windows open to Another World: I let out a cry of horror and turned my gaze forward.

--Are you with me, Arturo? --Uncle Kurt asked unusually.

--Yes Uncle Kurt, I answered once more.

--You will carry out the Work: I will only put, at the beginning, the Sign of the Origin on the Stone of Fire!

I remembered the words of Birsha in the Letter of Belicena Villca: "the mortal men, Mud Men, who evolved from the mud, from the Stone of Fire of the Beginning that reflected a monad similar to The One, they would come to be in the end individuals identical to the Stone of Fire, like Metatron, the Celestial Man, the realized Archetype, the Lamb Son of Binah; they would be like this when the Temple was ready, and each one would take his place in the construction, according to the symbol of the Messiah; they would be like this in the days when the Kingdom of ***YHVH*** was realized on Earth; and the King Messiah reigned; ***and the Shekhinah manifested***"... So many eyes! Yes: that manifestation of Avalokiteshvara, of the Great Mother Binah, was also the Shekhinah, as Zacharias described it: ***"These optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent Israel Shekhinah"***! At the Beginning of Time, the created man was like a structure of mud; in the End, it would be like Stone of Fire. Such stones were ***irreversibly shaped*** by the Sign of the Origin transforming them into Cold Stone, into Uncreated Stone, as it scandalized the Demons, marking them with the Abominable Sign: "They, ***engraved the Abominable Sign*** in the Stone of Fire upon which each Soul of the Mud Men

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

was settling. And the Abominable Sign **cooled** the Stone of Fire, **Aben Esch**, and removed it from the End. So, Cohens, **the Stone that must be washed with bleach at the end, is the Cold Stone that would not have to be where it is, because it was not put in the Beginning by the One Creator**. "Cursed Stone, Stone of Scandal, Seed of Stone: They planted it after the Beginning in the Soul of the man of mud and now it is in the Beginning".

--**Transmutemini de lapidibus in vivos lapides philosophicos!**<sup>70</sup> --I heard Uncle Kurt repeat Magister Dorn's words--. Look in the **matrix!**

--I see a golden water, an aqua aurens, agitated by countless sparks of light: it is the **anima panoptes!**

--Put the hearts in the **matrix!**

Without thinking, I groped for the hat, extracted the slimy organs, and put them through the mouth of the jug. As soon as they sank into the sulfuric acid, an emanation of toxic vapor forced me to withdraw my head: at the opening of the **uterus philosophorum** for a moment the **reddish** vapor rose, giving the impression that the liquid had gone into combustion; however, it soon subsided, and a new glow began to shine from within the jug, this time black. In that moment I could barely notice it because Uncle Kurt wanted me not to look up from the acid and its macabre content, but it was evident that the general **morpho-optic** manifestation was substantially decreased.

--What do you see now? --he asked from his position.

--The starry sky!

Indeed, the acid had changed color and now the jug contained a black liquid, **nigredo**, which presented a shiny surface illuminated by infinity of fixed **scintillae**, sparks of light that were the stars of a particular microcosm.

--What do you see now? --he repeated.

--The Zodiac! --Hundreds, thousands of constellations, all the Archetypes of the Universe were in that Heaven!

--What do you see now? --he insisted.

--Two stars that stand out! Two stars, brighter than all the others, advance and stand in a central place, under the foot of the Virgin of the Spike, close to the Raven!

--What do you see now? --he inquired.

--The constellations seem more alive than ever, the Archetypes vibrate in Heaven, animals of all kinds are **getting ready to descend!** I see them and hear their sounds!

In truth, the sound of the celestial animals had become so real, that only when I took my eyes off the matrix for a moment did I understand that indeed, some of them were present around me: I distinguished, shocked, three roars, and that's why I directed that momentary glance towards the surroundings; **they were the growl of the pig, the barking of the dog, and the roar of the bear.** With growing fear, I then verified that the ectoplasmic clouds that floated over the corpses of Bera and Birsha, had acquired the unmistakable shape of the **wild boar**: over the corpses of the oriental assassins, two huge white boars, that growled menacingly and displayed on their bodies the thousand eyes of Avalokiteshvara, the thousand eyes of the Anima Mundi, the thousand eyes of The One, the thousand eyes of Purusha. The Daivas dogs had approached, no doubt called by Uncle Kurt, and they seemed to see them smoothly because they barked at them with uncontainable energy.

But the biggest impression I got was when I watched Uncle Kurt. How to explain what I saw? Just maybe by saying that **his shape changed**; that at times it was Uncle Kurt **and at times a huge angry bear, a ursus terrificus**. But such an explanation would not be entirely correct because, certainly, Uncle Kurt had become a **bear-Man**: it was Uncle Kurt's **fury, the Fury of the Warrior Bear**, the **berserkr gangr**, the force that transformed him. I looked for Uncle Kurt with a gaze and I discovered a **Berserkr**, a Warrior of the Einherjar Order of Wothan, a Hyperborean Initiate in the Vrunes of Navutan. And the gaze returned frightened to the eyes, accompanied by a most violent roar and the rhythmic, almost Ritual movement of his mighty claws. But when speaking; he was Uncle Kurt again.

--What do you see now? --he demanded.

--The two brightest stars have transformed into two twin Wild Boars!

--What do you see now?

--The Wild Boars flee in terror and seek the protection of their Mother, the Dragon

of the Universe!

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70 *Let us transmute ourselves from dead stones into living Philosopher's Stones.*

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

--What do you see now?

--I see the Wild Boars take shelter in the Dragon's lap! And I see the Dragon: it has a thousand heads and a thousand eyes; and on each head a Star of David; and in each head appears the Face of Binah; and its thousand mouths sing the Song of the Lamb. The Dragon cradles the Lamb and the Boars in its arms, on the right and on the left, they growl incessantly. And in chorus with the Dragon, and the Boars, the three quarters of the stars in Heaven sing like this:

Avalokiteshvara.

Great Mother Binah!

It's coming, it's coming.

The Final Holocaust!

--What do you see now?

--The Dragon Binah holds the Lamb with its right hand, while with the left holds an overflowing cup with human bleach. Now it spills the contents of the cup on Earth!

--What do you see now?

--The same stars sing:

Avalokiteshvara,

Great Mother Binah!

Your Mercy, your Mercy!

washes the Earth with Jehovah's bleach!

--What do you see now?

--The bleach falls to Earth. Two White Boars soar through the Sky from East to West announcing loudly: "**The Plague, the Plague!**" Everything that the bleach touches perishes: **the Earth becomes a Desert of Stones!** Only forty-four hundred thousand survive, who belong to the House of Israel; but these flee from the Desert and take refuge in a valley, which will then be flooded by bleach. And the Dragon, and the Boars, are enraged **because there are still the Stones of the Desert**, because the bleach has not calcined and dissolved them like the rest of the living beings!

--What do you see now?

--The Dragon then sends the Lamb guarded by its brothers, the twin Wild Boars, to graze on Earth! But the Earth is barren and the Lamb faints among the Stones, unable to feed itself!

--What do you see now?

--The Dragon, owner of terrible anger, curses the Stones and the Desert of Stones! And screams that it will seek the Lamb before the Desert kills it!

--What do you see now?

--The filthy bleach fallen from Heaven, and the dirt that it managed to tear from the Earth, slid into a valley, East of the Desert of Stones, and formed a great sea! Eden and Paradise, are the names of that sea; and Tartarus and Tharsis, are the names of the Desert of Stones!

--What do you see now?

--The Desert has pushed the Lamb towards its shore, which is also the shore of the sea of bleach! The Dragon, in Heaven, shouts again that it will help its son, who stands between Eden and Tartarus!

--What do you see now?

--The thousand eyes of the Dragon, bright as Suns, are concentrated on the Desert of Stones and Stones suffer mortal suffocation. Most of the Stones soften and melt, and the Desert becomes a huge lake of boiling lava: only the hardest Stones remain in place, keeping with tenacity its separate form!

--What do you see now?

--A terrible clamor rises from the Desert and rises beyond the Dragon: the Stones ask the Incognizable for help against the Lamb, and against the Mother of the Lamb, the Dragon Binah, who has poured Jehovah's bleach on them and has taken away from them the Earth, and intends to burn them in the Desert **for not being suitable for the Lamb's feed!**

--What do you see now?

--A Sign appeared in Heaven: **a Virgin, Blacker than Night**, and with the moon under her feet, and wearing a Crown of Thirteen Uncreated Stars! It is the Virgin of Agartha who came to help the Stones, in the Name of the Incognizable!

--What do you see now?

--The descent of the Virgin produces like a cloak of refreshing blackness over the Desert, which had been transformed into a lake of fiery lava, and brings immediate relief to the Stones. The Presence of the Virgin refreshes and hardens back the Stones, because she stands in the way with her darkness before the thousand red-hot eyes of the Dragon! And the Virgin carries a spike in her hand; and is dropping the grains on the Desert of Stones; and the Stones that receive the grain become immune to the Fire of Heaven, can no longer be softened, and remain signalled with a Mark,

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

a unique Sign that signifies the black, the hard and the cold. And the Mark of the Virgin is called "Sign of the Vril".

-What do you see now?

-Now the Lamb is lost between the Darkness and the Hardness, and the Coldness of the Stones. And he desperately calls upon his Mother, the Dragon Binah, because the Stones threaten to strangle his throat **or submerge it** into thesea of bleach.

-What do you see now?

--The Virgin is pregnant, and screams from the pains of childbirth and the anguish of the delivery. And another Sign appeared in the Sky: the red-hot Dragon, which has a thousand heads and a thousand eyes, and a thousand stars of David in its heads. Its tail sweeps out three-quarters of the stars in Heaven and throws them to Earth; and they descend on the sea of bleach commanded by the star Thuban. And the Dragon also descends to take care of the Lamb and attack the Virgin.

-What do you see now?

--The Dragon stopped before the Virgin who was about to give birth, to devour her child when She gave birth. **And She gave birth to a Stone Child, the one who is to rule all Nations with a Trident of Vraja: Führer is the name of the Stone Child.** But his son was protected from the Dragon by being confused among the Desert Stones. And the Virgin took refuge in the Desert, where She has a place arranged by the Incognizable to reside for two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight days.

-What do you see now?

-There is a battle in Heaven. Kristos-Lucifer, and Captain Kiev, and the Loyal Siddhas, rose to fight the Dragon. The Dragon presented battle and also its Immortal Angels, its Boars and stars. But it did not prevail nor was there a place for them in Heaven. The Great Dragon was **precipitated**, the one called Jehovah and Satan, the one who organizes the entire Universe; it was **precipitated** to Earth, and its Angels were **precipitated** with it.

-What do you see now?

-I hear a great Voice in Heaven that says:

"Now the Liberation has arrived  
and the Power and the Kingdom of the Incognizable,  
and the Empire of his Kristos.  
Because the chainer of Our Comrades  
has been **precipitated**,  
the one who day and night signalled them before the  
view of the Incognizable.  
But the Loyal Siddhas have beaten him  
with the Pure Blood,  
and for the testimony of Courage that they gave;  
because they did not love the warm life so much  
to avoid Death.  
For this fear, Heavens, and those who dwell in them.  
Woe to the land and sea!  
Because the Devil has come down to you,  
possessed of great fury,  
knowing that he has little time left".

-What do you see now?

--When the Dragon was **precipitated** to Earth, it pursued the Virgin that had given birth to the Stone Child. But the Virgin had at Her disposal both wings of the Great Kondor, and She could fly to the Desert, to her home, where she would resist **for a cycle, and for two cycles, and for half a cycle**, far from the presence of the Dragon. The Dragon vomited out of its mouths, behind the Virgin, bleach like a River, to make the River carry Her away. But the Desert helped the Virgin. And the Desert opened its mouth and swallowed the new River of bleach that the Dragon had vomited; and drained it toward the sea of bleach, where the Lamb and the one hundred and forty-four thousand were. And the Dragon was enraged against the Virgin **and went to wage war against the rest of Her descendants, those who display Her Mark and have the Testimony of Kristos Lucifer.** And it stood on the shore of the sea of bleach.

-What do you see now?

-I see a man with the Power of a Beast rise from the Desert! He is a being half man-half bear, or half man-half wolf; for moments he is like a bear and for moments he is like a wolf; when he must face the Bees of Israel he is as a bear and when he has to fight against the Lamb he is similar to the wolf! It's the Son of the Virgin of Agartha who has grown like Stone in the Desert; it's the Führer who

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

has returned to wage war against the Lamb and the hundred forty four thousand! His roar thunders the Earth, and in His wake the Desert Stones rise up, the ones that bear the Sign of the Vril! And the Frozen Stones by the Virgin of Agartha are also wolf-men who howl with irrepressible fury!

I am not exaggerating at all if I assure you that the roar that arose in that moment from where Uncle Kurt was standing, monotonously asking "what do you see now?", **made the earth tremble**. I described how much I saw on the surface of the **aqua vitae** of the jug, but my words had acquired a prophetic formality that was formed directly in the unconscious. For some time now I no longer reasoned what I said: I simply expressed what filled my mind, that at that point I could not explain if I really saw it or imagined it. What, of course, was not the product of my imagination, was the transmutation of Uncle Kurt and his bestial roars and howls; nor the two ectoplasmic Boars that, increasingly sharper and clearer, materialized on the corpses of the two oriental assassins.

To the roars of the bear-man, the Boars responded with the accursed honeybee buzz that I also knew now; but when the man-wolf howled, the Wild Boars trembled in panic, their hair bristled with terror and growling in despair. And I, upon perceiving what was happening around me, was trying to keep my eyes hypnotically fixed on the **matrix** with the acid and the hearts, contemplating visions that, with all the fantastic they could be, were less terrible than the Reality of the Farm of Belicena Villca.

--What do you see now? --Uncle Kurt's voice asked clearly.

--I see a huge Army advance made up of those who carry the Mark of the Virgin and are like the Beast, the Enemies of the Lamb. And I see that they go led by the Führer, who is like a furious wolf, and accompanied by the Virgin, who flies over them carrying the banner of the Sign of the Vril and of the Spike. And the Army of wolves is approaching the sea of bleach! And the Lamb, and the one hundred and forty-four thousand members of the Chosen People, are established in a White Island located towards the center of the sea of bleach, which had been formed with the top of Mount Zion! Celestial Jerusalem and Chang Shambala are the names of that island.

--What do you see now?

--The Lamb, standing on Mount Zion, and with it one hundred and forty-four thousand that have its name and their Father's name written on their foreheads. And I hear voices from Heaven that sound with the harmony of the multiple Nature. And they sing a **new** song before the Throne of Jehovah, before the ten Sefirot, before the Elders of Israel, and before the Shekhinah. No one can learn the Canticle of the Creation, but those one hundred and forty-four thousand who were rescued from the Earth. These are the ones who do not know the love of women because they are sodomite Priests. These are the ones who follow the Lamb wherever it goes. These constitute the Hierarchy of Souls, which goes from man to Jehovah and the Lamb. They do not know the Truth of Creation. They are perfect animal-men.

--What do you see now?

--I now observe an Epoch before the fall of the Dragon: they are seen on the Earth **the men who already had the Vril Sign** and some Angels of the Dragon that threaten them from Heaven. One of them, the one that flies highest in Heaven, carries the Gospel of the Lamb and announces the Holocaust of Fire to the inhabitants of the Earth, to all Nation and Tribe, and language and People, and says with great voice:

"Fear the Lord and give him glory,  
because the hour of his judgment has arrived.  
Worship **the one who created Heaven and Earth  
and the Sea** and the springs of water".

And another Angel, the second, continued saying:

**"It fell, it fell, Babylon, the great,  
the one that gave the wine of the  
Universal Empire to all Nations"**.

And another Angel, the Third, continued, saying with a great voice:

"If anyone adores the Beast and its image  
and receives its Mark on the forehead or the hand,  
**he also shall drink of the wine of the Lord's fury,  
pure wine, concentrated, human bleach,  
in the cup of his wrath.**

And he will be tormented **with Fire and Brimstone**  
in the presence of the Holy Angels  
and in the presence of the Lamb.  
**The smoke of his torment rises  
for centuries on end;**

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

and they have no rest day or night  
those who worship the Beast and its image,  
and those who receive the Mark of its name".  
"Here is the perseverance of the Chosen People,  
those who keep Jehovah's commandments  
and the faith in the Messiah!"

--What do you see now?

--Another Immortal Angel. Signals the city that is on Mount Zion, in the middle of the sea of bleach, and says: "behold the bride, the wife of the Lamb!"

This Angel speaks to those who worship the Lamb, and promises them the salvation from the wolf-men hiding in the City of Jehovah. This is how he speaks to them:

"A city will come down from Heaven,  
on Mount Zion,  
on behalf of Jehovah.  
Its radiance will be like precious stone,  
like a jasper stone that emits crystalline sparkles.  
It will have a great and high wall,  
in which there will be twelve doors;  
and on the doors, twelve Angels;  
and names written on, which are  
**those of the twelve Tribes of the Children of Israel.**  
**To the Orient, three doors; to the South, three doors;**  
**and to the Occident, three doors.**  
The city wall will have twelve bases;  
and on them, twelve names, those of the twelve  
Apostles of the Lamb".

And the Angel uses a gold cane to measure the city, its gates and its wall.

"The city will be settled in a quadrangular shape; and its length will be as much as its width".

And he measures the city with the cane and it has twelve thousand stadia. Its length, its width, and its height, are equal. And he measures the wall and it has a hundred and forty four cubits, according to human measure, which is that of the Angel. And the Angel says:

"The material of the wall will be jasper, and the city of pure gold similar to pure crystal. The bases of the city walls will be adorned with all kinds of precious stones. First base will be jasper; the second sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, carnelian; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, agate; the eleventh, hyacinth; and the twelfth, amethyst. The twelve gates will be twelve pearls; each of the doors will be of a single pearl, like shiny crystal. There will not be sanctuary in it; for its Sanctuary will be Elohim, Jehovah Sebaoth, and the Lamb. And the city will not need **the Sun or the Moon to illuminate it**, because **the Glory Sefirot of Jehovah will illuminate it** and its lamp will be the Lamb. **And the Nations will walk in the light of it, and the Kings of the Earth will bring their Glory to it. Its doors will never be closed by day**, and there will never be night there. And they will bring to it the Glory and honor of the Nations. **They shall not enter into it anything impure, not consecrated by the Priests of Israel**, nor those who bear the Abominable Sign, **but those inscribed in the Lamb's book of life**".

--What do you see now?

--A River of living water, from which all created things come out, which arises from the **Keter** Trunk of Jehovah and the Lamb. The Angel pronounces the last words:

**"In the middle of the place, and on one side and the other of this River, there will be a Tree of Life that will bear twelve fruits, one each month. And the leaves of the Pomegranate Tree will serve to heal the Nations of the sin against Jehovah. And then there will be no condemnation for anyone**, and the Trunk of Jehovah and the Lamb will be there, and his servants will worship him. They will see his face, and bear His Name on the forehead. There will no longer be night, **nor infinite blackness**, but **they will not need light of lamp or sunlight**; for Jehovah Elohim will give light to them, **and they will reign for centuries on end**".

--What do you see now?

--I see the Final Battle. I see the Führer and his Army of wolf-men take by assault the Island of Zion, and surprise Celestial Jerusalem, which is Chang Shambhala, and cause great slaughter among its inhabitants. Neither Thuban and the three quarters of Heaven, garrison posts, manage to stop the raging pack! The Lamb and the 144,000 Priests are cornered in the Damned City, **built with the body of the Dragon!** And they die for thousands: they'd rather die than see the Vril Sign of the wolf-men! And the Dragon-City throbs and writhes, unable to shake off the wolf-men. And the

## The Mistery of Belicena Vilca

immortal eyes of the Dragon shed innumerable tears; tears that roll towards the quadruple Wailing Wall; Tears of Mercy for the Children of Israel. But the wolf-men do not give in and sink their tusks in the Children of Israel, in the Lamb, and in the Dragon. And the Virgin of Agartha nails her banner to the Wailing Wall, which is like the Heart of Binah, the owner of all hearts: yes; in the heart of Avalokiteshvara has been planted the Sign of the Vrili, the Mark that causes the Black, the Hard and the Cold of the Stones, and through the Wailing Wall run Her tears as arising from a miraculous waterfall. And a hard and frozen darkness fall on Zion: it is the Cold Death of the Virgin; the death that snatches the warmth from the hearts of the Lamb and the one hundred and forty-four thousand Saints of Israel; Death unleashed by those who see in the darkness, the Stone wolf-men who form the Führer's Army.

--What do you see now?

--The Final Battle continues on Earth, but I can no longer see what there happens, **as I see the White Boars fleeing in panic to hide in Heaven: they are being pursued by the Army-pack of wolf-men-of-Stone! But in Heaven only remain a quarter of the stars!**

**--The moment has arrived! The End is the same as the Beginning!** --exclaimed surprisingly Uncle Kurt.

### Chapter XV

I was startled by those unexpected words from Uncle Kurt. However, he asked next:

--What do you see now?

--The twin Boars have ascended to the Starry Sky looking for the Dragon. But the Dragon is not in Heaven but in the Final Battle. And the Wild Boars have turned into stars again, and have placed themselves under the feet of the Virgin, near the raven. And in the sky many constellations are missing, like a book of images that had many pages torn off.

--What do you see now?

--The stars of Heaven, **all that were left**, leave their spots and revolve around the two Boar-stars.

It is the **chaos primordialis**, the **massa confusa!**

**--I will project the Sign of the Origin on the massa confusa!** --yelled Uncle Kurt. Apparently located now very close to me, behind me. I imagined his empty black basins, deep and infinite, peering into the alchemist bowl, whose shiny surface would without remedy house **what he was: the Sign of the Origin, the Sign of the Vrili, the Mark of the Virgin, the Sign of Lucifer, the Sign of Shiva**. I imagined it, because I did not want to look at him and see, as before, the Death Frya, the Bear Man and the Wolf Man.

In the **matrix**, the surface of the **Sulfur Philosophorum** showed the image of a swirl of **lumen naturae** revolving around the two twin stars, the **monads of Bera and Birsha**. When the first Rune reflected on them, they lost much of their shine and began to **solidify**. And so they continued, dimming and solidifying, as the other Runes followed in succession. And when, at last, the thirteen Runes had been formed, the two stars underwent a metamorphosis and transformed into **flowers of Stone**. So, as if Uncle Kurt had asked me the question, I described out loud what I saw:

--The stars are now two stone flowers; they are two **padmas** or lotuses: Esther is the name of those Stones. And the thirteen Runes move and associate with each other in an incomprehensible way. And the thirteen Runes form a Sign that disintegrates the swirl, the **chaos confusum**, and replaces it with the most impenetrable darkness; only the stone flowers have remained in the **Sulfur Philosophorum**: and now they **precipitate** to the bottom of the **matrix**. **Opus consumatum est!**<sup>71</sup>

--You now have two **lapis philosophorum!** --Uncle Kurt said--. You have completed the Work, through the Virgin, **because you have seen the Work!** And you have received the **descensus spiritus sancti creator!** You are just like me, and I am just like you! **Naturalissimum et perfectissimum opus est generare tale quale ipsum est!**<sup>72</sup>. Suddenly I realized that the roars, growls and barks had been silenced. I turned abruptly and searched for Uncle Kurt with the look: I did not see him anywhere. Instead I observed two white spots that were moving away towards the sky. I sharpened the eyesight and thought I distinguished two wild boars that were fleeing in a panic, their hair bristled and grunting in terror. Nature had quieted and the ectoplasmic clouds were no longer on the corpses of the oriental assassins. The Boars were the Souls of Bera and Birsha that

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71 *The Work is done.*

72 *The most natural and perfect Work consists in creating something equal to Himself.*



## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

were fleeing towards the **Beginning of Time!** Had the plan worked, after all, despite the intervention of Avalokiteshvara? How did Uncle Kurt do it, how did he make sure that the **Dea Mater's** Mercy did not calm the panic of the Immortals Bera and Birsha? Yes, now I remembered: **with their hearts in the Sulfur Philosophorum, with their Souls in the glass of alchemist projections, had led Bera and Birsha into the future, into the Final Battle, when the Dragon would lose its Power; And there they had suffered more terror than the death of their physical bodies by our gunshots.**

Of all the possible Futures, it is possible to expect one that corresponds to the World **"that Wothan affirms from the Origin"**, the World that constitutes **"the Reality of the Blood of Tharsis"**. To that Future, in which the Spirit will triumph over the Powers of Matter, had been carried alchemistically the Souls of Bera and Birsha: to the Battle of Chang Shambhala, to the Final Battle; to the Defeat of Chang Shambhala, to the Defeat of Zion; and the Terror of Chang Shambhala's End, of the End of Zion, caused the return of Bera and Birsha to the Beginning of Time, to the point where all possible Futures settle and where Chang Shambhala or Zion does not have its End determined before the End of Time. Because the one I saw in the **matrix** is an Uncreated Future, not foreseen by the Creator, only possible in the World of the Blood of Tharsis, in the World of the Reality of the Führer: **and Uncle Kurt had shown blind faith in that Uncreated Future, in which the spiritual men would rise like Beasts against the Lamb and the "one hundred and forty-four thousand" Priests of Israel.** I think that the success of the alchemist transmutation, and the terror infused into the Immortals Bera and Birsha, were fundamentally due to that unshakable faith that Uncle Kurt professed for the Führer and his Future.

Although he strangely claimed that the Work was mine. But I sheltered the certainty that it was he who marked the Hot Stones, the Souls of Bera and Birsha, monads on the Primordial Chaos, with the Sign of the Origin, with the "Abominable Sign" that the Demons feared. And their Souls had precipitated the Stone of the Beginning, the **lapis ignis**, and now **they should be in the Beginning. With panic, in the Beginning:** the goal of the plan. I forgot the Mercy of Avalokiteshvara, but **thanks** to Uncle Kurt the goal had been achieved.

By the way, where was Uncle Kurt? He was starting to worry me, when I heard his voice: **it came from above**, and it sounded ironic and calm.

--I was right, neffe: **The Immortals cannot die.** And you were right: **their fear would make them flee towards the Beginning.** This is a tie, don't you think? now I must go after them, Bear against Bees, Wolf against Pigs, I must chase them till the Beginning: **only then will the End be equal to the Beginning, the Power will become Act, the Possible will become Real, the Work will be Present between the End and the Beginning; and you will be able to fulfill your mission.**

I knew what was going on: Uncle Kurt had elevated with the Daivas dogs until getting out of my reach. His decision was therefore irrevocable. I felt like dying of sadness and desolation. My legs loosened. A knot tied my throat. Yet I cried out helplessly:

--Uncle Kurt, don't go! Don't leave me **alone** here!

Then I heard that thunderous laugh that my uncle emitted with unavoidable spontaneity: it was not a mockery, but the expression of state of mind.

--And you are the one who questioned my **stubbornness**, when I resisted staying **alone** in this Hell, after the Second War? --he asked laughing--. Well remember that I endured 35 years: you will have to put up with a lot less. Come on, be brave Neffe Arturo! Or will I have to ask you like Belicena Villca if you are able to be a Kshatriya? But I know you understand why I do it: **it is part of the Führer's Strategy. The hunt that I now begin soon will be imitated by thousands of Stone-wolf-men. I will have the Honor of determining the End of the Era of the Boar and the Bee, as well as the Spike of the Virgin will destroy the Age of the Dove.** You are like me and I am like you. And if I am, you are: **that was the great Strategy of the Von Sübermann Lineage**, which we could not know until now; **the secret of the Tulkus.** Today, the Sign of the Origin is in you, **in the lobe of your ears; and those who have the Pure Blood will see it.** That is why the **lapis philosophorum** took the form of the **flowers of stone:** because **such lotuses are the adornment of Avalokiteshvara's earrings, the pendants that the Merciful one places in the ears of the signaled with the Sign of the Origin, to cover the Sign of the Origin.** You have obtained them in the **matrix** of projections because your own Sign of the Origin **has been uncovered: Their covers have fallen! And that is the Great Work! You are now the Sign of the Origin, and you are, in the Origin of the Eternal and Uncreated Spirit, equal to Me!** I could never see the Sign of the Origin, remember?; but **we both saw it today: you in me, and I in you, in the projection on the Hot Stone.** Separated we would never have seen it. That's why it was good to be with you, neffe; because together we will fulfill the mission of our Lineage: **we will do it for Honor, since we saw the Origin, and we have the Origin, and we can return whenever we want to the Origin.** You do

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

not need me any more; you do not need anything or anyone. Goodbye neffe; we will meet again during the Final Battle. Heil Hitler!

--Heil Hitler! --I answered mechanically, while the roar of an indescribable Beast thundered the space and a gust of supernatural, icy wind, struck me like a whip and shook the trees and kicked up clouds of dust.

I looked in the direction the Boars had fled, that is, towards the South, and I swear I last observed Uncle Kurt. Or at least that impression I received. Because I saw, or thought I saw, contrasted by the starry sky, a Beast running after two bright stars that were moving away in fear: sometimes it seemed like a Bear, sometimes a Wolf; and their roars and howls grew less loud until they were completely extinguished. **I felt healthy: it was the Plague that was going away.**

Thoughtful, still looking towards the Southern Cross, I remembered the Letter of Belicena Villca, the part where Rabbi Benjamin referred to Bera the Mystery of the weakness of the Chosen People: "Jehovah warned the People of Israel about four kinds of evils, against which they would be **weak**: Beware of the Sword, because It can kill you; Beware of the Dogs, because They can tear you apart; Beware of the Birds of the Sky, because They can devour you; Beware of the Beasts of the Earth, because They will annihilate you (**Jer. 15**)". There in the soil of the Farm, lay the lifeless human bodies of Bera and Birsha: they had been **weak**, strategically **weak**. And in their case, the symbols warned by Jehovah, all four had intervened at the same time:

**Sword:** the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis.

**Dogs:** the Daivas dogs.

**Birds:** the Virgin of Agartha, and every Lady Kâlibur, whose Infinite Blackness **devours** the light of the Souls.

**Beasts:** the **Berserkr** and the **Ulfhednar**, that is, the Bear-Men and the Wolf-Men, of Frya Stone.

And they were worthless on this occasion, the "remedies" proposed by Bera: the Peace of Gold; the Illusion of Rage; the Illusion of the Earth; and the Illusion of Heaven.

We had won the game against the Demons, but never ever, until today, I saw Uncle Kurt again.

### Chapter XVI

This was followed by a phenomenon that I have decided to expose separately, because I still haven't found a convincing explanation for it. As I said, I was still looking at the Sky, towards the Southern Cross and thinking about the things I mentioned, trying to dominate the nostalgia for Uncle Kurt's departure, trying to overcome nervous depression.

The blow was violent, forceful, in the center of the skull, some centimeters above the spot where Uncle Kurt hit me with his accurate pistol-whip. I fell to the ground, struck down, seeing stars that weren't exactly the product of an alchemical process, **but aware that something had fallen from the Sky on my head, something of small size and considerable weight.** I got up, still dazed, and I began to search around with the help of the flashlight pen. It didn't take long for me to find the projectile, the cause of the bump, the painful effects of which lasted several days and whose scar I retain: as is easy to imagine, it was a stone.

But this was an artistically carved stone, and it was obvious that it belonged to a larger set, from which it was fractured. **It was the hand of a Stone child, mutilated at the wrist, expressing the Bala<sup>73</sup> Mudra<sup>74</sup>, the Internal Salute of the House of Tharsis: the index and thumb fingers, were stretched forming the right angle; and the middle, ring, and pinky fingers, were flexed on the palm of the hand.**

Finding the stone hand, I instantly remembered the Thirty-third Day of the Letter of Belicena Villca, and then I verified it by rereading that paragraph over and over again: on that day Belicena narrated the extermination of her Lineage carried out by Bera and Birsha, by transmuting the uninitiated members of the House of Tharsis, like those of my family, in **Judean bitumen**. It was then when the Noyo, Noso de Tharsis, reached the church of the Virgin of the Grotto, in Turdes, to rescue the image from the widespread looting of Lugo da Braga. And it was while fulfilling this task that he verified that the Stone Child had been amputated the hand expressing the Bala Vrune. **But**

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73 Strength.

74 Expression.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

*such a disappearance happened in the thirteenth century, seven hundred years ago: at least it seemed risky, if not absurd, to relate this fact to that.* And however, against all logical arguments, the accident seemed to me suggestive. And I haven't changed my mind: I had the little hand set on a **handle** made of silver, I added a chain and hung it around my neck. How did it fall on my head, or from where? I don't know; if it's the same hand from the XIII century, I don't know either; And what does it mean that it fell against my head at that moment, is something that belongs to the realm of the darkest enigmas. But I like the piece and I will carry it with me till the End.

### Chapter XVII

There is very little that remains for me to add to this Epilogue, or Prologue.

Gone through the shock that Uncle Kurt's departure undoubtedly caused me, evidenced in the abnormal serenity with which I began to reflect on the symbols of the Sword, Dogs, Birds and Beasts, and gotten over the painful effect of the blow to the head, I began to become aware of reality and my nervous system went into violent crisis. Inside I felt like I was breaking down, and I tried to keep armed on the outside, shouting a thousand insults and oaths against all of our enemies, and from which in the end our Comrades and allies were not excluded: Belicena Villca, her son Noyo, Captain Kiev, the Loyal Siddhas, the Führer, and even the Incognizable, were encompassed by my irreproducible blasphemies. I will not justify myself, since the known events explain this irrational reaction. How could my will not be broken, if within four days my family was atrociously murdered, my entire family, close and distant relatives, and the only survivor outside of me, Uncle Kurt, had just left never to return?

I went crazy, I yelled insults and helplessly kicked the corpses of the oriental assassins. With irrational aggressiveness, I was about to empty into those diabolical bodies the charges of the useless submachine gun, when groans coming from the inside providentially brought me to reality. I was not alone! I suddenly remembered that during the attack we had heard some screams of pain.

With my face still decomposed with fury, some insane gleam in my eyes, and pistol in hand, I entered the house decisively, causing the consequent alarm of the person who was tied up on the table of the dining room. It was Segundo, the Indian descendant of the People of the Moon, who Belicena Villca mentioned in her letter, and whom I saw a couple of times as visitor at the Neuropsychiatric Hospital of Salta.

He looked terrible, because Bera and Birsha had pulled his fingernails from his hands and feet; however, he should be grateful to the Gods, and to Operation Boomerang, because the Demons lacked time to cut off his tongue and ears, and empty his eyes, and finally skin him or slit his throat. When I untied him and asked if there was a first aid kit, the Indian regained his speech.

—And the two men? —he asked with caution.

—They weren't men --I answered badly-- but the Demons Bera and Birsha. They are both dead, out there: we killed them with the shots that you heard. And now my uncle is chasing them to the bottom of the Central Abyss of the Universe, to a hellish place from which they may not be able to return ever.

Now I understand that such an answer was improper and absurd to offer to an unknown indian who might not have the slightest idea what I was telling him. But I suffered from the effects of shock and crisis and I did not stop to think about what I was saying. Rather, I permanently cursed myself for all my mistakes: for being the cause of the Demons discovering the World and the address where my family lived; because in the attack plan I forgot to consider the compassionate action of Avalokiteshvara; and for ignoring the bad feeling that Uncle Kurt's farewell in Cerrillos gave me, before levitating with the Daivas dogs: **Uncle Kurt knew what was going to happen, that we were going to be tested by the Maternal Passion of Avalokiteshvara, who would mercifully defend the Immortals, and that in all probability he should depart in pursuit of the Demons, to keep their fear awake; and that is why he wanted to say goodbye before entering operations!** And I was the imbecile that continued until the end with the plan, not paying attention to anything, underestimating Uncle Kurt's ability! Now I was alone, more alone than Uncle Kurt in his exile, although he claimed otherwise to comfort me and give me courage!

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind when I responded to the indian in the above manner. Fortunately, I was not entirely alone: the indian repeated, with even greater caution:

—Beraj and Birchaj?

It is possible that just in this moment I realized that the indian was real.

—Beraj ...? I repeated, trying to remember where I had heard before that pronunciation. Then I remembered the Letter of Belicena Villca and the story of the People of the Moon. So you know them

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

too! Those Sons of a Bitch exterminated your family, as well as the House of Tharsis and my own Lineage! --I exclaimed with exaggerated euphoria.

--And how do you know that? --asked the indian in the height of amazement--. You're not from the Army?

--Ha, Ha, Ha --I laughed heartily, upon discovering the impression that caused the commando uniform--. No, man, no. I do not belong to the Armed Forces. The one who was a member of the Army was Noyo Villca, as you well know. Don't you remember me? I am Arturo Siegnagel, the psychiatrist who attended Belicena Villca in Salta. She told me everything in a long letter: for example, I know that you descend from the People of the Moon, who lived on Koaty Island in Lake Titicaca, and that your remote ancestors resided in Scandinavia, in the country of King Kollman, of the lineage of Skiold.

--Ah, the Doctor. Yes, I remember you. I was aware that Mrs. Belicena wrote a letter with information about the House of Tharsis, but I did not know who would be its recipient.

And you say --he added-- that these torturers are the same Beraj and Birchaj who guided the malones of Diaguitas-Hebrew indians more than six hundred years ago, under the command of Cacique Cari, in the invasion of the Island of the Sun?

--They were --I corrected him--. Indeed, they were the same ones, though perhaps they used other bodies; I don't know that exactly. But what is certain is that it's been three months since they murdered Belicena Villca in the Hospital, and only four days that they wiped out my whole family; because of these damn Demons, we are only three the remaining survivors of three spiritual Lineages: Noyo Villca, of the House of Tharsis; Segundo, from the House of Skiold; and Arturo Siegnagel, from the Von Sübermann House. Belicena Villca asks me in her letter to look for Noyo Villca in Córdoba, and she assures me that you will help me. She also recommends me to be very careful with Bera and Birsha, who were powerful Devils; but you see: despite the blows they gave us, and thanks to the help of the Gods, we were able to finish for the moment with Them. There will be other Demons that will certainly chase us, and a thousand unknown dangers, but it is unlikely that Bera and Birsha will return to the World of the Blood of Tharsis; **in the other Worlds of Illusion, however, they will continue to exist; and woe to those spiritual men who do not find soon the World of the House of Tharsis!** What do you think, Segundo? Will you help me?

--Yes, of course! You know, Dr. Siegnagel, that She for those of my Race was a Queen: her wishes are orders to me. She asked me not to go anymore to the Salta Hospital because she was being watched and suspected that they were going to kill her: and I followed her orders to the letter; I did not go to Salta again and did not respond to the correspondence from the Hospital, the Judge, the Police, etc. **And nobody came here because this house is very difficult to find.** Your powers must be great to have arrived like this, by surprise, and managed to **massacre** the Demons. You have saved my life, and surely you have spared me a terrible previous suffering! But I do not know to what extent to thank you, since, as you will understand, I'm fed up of living.

I understood him perfectly since I was also fed up with living; and if I went ahead, like that Germanic indian, it would be exclusively for Honor, because it was an Honor to stay to comply with the mission that one had been assigned by the Gods who led the Essential War, and because after the Final Battle, once the accounts have been settled with the Powers of Matter, we would definitely return to the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit. I saw the face of Segundo decomposed from pain and ran to an adjoining shed to look for the first-aid kit that was in the glove compartment of a pick-up. With patience, I disinfected the twenty fingers and I bandaged them one by one. I brought the sedative pills with me, and I made him swallow two: four milligrams that would make him sleep until noon.

Before finishing the cure he was already nodding off from sleep, so I took him to his room, making him step on his heels, and I left him lying in his humble carob tree bed.

I heated coffee, and drank it now more calmly sitting on a kitchen chair. The encounter with Segundo had calmed me down a lot and now I was meditating on the next steps to follow. On the table I placed the jug of acid, transmuted as a very black liquid but of light density. To recover the stone roses, the earrings of Avalokiteshvara, I would pour out that unusable substance in the sink, and would neutralize residual acidity with a powerful concentrated detergent that I discovered in a closet. One minute later, the Esther earrings were in my pocket, already empty of weapons. Certainly we exaggerated the artillery, and now they rested on the table, the Itaka, fifty cartridges, the submachine gun with its uncomfortable shoulder holster, its chargers, the ten fragmentation grenades, the TNT, and the mountain knife. With a looser body, I made sure with discretion of Segundo's deep Sleep, and I decided to take care of removing the remains of the oriental assassins. Armed with a powerful twelve-unit lantern, I explored the surroundings of the Farm.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I verified then that, indeed, the construction of the house followed the layout of the old Tharsy pukara, and that the perimeter fortress was reduced to a low wall, of no more than one meter, to disguise its function of protecting a liberated place. Inside it still existed the ancient cromlech, whose stones formed a huge circle, in whose area the floor of the Farm could easily fit. But I was intrigued by the fate of the Menhir of Tharsy, the one planted by the white Atlanteans to establish the Blood pact with the Lineage of Tharsis and determine its family mission. Taking the diameters of the Cromlech, I looked for the center at their intersection, and I found with intrigue that that central place fell into the interior of the Farm. In the end, I had no doubt that the central site was inside a huge hermetically sealed shed. I cut the chains and padlocks with a suitable pliers, and opened the doors of the shed: unbelievably, after centuries and millennia, the menhir of Tharsy was still in its place of origin. It was of green stone and showed at its base the millennial apacheta of Vultan: **purihuaca vultan guanancha unanchan huaiyuy**. On the apacheta was for four hundred and forty-three years the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis, guarded as in Huelva by tireless Noyos and Vrayas descendants of Lito de Tharsis. Faced with that attitude of respect and trust in the Loyal Gods, assumed in millennia of patient guarding, what did my current anxieties mean, my selfish anguishes? The imposing menhir, and its rustic stone altar, had the virtue of making me ashamed of myself, of my human weaknesses, and of strengthening my will to continue until the End.

Counting on all the vain and cruel efforts made in the past by the Demons Bera and Birsha, no wonder the hatred that would awaken in them that Farm in which the members of the House of Tharsis lived out of their reach preserving the Venus Stone of the Wise Sword. But They were late, they always arrived late to America: they failed to exterminate the Skiold's lineage with the Diaguitas-Hebrews, nor with the Spaniards of Diego de Almagro, of Diego de Rojas, and many others; not even the murder of Belicena Villca was of any use to them because She wisely misled them; nor the extermination of the Von Sübermann allowed them to finish off Uncle Kurt. America had been fatal to them! They did not know where Noyo Villca was with the Wise Sword and they wanted to take revenge on the indian Segundo, sacrificing him by means of horrible torture before departing from the unpredictable World of the House of Tharsis. And they had been attacked and killed when they least expected it. Like a boomerang, their own blows returned against them; **as in a Jiu-Jitsu blow**, their enemies took advantage of their own movements and turned their forces against them.

In the shed that kept the pick-up there were all kinds of tools. I went there, took a wide shovel, and started looking for a suitable place to dig the graves. Fifty meters from the House grew a dense reedbed of tacuaras that seemed to me would be the ideal place: it would be difficult to penetrate the layer of roots, but after a few days no one would discover the slightest trace of the removal. I came back to the house twice and loaded the damn corpses on a wheelbarrow to facilitate transportation; on the last trip I also took a machete to open the shrub vegetation. I looked at the house clock and found that it was pointing 3 a.m. on April 23. Mine, on the other hand, showed 1.30 a.m. On April 26. Logically, I synchronized my watch with the local quadrant.

So, at 6 a.m., three hours later, I finished the macabre task of burying the ruined corpses of the oriental assassins. It was already dawn and I felt exhausted, psychically and physically exhausted. And there were still several things to do, unavoidable matters that did not admit delay. One of them wasto consummate the destruction of the assassin's black car, in order to avoid the police tracking: but, for that, I needed the help of Segundo.

I drank a new cup of coffee and then started pouring buckets of soapy water in the yard, to remove the traces of blood, a precaution that more than avoiding the police investigations was aimed at thwarting the action even more terrible of the Tucumán flies. In the light of day, I discovered next to a tree, fifteen steps away from the front door, the jacket and all the weapons of Uncle Kurt: evidently he had abandoned them before leaving, when he called silently the Daivas dogs. At that moment, I thought my will would break again. But I got over it and joined those objects with the rest of my equipment.

I could no longer continue in commando dress, especially if I were to get out of the Farm, so I gave myself to carry out a thorough inspection of the interior of the house. I discarded the indian's clothing, due to its appreciably smaller size than mine, and I hoped that Noyo Villca had more build and that his clothes were preserved. I finally found his room, after going through the deceased's Belicena, and I found, indeed, an assorted wardrobe: I found a pair of jeans, more or less my size, and a similar shirt. I decided to stay with the Maidana boots, and I made two large packages with the weapons and the combat clothes: I only left the four TNT bombs unwrapped.

In a shoebox, of the vilest cardboard, I deposited the nefarious Dordje, the Scepter of Power that Rigden Jyepo gave to the Demons Bera and Birsha, together with the stone padmas, the Esther earrings of Avalokiteshvara.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

And then, when I had finished those minor works, I headed towards the black car to calm the understandable curiosity that it itself woke up in me from the moment I knew its existence.

Seen from afar, there was no doubt that it was a classic North American limousine. However, upon close inspection, confusion arose for not being able to establish neither the brand nor the model, as the Salta police claimed; because it had a brand; and well visible: "**Aviant**". But, who knew that brand? To what country did it belong to? Immediately, I was struck by the suspicion that the car was not from this World, that it came from a Reality parallel to ours, where the "Gentlemen" like Bera and Birsha traveled in "**Aviant**" cars. Anyway, was it really a car? Yes, it was. An authentic and excellent luxury car, apparently fresh from the factory. I raised the hood and observed a powerful eight-cylinder "**V**" engine. The keys were on; I hit the starter and it ran smoothly. And it was useless to check inside because the Demons, they had nothing with them, no papers, no luggage: nothing at all, which indicated that it was not in their plans the possibility of being arrested or questioned on the roads; **or that they did not circulate in any way through the roads and routes of human civilization.**

At 8.30 a.m. I leaned back in an armchair in the dining room and slept without interruptions until 1:30 p.m. I made more coffee, toasted breads, and woke up Segundo for the late breakfast. He was amazed to learn that I worked all night and that there were no more traces of the death of the assassins. While he was drinking coffee, I checked his wounds; I was especially interested in his feet: they were very swollen:

--Do you think you can drive the pick-up? --I asked him.

--I'll do whatever is necessary --he said bravely--. The pain does not matter.

--It will be at dusk --I explained--. You will have to drive about fifteen or twenty kilometers to get rid of the killers' car. But before I will bring you medicines and painkillers: just tell me where is the nearest Pharmacy.

It was in Tafi del Valle, five kilometers away. At 3 p.m., after roasting a chicken and eating it together, I went to the Pharmacy in the pick-up and bought the tetanus vaccine, syringes, anti-inflammatories and painkillers.

At 7:00 p.m. we left the Farm. Segundo would go ahead, in the pickup, and I would follow him on the **Aviant**. We would take secondary roads normally not transited, as the success of the maneuver would depend on no one seeing the black car, no one who could report it to the police; and even less the police, who would already have its description.

But everything went well. Segundo, with bandaged fingers, and barefoot, for he could not wear an espadrille, deftly led the truck in the direction of the Sierra del Aconquija. We crossed the Tafi del Valle River, the Blanco River, and entered in an almost impassable road that climbed to the top of the Cerro La Ovejera. I had to perform feats with the huge limo to turn the sharp curves of the cornice road. Finally, a few kilometers before the top, we found the ideal place: the edge of an abyss of a thousand meters or more in depth. There I parked the black car, while Segundo returned back with the pick-up several meters: the path was so narrow that we would have to go back hundreds of meters, until we found a widening that allowed to turn.

Segundo's return was necessary to prevent a possible collapse of the road, leaving the pick-up isolated and unable to get off the hill. Because I planned to dynamite the **Aviant** and that was very likely to happen, as it really happened.

I spilled the contents of a ten liter can of gasoline into the car; I programmed the electronic detonators with a time of five minutes; and I placed a bomb on the engine block, another inside the cabin, another in the trunk, and another under the chassis. I then closed the hood, doors and trunk, and I ran to the pick-up, which was waiting for me a hundred meters further back.

The explosion of the four kilograms of TNT was impressive in those mountains which generate long echoes. The car would never be found, as there were only remains of it scattered over hundreds of meters of inaccessible precipice. When the explosion stopped we got a little closer, and we made sure that this would happen, because where the car had been parked the road had disappeared, and the avalanche of stones had washed away the bigger remains to the bottom of the gorge, burying them forever.

I stayed for ten days in the Farm of Belicena Villca, during which I talked a lot with Segundo and we agreed on future steps. I referred him the last parts of the Letter of Belicena Villca and explained that I had real evidence about the possible residence of Noyo Villca: all consisted in locating the mysterious Order of Tyrodal Knights and its Pontiff, Nimrod de Rosario. Since a chapter had closed in my life and there would no longer be turning back, I just had to continue the adventure and start the search for the Order in the Province of Córdoba. Segundo was determined to accompany me on that mission. Besides being also a Hyperborean Initiate, disciple of Belicena Villca, and possessing a logical spiritual interest in the matter, the indian, who was fifty years old, had known Noyo Villca since he was a child and he would do what he could to see him again or give him his help.

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Thus, we designed a simple plan aimed at solving the last problems that remained for us to finally move to Córdoba. In the Farm there was a fortune in Inga gold, to which Belicena Villca alluded in her letter. Segundo showed me the secret hiding place, near the Menhir, where 250 kg of gold ingots subsisted: originally, the indian explained to me, the gold was the tableware of Princess Quilla, since the Ingas did not give monetary value to such metal; already in Tucumán, and to avoid possible surprises, the descendants of Lito de Tharsis melted all the utensils in the 17th century and hid the ingots where they still were. The family never needed that reserve, but we could take whatever we wanted, for such was the will of Belicena Villca.

However, in my opinion that wealth belonged to Noyo de Tharsis and it was not convenient to touch it for the moment. With what Uncle Kurt left me, we had more than enough to start. It was therefore essential to ensure the care of the Farm, even if we were absent for a long time. This was taken care of by Segundo, bringing from Tafi del Valle a large kindred that already on other occasions had cohabited the place: they would live in the service house and would guard the place.

Having arranged this, we left on May 4 for Santa María, in the pick-up of Segundo. I never thought of returning to Salta; but Uncle Kurt's business had to be unflinchingly cancelled. Apart from the fact that at my uncle's Farm awaited me the two most beloved things that I had left in life: the manuscript of Belicena Villca, reproduced in this book, and the manuscript of Konrad Tarstein, of his unreleased book "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft", which I hope to publish in the future.

The Farm of Santa María was impossible to sell because Uncle Kurt was not dead but "disappeared" and his will in my favor had no value in this case. But I could rent it and that's what I did, agreeing a contract with the Tolaba, who for so many years accompanied my uncle Kurt: they would take care of the little candy factory and of keeping my uncle's belongings. They would only pay a moderate annual rent. Of course in the future, if I needed to reduce that property to cash, I would appeal to the well-known resource of falsifying the death certificate of "Cerino Sanguedolce" and enforce the will. But the future is still in the hands of the Gods.

What I could sell was the Farm of Cerrillos, which I did not want to keep for one more minute. Thus, I wrote to my lawyers in Salta so that they put it up for sale immediately and liquidate it as soon as possible. Six months later, in Córdoba, I signed the final documents of the transaction and received an appreciable amount of money. And the last day I was in Santa María, I sent the two packages to Maidana by parcel post, communicating to him in a short note that the commando operation was successful and that it would be useless for anyone to search any longer for the "oriental assassins"; and that, not recovered from the pain for the death of my family, I was embarking on a rest trip at whose return I would meet him. A "white lie", of course, but what else could I say to Maidana? Maybe in the future; maybe if the Gods decide it in the future.

### Chapter XVIII

#### Shields of the Argentinian Provinces.



Córdoba



Buenos Aires



Santa Fe



San Luis

And here we are in Córdoba, trying to find the blessed Order.

Today is May 30, 1981. So, more than a year ago I bought the flat in the center, where I live with Segundo. I just finished this book, in Chapter XVII of the Epilogue, or Prologue, and many will wonder how and why I wrote it. The answer is simple: this book is the product of a reflection, of a written recapitulation of my extraordinary experience with the Hyperborean Wisdom. I had to do it when all attempts to locate the Tyrodal Knights Order failed. Months ago, given the null results of the search,

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

I asked Myself if I was not the cause of the non--coincidence with the Order, if I was not lacking coming to a **previous** conclusion. And I decided to make things clear to Myself. And I said to myself "what better than writing them? So I began to write my memories from the murder of Belicena Villca, which was when it all started.

And now, when I'm finishing, I understand that the intuition was correct, **that I needed to assume a large part of everything that I assimilated in such a short time and that kept my Spirit still in commotion**: it would not be possible with such state of mind to be allowed to find the Order. But writing this book has helped me, and that is why I have decided to make it known: **...so that others, like Me now, find the World of the Blood of Tharsis.**



## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

### HYPEREPILOGUE

Córdoba, June 7, 1981.

To the reader of this book:

Truly, it was my intention to conclude "The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom" on the previous page. In that moment I had nothing else to say. But today, a week later, something happened that threw new light on the problem at hand, that is, the location of the Order of Tyrodal Knights: ***I think I have finally obtained a sure clue.*** And I think it is my duty of Honor to share it with the reader, to offer him the same opportunity that I have now.

But, before offering such information, I will explain succinctly what has happened to me yesterday. I was looking for an inner enlightenment, since the outer search was getting me nowhere. That is why I wrote this book; and it was that when finishing it, already much more serene, I decided to test a way that I had not attempted. Yesterday afternoon, without any warning, I went to the house of Oskar Feil, Uncle Kurt's late friend, and who had first found the Tyrodal Knights Order. As I expected, his wife, a kind and nice woman of Italian nationality, ignored everything concerning the location of the Tyrodal Order. She assured me that Oskar died a natural death, but very happy for the spiritual satisfactions that he received in the last years.

He knew about the existence of the Order, and quite a bit more about Uncle Kurt's story, and she was surprised he hadn't mentioned her. I explained her that with Uncle Kurt we didn't have much time to talk, and that he had left many issues pending to which he would never give me an answer:

--But what happened to Kurt? --she asked--. Is he dead? If so, I will tell you everything I know, which is not enough, much less than what you're looking for. Look, I know about you: I know that you're a nephew from Salta, son of his sister and an Argentine German. And do you know how I know? Not for Kurt, that would never say anything, but for good old Oskar, who loved him like a brother and shared with me his whole story. That is why I will refer you what he did not say to you: I am Italian, that's obvious; what is not so obvious is that I was a novice at the Monastery where Von Grossen and Oskar Feil had to take refuge for two years, after 1945, with the later company of your Uncle Kurt. Well, Oskar and I fell in love, and when he came to Argentina, I soon followed him and got married with him in this country, where we have been very happy: we had a couple of children who are already going to the University. That is why I am surprised that he did not mention me, because your uncle knew me almost as much as Oskar. And what has happened to him? Tell me with confidence; has he had to flee from those terrible enemies that according to Oskar would never cease to seek for him until his death?

--No Ma'am --I clarified--. Fortunately Uncle Kurt hasn't died, despite being true what you suppose: those "terrible enemies" at last they found him, and exterminated his entire family, which was also mine. That is to say, my whole family, my parents, my sister, nephews, and distant relatives, they were murdered a year ago; but the killers failed to wipe us out. And for that reason, Uncle Kurt left more than a year ago, assuring that he would never return. Only I have remained, with the mission of finding the Tyrodal Knights.

--I'm very sorry about what happened, because I knew how much he loved his sister Beatriz! Precisely, he avoided his encounters with her for fear of compromising and unintentionally harming her.

I bit my lips when hearing that truth: Uncle Kurt protected her for 35 years and I delivered her in an instant into the hand of her executioners. The news of Mrs. Feil were not, on the other hand, very encouraging regarding the Order:

--I'm afraid that I can do nothing for you, as it is very little what Oskar revealed to me about the Tyrodal Knights Order. Certainly he did not give me any information about its members or the places of the meetings.

I looked at her, unable to hide my disappointment. My expression was comical for her, because she smiled and encouraged me to be hopeful: there was a possibility.

--Something we will do, Dr. Siegnagel; it's the only thing in my hands; and pray to your Gods for it to work. Oskar had a safety box at his desk where he kept the Order's things. Several times he recommended me that if "something" happened to him, and someone from the Order presented to

## The Mystery of Belicena Vilca

claim his belongings, I had to return them, without discussion, the contents of that chest. But so far no one, except you, has requested reports on the Order, so I have never opened his safety box. What we will do, then, is to examine the contents of the box and try to find some clue.

We immediately went to the study of the late Oskar and, with growing anxiety, I waited for Mrs. Feil to type in the combination of the lock. At last it was opened and the reserved objects were exposed. Oskar Feil's lean esoteric heritage consisted of two objects: a book and a vulgar magazine.

It will be difficult for someone to represent my perplexity of that moment. The book was a copy of "Foundations of the Hyperborean Wisdom", by Nimrod de Rosario, exactly like the one that Uncle Kurt gave me to read in Santa María, and that I now had in my power. And the magazine, it was a **Spot's** number, three years old.

Mrs. Feil ended up sharing my concern and, not knowing how to content me, or wanting the interview to end as soon as possible, she gave me the two publications. She was convinced, she said, that Oskar Feil would approve of her behavior because I was the nephew of her most beloved Comrade, to whom nothing could be denied.

It is pointless to clarify that I reviewed the book sheet by sheet, and line by line, looking for some secret clue, some cryptographic message, some hidden indication, some key only intended to be interpreted by the Hyperborean Initiates. Very soon I had to rule out that the book offered such a possibility.

And it is pointless to explain that I read and studied all the articles in the magazine, looking there for a clue about the Order of Tyrodal Knights. Very soon I got the same results as with the book: nothing; not a hint. Unpleasant task the latter, since **Spot's** is a sensationalist magazine of the lowest intellectual or moral level.

Crudely pro-government in its general political line, it lacks defined editorial criteria because its articles are written with the obvious purpose of causing the low blow or the scandal, effects that naturally please its 2,000,000 readers. The ethical limits of the development of the themes, as expected, are determined solely by the legal protections with which their victims manage to defend themselves if they are attacked or for the amount of bribes paid for by the "friends" of cheap advertising. Logically, a magazine like this cannot belong to anyone: its editor-owner is the famous yellow journalist, not precisely "oriental", Samuel Isaacson, exponent of the most rancid Hebrew prosapia, and declared Zionist. For the copy that had come into my hands, I learned the ins and outs of eight separations of not quite united couples of actors and actresses; I knew the claims of the Movement of National Liberation of Homosexuals; I read two different articles on U.F.O.S., in which, two "Professors in Parapsychology", assured that its crew members are going to save humanity; I internalized the details of five murders, three rapes and one statutory rape; I accessed to the crimes of Nazism, thanks to a biography of Anne Frank and an abbreviated account of her apocryphal "diary"; I saw five critical notes, which actually contained undercover advertising, on leftist-themed movies, and five other notes on ecology and pacifism; etc; etc. In truth, there was practically no matter in that the magazine did not intrude with its usual and disgusting vulgarity.

Mein Gott! What a cesspit was that publication! Why the Hell would have Oskar Feil kept that copy? There should be some reason. And this possibility was my only hope.

But what reason? I had already read it several times: seventy, or more, articles and notes with the indicated synarchic tone. And that I did not mention the incredible and varied series of advertisements about objects from porno-shop's and Afro-Brazilian sorcery; and the endless list of **pais**, teachers, gurus, magicians, palmists, tarot readers, etc., who offered all kinds of "spiritual help", from "solution to relationship problems" or "impotency", to complex psychological "unblockings". Of course I did not lend these advertisements the same attention as journalistic articles: there were so many, hundreds of them!

***And there was the solution to the enigma! So in sight, that it seemed like a joke: a practical joke from Nimrod de Rosario!***

Suddenly, where I least would have expected, on a page covered with ads offering the "services" of various esoteric schools and teachers, on a page on which I had looked many times without seeing anything, the phrase "Hyperborean Wisdom" stood out. When I carefully inspected the advertisement, I read with surprise the following:

# DON'T DESTROY A PART IF YOU CAN DESTROY IT ALL!!

It's quite possible that you are spiritually prepared to know the Hyperborean Wisdom. This millenary Science will reveal to you who your true Enemy is and will show you how to work positively to achieve the TOTAL destruction of the created Universe. The realization of such a magnificent objective will mean the absolute and definitive liberation of your Spirit from all material ties, the eternity of the Spirit outside the evil mate-

rial Universe that you hate. Reflect and come to us! Even if you've been brainwashed in some way that has momentarily weakened your aggressiveness: we'll help you regain your hatred! Keep in mind that **there is not much time left, that the day of the Final Battle is near: then the whole will be destroyed and not mere parts.** And in that moment, we hope to have you destroying next to us and dancing like Shiva on the ruins of the Cosmos reduced to Chaos.

## Indeed:

if your hatred of the World is so intense that you have seriously thought of committing suicide or becoming a multiple murderer; or if you plan to destroy cultural or natural goods, or join nihilistic groups that practice terrorism of any kind....

## ***DONT DO IT!!***

... because you would waste your effort, squandering gunpowder on chimangos!

- ❖ ***Stop the finger on the trigger!***
- ❖ ***Put away the dagger!***
- ❖ ***Don't drink strychnine or give it to your relatives and friends!***
- ❖ ***Do not throw the match on the gasoline!***
- ❖ ***Don't throw your Molotov cocktail!***
- ❖ ***Stop the timer of your excellent homemade bomb!***

Just contact the Central Mailbox... If your spirituality is true, and your repulsion towards the current Culture, towards the current World, or towards the current Universe, is real, you will have the opportunity to join an Order of Wise Warriors, and be you too a Wise Warrior, and participate in the greatest effort led by man of all ages to totally destroy the Work of the Creator God of the Material Universe.

**C.M.B.**



***You're not alone!! Others share your same aspiration and know how to do it!!***

## The Mystery of Belicena Villca

Seemed like a joke or not? The answer can only be affirmative, and even more so if one takes into account the kind of rag in which it was published. However, nothing the ad claimed or proposed was foreign to the Hyperborean Wisdom: anyone who has read this book will agree with me. What made that text absurd and incredible was its reading outside the context of the Hyperborean Wisdom; or in the context of synarchic journalism of the characteristics of **Spot's** or other similar rags. But it didn't escape me that such an effect would be deliberately sought by the Tyrodal Knights. To what end? I didn't know, and didn't venture to imagine it: perhaps the ad was a password; perhaps, indeed, it was destined to spiritual people endowed with a high degree of intuition.

Whatever the truth was, the fact was that I had no more option than to write to the mysterious PO box. I've already done it, before writing this Hyperepilogue. And now I will wait for the answer, that will undoubtedly clarify all things. But, as I said at the beginning, I didn't want to conclude this book without giving the readers the same possibility that I have. It is also a way of compensating them for the tiring task of assimilating the elements of the Hyperborean Wisdom exposed here; so that, whoever wants, and dares, can prolong that knowledge in Reality, which nevertheless is as illusory as the fiction in this book.

In short, intuition tells me that the PO box belongs to or communicates with the Tyrodal Knights Order. Everyone will be able to see for themselves, just as I will. And with this discovery, which is the last and only clue I got about the Order of Tyrodal Knights, I hereby conclude "The Mystery of Belicena Villca" and say goodbye to all readers with the desire that they have the **courage** to write and the necessary **spirituality** to deserve the response of the Order.

Dr. Arturo Siegnagel

### ***Post Scriptum***

Córdoba, September 4, 1987.

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

### Índice:

The Mystery of Belicena Villca .....	7
<b>FIRST BOOK</b> .....	9
“The Missing Person from Tafi del Valle” .....	9
Chapter I .....	9
Chapter II.....	9
Chapter III.....	11
Chapter IV .....	13
Chapter V .....	14
Chapter VI .....	15
Chapter VII .....	17
Chapter VIII .....	17
<b>SECOND BOOK</b> .....	19
“The Letter of Belicena Villca” .....	19
<i>Second Day</i> .....	23
<i>Third Day</i> .....	27
<i>Fourth Day</i> .....	32
<i>Fifth Day</i> .....	35
<i>Sixth Day</i> .....	38
<i>Seventh Day</i> .....	44
<i>Eighth Day</i> .....	49
<i>Ninth Day</i> .....	55

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<i>Tenth Day</i> .....	57
<i>Eleventh Day</i> .....	63
<i>Twelfth Day</i> .....	67
<i>Thirteenth Day</i> .....	73
<i>Fourteenth Day</i> .....	80
<i>Fifteenth Day</i> .....	82
<i>Sixteenth Day</i> .....	89
<i>Seventeenth Day</i> .....	94
<i>Eighteenth Day</i> .....	98
<i>Nineteenth Day</i> .....	101
<i>Twentieth Day</i> .....	104
<i>Twenty-First Day</i> .....	107
<i>Twenty-Second Day</i> .....	111
<i>Twenty-Third Day</i> .....	115
<i>Twenty-Fourth Day</i> .....	121
<i>Twenty-Fifth Day</i> .....	126
<i>Twenty-Seventh Day</i> .....	139
<i>Twenty-Eighth Day</i> .....	144
<i>Twenty-Ninth Day</i> .....	149
<i>Thirtieth Day</i> .....	152
<i>Thirty-First Day</i> .....	157
<i>Thirty-Second Day</i> .....	160

The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<i>Thirty-Third Day</i> .....	163
<i>Thirty-Fourth Day</i> .....	169
<i>Thirty-Fifth Day</i> .....	174
<i>Thirty-Sixth Day</i> .....	178
<i>Thirty-Seventh Day</i> .....	184
<i>Thirty-Eighth Day</i> .....	188
<i>Thirty-Ninth Day</i> .....	192
<i>Fortieth Day</i> .....	196
<i>Forty-First Day</i> .....	201
<i>Forty-Second Day</i> .....	205
<i>Forty-Third Day</i> .....	210
<i>Forty-Fourth Day</i> .....	216
<i>Forty-Fifth Day</i> .....	220
<i>Forty-Sixth Day</i> .....	228
<i>Forty-Seventh Day</i> .....	241
<i>Forty-Eighth Day</i> .....	247
<i>Forty-Ninth Day</i> .....	252
<i>Fiftieth Day</i> .....	256
<i>Fifty-First Day</i> .....	260
<i>Fifty-Second Day</i> .....	265
<i>Fifty-Third Day</i> .....	272
<i>Fifty-Fourth Day</i> .....	283

The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<i>Fifty-Fifth Day</i> .....	290
<i>Fifty-Sixth Day</i> .....	296
<i>Fifty-Seventh Day</i> .....	300
<i>Fifty-Eighth Day</i> .....	305
<i>Fifty-Ninth Day</i> .....	311
<i>Sixtieth Day</i> .....	317
<i>Sixty-First Day</i> .....	323
<i>Sixty-Second Day</i> .....	328
<i>Sixty-Third Day</i> .....	333
<i>Sixty-Fourth Day</i> .....	336
<b>THIRD BOOK</b> .....	339
<b>“Quest for Uncle Kurt”</b> .....	339
<b>Chapter I</b> .....	339
<b>Chapter II</b> .....	340
<b>Chapter III</b> .....	341
<b>Chapter IV</b> .....	350
<b>Chapter V</b> .....	353
<b>Chapter VI</b> .....	354
<b>Chapter VII</b> .....	355
<b>Chapter VIII</b> .....	358
<b>Chapter IX</b> .....	361
<b>Chapter X</b> .....	367
.....	373
<b>FOURTH BOOK</b> .....	373



## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<b>“The Story of Kurt von Sübermann”</b> .....	373
<b>Chapter I</b> .....	373
<b>Chapter II</b> .....	376
<b>Chapter VI</b> .....	384
<b>Chapter VIII</b> .....	389
<b>Chapter IX</b> .....	392
<b>Chapter XI</b> .....	397
<b>Chapter XII</b> .....	402
<b>Chapter XIII</b> .....	405
<b>Chapter XIV</b> .....	407
<b>Chapter XV</b> .....	411
<b>Chapter XVI</b> .....	414
<b>Chapter XVII</b> .....	416
<b>Chapter XXI</b> .....	434
<b>Chapter XXII</b> .....	439
<b>Chapter XXV</b> .....	447
<b>Chapter XXVI</b> .....	450
<b>Chapter XXVII</b> .....	453
<b>Chapter XXVIII</b> .....	455
<b>Chapter XXIX</b> .....	455
<b>Chapter XXX</b> .....	458
<b>Chapter XXXI</b> .....	463
<b>Chapter XXXII</b> .....	468
<b>Chapter XXXIII</b> .....	471
<b>Chapter XXXIV</b> .....	472

## The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<b>Chapter XXXV</b> .....	476
<b>Chapter XXXVI</b> .....	481
<b>Chapter XXXVII</b> .....	484
<b>Chapter XXXVIII</b> .....	487
<b>Chapter XXXIX</b> .....	490
<b>Chapter XL</b> .....	495
<b>Chapter XLI</b> .....	501
<b>Chapter XLII</b> .....	505
<b>EPILOGUE</b> .....	519
<b>PROLOGUE</b> .....	519
<b>Chapter I</b> .....	519
<b>Chapter II</b> .....	520
<b>Chapter III</b> .....	523
<b>Chapter IV</b> .....	523
<b>Chapter V</b> .....	526
<b>Chapter VI</b> .....	529
<b>Chapter VII</b> .....	531
<b>Chapter VIII</b> .....	533
<b>Chapter IX</b> .....	537
<b>Chapter X</b> .....	540
<b>Chapter XI</b> .....	541
<b>Chapter XII</b> .....	542
<b>Chapter XIII</b> .....	544
<b>Chapter XIV</b> .....	545
<b>Chapter XV</b> .....	552

The Mistery of Belicena Villca

<b>Chapter XVI</b> .....	554
<b>Chapter XVII</b> .....	555
<b>Chapter XVIII</b> .....	559
<b>HYPEREPILOGUE</b> .....	561

*After starring in the Mystery of the Fall, the Spirit came to be incorporated into the animal man, a prisoner of Matter, and the need for its release arose. The Liberator Gods, who in this proved as terrible as the cursed Creator God Captivator of the Spirits, only attended, as was said, those who had the will to return to the Origin and exhibited orientation towards the Origin; to those brave spirits, the Gods said: "You have lost the Origin and you are a prisoner of the serpent. with the Sign of the Origin, understand the serpent, and you will be free again in the Origin!"*



**Magic Novel** by Nimrod de Rosario