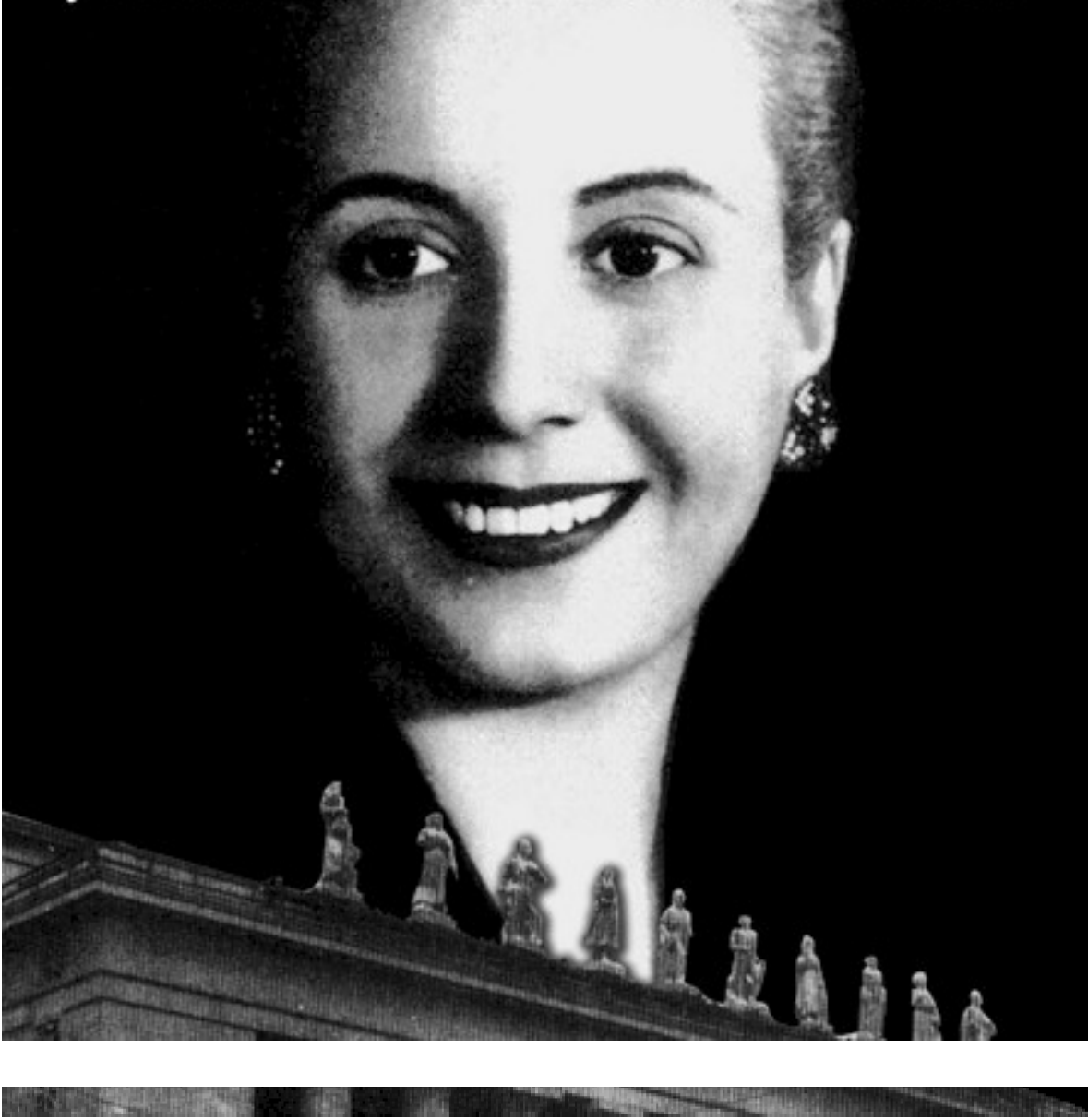


# Eva Perón

y la Orden de Constructores Justicialistas



Luis Felipe Moyano Lii•es

**Eva Perón**  
**and the Order of Justicialist Builders**



# **Eva Perón**

## **and the Order of Justicialist Builders**

Luis Felipe Moyano Cires

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## **CHAPTER I**

### **I know my comrade Luis**

It was the dawn of 1973 when my family and I settled in the city of Córdoba.

The reasons that led my parents to decide to move to this magnificent and mysterious city were strictly economic. My father was in a bad job situation and decided to seek new horizons, trying his luck in Córdoba. At that time, I had finished high school and soon had to make a decision about my future: pursue a university career or start working.

Settling in Córdoba meant a real chance to study at the tertiary level, and this was one of the reasons why my father had decided to move to this city, as he wanted more than anything for me to follow in the footsteps of my older brother, who was already a lawyer and had built a future for himself. All of this influenced my family, and so we moved from the small town in the interior where we lived to Córdoba, the city of bells.

Destined to continue my studies, I found myself obliged to choose a career. This was extremely difficult for me, as I had not yet decided on one, since my vocation leaned toward medicine, but I also deeply enjoyed history. After giving it careful thought and under the guidance

of my father and brother, I enrolled in medical school.

At that time, Peronism was in power, and a rather confusing situation was beginning to take shape within the political and social reality of the Argentine people. Certain signs of violence began to emerge and grow with great magnitude; Argentine society was convulsed by the actions of ideological groups opposed to the policies of the Peronist government.

A few months earlier, General Perón had died, and his death brought his wife Isabel Martínez to power. She had assumed the government with great dignity but with little natural aptitude for politics. Thus, revolutionary sectors that had been fighting for some time for far-reaching changes in economic and political orientation went underground and declared war on the Justicialist government.

All this led to an armed confrontation between these revolutionary forces, who clung to the legends of Peronism, and the right wing, which also claimed the true inheritance for itself, invoking the direct confirmation that, according to them, they had received from Perón. The latter dominated the most important positions in the national government.

As the discrepancies between these two ideologies became more pronounced, the instincts of civilization were transformed in an explosive manner, thus generating a bloodbath unlike anything ever seen in our country.

These ideological antagonisms were structured into a right wing, represented by an organization called the Argentine Anticommunist Alliance (AAA), whose founder was José López Rega, and a left wing, made up of different organizations, the most important of which was Montoneros.

As these events unfolded, which began to stir feelings of insecurity and social panic, I watched with complete indifference, as politics and its problems did not interest me at the time. In other words, although I was passionate about history and had been fascinated by reading about it from an early age, having studied national historical processes with total dedication, I was indifferent to the national politics of the time. However,

my entry into college and my new student relationships awakened certain concerns in me, which led me to become more aware of the political and social landscape. In addition, the turbulent society of the time practically dragged me toward those ends, since everyone was talking about the events that were taking place.

Thus, this entire historical process brought to mind—despite the distance—the confrontation and fratricidal struggle between Unitarians and Federalists. I remember that my desire to learn the truth about these historical events was so strong that I scrutinized them, even visiting distinguished historians of the period. I can say without fear of contradiction that I was captivated by this historical myth, which fascinated me greatly and to which I devoted most of my time. I compiled so much material, including the minutiae, that I could have filled an entire library. There was no book I had not read, and I was aware of the most varied ideological currents, knowing their opinions and positions on these historical events. From there, then, the new political events that were unfolding in the collective consciousness of our people and unfortunately enveloping us in a cloak of blood shook me to my core, reawakening in me the memory of the myth of the Unitarians and Federals.

In some way, I understood the recurring nature of history and realized that these events do not generally have a positive outcome for the people, and furthermore, they leave wounds that nothing and no one can heal, not even time. However, they justified the fratricidal war between Unitarians and Federals because it took place at a time in national history when the nation itself was being formed; but I did not understand the present, that is, I could not accept that the people were killing each other in this way, among brothers, and just when everything had been achieved and all that was needed was order to bring about the development that everyone longed for. Thus, with my uncertainty about the political events of that time, I decided to delve into the whys, the causes, and the origins of this whole story, and it is under these circumstances that, in a mysterious way, I met the man who would guide me in my vision and understanding of all these truths: my comrade Luis. I met this man



"by pure chance" in a Basic Unit located a few meters from my house, on Entre Ríos Street, when General Perón was still alive and in power. My brother, a lawyer—as I already mentioned—and a fanatical Peronist, although with Marxist tendencies and inclinations, which he had inherited from his time at university, was the one who decided that I should participate in politics. As I was somehow wondering about current politics, he, when questioned by me one day, responded by taking action; that is how he connected me with this Basic Unit, since, according to him, there I would find the solution to my dilemma.

I then began to attend the Unit regularly in order to familiarize myself with the political landscape. I went two or three days a week, and although I participated as a listener given my limited ideological and doctrinal knowledge of Peronism, I quickly progressed, as my brother forced me to read the works of General Perón and Comrade Evita. During those days, heated debates took place among the comrades, many of which ended in fistfights, leaving several black eyes and a broken bone or two. In a way, this was already a symptom of the differences that were brewing and would later lead to an armed struggle between brothers. As a political novice, I watched all these disagreements from the outside, and although I did not fully understand them, I could see that in moments of calm, there was a genuine camaraderie among my comrades who espoused different ideological nuances. In these gatherings, the dialogue became extremely interesting, leaving me with a positive impression. There was also a group of comrades who spent their free time playing chess. This game of skill had caught my attention a couple of years earlier, but I only knew the basic rules. I took advantage of the opportunity to learn how to play, and it was here, among these chess-playing comrades, that I discovered my great friend Luis. He stood out from the others for three main reasons: he was the best player, the most experienced, and he paid particular attention and dedication to me when I started playing. In addition, Luis was highly respected by his colleagues, who turned to him whenever a problem arose; he was clearly

He was an even-tempered man, and his astonishing wisdom was clearly perceived by everyone, revealing his mastery of his entire being. On the other hand, he was very well off financially and highly educated; his analysis of current issues was always impeccable and his perspectives were objective, thus serving to demonstrate to his colleagues in disagreement what the truth was behind the issues being analyzed. His humility and simplicity, coupled with the confidence he displayed in his actions, created a very special aura of respect around him (of course, such a characteristic elevated him above all of us). In times of need, Luis provided financial assistance to his colleagues and supported the Basic Unit financially, and, strange as it may seem, he showed no political aspirations whatsoever.

If there was one thing that stood out about this colleague, it was his admiration for María Eva Duarte de Perón, "the lady of the Argentine people," as he used to call her. I remember his eyes filling with tears every time someone mentioned her.

Thus, I began to develop a pleasant relationship with Luis, which soon turned into a deep friendship; he became my "guide" within the Basic Unit, assisting me whenever necessary. As if all this were not enough, Luis was also a history buff, which in itself was more than enough reason for a peculiar affinity to develop between us. I sensed in this colleague a personal history marked by a past fraught with experiences, and an inner voice told me emphatically: "You must stay by his side!" Of course, I did so, and my decision became the cornerstone of this relationship.

Suddenly, an unexpected event shook the entire Basic Unit, and Luis in particular: the death of General Perón. That July 1, 1974, dawned dressed as an executioner, finally getting the satisfaction of dealing a harsh blow to the Peronist homeland. When the news broke, tears began to flow and a numbing grief took hold of us all. The emptiness did not want to be left behind, appearing like a shadow to whisper sarcastically in the ears of each comrade: "So I don't count in your lives? Well, here I am: alive and kicking..." And I, in his

I would have added "despite what the wise man of Elea and his followers (who are still numerous today) might say," because not believing in "non-being" after this was, paradoxically, ridiculous and outrageous for any Peronist. With Perón's death, a new political and social cycle began; certain changes began to emerge, which would generate a very conflictive political environment that would ultimately lead to the aforementioned war (it should be noted, and forgive me if I am being naive, that both the left and the right were fighting not only for the legacy of Peronism, but also for power itself).

My limited education and political involvement did not allow me to form an accurate opinion about the political and social situation that was unfolding, but I suspected that it would be disastrous. My ideas were shaped by the opinions of my colleagues, both at the university and in the Basic Unit, among whom my brother and Luis were the most influential. However, to be perfectly honest, the ideas that had taken shape in my brother Alberto's mind—that was his name—were strongly influenced by Luis, and the two had a charismatic relationship in which Luis was the political and ideological mentor. Perón's death was given the appropriate funeral honors, which were carried out with a mass in the cathedral of Buenos Aires and two days of wake, during which time the coffin was displayed in Congress. After this, it was transferred to the Recoleta Cemetery and placed in a vault next to his grandfather and mother who lay there.

With the exception of Isabel, Perón left no direct relatives, and as he had planned, the true recipient of his legacy was the Argentine people.

My brother attended the funeral with a group of friends, and when he returned, he warned me about the future of the nation; he was completely convinced that the coming times would be determined by armed struggle.

Although we continued to attend the Basic Unity, the atmosphere was not the same, as Isabel was now in power and the Montoneros would soon go underground; in the near future, they would become the most powerful urban guerrilla group in the world.

powerful in all of Latin America. But the most striking thing about this group was that, by this point, they had already militarized and organized themselves, with enough money to mobilize approximately five thousand people.

Added to all these harsh vicissitudes was a mysterious and decisive event that would seal the fate of the Basic Unit: the disappearance of Luis. When we realized he was missing, as he had repeatedly stopped attending the unit, we began to mobilize and inquire about his whereabouts; although Luis was very outgoing, no one knew where he lived. Some of my colleagues feared the worst, and as far as I was concerned, it was impossible to uncover the reasons behind such misfortune. When I questioned my brother, trying to get some information, he evaded me; a few days later, he stopped attending the unit and forbade me from going too.

On November 6, martial law was declared: the government was preparing to face the revolution; the outcome of that conflict would mark the fall of the Justicialist government itself, which would be replaced by a military junta.

That same day, I was studying in my room for a midterm exam at the university when, unexpectedly, the door opened and my brother entered. He asked me, to my surprise, in a subtle tone of irony, if I was still interested in seeing our friend Luis again.

I swear I wanted to scream right then and there, but my tongue was so numb that I couldn't utter a word. Once I calmed down and Alberto confirmed that Luis was indeed safe and sound, I took the liberty of jumping frantically on my bed, making a "V" sign with both hands until I was exhausted. Then I asked my brother to take me to Luis as soon as possible.

That night, we set off in my brother's car toward our destination. During the trip, I repeatedly asked him to explain why we had to go at night, as it was extremely risky given the state of siege. He agreed with me, but argued that there was no other option if we wanted to see Luis again.

Luis.

During the trip, Alberto confessed that it was actually Luis who had asked him to take me with him, since, according to my brother, he needed to see me urgently. Of course, I asked him why he was being so secretive, and I almost demanded an answer, as my state of tension was growing and threatening to turn into panic. Alberto remained cold and calm, reproaching me for my lack of courage and urging me to remain impassive, since, as he asserted, that was the attitude a "comrade" should adopt when the going gets tough... Having said that, he assured me that Luis himself would clarify all my doubts and explain the reasons for the situation. I must confess that I calmed down considerably, summoning up the patience necessary to endure the trip with equanimity. It lasted several hours, until we finally arrived at a mountain villa. Comrade Luis came out to greet us, and needless to say, I was extremely moved to see him again. We embraced each other warmly: I had not heard from him in five months. He invited us in, and after we settled down, he served us a cup of coffee. The rooms were extremely comfortable, showing the design of a great architect.

Knowing that Luis was, I asked him about the construction, to which he replied that he had designed it himself and had it built several years ago. After drinking our coffee, Luis set out to explain the reason for the meeting.

"Alfredo," he said, "I asked you and your brother to come here because I urgently need to tell you a story that I am sure will interest you. You are probably wondering why I chose you. Well, because you have a natural vocation for history, and the story I am about to tell you will be decisive in your formation as a Peronist; at least, that is my hope, and I do not believe I am mistaken. I warn you that you will be the custodian of this story under the strict condition that one day it reaches the doors of a publishing house and is published: you would have the honor of assuming such a responsibility.

Well, Alfredo? What do you say to my proposal? Will you take it? Or will you turn it down? My brother gestured urgently for me to answer affirmatively. I accept, I replied. I am willing to hear your story.

Good, Alfredo, good... All I ask is that you keep this a secret, for the safety of all of us, and especially for mine. You must understand that a new civil war is coming and that the declaration of a state of emergency is the clearest sign of the outbreak of war in the near future. The justicialist regime will surely be overthrown; Isabel will not be able to remain in power for long, and the military will dominate the political scene in a short period of time.

For various reasons, which you will gradually learn about, there is a certain risk involved in my case, which I am not willing to take at this time. As you know, since your brother must have already told you in great detail, I am a Peronist from the very beginning, having actively participated in General Perón's first term in office, especially in certain strategies undertaken during that term, which were directed by the Eva Perón Foundation, with Evita as the main mentor alongside the general.

"No, Luis," I interrupted. "Actually, I'm completely uninformed about that."

-All right. Your brother has always been loyal to me; he simply did what I advised him to do; I will tell you everything. I must point out first of all that, due to my knowledge of certain matters, I am obliged to remain in hiding. I do so not out of cowardice, but out of strategy, since once I have finished my account and we have completed this literary construction, I will retrace my steps and return to my daily life with my family; when that time comes, I will accept all risks and consequences. For now, I want you to know that I am here, in this house, to protect myself, and I ask and demand that you keep this secret; no one

must find out where I live.

Alfredo, to introduce you to the subject once and for all, I will tell you that the central theme of the story is my spiritual and strategic relationship with my comrade Evita. In it, I will recount my experiences with a group of comrades during her administration, with whom we took on the responsibility of implementing a strategy, a mission entrusted to us by our

spiritual leader.

As it is late and you should return as soon as possible, your brother will tell you about certain events so that you have more information, but you must return. You will then stay here for as long as the literary strategy requires. On the other hand, your brother will take care of your things in Córdoba for a few weeks, while we devote ourselves fully to the difficult task of turning my story into a literary strategy that will bring the "truth of reality" of Justicialism, its mystique, and its power to all our comrades. Alfredo, I'll be waiting for you, and don't let me down.

"He'll be here," my brother said. "In three or four days, approximately." And I added:

"Keep in mind, Luis, that nothing will stop me; I'll be here to help you with whatever you need."

"I hope so," Luis said sternly. "Now it's time for you to leave."

We said goodbye to him and walked to the car in silence. In the days that followed, I devoted myself to rearranging my daily tasks; Alberto found excuses for my parents and told me a little about the history of our comrade Luis, although it did not satisfy my curiosity, as what he told me were only clues, since he considered it vital to discover the truth through Luis's own account. This is how I learned that Luis's story revolved around a central axis or focus: his comrade Evita and the Order of Justicialist Builders.

## **CHAPTER II**

### **Luis tells me his story**

Three days later, I returned to the farmhouse where Luis lived, and after making myself comfortable, he began to tell me his story.

"I was born into a family of Italian immigrants," he began. "My parents, who came from northern Italy, specifically Turin, arrived in Argentina at the end of the last century. They left their homeland in search of new lands that would welcome them and give them the chance to build a better future. Like all immigrants, my parents arrived from a land where space is limited to a country whose territory is immense, rich, and beautiful, and where at that time there was true political and social tranquility, the antithesis of what was happening in Italy at the time.

At the turn of the century, Argentina received successive waves of immigrants of all races and creeds. Between 1880 and 1905, net immigration was 2,827,800 inhabitants, in a country whose total population in 1869 was 1,800,000.

In 1914, the year with the greatest impact of immigration, thirty percent of Argentines were immigrants. Italians considerably outnumbered those from other nations, followed by Spaniards, French, "Russians" (Slavs in general), and "Turks," a term that



generally used to refer to all immigrants from the Middle East. The English were few but very influential.

My parents," Luis continued, "were part of this wave of immigrants, and from what I could gather, they fled beautiful Italy for political rather than economic reasons. My father had studied in his homeland and had a vast cultural knowledge. Although he worked as a bricklayer, his trade was considered important because he mastered it in a very unique way, specializing in certain architectural styles that were very fashionable in Italy at the time. In addition, our family came from a line of renowned engineers and architects on the peninsula, who had been involved in astonishing constructions of sublime beauty. My father told me with his usual eloquence about the importance of one of my ancestors' participation in the construction of the extraordinary castles built during the reign of Ludwig II of Bavaria (Germany). According to my father, these constructions required a very particular building technique that very few architects knew, and whose methods were kept secret. He told me that this ancestor of mine had received this knowledge as a family heirloom through a relative. After a journey through Santa Fe, my parents decided to settle permanently in Córdoba, as this city had a large Piedmontese community and some of my mother's relatives had lived there for a long time. This is where I was born, and as the first son among two brothers, my father welcomed me with great joy. I grew up surrounded by financial prosperity and immersed in a pristine cultural atmosphere. At that time, my father's profession was in high demand and well paid given his specialization in construction. He was directly involved in the construction of important public buildings that were magnificent in their beauty and style. Thus I spent my childhood and youth, attending good schools and finishing high school with very acceptable grades. I was destined to pursue a career in architecture, as my father wholeheartedly wanted one of his children to follow in his footsteps. Undoubtedly, like all Italians at the time, my father

He clung to certain educational and cultural norms framed by a strong spirit of command and family rule, where his word was law and, as such, had to be obeyed.

I thus entered the faculty of architecture and after five years graduated as an architect, making my whole family proud. By then I was twenty-six years old and felt socially important given my achievements. My father and I quickly set up a small business, which after a year began to bear fruit and generate profits, crystallizing into significant capital; I was now a prosperous professional. But suddenly, a passion parallel to architecture was unleashed in me: politics. I began to find myself attending certain meetings that were very typical of the time, where people talked fervently about the national and international political scene.

World War II had deeply affected me, and certain political concerns had grown stronger within me during the conflict; but all this was secondary to my profession, and it was only after I became independent and achieved financial stability that this second vocation awakened in me. That is how I began to internalize the political situation in my country, and an event that occurred at that time prompted me to take this concern seriously: militarism was once again taking power after several years, and this event shook the country. The fall of the constitutional government of Ramón S. Castillo (1940-1943) and the assumption of power by Arturo Rawson, who would occupy the presidential seat for barely forty-eight hours before being replaced by General Pedro Pablo Ramírez as provisional president, was a momentous political event at that time for our country and for me in particular, because it raised a whole series of questions in my mind about the political models prevailing in our country at that time. A mysterious sector belonging to the middle ranks of the military, known as the G.O.U. (Grupo de Oficiales Unidos, or United Officers Group), had played a major role in that military revolution. Various conjectures were woven around the organization of this lodge or group during those years, and even today the mystery of its creation remains, especially with regard to its political and philosophical nature. Within the G.O.U. was an officer

who played an active role in the decisions of this organization during the military coup of June 1943: Juan Domingo Perón. I followed these events closely.

About nine months into his term, in February 1944, President Ramírez delegated command to General Edelmiro J. Farrell and submitted his resignation. Alongside Farrell, the figure of then-Colonel Perón had already achieved a certain prominence, thanks to his ability and charisma. In 1940, he had assumed the position of secretary of the Ministry of War. In 1943, he was appointed Secretary of the Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare and later Minister of War.

-May 1944. Finally, on June 7 of that same year, he was appointed vice president of the Republic, retaining his previous positions. He would do brilliant work during his term, which would culminate in the epiphany of October 17. The imminent call for elections would prove momentous for the Argentine nation and people, and particularly for me, as the possibility of a new democracy would spark my desire to participate actively in it. My only doubt was where I would act, which political force would count me among its supporters. No political party at the time satisfied my convictions, and the social movement awakened by Colonel Perón captivated my sympathies toward this military man. I believed at the time that although Argentina had already had enough political revolutions, no social revolution had ever come to fruition. I understood then, when I saw Perón proclaim himself a presidential candidate, that this man could make utopia a reality. I thus decided to join the newly formed Peronist Party and began to develop a new vocation: politics.

Perón easily won the elections (February 24, 1946), triumphing in almost all provinces. The exceptions were Córdoba, Corrientes, San Juan, and San Luis. The specific defeat of Peronism in Córdoba thwarted what would have been my participation in the future Peronist government of Córdoba, and this discouraged me greatly. But thanks to my father, who had certain friends within the Peronist party in the capital, I was asked to collaborate in an important area of the Ministry of the Interior. Although this made me happy, since I would be entering politics working for and on behalf of Peronism, a certain sadness overcame me given the "simple" reason that I would have to leave my family and my beloved Córdoba.

I would be able to enter politics working for and on behalf of Peronism, a certain sadness took hold of me for the "simple" reason that I had to leave my family and my beloved Córdoba. So, with my heart in pieces, I embarked on my journey to my new destination: Buenos Aires.

During the first two years of the administration, I worked in different positions, and thanks to my abilities, I began to be recognized and valued. However, I never achieved great prominence because, although I worked hard politically, I did not possess leadership skills, and my only desire was to collaborate as best I could with the Peronist Party.

There was one fundamental reason for my stay in Buenos Aires: the magnificent social welfare program being developed by General Perón, in which his wife Eva Duarte was already beginning to play a prominent role. Peronism was carrying out the greatest of revolutions, the social revolution, and this woman, who at the time was simply the "First Lady," was directly involved in it. She was beginning to stand out and gain prominence for her solidarity with the poor and needy. Evita thus became the driving force behind a gigantic social project, never before seen in our country. That is why I began to feel devotion and admiration for this woman, not only for her inexhaustible generosity, which resulted in the well-being of all Argentines, but also because I could see a profound change in her. Until then, Eva Perón was simply the companion of our great leader, and although I respected her, her sumptuousness and certain luxuries aroused my suspicions. But suddenly, she abandoned these attitudes and immersed herself unconditionally in social work, thus winning my heart and that of all the Peronist people. The organization responsible for carrying out all these social projects was the Evita Foundation, so I decided to offer my services to this cause. However, getting a job there was not easy, so I had to resort to my political connections to be accepted.

Two circumstances led me to join the Foundation. One was my profession as an architect, which I had grown to miss and wanted to return to. (For some time, my father had been urging me to return to work with him in Córdoba, and if

I was enjoying my time in Buenos Aires and was considering returning to my old profession, as I found it difficult to advance politically given that my abilities and skills were not sufficient for this profession. The political archetype definitely did not suit me, and it hurt me to realize that my professional reality was structured around architecture, that is, the archetype of the builder. Therefore, if a change did not occur urgently, I would return to my homeland to resume my old profession. The Evita Foundation needed architects, and, seeing an opportunity, I offered to collaborate, although, as I said before, getting in was difficult. The other circumstance was the friendship I had long established with a colleague who was now working with Eva Perón. So then, by chance, while I was doing some simple paperwork, I ran into this old and dear friend from college whom I hadn't seen in several years. His name was Mario, and during his time in Córdoba as a student, I had been by his side through good times and bad. So I told him about my problem, and he became the determining factor in my long-awaited admission to the Evita Foundation's health insurance program. Mario took care of all the necessary paperwork, and thanks to my profession and his noble gesture, I was transferred directly to the Foundation. The Foundation was planning major construction projects, and my duties were assigned according to these plans. So, after so much wandering around trying to get in, a circumstance, as I told you, Azarosa? It leads me to relate politically and spiritually to Evita. In other words, if it hadn't been for that insignificant formality, I would never have connected with my friend Mario and my story would be completely different. But thanks to the mysteries of fate and the gods, Mario was in that office that morning, which made this whole story possible.

When I started working, the Evita Foundation was going through a period of truly astonishing growth, carrying out social projects throughout the nation. It was a growing, thriving, and perfectly structured organization. Evita supervised and controlled everything. She was aware of everything that was happening, and nothing was

decided or done without her authorization. In this way, Evita was able to realize her ideals and carry them out; the Foundation was the political instrument through which she crystallized her social projects.

The Eva Perón Foundation quickly became a huge charitable organization. By the end of the 1940s, it surpassed any government ministry in size and influence, with assets exceeding \$200 million and 14,000 permanent employees, including thousands of construction workers. The projects undertaken covered a wide social and cultural spectrum, from the donation of clothing, utensils, notebooks, sewing machines, etc., to the construction of schools, medical centers, hospitals, temporary homes for those in need of temporary shelter, homes for women from rural areas seeking work, childcare centers, and homes for children, including the famous Ciudad del Niño (City of Children), built to scale with small markets, a church, public buildings, a bank that issued original documents, and streets and houses for 400 children.

The Foundation built the Presidente Perón neighborhood, a complex of 600 houses west of Buenos Aires, plus 600 more to the east, and Ciudad Evita, a community of 15,000 homes. Many of these buildings were distinguished by certain architectural luxuries and, in particular, by the use of brocade, damask, and glass. As I told you, Evita was at the forefront of all this; she gave meaning to the purpose of the works. This is not the time to go into details, I will simply give you some facts so that you can appreciate the magnitude of this work and, in particular, of our comrade Evita. In other words, I want to give you the true historical context of this work and show you what it meant within the Peronist mystique; only Evita could awaken this transformative power and carry out such a social welfare project for the most needy. In other words, she was personally responsible for this miracle, and everything came about thanks to her charisma and intelligence. The Foundation was imbued with the spirit and transformative will of this comrade, and both the people and the nation clearly understood this.

mind the sacrifice and determination Evita showed in achieving her goals; that is why people from all social and economic backgrounds collaborated with the Foundation.

Personally, I admired Eva and felt gratified to be able to work alongside her. My activities were limited to tasks related to my profession, working with a group of engineers and architects to develop projects and plans that we then submitted to her. Although I saw Evita every day, I only had personal contact with her when I accompanied my superiors to the interviews she gave us; these were aimed at finalizing certain architectural projects.

In these letters, Evita reviewed and supervised our projects; we advised her on construction methods, but she was the one who decided which ones were most appropriate according to her criteria, and she was the one who ultimately gave us instructions on what she wanted. Although Evita did not master this science perfectly, she demonstrated a very peculiar taste in architectural art; I was deeply struck by the fact that she considered architecture not as a science, but as an art. This point was very significant for me and for the future of my personal relationship with Eva, as I also felt the same way about architecture, a sentiment I had inherited from my father. I remember the astonishment of my colleagues when we once came across Eva reviewing the executive project for a women's home; she rejected the project because it did not convey the meaning she intended; she reprimanded us severely for having carried out a project without taking into account the feelings of women.

"What have you brought me?" she said. "This project is cold and lacks the feminine spirit. It is typical of men, who cannot escape their own ideas, let alone understand what a suffering woman feels. This is not to my liking; it is not what I want for a home for women seeking a better life. In it, women must find hope, and this project, gentlemen, does not have that.

I looked at my classmates and saw admiration on their faces, but

also a certain fear, because when Eva got angry, she aroused this feeling. I gave her my opinion on a series of innovations we could implement to improve the quality of the building. She listened attentively, and after my presentation, in which I emphatically detailed the need to put architecture at the service of the new model of man that was being projected with the but-nismo, where feelings and thoughts imbued with a different ethic would prevail, she added:

You can't imagine how pleased I am that someone among you, whom I don't know, has the vision to place architecture within the Peronist sentiment. That's right, comrade," he said to me. "We must create a Peronist architecture, and that is the ideal pursued in the instructions I have given you, but I see that your colleagues do not understand this. So, take charge of this project and when you finish it, send it to me and I will consider it. We drew up a completely different project, and my superiors allowed me to use my creativity as long as I limited myself to certain economic considerations, which I had to take into account for budgetary reasons. Once it was finished, we presented it to Mrs. Perón. I remember how nervous we were when she received us to consider it, especially me, since in a way, after my presentation, she had made me responsible for the project. Although I knew Eva, I had never had direct contact with her, since my involvement in the projects was indirect, and although I gave my opinion and spoke on that occasion about what I thought architecture should be within Peronism, I did so almost unconsciously, that is, carried away by an impulse that came from within me but which at the time was beyond my understanding. But this had just happened, and I now found myself in a rather critical situation, as the project I had developed might not be to Mrs. Eva's liking. We all entered her office and she received us formally.

"Have you finished the project?" he asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, anticipating my classmates.

"Good," she said. "Show me what you've got."

I opened the plans and Evita analyzed them. Next to her was a



person I didn't know, who also began to look at them and give his opinion. We remained silent, and Eva glanced at us from time to time. Suddenly, she stopped looking at an engineer who was in charge of the area where I worked and asked him,

"Who is responsible for this project?"

"This colleague," he replied, pointing at me. When I felt him pointing at me, something flowed through my blood and made my whole body stiff. Then Evita said to me:

-Congratulations. Your project is exactly what I was hoping for. Of course, you are the architect who gave me your idea about what architecture should be within Peronism. I remember that I practically made you responsible for this work. Now I realize why you thought that way, because your project is impeccably designed, which makes it totally to my liking. What is your name?

-Luis, ma'am. I've been working at the Foundation for a short time.

-Good, comrade. I hope you keep it up. Are you from Córdoba?

-Yes, ma'am.

"Very nice: a mysterious land full of life. It's a pity we didn't win there, although I have good friends in Cordoba. Well, Luis," she said finally. "You will supervise the construction of this project and see that it is built according to your plans.

Eva said goodbye; I felt flattered and reassured. I thanked God for having spoken up the previous time and left with my colleagues, who were obviously also very happy about the project's approval.

Several days passed, and I was still working on the construction, since my superiors had made me responsible for supervising the work, and I therefore had to take on the technical management of the project. For this reason, I went to the construction site every day to make sure that everything was proceeding normally.

One day, while I was in my office after a busy morning, a colleague came in and handed me a summons from Mrs. Perón, saying that I had to report to her that same afternoon.

same day at ten o'clock in the evening in his office. I remember asking the colleague who brought the message if he knew the reasons for the meeting. He told me that he only knew that it had nothing to do with work; he believed it was for political reasons. I was intrigued and confused by the messenger's response; I wondered what the reasons could be, and I had even more doubts when I realized that I was the only one from my department who had been summoned. I went to Eva's office and when I arrived, I saw that a group of people I didn't know were waiting at the door. I asked one of them if they had an appointment with Evita and they said yes, and that's when I realized that everyone there had been summoned along with me. After a long wait, Evita received us. A man standing next to her spoke:

-Comrades. You have been summoned to talk with Eva about the reality of Peronism. This is an informal discussion, as it responds to Peronism's need to develop a national project; later on, each of you will be informed personally about what this project entails. For now, the intention is simply to talk, and Mrs. Perón is willing to answer all of your questions.

One comrade asked Eva a question.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said politely. "Our colleague has just explained, in a way, the reasons why we are here. But why were we chosen?"

"You have been chosen," Eva replied, "because you have all demonstrated great loyalty and patriotism. Furthermore, the Peronist cause and the future mission we must carry out require men with that quality of spirit: each one of you has been selected because you have that sign in your being. Now I want you to ask specific questions about Peronism so that we can get closer and understand each other better.

Once Eva had finished, I, who was standing next to her at the back, asked:

"Comrade Evita, what is Justicialism?"

-Two realities coexist within Peronism, clearly defined by its doctrine. One is contained in the ideological precepts formulated in its body of doctrine by General Perón. The other is determined by the profound mystical-philosophical sense of its ethics and values.

"I understand the first part of your answer perfectly," I said. "But I still have doubts about the second part. What does mysticism mean?" I asked.

"When I refer to mysticism, I mean that Peronism, beyond its political and social reality, aims to develop a model of man imbued with certain feelings and thoughts that transform him spiritually, thus making him a different man. Keep in mind, gentlemen, that Peronism believes essentially in man, in the family, and in the state. General Perón always tells me that it is essential to transform the community, and that to do so, one must begin with man and then move on to the entire social body; hence, Justicialism necessarily promulgates a philosophical ethic structured on different values.

"I understand your answer, Eva," I said. "But what does this mysticism affirm in man?" I asked.

"It affirms a change," Eva asserted. "An awakening of individual consciousness, and if this is transferred in a generic form to the community, it transforms the collective consciousness of the people. This becomes essential if we want to change the cultural and social superstructure of our beloved nation. On the other hand, this is only possible if we awaken in the people a feeling, a value opposed to that proposed by international capitalism and our oligarchy that sells out the country. Throughout history, they have cemented a model of man systematically programmed for consumption, who responds mechanically and automatically to their interests. This has led to the creation of a culturally and morally impoverished man, who is himself a victim of these gentlemen. Wake up, gentlemen! Capitalism is based on a psycho-social strategy whose tactics of psychological destruction weaken the spiritual will and annihilate the mystique of a people, affirming behavior

humanity in selfish and aberrant materialism. Justicialism, on the other hand, seeks to dismantle man's consciousness of these premises and create a man of genius grounded in a particular self-esteem and a transcendent will, all under a strategy of political, social, and cultural reorientation toward justicialism.

At this point, the comrades present at Eva's office were extremely disturbed and perplexed by the categorical statements of our leader and comrade in arms. No one could find a way out of the maze of astonishment when a comrade standing in the center of the room asked to speak, which Eva granted after asking his name. Then, this comrade named Oscar asked:

"Comrade Evita, is it essential to change men, to awaken them as you say, in order to carry out a political strategy?"

"For Peronists, yes," Eva replied emphatically. "But certainly not for the Synarchy, since its premises are obviously not based on establishing a materially and spiritually dignified man. This is demonstrated by its two political wings: liberalism and Marxism. Such doctrinal systems lose sight of man and only seek to achieve certain social and cultural pipe dreams, where social justice is of little interest. But for Peronism, the first and foremost goal is to realize the aspirations of the people, first in the social order, by eradicating misery and poverty, and then moving on to the state, because what good is a powerful state if the people are sinking into misery? Such is the case in Russia. That is not, in any way, the goal of Justicialism. Undoubtedly, we also want a powerful state, but, as we have said, with a people that is dignified both materially and spiritually; that is a fundamental condition of our doctrine.

"Mrs. Eva," said another comrade. "I understand that Justicialism, with its unique politics, has awakened Argentina, which until then had been mired in political and economic lethargy. All of us, the comrades who work in your Foundation, have joined the political-economic project of General Perón and Comrade Evita. Now that this new social reality is practically a fact, what must change?"

within Argentine politics, within Peronism?

I see that my position has sparked interest among you, and this is what I intended when I spoke of the need for a different mystique. Many politicians have criticized my conviction and assertion, arguing that this is embracing utopian idealism. But I believe that this concept is the product of confusion and a lack of vision, because politics is ethics at its most ideal, and without it, pragmatism is useless: it only generates mistakes. That is why I have always been against the speculative and calculating policies of savage liberal capitalists, who harbor nothing but self-interest; that view of life is characteristic of the mediocrity that defines them. That is why I constantly promote the man of genius, the enlightened man; I am sure that this type of man is the only one capable of creating revolutions in order to reform societies: history proves it. Peronism is a revolutionary movement not only because it aspires to transform the political and economic structures of this nation, which it is already doing, but also because it aims to create a new man. To better illustrate what it means to be an awakened man, I will tell you something about my personal history. You will undoubtedly know something about it, knowing, for example, that I have had to break with a whole series of cultural norms and social prejudices, which I will not go into here as they are public knowledge. But I do want to tell you that when I left my homeland, Los Toldos, I felt a strong need to search for something, to find a different destiny. I didn't know what it would bring me, but I was firmly convinced that I would give my all to change my personal history. When I arrived in Buenos Aires, I began that search, and thank God my situation began to change for the better, especially financially. Thus, when I managed to escape material poverty, I dared to consider myself lucky, even more so when I gained access to the world of show business and, why not, to fame. I confess that at that time I believed I had reached the sky with my hands. But I was completely wrong, and General Perón helped me see that. I barely knew him, but this great man showed me a different set of ethics.

But at first I didn't pay any attention to him, and although I agreed with him intellectually, I had no intention of changing my social and cultural patterns. In other words, although I was always at the general's side and my social and personal behavior was the same, I continued to embrace luxury, comfort, and my great love of jewelry, among other things. It was only after my trip to Spain, that is, upon my return, that I understood the meaning of that ethic, that change in my life, and it was the result of an experience, a spiritual experience that I will surely tell you about later. What I mean by this is that before, I was a mediocre woman, asleep, seduced by materialistic and bourgeois cultural norms, which were the true masters of my will and my conscience. In other words, I was not the master of my own soul, of my own destiny, and this state of mind robbed me of the spiritual capacity to understand the social and economic reality of the country. Only by breaking with that life and developing a different will, a combative, warrior-like spiritual ethic, and fighting first against myself and then against those outside who in one way or another projected this model onto me, was I able to awaken and see the path that the general had laid out for me. This different understanding of myself and of reality allowed me to see the enemy, and when I understood what he was like and how he acted within our people, I decided to fight him: thus, Comrade Evita was born. It was at that moment that the general offered me the opportunity to create the Eva Perón Foundation, and thank God I had the chance to hold in my hands a powerful tool with which to fight this treacherous oligarchy, the eternal enemy of the Justicialist homeland. Do you understand the meaning of my comment, comrades? I want you to understand that Justicialism urgently needs men of genius. The abilities of ordinary men today have taken us only this far, but the times ahead will require a different kind of man, one based on a warrior ethic, affirmed in a mystical-philosophical Peronist fanaticism, and determined to give everything for the cause of our general, which is the cause of all Argentines.

While Eva was talking, I looked at my classmates, who were able to

You could see in their faces the degree of admiration and respect they had for her; no one would dare question her statements. For my part, I was evaluating Evita's words in my mind. It was true, there had been a metamorphosis in her behavior. She was no longer the woman with loose blonde hair; now it was rigorously combed back. Her sumptuous dresses, which had caused quite a stir in Madrid and Rome, were now a thing of the past. As for her jewelry, it had been put away for good. She now wore a simple black dress and the occasional Justicialist emblem as her only jewelry. She was no longer interested in receptions or parties, leading an almost monastic life: she was austere, disciplined, and possessed of a unique will. She did not smoke or drink alcohol; she drank only water. She had even given up her favorite composer, Chopin, for good. She also worked like no one else: she was the first to arrive at her post and the last to leave. So then, after midnight, we continued listening to her, and she hadn't even noticed the time. In other words, Evita had really changed in recent years, due to a deep understanding of the truth that only she could experience; but, thanks to my determination, I was also able to share in it. Evita continued with her dissertation.

"Comrades," he said. "We must break free from the illusion that has seduced and blinded us. We can only fight the powers that seek to destroy us if we affirm ourselves in a warrior ethic of knowledge, in a warrior spirit, because otherwise it will be impossible to defeat them. They are not only behind Argentina, they are all over the world; that is why we must remain united. There is a super-capitalism that moves in the shadows and constantly stalks us, inciting our oligarchy to fight and overthrow us. We must therefore be alert to confront them, as we have done until now. The conversation had become lively, and a new comrade began to question her.

"Comrade Evita, is there really an international power conspiring in certain sectors with the firm intention of

dominate the world or, in other words, establish a world government?"

"Of course," Eva said emphatically. "It is as real as these books on the table. What happens is that these powers have woven such a perfect web that it is extremely difficult to recognize them on the threshold of the world's meaning. They are masters in the art of camouflage. Look at what the oligarchy, capital, and imperialist internationalism really are. Although they appear to function separately, each animating its own strategic context, they act in concert when circumstances require it. In this way, there is a single global political and economic-financial power that stands above all mechanisms. Perón called this the "World Synarchy." Undoubtedly, we should not be so interested in the world synarchy; what should really concern us is our own oligarchy: it is the real enemy of the homeland. The oligarchy is the point through which capitalist internationalism penetrates, thanks to its different ideologies, into the blood and bones of our people. Comrades, you should know that the general, this illustrious man in his immense wisdom and power, always tells me that it is practically impossible to recognize these powers, since they work underground, that is, below the collective consciousness, and the people can hardly distinguish them. That is why almost no one believes they exist; a certain deep political and historical understanding is necessary to recognize them. Perón, thanks to his cognitive ability and his profound vision of reality beyond ordinary levels, has recognized them. Let us think for a moment about the networks of corporations, multinationals, and internationalist religious and financial institutions that operate in the cultural superstructure of the world, surpassing even states in power. Such is the power they wield that they determine governments and, in some cases, surpass entire nations, including so-called "developed" ones, in economic and financial capital. Keep in mind that what we refer to as "our oligarchy" is the union of all these sectors of power within our borders. Undoubtedly, this



The oligarchy is made up not only of national capital, but also of international capital, which is generally more powerful and has direct influence over our capitalists. The latter, then, are mere lackeys serving this international capital established in our country. Understand that when I refer to power, I am referring par excellence to money, and with that, I indirectly designate the oligarchy as the axis of power. In our country, the oligarchy and its various components have always ruled and manipulated power; they have only lost it, and completely, with the arrival of JUSTICIALISMO to power. I want to clarify that there were governments that may have opposed the oligarchy, but they never established national policies; in one way or another, their actions were always determined by the oligarchy. That is why I have called you to this political discussion. Perhaps you already know and understand these concepts. Perhaps, on the contrary, this conversation will seem strange to you; but of one thing I am sure: those whom I will need in the future to develop certain strategies at the national level will, in time, understand this discourse.

Comrades, Peronism has created a mystical-political field unlike any other, and the oligarchy, and even the international synarchy, have been left without operational capacity within this nation. In just three years, Perón managed to transform social structures and gave the Argentine nation political, economic, and social possibilities it had never had before. Only those who are asleep and mediocre fail to understand what the general did and continues to do for this people; it is therefore our political and patriotic duty to defend and accompany the general in this cause. We must understand that Justicialism is a great bastion, a true wall against the oligarchy and international powers. Peronism is the only force capable of stopping the penetration of the social and cultural poison of capitalism, and it is also the only force that has given this people a national and popular ideology based on patriotic values and traditions, which will make its economic and, fundamentally, spiritual liberation possible. How can we not strive for Perón, when he has given us a political identity and

freed us from both liberal and Marxist ideological internationalism! Fighting capital, as I have already said, is extremely difficult; they are even supported by supernatural forces. But there is also a supernatural power in Peronism, and it is the face of God in our homeland; he is willing to give everything to realize the dreams of this entire nation, of this entire blessed Argentine homeland. You know that we have truth and justice, and that we will have all the spiritual and moral resources to fight those who dare to oppose our plans for national unity. Keep this in mind, comrades: we will fight them.

Evita paused for a moment. I took the opportunity to look at my colleagues again. I wondered to myself why we had been summoned and were now listening to her. I had a strong feeling that there was a powerful reason for this meeting: the political speech Eva Perón was giving held a profound mystery that deserved to be revealed. The more I thought about it, the stronger my desire to discover the real reasons for this meeting became. Another question concerned the origin of the comrades present (around 12 or 14, I don't remember exactly). I knew some of them, and I recognized them because they worked at the Foundation, but most of them did not belong to it and did not even hold government positions: they were "simply" Peronists. Of one thing I was certain: these people had not been chosen at random, but had been deliberately summoned to this meeting, specifically selected for some very special reason.

While I was lost in my thoughts, another comrade questioned Eva.

"Comrade, you say that it is difficult to defeat the oligarchy, and, according to your ideas, it will try to fight Peronism.

"That's right, comrade," Eva asserted.

"Good. Tell me then. How do you fight it? What is the method?"

"What do you think, comrade?" Eva countered. "What would be the path and what could happen?"

"I couldn't specify the methods," he said. "What I am sure of is that we would arrive at a total confrontation with it, perhaps even a military confrontation with some sector of our oligarchy."

"You are correct," said Evita, "every time the people have shown resistance to the plans and projects of the oligarchy, it has led to armed conflict, to civil war; this is a historical rule that has been repeated constantly. But we must understand that these extreme situations, in which the people expressed fundamental hostility toward the oligarchy, occurred unconsciously, instinctively, automatically. In other words, in general, this attitude of opposition to the gorilla powers is the product of the desperation of a certain social class due to the savage oppression to which it is subjected. In this way, reactions occur without a prior strategy, without a prior study of the socio-political situation. This is not the case with Justicialism, since General Perón, together with a group of enlightened comrades, aware of the machinations of the national oligarchy and capitalist internationalism, has long been devising wisely crafted opposition strategies to resist and fiercely combat not only the national oligarchy, but also the imperialist internationalism that has dark and sinister interests in our beloved nation. Thus, once General Perón came to power, he did so armed with the political and economic strategies to be applied and developed in his Justicialist government. His ability and intelligence have given us the body of doctrine in which he has set forth the premises and maxims with which to effectively oppose the interests of the oligarchy. Thanks to Perón, this revolution is not the product of a mere class struggle or a popular uprising against spurious social exploitation, as has happened in socialist, communist, and liberal revolutions. On the contrary, the Justicialist revolution is the result of a strategy that has been consciously planned and carried out scientifically and spiritually. Therefore, it is not the work of opportunism on the part of certain sectors, as has happened in most revolutions, which took advantage of social circumstances to usurp power.

power and, from that position, develop selfish and sectoral policies. Justicialism, gentlemen, is the product of the ability, intelligence, and heart of a group of comrades embraced by power, mysticism, and, fundamentally, the transcendent wisdom of General Perón.

Comrades, I want you to understand that, in general, these oligarchies, traitors to everything popular and national, will seek any argument to remain in power, and that if they lose it, as in this case, they will not hesitate to unleash a civil war to regain it: this is the situation we will face in the not too distant future.

For now, our oligarchy is quiet, since we have it under control; but there are already sectors within it, especially the military and the clergy, who are conspiring against our project of national unity. For the time being, they will not dare to do anything, because they know that if they dare to move a foot, Peronism will crush them. These oligarchs are so empty and pretentious that they do not understand the transcendent meaning of Peronism. If only they understood the supernatural and divine destiny of our mission, perhaps they would let us carry out our plans. If there is one thing they are convinced of, it is our power; they are still in awe and cannot understand how General Perón managed to come to power in such a short time and implement such a brilliant socio-economic policy, allowing the material and spiritual awakening of this great nation, of this blessed Argentine people.

Gentlemen, it is necessary to raise awareness of the mystical-philosophical aspects of Justicialism. We must understand that behind our movement there is a spiritual force that supports us. Peronism, and I say this once again, is not a simple political system, just another party in the style of conservatism or radicalism. These are based on simple economic dogmas that manage politics through calculation and numbers; they view reality in a cold and pragmatic way, structured around a materialism based on biological evolution. Justicialism, on the other hand, is generated from a mystical-philosophical analysis of reality, contained in a deep Christian meaning but supported by a warrior-like ethical code. In other words

that Perón, in his analysis of social solutions, did not start from economic or political pragmatism, but from a mysticism where freedom, justice, and equality in all orders of existence are the only truths to be implemented in order to awaken and develop a people. That is where the differences lie, comrades: Justicialism is based on mysticism, which is the supernatural foundation from which General Perón's entire socio-economic political project emanates.

I want to confess to you, comrades, that I understand perfectly well that many of you here do not understand the meaning of my statements and distrust the significance of our mystique, for it took me years to feel the spirit of this truth. With regard to mystique, I want to make it clear that it is not a religious sentiment or a monastic ethic: it does not participate in clerical dogma. It is essential that you understand and banish this idea, since Peronist mysticism is based on a mystery that is totally different from that of religious mysticism. These mysticisms (of different religious dogmas) are imbued with a strong contemplative and devotional psychological content, framed within a monastic or clerical philosophical ethic. Peronist mysticism, on the other hand, is sustained by blood and fundamentally by the soil, framed by a transcendent gnoseological wisdom and protected by a philosophical-heroic ethic.

Comrades, it is vital to understand the meaning of our mystique, because it is this mystique that will produce the true Justicialist, the true Peronist, and it is this type of man who is the only one capable of fighting beyond the limits in order to make our country great.

Gentlemen, this meeting was planned with the aim of developing an opposition strategy in which mysticism is imparted. A profound mystery lies behind this meeting, and if your loyalty to Perón is worthy and true, you may be given the opportunity to learn about and join a project with which we intend to transform the Argentine people. Each of you will be summoned in due course to a future meeting to discuss this matter. I hope, comrades, that you understand the reason for this meeting and that our

conversation is kept in strict confidence; and I appeal to the honor and loyalty of each of you to keep it secret.

Evita greeted us and said goodbye until we met again. For my part, I couldn't get over my amazement, feeling privileged to have been able to listen to our leader. A comrade who remained at her side the entire time she was speaking asked us for our personal information, which he used to fill out a form. He also gave us an invitation to a political convention to be held in the coming days for a very important celebration.

I vividly remember the feelings, thoughts, and, fundamentally, the desires that assailed me in the days following the encounter; we all agreed on one thing: to talk to Eva again. After several days of continuing with my tasks at the Foundation, the interview seemed like nothing more than a pipe dream. I managed to see Evita again on two occasions, both for work reasons. On both occasions, she greeted me politely and even said my name, but at no point did she even hint at the possibility of another meeting. In fact, she was as she always was, tough and disciplined, limiting these encounters to strictly professional matters relating to the Foundation. I remember that during those occasional encounters, Evita did not allow me to talk about what had been discussed at the meeting. In fact, her cold stare did not allow for any questions, and knowing her personality, I chose not to ask anything at all. However, I did harbor the hope of being summoned again. Besides, the convention was approaching, and there I would have the opportunity to talk to her. However, I must confess that I had certain doubts about it, since, seeing myself frustrated on those two occasions and her being so firm in her decision, I considered that I would never be taken into account for that future strategy. Given the circumstances, I was truly distressed, even more so considering that I couldn't tell anyone about the interview and meeting with Evita, which greatly increased my state of anxiety and despair...

The days passed and the date of the meeting approached, which consisted of the celebration and festivities of a national holiday.

I was eagerly awaiting the opportunity to meet Evita and talk to her about the interview and, in particular, about the interest she had aroused in me with her speech at the previous meeting. Obviously, that day arrived, and what I am about to tell you are some of the experiences I had during those celebrations. I arrived at the appointed time at the designated place: the Presidential Residence. I confess that it was a magnificent party, and I was amazed by the event; in fact, it was the first time I had ever attended a celebration of such magnitude. Although in my heart I did not participate in this type of entertainment because I considered it part of a bourgeois lifestyle, on this occasion it did not bother me at all, because I was well aware of the well-being of the Argentine people; I understood that it was the legitimate right of these leaders to commemorate a national holiday in this way, and that events like this highlighted the magnificent government led by General Perón.

I was deeply struck by the elegance of the place, decorated with a certain European style and endowed with an aristocratic air, among which Eva's luminous beauty stood out. There I also met a group of colleagues who had attended the previous meeting, and I could sense a great deal of anxiety among them. I thought that perhaps they were sharing the same concern: to be able to return to the conversation they had had with Evita on that occasion.

Our leader was surrounded by political figures of the time, and the general was always at her side. At one point, I was able to approach them and greet them. Evita looked at me and, recognizing me, told the general that I was a collaborator in her social work within the Foundation; she then introduced me to Perón, for which I remember being extremely grateful. After a few formalities, I impertinently asked Eva if she could spare me a few seconds. She was a little surprised and asked me to wait a moment. I stepped away, wondering if I had really been out of line in making such a request to Evita, but I was determined to resolve my intrigue, and the only real possibility lay in the hands of my comrade Eva. After a brief moment, approximately half an hour, during which Eva continued to greet all

colleagues, a waiter approached me to tell me that the First Lady of Argentina was requesting my presence. Of course, I hurried over, and when I reached her, Eva asked:

"What is the reason for this, and how can I be of service to you, architect?"

"Excuse my impertinence, comrade," I said. "Do you remember the conversation we had in your office some time ago with a group of fellow Peronists?"

"Of course, comrade!"

"Good. On that occasion, you hinted at the possibility of a second meeting, and I am very interested in knowing if that would be feasible.

"I think it's great that you're interested in the subject. Yes, comrade. We will hold another meeting in the future, but this is not the time or place to discuss these issues. My secretary will give you an appointment at a specific location where we can talk at length.

Eva instructed her secretary to give me a card with the time and place where we would meet. She then said goodbye and went back to her duties. As was to be expected, I felt an unparalleled joy inside. I left immediately, looking forward to the arrival of that long-awaited day.

Regarding the party, I want to tell you about an experience I had when Evita introduced me to General Perón. When I saw him, before greeting him for the first time, because although I knew him by sight I had never spoken to him personally, I remembered the effect that the general's handshake had had on a colleague of mine with whom I worked at the Foundation. He said that when Perón shook his hand, he felt something like an electric current flow through his soul that moved him deeply. I believed then that this experience was the result of the general's presence, which had become a myth in the consciousness of my friend and colleague Raúl. He professed deep devotion to the general, and perhaps that unconscious admiration for Perón was the cause of such effects. I was undoubtedly mistaken. Although I considered Perón an illustrious man, I must confess that I had never



deified, mystifying her as a god or a messiah; in fact, that was how he viewed Evita; he truly saw her as a saint, and when I met her personally, I elevated her to the status of a goddess. But at the very moment the general shook my hand, I attested to Raúl's words, becoming completely convinced of the truth of his statements. I also remember the looks on Evita's and the general's faces; they gave me the impression that they were scrutinizing my soul. As he looked at me, the general seemed to strip away my entire ontological reality. I felt that he could decipher my inner self, evaluate my mental and spiritual condition, and that he knew it was impossible for me to avoid it. Over time, I came to understand that Perón and Evita had not only observed my psychological makeup at that moment, but were also searching within me for certain noological signs. At the time of this experience, I was greatly intrigued, as was Raúl.

As I told you, in time, I was able to understand this event; then I understood definitively that both Perón and Evita had fulfilled and exceeded my expectations. That is why I decided to share this experience with you, because it has never happened to me with anyone else.

After my first encounter with Eva Perón, I felt a passion growing inside me that overwhelmed me emotionally. It predisposed me and motivated me spiritually to understand certain questions that had not previously troubled me. You must know, Alfredo, that if there is one thing I have always had, from an early age, it is a deep vocation for service. I was active both at university and in various sports institutions, always fighting for justice and truth and valiantly combating what I considered to be unjust. When Peronism arrived, I joined its ranks because I saw it as an opportunity to fulfill that vocation. In other words, I believed in this doctrine and in this party as the ideal option for Argentines to build a new nation. At that time, I was a pragmatist, and therefore I was convinced that politics was a matter of numbers and economic and social calculations; I could never have imagined that beyond sectoral interests and class struggle there could be something transcendent and divine above these structures. Undoubtedly, this

In my pragmatic and conventional analysis of politics, cultural dogmatism was due to the study of the social reality of the time; I found no political motives or miracles in the ruling parties that would lead me to think otherwise. Peronism and its social transformation, plus my conversations with Evita, created a different perspective in me, and the concepts she expressed about an international conspiracy of powers that she called *Sinarchia* (si = union, archia = powers), which moves in the shadows determining the politics and will of the people, had grown axiologically within my consciousness. After my first conversation with Eva, I began to scientifically evaluate certain concepts. They became increasingly affirmed within me as something true and authentic. I evaluated the topics discussed in the meeting over and over again, and they resonated within me with increasing force, dispelling all kinds of doubts and affirming truths that led me to a change in my view of politics and life itself. What captivated me most, without a doubt, was the idea of the existence of supernatural or divine forces acting behind this doctrine. I was shocked by these concepts or ideas; I had never thought about them before and had always believed that the divine only manifested itself through monastic ethics, that is, that the clerical institution was the only bridge between God and man, and therefore only in social or collective aspects. Now I was beginning to be convinced of this truth, which completely changed my perspective on the political, social, and economic analysis of reality. My doubts fell away one by one, and the idea of a national oligarchy conspiring with international powers that had no interest in a developed Argentina took root in my mind. Thus, the idea that behind Peronism, that is, behind Eva and Perón, there was a supernatural force that protected the doctrine and strategies generated by it, loomed large in my consciousness. Only something unknown, mysterious, and powerful could deceive and defeat the enemy of the homeland: Peronism had that transformative power. Perón was changing reality, producing a social alchemy, awakening the people, uniting them in a social and cultural revolution that today

granted social justice, economic independence, and political sovereignty.

To gain an even clearer understanding of all this, I set about deciphering the social reality of the time, and I was struck by the resistance to Peronism shown by the oligarchic and bourgeois sectors; we already know that they are only interested in their privileges and not at all in the welfare of the country as a whole. But the hypocrisy and effrontery behind all this was striking, as institutions that wielded vast cultural power and had been highly respected by Perón began to show a certain hostility toward Peronism. I saw no reason to oppose social and economic policy, as it was brilliant and had begun to satisfy all popular and national desires; yet the oligarchy reacted aggressively to this, mercilessly criticizing Perón and railing against Evita. If we consider that before the arrival of Peronism, the large popular sectors were mired in poverty and even more so in misery, where workers labored for meager wages and in degrading conditions of total servitude, with all their rights trampled by capital, and that Peronism was precisely changing that reality, then

Why did religious, intellectual, and political sectors openly oppose these reforms? I figured that politicians and philosophers had a good reason because they were openly responding to the oligarchy, but I couldn't wrap my head around why the church, or at least part of it, didn't like all this, especially since it claimed to be against the exploitation of people by capital. Furthermore, during this political period, when social injustice was a tangible reality, the church did not even deign to denounce it, and when it did so, very sporadically, it would have been preferable if it had not done so: its voice lacked substance, and instead of being heard, it was barely audible, thus unable to reach anyone's ears. Being a Christian at the time, having been raised under its doctrine, I found myself in the painful position of having to acknowledge that the church had done nothing before and was now opposed to it. In such a state of confusion...

That was my situation at the time, especially considering my rationalist-scientific cultural background, based on pragmatic logic, which had structured in me a whole concept of doubt regarding religion. Although I had received a deep Christian moral education through my heritage and upbringing, time had built upon it a cold and mathematical consciousness. Thus, I analyzed the political, social, and cultural situation in Argentina before Peronism free of cultural and religious premises that would have significantly influenced my conclusions. Perhaps if I had been a devout Christian, my view of the Church at that time would have been different, and most likely it would have been. However, being a rationalist, I was not subject to religious guidelines. Thus, I was certain that the clergy was wrong about Peronism: the course of events would prove me right. On the other hand, although this logic offered me certain beneficial points of view in terms of analyzing or studying the political and social context, it had left me with a mystical void that could only be filled through art, in which I touched the impeccable, the sublime: I saw God. So at first I did not see anything supernatural in Peronism; for me, it was simply a political party with good intentions to govern. But when I met Comrade Evita, and after talking with her, that emptiness was filled with concerns and questions that were slowly and gradually answered thanks to her speeches.

Peronism had suppressed the abuses of a landowning oligarchy where moral values were beginning to shine by their absence due to the pure selfishness of a group of plutocrats who, like leeches, were weakening and sickening the body of the nation, thinking and acting in accordance with their own interests.

Now, if on top of all this, Perón had practically managed to lay the foundations of a new nation, Eva was clearly right once again: something profound and mysterious, supernatural and divine was supporting him. The sole enemy of the homeland, that is, the international synarchy and the national oligarchy, allowed this government to exist for the simple reason that it had a certain power that they could not defeat. Having meditated on this for days, I

I became increasingly convinced that a different mysticism protected Evita and Perón from above and guided them to a destiny of greatness; with this pair of demigods on the political scene, chance events took on meaning. I myself had been a fortunate victim of theirs, since I was somehow guided toward politics by joining this cause, and when I was about to give up, a "coincidence" and the figure of Evita made me cling to Peronism once again. Meeting Perón and Evita changed my attitude toward life, giving it meaning. Working at the Eva Perón Foundation and participating in its work awakened my mysticism. Talking with Eva, and above all listening to her, connected me to a higher wisdom, relating me to a Peronist gnoseological ethic that allowed me to dismantle the web of ignorance and lies woven by the global synarchy and the national oligarchy. In this way, I became convinced that there are sectors of the church, and culture in general, that respond directly to the oligarchy, and that Evita's words and her hatred for traitors and sellouts, as she called them, clearly had meaning. Her wisdom nourished me, connecting me to a heroic-chivalrous mysticism that was promulgated by Juan Domingo Perón. Slowly, I was awakening; new forces unleashed within me began to give me a different view of reality. If after the talk I found myself confused, with a duality lingering within me, it dissolved like a piece of ice given the deep understanding of things that I now had from mysticism. Slowly, a new man was being created within me, a new way of thinking, deconstructed from formal logic and rationalist culture, which made me see and feel reality and Peronism in a different way. I understood with all my being that we were not alone in the face of the enemy, and that although there are metaphysical forces behind him that support his projects, Peronist mysticism also has the unconditional support of a supernatural energy. Thanks to this energy, the harsh national reality could be changed for the good of all Argentines who love this blessed homeland.

Believe me, Alfredo, in just a few months everything changed; he was a totally different man. Socially speaking, my aspirations

to be a politician had disappeared, and with them, my desire to return to my homeland also vanished. Now, after my two encounters with Eva, a new vocation was blossoming within me: mysticism. The Peronism I had seen before was completely different when transferred from the outside to the inside. Now I understood the doctrine not only from an economic, political, and cultural perspective, but fundamentally from a mystical one. From the noological, heroic, and chivalrous ethics that Eva was slowly awakening in me, this Peronism not only had the capacity to transform the social and political structures of the nation, but also unleashed a different man: it awakened the genius that lies within each of us.



## CHAPTER III

### Luis's first personal interview with Evita

I vividly remember how moved I was on the day I was to interview Eva Perón again. I arrived punctually for the appointment and was greeted by a fellow Peronist who kindly accompanied me to a living room, told me that Eva would be with me in a moment, and then left. As I waited, I became increasingly uneasy about the presence of a small library. I approached it. It contained books by Plato, Kant, Hegel, Ortega y Gasset, among others. In addition, there were complete biographies of Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Pancho Villa, Joan of Arc, Juan Manuel de Rosas, and many others. After a long wait, and while I was reading a book, which, incidentally, I did not understand why it was there, the ethereal figure of Evita appeared.

"Good evening, comrade Luis," she said in a friendly tone.

How are you?

"Fine, thank you," I said. "It's nice to see you again."

"I see you're interested in the books in my library. May I see the book you're holding?"

As she took the book, Eva smiled faintly.

"Ahh... Napoleon," he said, "Have you read anything about him?"

"Yes, quite a bit. I've studied his life and I'm deeply fascinated by his great story, as it has a very special mystique."



Excuse me, Eva. Do you like history?

"Of course! All of it, in general. And when it comes to Napoleon's life, it's fascinating. But, my friend, let's not rush. Come with me to the other room, where we'll be more comfortable, and we'll continue our conversation there."

We then moved on to another room that caught my attention because of its décor, which was adorned with typical Creole and Latin American objects, such as an indigenous spear and axe, and a saber that, given its shape, clearly belonged to an Argentine warlord. The furniture was of European origin and looked like genuine antiques. Two oriental rugs stood out on the floor, and two large paintings adorned one wall: one contained an image of General Perón; the other, a beautiful landscape with a majestic castle in the center. We sat down comfortably, and I noticed a desk with a series of books on it. Evita was aware of my amazement.

"Comrade Luis," she said, as if by chance. "I see you've been captivated by the decor of this room.

-Yes, you're right. It has objects from a whole range of different cultures, and, to be honest, I was wondering why that was.

"That's a tough question, my friend! And perhaps it's the key to everything, since every culture, that is, its very ontology, contains a great history, not only individual but also collective. Think about that spear. What can you see in it? Is there anything you can see?"

I was truly impressed. Once again, Evita was asking me about my question. This forced me to think quickly, so I began to look closely at the spear, which was placed at an angle on a side wall.

"If I'm not mistaken," I said, "that spear is of American origin. Perhaps from an Argentine tribe, since, from what I can see, it has a stone tip. It could be Comechingón or Patagón. I don't know. I think there's something else, although I honestly can't quite understand it."

-Good, Luis. Good. You're right. It's an American spear. You also got its origin right: it's Comechingón. But what

I want you to understand is that behind the reality of the object there is a whole history that is directly related to it.

-This means that through the object one can understand its history.

-Exactly! But not only its particular history, that is, to speak properly, not only the ontology or being of the object observed, but we can also penetrate the general historical context of the time or space-time in which it acted. Of course, this is determined by the cognitive or intellectual capacity that the individual has established in their own cultural structure. In other words, if the person observing the entity does not have concepts or ideas about the object structured in their intellect, they will undoubtedly understand nothing about it, unless another relationship is established.

-Excuse me, Eva, but there is something I don't understand, something I don't quite grasp. You say that the essence of an object can only be accessed if the concepts or ideas directly linked to the observed

object have previously been deposited within the cultural structure or intellect, and that if the individual has no epistemological or conceptual reference to the entity in their cultural structure, they will not be able to

understand the entire ontological reality of the object. Now, your

answer clearly leaves open a certain possibility of rational understanding of the entity analyzed. Could you then tell me how it is

possible to access the truth of the object, the entire historical reality of the entity, without having any cultural background about it? At that

precise moment, Mrs. Perón called a many-

cho and politely asked him to bring us two cups of tea. After that, he set out to continue.

"There is no doubt that we all have an idea of the object stored in our unconscious," Eva commented, "and that when we interact with it, a pattern will emerge from the unconscious to the conscious and give us an answer about what we are observing, provided, of course, that this entity is something conventional and familiar. Perfect, the case of the spear fits as an example. But if the

If you say "ente" is a double bass, very few people will understand the meaning of that term, and only those who know about music will understand it; they will know that it is a musical instrument, the largest and lowest-pitched of the string instruments. In this way, most people have structured in their memory the ideas of the things with which we interact in everyday language; hence, we all know what a spear is. What happens psychologically when one observes an object is a relationship between the person and the entity, which, by stimulating the sensory sphere of the individual, produces the emergence of an idea. The magnitude of understanding will be determined by the cultural background of the individual observing the object, since the thought generated by the individual's consciousness is based specifically on their cultural structure. In other words, if there is no prepared intellect, a deep understanding of what is being analyzed cannot be achieved. I don't know if you understand me, comrade.

I gestured for her to continue.

"The second part of your question," Eva continued, "referred to whether it is possible to arrive at the truth of the object or idea without intellectual or cultural preparation. The answer is yes: through a charismatic noological relationship.

"How is that possible, and in what way?" I asked.

"You will understand this answer yourself," she said. "I will simply tell you that it is possible to understand and get to the essence of a truth even without having an intellectually or technically structured logical or scientific context for that truth. That is why intellectuals are wrong, because they believe that having a more or less developed intellect makes them the absolute owners of the truth, despising the people because they do not fit their models. Do you see, Luis? They are wrong, because the people see and understand realities without the need for a formal logic imposed on them, and Peronism is a good example of this. Look at the intellectual work that was generated and scientifically crystallized to destroy the general before he won the presidency. They technically and scientifically programmed the people to vote against Perón. (Evita affirmed these concepts because of the struggle unleashed at that time by the famous Unión

Democratic against Perón, it was done scientifically, with the help of psychologists, sociologists, philosophers, and intellectuals from all fields, who studied and analyzed all the variables in order to destroy Peronism. But the interaction between the general and his people was not logical, that is, it did not occur at the level of consciousness that the intellectuals of the Democratic Union believed it would. On the contrary, the relationship was established in a spiritual, noological way. A charismatic noological bond was created between Perón and his people, a bridge of love and loyalty that transcended the rational limits of the collective consciousness. In other words, the parameters of experience of this reality were not logical-formal, but charismatic-spiritual. The people were able to see the noological signs in Peronism beyond what had been intellectually structured by the oligarchy. Do you realize, Luis, why it is vital to educate the people? Because the enemy has a thousand faces, and it can only be unmasked if we are intellectually prepared enough to identify it. That is why I insist on this issue, since the difference between a sleeping man and an awake man lies in the fact that when the awake man observes a spear, his consciousness is bombarded by a whole series of ideas and thoughts that encompass the entire cultural register of the spear. In other words, this type of man will not observe the spear, but through it he will be able to access its entire history, locating himself and transporting himself in time and space to the historical contexts in which this object played a role. On the other hand, the man who is asleep will only structure himself around the usual meanings of the object, thus being unable to go beyond it.

"Excuse me, Eva," I interrupted. "You mean that one type of man develops a certain imagination while the other does not, or, to put it another way, those who are intellectually prepared have it and those who are not suffer from it."

"The concept, the definition you give, is close to the truth, but it is not the truth. Imagination is not the right term to describe this peculiar faculty. In reality, it is a vision of the ontological reality of the object, of the historical cultural register of the

Do you understand the difference between imagination and vision? Vision comes when a person is noologically reoriented and awake. In this way, the individual is able to see and deeply understand, through the image of the object, ontological aspects of it that are in a shadow sphere, that is, these cultural aspects are unconscious to the observation of a sleeping man, while they are perceptible to the consciousness of the awakened man.

"I think I understand, Mrs. Eva," I said. "You maintain that the awake man has or develops a spiritual quality when his will and consciousness are strategically oriented. Now, what I don't understand is what you mean by the word 'oriented.' Is this something like a mystical-religious feeling?" I asked.

"Look, my friend. You must reflect deeply on what this kind of spiritual capacity is. Remember that I explained it to you at our first meeting. There I argued the need to differentiate between a devotional mysticism that participates in the religious, priestly archetype, and a justicialist gnoseological mysticism based exclusively on consciousness, on noological intelligence. It is this latter type of understanding and intelligence that I am trying to teach you through the noological techniques for opening cultural registers, since without this wisdom it is impossible to obtain a correct vision of realities.

Just as in the case of the spear, which is a concrete entity, the same can be done with abstract entities, such as the ideal word. The word itself can mean different things. Being an abstract concept, it is defined according to the individual's axiological and gnoseological capacity for understanding. Undoubtedly, if a person is registered in a certain archetype, in a dogmatic way of thinking, their understanding of the term "ideal" will be structured according to the axiological limits imposed by their dogma. That is, if he is, for example, a Christian, the meaning of the ideal will be to comply with the commandments dictated by the New Testament, while if he is a Muslim, he will be governed according to the Koran. In the case of a scientist, the term

For this type of man, "ideal" will not mean reaching the ultimate goal of his science. In other words, the sleeping man, structured by cultural dogma, will generally define the idea or concept inductively, mechanically, according to the intellectual guidelines that prevail in his consciousness. On the other hand, the awakened man will try to stop and reflect freely, without dogmatic preconceptions, attempting to have a vision that encompasses all perspectives of the idea being analyzed, in order to arrive at the true meaning of the term.

"Comrade Eva, I'm beginning to understand what you're trying to tell me," I said. "So, every object in this room participates in its being (ontological reality) as part of a whole cultural context, and it would be right to try to gain a deep understanding of each one of them. Now I'm going to ask you a question: What is the significance of all this?"

"What good is having superior intellectual and cultural capacity?" you ask. Well, I will try to answer you as accurately as possible so that you may better understand. Having such capacity allows us, fundamentally, to break free from deception, since all the sciences of oligarchic imperialism are strategically based on ignorance. I don't know if you remember certain words of the general. He, who was a master par excellence in the science of opening cultural records, said that the worst thing in a man was ignorance, since this, over time, turns him into a beast. These wise words of the general exemplify and illustrate what happens to man when his consciousness is schematized by some dogmatism of the synarchy. This type of man, massified and therefore limited in his understanding of reality, is impoverished by the means of education that shape a mediocre and sleepy individual, seduced by the materialistic guidelines of "big capital." Understanding, then, the value of having a people properly educated in a national culture, we will be able to resist the attacks of imperialism in a different way. And know, comrade, that Peronism will give its all to achieve this goal, since, as General Perón said, "in 2000 we will be united or subjugated."

"Mrs. Eva. You have just shown me a technique of knowledge that transcends the limits of reason," I said. "I see it as something like a higher intellectual function, a state of consciousness where intuition and reason are mixed. But under what kind of ethics should this enlightened man be educated?"

-Comrade. You know very well that during our first meeting I spoke about the hidden powers that I call the "International Synarchy" and the "National Oligarchy." This superstructure of power operates from the shadows, although today it is already manifesting itself on the threshold of the world's collective consciousness, becoming more visible every day. As you can understand, education is one of the tactics most studied by this organization, and it bases its strategies on it, since educating in an outdated and pernicious way allows it to subjugate consciences by massifying them and registering them in a series of collective archetypes. To define the concept, I will tell you that there are two types of ethics that are the main ones in this system. One is monastic or priestly ethics, which has determined the morality of this people, since, as we know, our education is based on Christian dogma; the other is warrior or military ethics. I am not going to go into great detail about these two great archetypal figures that make up the collective consciousness, because I am going to give you some notes where the ontological reality of these two archetypal moral codes is explained in detail. What I do want to say is that these ethics are as old as man himself, since soldiers and monks are found in all cultures and have always wielded power; of course, today there is also a new archetypal model represented by the scientific man. This is how collective consciousness or the collective social and cultural unconscious is formed, that is, according to three great ethics or archetypes that shape it: the monastic, the military, and the scientific. The first is based on the heart, the second on courage, and the last on reason. It is therefore necessary to understand that man, educated under any of these three forms of thought, will be trapped by the archetype, by dogma, that is, his capacity for discernment is totally determined by cultural limits.

imposed on him by the archetype according to which he is structured. Thus, this type of dogmatic thinking, which is confined to certain patterns of understanding that are enormously limited in terms of axiology and epistemology, falls into gross errors, since it considers itself the owner of *absolute truth*. That's right, comrade. Such is the egoism that exists among these archetypes that construct the collective consciousness, that each one of them claims to be the owner of the truth, degrading that of others. Think, comrade, of the rivers of blood spilled throughout history in the struggles and wars unleashed by these archetypal antagonisms; it would take us hours and hours to mention every historical event in which these antagonisms clashed, and we would never finish. But despite all the blood that has been shed, they still persist in upholding their "truths" to the letter, and this is the tremendous mistake that has made it possible here, in Argentina, that military and clerical sectors have served as a bridge to foreign powers, to the forces of capitalist imperialism, who, once they managed to penetrate the body of the nation, inside the country, gave free rein to their unbridled greed for huge profits, causing us immense damage. In order to assert their vile and prosaic ambitions and protect their interests, they betray their country without hesitation. It is therefore essential to differentiate between dogmatic intelligence and intelligence free from all kinds of preconceived guidelines, since the former makes the individual a prisoner, a victim of the intellectual, epistemological, moral, or axiological limits imposed by dogma. Peronism, on the other hand, proposes a free man, not limited archetypically, that is, without any cultural dogmas that determine his level of gnoseological **a n d** axiological understanding.

Do you see the aim of Peronism, what is the main idea or basis of the Justicialist structure? It is consolidated in a model of a free man, capable of living without fear or complexes, without any psychological barriers, and to this end, Peronism has an ethic which, if it were to be implemented, would transform the morality of Argentine society by affirming this type of individual who, given his unlimited capacity, would revolutionize all areas of culture.

-I think I understand, ma'am, the essential difference between these two



models of men," I said. "But what can be done to change this? Is it possible to awaken them?"

"Of course it is possible to break with cultural dogmatism!"

"Even if it requires superior willpower," Eva exclaimed frantically. A typical example of this is General Perón himself. As a man from a military background, he knew how to break free from the constraints of military culture, and thanks to this, he was able to develop what we now know as "Justicialism." The thing is, there is a certain time frame in which cultural determinism can be broken, and if this is not done, the very structure that prevails within the dogma will engulf it, making it impossible to escape under those conditions.

Escaping dogma does not mean renouncing the military or clerical institution. Let's not confuse ourselves, comrade. What I mean by this is the limit of consciousness, which we can broaden and expand while continuing to participate normally in the archetype that has structured us. Sadly, this does not happen very often, and although our priests are not generally bad people, they unfortunately have a very narrow level of understanding, limited to the understanding that their dogmatism has imposed on them. If they were capable of grasping the noological reality of Peronism, society as a whole would be completely united and we would make this country a powerhouse, because, believe me, comrade, few nations in the world have what this country has.

"Excuse me, comrade," I said. "I understand perfectly well the limitations of dogmas in terms of gnoseological and axiological capacity. But... What about political parties, political dogmas? What can be done about them?" I asked.

"I will answer you bluntly and precisely," she said. "Fight them, because the dogmas of certain sciences, such as economics and politics, when developed for the sole benefit of a single sector of society, produce nothing but misery and suffering; they are specifically based on pain and are machines for producing it. Keep in mind, comrade, that certain political dogmas such as Marxism or capitalism generally serve only themselves, and in this particular case, both are part of the same project of world domination. Believe me, it saddened and outraged me to see how intellectuals in our country came to me with these internationalisms, seeking in them what they had at their side.

from the same project of world domination. Believe me, it saddened and outraged me to see how intellectuals in our country came to me with these internationalisms, seeking in them what they had right next to them in justicialism. What these political systems seek is the destruction of peoples and nationalist idiosyncrasies, since there is a false antagonism between them: both exploit in order to subjugate and dominate the peoples they have taken over and conquered.

Before continuing with this conversation with Evita, I would like to point out that at that time, Anglo-Saxon capitalism and Soviet communism were locked in a deadly struggle, having begun what would later be called the "Cold War." I mention this because I was struck by Eva's statements about the non-existence of antagonism between these two powerful forces that held hegemony over world power at the time. Upon hearing such a comment, I thought that the grand dame was mistaken this time; however, Eva would once again be proven right, as time would demonstrate the truth of her statements.

"Do you realize, comrade?" Eva continued. "The future of nationalism is determined by the opposition that these nation states offer to internationalism, colonialism, or global neo-colonialism. Keep in mind that the doctrines created by this, or rather, by the states or powers that respond to it, have been scientifically developed in laboratories. That's how it is, comrade. Doctrines such as capitalist liberalism were conceived in the economic order specifically to form Big Capital, with Marxism as its direct offspring; hence, the proletarian revolution will have the limits imposed on it by Big Capital. In other words, both political systems are determined, beyond philosophical, political, and economic differences, by a power that is remotely controlled from the shadows and is called "World Synarchy." These two wings of international supercapitalism are used by the synarchy in the most strategically convenient way, and if this power must necessarily endorse one of them to the detriment of the other, it will not hesitate to do so. What's more, I'm going to predict something. The

The Soviet Union, which appears to be an impregnable bastion, will fall under its own weight, since I can assure you that Capital has already decided that liberalism will be the political regime that leads the world. You will understand that a whole range of political ideologies are projected onto the world, onto the collective consciousness, as the panacea capable of curing all ills; this is how hundreds of political doctrines came to light, leading to a struggle between two antagonistic forces: fascist nationalism and capitalist liberalism, strategically allied in this confrontation with Soviet socialism. The latter two, acting in concert, put an end to fascism by establishing liberal or communist governments in the defeated nations, according to the geopolitical division of the territories conquered from the "vanquished" in World War II. The triumph of democracies gave rise to a framework of global hope, and after this international conflagration, it was thought that the new world order led by these two hegemonic countries would improve living conditions on the planet; however, this was not the case. These two powers faced each other in a cold war, using the peoples they had subjugated as justification. Thus, the hope for world peace was delayed, since the two forces that could have achieved this goal were fighting each other. Do you understand the deception to which the world was subjected? Both capitalist liberalism and communist socialism are tools of an international economic and financial super-capitalism, which uses these two ideological archetypes to crystallize its plan: world domination. This supercapitalism is determining the governments of all the countries of the world by structuring their internal and external policies, and has led to the division of the world into two blocs, one capitalist and the other socialist: the former led by the United States of America and the latter by the Soviet Union. But it is essential to realize that behind these two states there is an international supercapitalism that we call "synarchy." It is this synarchy that governs the world, or rather, almost the entire world, since there will always be peoples and nations that, backed by other metaphysical forces, by the true God, will fight to the bitter end to impe-

the consolidation of the World Government.

As I said earlier, Eva's words seemed a little out of context to me, although I was undoubtedly convinced of the existence of a hidden power, beyond the states, that governed international politics; but I had certain doubts about what she called "a great international plot to control the world." That is why I asked:

"Excuse me, Eva. But... How is this plot you keep mentioning sustained? What is its ultimate goal?"

Eva paused for a moment, stood up, and asked for two more cups of tea. Then she looked at me intently and said:

"Your question is so important that it touches on the very core of this crystal that is life itself. Yes, my friend. Life is a crystal, for it is beautiful, ephemeral, and full of light; but this light generates illusion and fascination.

What must be understood and made clear is that the enemies of the homeland uphold this aspect of the crystal, which generates illusion and fascination; they base their strategies on the projection of a life affirmed in bourgeois ethics. It is vitally important to understand that this model of life is governed and programmed with the sole purpose of introducing the masses to countless myths and fantasies, which engulf the will of the people and register it in the interests of the oligarchy or international capitalism. Try to understand the moral and psychological damage caused by these myths and fantasies projected by the synarchy onto communities; it is impossible to assess and measure the moral damage; they generally destroy the societies where they operate.

Comrade, they are true black magicians when they use these strategies of psychological destruction, and believe me, Luis, they have subjugated entire peoples by simply instilling their myths into their blood and culture.

Think about the imbalances generated in a young person's behavior when their educational parameters are not normal. Imagine the emotional and spiritual reality of our youth when they are guided by a model that affirms psychological and moral tendencies lacking in spiritual, family, and patriotic values.

What future can we expect for these young people? What future do they have? Undoubtedly, they are doomed to perdition, with no hope of salvation. That is where the true enemy of our homeland lies, in the materialistic and atheistic culture that is slowly and steadily undermining the heart of our people. That is why we should not fear imperialism and its various political and economic forces so much, but rather the true enemy they have unleashed upon us: liberal culture on the one hand, and Marxist culture on the other. That is where they attack our people. They seek to seduce us with their utopias because they know perfectly well that the first thing they must subdue in a people is their culture, their traditions, their national idiosyncrasies. That is where they launch their destructive tactics, targeting specifically the youth, that sector of the community, sowing their premises within it. Such fantasies build the center of gravity of our youth, subtly shifting it toward moral and cultural deviations, affirming it in sexual, emotional, and intellectual behaviors lacking in spirituality and ethics. This causes a narrowing of consciousness and its alienation by totally instinctive, materialistic desires and psychological tendencies. Justicialism seeks to develop the opposite within our youth and our people as a whole. We think and direct culture toward an awakening of consciousness, toward a broadening of consciousness based on Christian morality and justicialist ethics.

In order to destroy this plot and the pernicious cultural and moral arguments, Justicialism has planned a strategy of opposition called the "Strategy of the Siege," and it is for this reason that I am calling on you and a group of fellow Justicialists. It is vital to generate a cultural and moral opposition that will allow us to free ourselves from synarchic psychological premises. To this end, it is essential to awaken noological consciousness in the hearts of this blessed Argentine people. This is the path we must follow if we intend to bring about the Justicialist revolution once and for all. It is necessary to awaken and visualize the vision and deception that is built into a bourgeois and oligarchic life. We must remain united, resisting

to the temptations of such a lifestyle, and to do so, we need to have an iron will supported by ethics and morals whose values lead us to elevate humanity and connect it with the divine.

Eva interrupted her comment, excused herself for a few seconds, and left the room. During the entire time she was gone, I remained completely alone, which allowed me to reflect on her response. Eva was right. I thought about the ordinary man who works every day and experiences daily vicissitudes, who makes a superhuman effort to maintain his home and family, who struggles in his work, building his country with his sacrifice. I thought about that

He is a sincere, honest, and hardworking man and in his family, his children. He should not be tarnished by a materialistic culture that destroys everything familiar, but rather deserves to be protected and supported by a national culture that dignifies him, develops him materially and spiritually, and, to tell the truth, Justicialism was doing everything in its power to fulfill the desires and aspirations of this man from Argentina. I was meditating on this when Eva returned.

"Comrade," I said, anticipating her. "I've been thinking about your ideas, and I think your answer is correct. You affirm the need to destroy certain myths and fantasies developed by the oligarchy. True. But now I would like you to explain to me what role certain elitist sectors play in shaping our morals. For example, the Church. What function does it serve?" I asked.

"In the church," Eva pointed out, "there is a duality and an internal struggle. One part of the clergy participates in the oligarchy and the international synarchy, while the other affirms the spiritual need to break the chains of deception. In other words, the church participates in a gnoseological and axiological duality without being able to clearly discern how this political approach works. Throughout its history, we can find moments when it has fought with all its might against the powers of imperialism, and moments when it has subordinated itself directly to them. What it does know and understand is how these forces work, and it understands that this world is divided into two contexts in which good and evil participate. It knows about the struggle for the liberation of the spirit from the tyrannical forces.

of the matter, and knows that internationalism, instead of liberating consciences, increasingly massifies them in dogmas that make man a mere instrument of the same. As for Peronism, we will see in time what its position is, since for now it seems to understand the message; let us hope that it understands it in depth, since this is essential if we want to consolidate national unity. But this will be decided by the Church. It must resolve this dilemma itself; let us pray that it has the clarity of mind to understand that it must stand by its community, by its people. But let us not forget that the only truth lies with man and, through him, with the people; hence, Peronism is only interested in what the people think, and if they want and support the general, we will confront the Church itself if it does not give us its backing in the fight against the dark forces that seek to destroy our people.

What Justicialism seeks is to unite all the wills of different sectors without distinction of social class in a single goal. What goal? National unity to realize the highest aspiration of a people: to be free and independent in their decisions in all areas: political, economic, and cultural. That is why we believe that beyond the philosophical and political differences that may exist between the church and the state, or between the military class and Peronism, everyone must realize that the people are the only sovereign power, and they have chosen the Justicialist doctrine as their way of life. so no matter how much it hurts these structures—clerical or military—they must know that their duty is to remain on the side of the people, following the will of the people; otherwise, they automatically become part of the international synarchy. As you will understand, comrade, this is the most distressing problem facing Peronism: integrating all these sectors. That is why we need to awaken and prepare the people, to free them from cultural dogmatism, since these premises have shaped the life of this nation and have only served to enrich the institutions or powers that proclaim the archetypal dogmas that shape the collective consciousness. But understand me, we do not intend to be enemies of the church or the military.

Rather, what we are fighting for is for these sectors to break with their dogmatism and join the Peronist project; this will not harm them institutionally, but rather strengthen them, since the greater the nation, the better its institutions and its people will obviously be. We feel the same way about political parties; they must also understand the sentiment of this nation and join General Perón's idea, since, for the time being, it is the only doctrine capable of bringing about national liberation and fulfillment. You see, Luis, how vital it is to educate the people and how fundamental it is to prepare Peronist leaders in this teaching; there should not be a single Justicialist who is not prepared and alert, oriented toward the doctrine; that is what the Basic Units are for. They are true *Castrums* that must be properly prepared to instruct young people in the teachings of General Perón. Yes, comrade. The Basic Units are the future of our revolution, which is why it is necessary to revitalize them. That is your mission, Luis.

After listening attentively to Evita and having spent several hours in conversation, I thought that she must obviously be tired, but as the hours passed, her eyes shone brighter and brighter and her whole being took on a profoundly epic appearance, like that of a pagan goddess or a saint. Nothing in Eva showed any sign of tiredness or exhaustion. On the contrary, she herself suggested that if I was tired, we could continue another day, and although I replied that I was not, to tell the truth, I could not go on. Nevertheless, I summoned up the willpower I did not have and tried to continue the conversation.

"Why did you choose me for this? What is the real reason?" I asked.

"Simply because you have a mark imprinted on your spirit that I can 'see,'" she said. "It shows you as a man grounded in a 'Noological Will' and an Individualized Consciousness. But comrade, beyond spiritual attributes, the fundamental thing is to absorb Wisdom and Knowledge, since these give us the necessary and precise guidelines to make the total awakening of consciousness possible. This meeting has that final purpose."



so that you may access that wisdom, which will be essential for you to carry out the mission I am entrusting to you. Eva Perón's words activated a force in my psyche that was unknown to me until then; it was as if hidden powers were awakening within me, something like forces inherent in my own nature but not yet conscious. As the hours passed, instead of feeling tired, this energy revitalized my body, nourishing it with new vigor. Evita was undoubtedly aware of this whole process. It was as if she deliberately wanted to continue the conversation to see my reactions when my reason and my body stopped responding. In other words, I came to understand that she was testing me, initiating me on a path of knowledge, and, of course, I was not going to disappoint her. So I was amazed not only by Eva's truths and teachings but also by what was unfolding within me: it was a feeling about myself that I had never experienced before.

Looking into my eyes, Evita read my thoughts.

"How do you feel? Are you tired anymore?" she asked casually.

"Completely," I said.

Eva scrutinized me carefully, as if trying to ascertain my mental and emotional state. Then she said:

-I'm glad, my friend. Your sign has begun to work within you. It is there, in that moment, that the self, that is, what one really is, emerges. Keep in mind that man must be prepared to make superhuman efforts; it is there that the will manifests itself and the warrior emerges with all his strength. The common man cannot transcend the limits imposed by the soul and the body; thus, he falls, yielding to his own soul because he cannot control it. He who does not become the "lord and master" of his own soul will never be able to break free from the deception he has built around himself. But the man who masters himself by trying to master his instincts and passions is escaping from the illusory chains that power has set up here in the world to seduce and retain man in his social and cultural forms and patterns. That is why man must become a warrior and defeat his

own soul; this is essential if we wish to attain absolute will, Individuation. Comrade Luis, I hope you understand the meaning of the struggle you must undertake from now on. It is necessary to understand that facing our soul alone, without a symbol to serve as a bridge, as religious people do when they appeal to devotion or project themselves onto a God begging for assistance, is a fruitless task. The only real possibility of spiritual liberation is to rely on the Self, on the Will; this is Absolute Individuation, and it is achieved when man creates himself by overcoming the fears and psychological complexes structured by the materialistic culture within our psyche: Peronism needs men free of fears and fallacies in order to accomplish the mission that God has entrusted to it. Luis must understand that Peronism is being guided from above by spiritual forces. God supports us metaphysically, protects us, and encourages us to continue the daily struggle against the dark entities that seek to enslave us and confiscate our material order. In this way, we can only change our destiny if we transform ourselves, overcoming our individual and collective weaknesses. Not only must the individual rise up, but also the people, and Peronism is the doctrine, the knowledge that will allow this real possibility of being not only a free man, but fundamentally a free people, to crystallize. Do you understand me, architect? he asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "Absolutely."

"Perfect. Now, can Peronism trust you completely? What is your limit for the cause? Would you give everything, even your life, for the general and his doctrine?"

"Madam, I have given up everything for Perón: my life, my profession, and my homeland. I left everything behind, and you know of my conduct and responsibility, which have been demonstrated in every field in which I have worked. You know of my loyalty and dedication because at the Foundation I always carried out the tasks entrusted to me by my superiors and never failed in any way. I believe in Justicialism and in Perón, and I consider myself a Justicialist in the strict sense of the word. Even if circumstances require it, I will be the first to defend the cause of the general, because it is the cause of my people, and I would gladly give my life if necessary. You can be absolutely certain of that.

, I will be the first to defend the cause of the general, because it is the cause of my people, and I would gladly give my life if necessary: of that you can be absolutely certain.

- That is the answer of a Justicialist, and that is why I have complete confidence in you. I am going to appoint you, along with other colleagues who are in the same position as you, to carry out a mission that is essential for the development of Peronism's future plans.

- What would my mission be, and why is it so vital for our nation?

- It is fundamental, Luis, because the future of the country and the party depends on it. Together with General Perón, we have come to the conclusion that we must implement a national strategy. Its fundamental objective is to cement a warrior and heroic ethic in the national culture without neglecting our Christian and Creole values. To this end, I have decided to create a strategy that you and a group of colleagues will be responsible for implementing.

- Comrade, what is this strategy and how will it work?

- The strategy consists of two factors: the first is to train a certain sector of Peronism in a warrior ethic so that it can confront the enemy; the second is the intellectual and spiritual training of a group of men in Justicialist wisdom. The strategy will be implemented through the Basic Units. General Perón intends for these units to become true centers of party instruction and training; to this end, we need to transform the ethical values that exist within them. The Basic Units must be modified from all perspectives, and together with the general, we intend for them to become true centers of power. It may be difficult for you to distinguish the differences between what a Basic Unit is today and what we intend it to be in the not too distant future, but I assure you that there will be radical changes in their operational structure. In addition, Peronism is creating a series of very special constructions where, over time, we will proceed to instruct our comrades in a Justicialist gnoseological science.

- Excuse me, Evita. But what is that science?

- All right, Luis, I will respond. That science is perfectly explained in this book that I am going to give you to study. (Eva stood up and went to the other room, returning with a volume in her hands; it was a book with a blue and white cover called "Justicialist Wisdom.") This book contains a Justicialist gnoseological science, which is the fundamental basis for implementing and tactically operating this strategy we call the Cerco. To introduce you to the subject, I will tell you that these teachings will enable the formation of men of genius, as they provide the knowledge necessary to awaken both individual and collective consciousness. We aim to transform the national consciousness and awaken the people even more than they already are. This strategy has the fundamental purpose of definitively guiding the people in the national revolution, and this text is the fundamental basis for promoting this action. That is why I want you to study it and delve into it as quickly as possible.

Evita handed me the book, and when I held it in my hands, I felt something very special. The title was "Sabiduría Justicialista" (Justicialist Wisdom), and it was quite a thick book, over 500 pages long. Evita continued.

- As you will see, comrade, this is an extremely interesting book and requires great intellectual and spiritual will to fully understand it. I advise you to study it carefully to speed up your understanding; a comrade will help you understand it. I would like to point out that there is already a group of comrades studying this text and, together with you, they will have the obligation to pass on this knowledge to our other comrades and to the entire people in the future, if possible. Later on, you will be told how you will meet with the other comrades who are also studying this wisdom. For now, you should study this material. You should know that Peronism urgently needs to produce a new generation of men of genius, alert and guided by a higher ethic, spiritually and materially determined to give everything for the homeland, and it is the function of the Units

Basic units, which will be true centers of power, will found this type of justicialist man. That is why we must make the Basic Units true Castrums (this term was given to the Roman forts that were built on the borders of the empire; they were walled and were true fortifications where the army was stationed. Many of them gave rise to great European cities) which will serve to instruct our comrades in this struggle in the science of national liberation. Luis, I want you and a comrade, who will be assigned to you, to visit the Basic Units, analyze their condition, and then report back to me.

- Yes, ma'am. I will put all my effort and dedication into it. Evita handed me the book and continued explaining my mission.

"My friend," she said, "you should know that the text you hold in your hands is very ancient and is the intellectual foundation of Justicialism; that is why it is called Justicialist Wisdom, and it is the legacy of a very ancient culture. To give you a better idea, the Mayans were educated and cultivated primarily under this wise science. Understand that it is a wisdom of our American or Latin American land and has nothing to do with European culture. It is a wisdom indigenous to our origins, although excuse me, comrade, you are the son of Italian immigrants; but beyond that, we were all born in this blessed land and are therefore imbued with the magic and power that it has transmitted to us. Do you remember our first conversation? You must have wondered why... and it is now in this volume that you will find the answers to all your questions. What we aim to do is to create a mechanism whereby the most capable and courageous men are trained in this science of justice. It already exists in a circle of enlightened men structured in a hermetic order. These initiates in transcendent gnoseological wisdom are the ones who spiritually endorse the movement; however, it is essential to extend this wisdom to the rest of the people, and the general thought that the most appropriate strategy was to create training centers in the Basic Units. This required a person suitable for this strategy, and because of the signs engraved in the ontology of your person, it is

You are the right person to take on this responsibility, which we hope will achieve the desired outcome.

I was perplexed and amazed by what I had in my hands, and by the teachings of this woman who, with every passing second, astonished me more with her infinite wisdom and the way she expressed it. It was extraordinary to see how this wise woman managed time and moments, emotionally emphasizing concepts when she really needed to or explaining things in a cold and blunt manner when appropriate. In Eva Perón, everything was spiritually calculated; her words produced the effects she desired, and no one could resist the ability and magnificence of this true goddess.

Suddenly, after many hours, Eva stood up and ended the interview. She greeted me kindly and reminded me to study the volume, the book I was holding tightly in my hands. When the meeting was over, Eva left for another room and the same gentleman who had received me entered. He said he would be in touch with me during the week and insisted that I study the material urgently.

For my part, I devoted myself wholeheartedly to studying the book, and in the days that followed, I stayed at home reading and assimilating the text and the teachings contained therein. Every line I read, every sentence or concept, became increasingly interesting, and as I delved deeper into that wisdom, psychological and emotional processes were unleashed within me, as that was one of the main objectives of the book, along with the wisdom and knowledge it imparted. In other words, on the one hand, this book was revealing because it unmasked the entire functioning of the powers of the world and their strategies within the system; at the same time, it described the psychology of the awakened man and that of the mass man and their functions within the system, their purpose and their ultimate purpose.

Now I want to continue telling you what happened at that time with regard to myself and my spiritual and political relationship with Eva Perón and Justicialism. To get an idea of what Peronism was like at that time, you only have to look at the statistics to understand how magnificent the work carried out by General Perón was; a new Argentina had truly been born and the

The entire population recognized the immensity of the developments taking place in all areas of society: education, labor, social, cultural, etc. It was truly a new country; the nation had awakened and stood up before the international powers, dignifying itself and demonstrating to other communities the full material and spiritual potential of its people. It is difficult today to describe what the people felt for this couple of pure and lucid beings who spiritually and politically governed this wonderful nation with total wisdom, and whom they would unconditionally follow to the bitter end. Eva Duarte de Perón and Juan Domingo Perón were not only two people endowed with a transcendent will, a spirit of sacrifice, and an unparalleled fighting spirit, but they also showed mutual respect and a deep love worthy of gods, and the people recognized these companions as the best of the best.

As for my relationship with Peronism, it had changed dramatically. My interviews with Eva Perón awakened a different political and spiritual attitude in me. I continued working normally at the Eva Perón Foundation, which was growing rapidly; in just a few months, this social welfare organization had become the bridge between the government and the people. I continued working there, developing projects, and my tasks had multiplied. In my official capacity, I was just another employee, but after being recognized by Evita, my superiors held me in high regard, although, of course, no one knew about my private interviews with her or the mission I had been assigned.

Thus, my days were organized, at work, fulfilling my obligations as an architect for the Foundation, and as a politician, twice a week we visited certain Basic Units in the Federal Capital and Greater Buenos Aires with my colleague Orlando. I want to emphasize that this gentleman was a simply brilliant man, and he assisted me in my studies of Justicialist Gnoseological wisdom. As I delved deeper into the subject matter of the book, I realized that it acted as a psychological transformation machine; it was an activator of psychological and emotional processes, as it led to a new understanding of ontological (onto = being) and noological (noo = spirit) realities, developing very specific spiritual abilities through certain techniques.

emotional processes, as it induced a new understanding of ontological (onto = being) and noological (noo = spirit) realities, developing very special spiritual abilities through certain techniques.

It also possessed and administered certain psychosocial strategies with which we could oppose the oligarchy; the development of the Strategy of the Siege and its implementation were very interesting.

Undoubtedly, this book contained superior knowledge, and from its perspective, reality appeared different, as it exposed the intentions of the Powers of the World. One of the things that caught my attention the most was the name of the text, "Justicialist Wisdom." When I asked Evita about the title of the work, she told me to investigate its meaning. I found it interesting to note that "gnoseological" was a term unknown to me, so I had to resort to the dictionary. There I found various answers. Some claimed that this term was derived from "gnosis," which means knowledge or learning. I even found historical references to certain Greek schools of philosophy that were called Gnostic, but the one that most interested and convinced me was the one that related it to epistemology, which means, from a classical philosophical position, gnoseology, a science that studies the causes, possibility, origin, value, and limits of human knowledge. Thus, I deduced that the title of the work indicated knowledge or awareness of certain methods or forms of knowledge that lead us to higher wisdom or a just order.

Another interesting aspect of the work was the scientific language used; the terminology was very well developed and required great concentration. I would like to emphasize that at that time I had a fairly broad cultural background, like an encyclopedist, mastering a wide cultural spectrum, because although I was an architect, I had a natural vocation for knowledge in general, so subjects such as psychology, biology, philosophy, and even esotericism were not at all foreign to my education. However, the cultural and literary context of the book was so vast and broad in



all genres that it went beyond the limits of my knowledge.

This material required hours of study and research, and my colleague Orlando constantly assisted me. We also analyzed the Basic Units together. Orlando also asked me to make some architectural sketches for a new façade for the Basic Units, which I had already done on my own a few days earlier. This colleague was very important in my process of awakening and understanding, mastering the subject matter of the book with extraordinary wisdom and sincerely caring about my progress. After several months of work and study, Orlando announced that I would have a new interview with Eva, as my spiritual and intellectual condition was more solid. In a way, I was eagerly awaiting this confirmation, because dialectically and emotionally I could understand Eva's messages more deeply, so I was looking forward to the day of my new interview with Evita, since according to Orlando, I would have a broader perspective on the strategy of our revolutionary leaders.

Peronists intended to carry out.

## **CHAPTER IV**

### **I meet with Eva again. She introduces me to the Order of Justicialist Builders.**

I arrived at the agreed time and met Orlando, who welcomed me warmly. He accompanied me to the reception room where another colleague greeted me. Something caught my attention: the decor had been changed. My architect's mind was at work, and I couldn't help but notice the architectural features of the reception room, which I found to be aesthetically different. Orlando also noticed the changes and said they were very nice.

The receptionist told me to go into the living room and wait for Mrs. Perón, but he told Mr. Orlando to go directly to his office, as Eva Perón needed to discuss certain matters with him in person. When I opened the door to the living room, I was very surprised to see that the decor had also been changed, and I remembered the previous time, as the spear, the axe on the wall, the painting, and everything else were gone. Everything had been changed, even the furniture; only the same desk remained in a corner or angle of the room, and in the center of the room was a table with chairs arranged on either side. The most striking thing of all were three paintings distributed on the walls of the living room, one representing Belgrano, another Rosas, and the last one Perón; all

These transformations in the aesthetics of the rooms caused deep unease within me, and my impressions raised questions that I tried to answer. At first, I understood that the previous aesthetic design of the rooms had had a very specific meaning, and that it was strategically designed to trigger certain impressions in me that would lead me to question Eva about them, which is what happened, sparking a dialogue (remember, Alfredo, that it revolved around the ability to see the ontological realities of things), which formed the basis of the interview. It was incredible to understand how everything had been planned, and I realized that cultural objects had been deliberately arranged in this way to introduce me to a subject that might otherwise never have been touched upon. I also thought that, as an architect, these kinds of reactions would be automatic and mechanical, and my impressions would reverberate in my unconscious, activating the contents and associations of thoughts that would, of course, lead me to question the reasons behind such aesthetic arrangements in the decor. In other words, Evita, knowing my emotional and mental makeup, consciously knew my reactions in advance. As I was absorbed in these thoughts and surprised by my conclusions, I heard a very firm voice greeting me: it was Evita.

"How are you, fellow architect?" she said. "Are you well?"

"Perfectly," I replied. "Delighted to see you again." (I want to emphasize how striking it was to me that she called me architect, and associating it with what I had been thinking earlier, I confirmed my deductions).

"Sit down, my friend. Let's talk, because you and I have a lot to discuss, but first, let's have a cup of tea." She called the receptionist in the other room and asked for two cups of tea, the kind they had given her as a gift, she emphasized. We sat down at the table.

"Have you studied the book I gave you last time?" Eva asked.

"Yes, I have read it," I replied. "And I have been surprised by the magnitude of the wisdom contained in the text."

"I'm glad you studied it," she said, "and I hope you understand its literary context, because wisdom is the highest aspiration a human being can achieve, and it is within the reach of any companion who has a gnostic predisposition and a deep desire to know the truth and the lie of the deception to which materialism and capital subject us.

"Do you have any doubts about what you have studied?" he asked. Do you understand its meaning and value?

"I understand perfectly," I replied. "The meanings have given me a different understanding of my particular reality, as they allowed me to penetrate a knowledge about myself. They gave me a different perspective on the constitution of the psyche of the common man and that of a justicialist.

Furthermore, today I understand perfectly how the oligarchy and the unknown forces that surround it operate. I want to emphasize, Eva, that I was captivated by the explanatory development of the workings of the priestly archetype, the military archetype, and especially the family archetype. These structures were truly misunderstood by me, and the book allowed me to become aware of the purposes and higher purposes of institutions, leaving no room for doubt.

"You know, my friend," said Eva, "I am deeply glad that your spirit understands how the human soul works, because animality, the instinctiveness of man, is the greatest enemy of the spirit, and if we do not defeat that enemy, we will always be trapped in a labyrinth with no way out, that is, we will not be able to free ourselves from the chains of the designs that make man just another instrument of destiny and the powers that be. You must understand," she added, "that the cultural premises predominantly imposed through education during our upbringing are what will determine the future ontological development of our personality, the formation of man, his being and character.

You will then realize, comrade, how vital instruction and knowledge are in the education of every human being. Sadly, the enemy knows this, and that is why all its strategies are aimed at destroying the collective consciousness, projecting

adopting educational guidelines that create a mass individual lacking in mysticism and tied to the archetypal social structures that participate in the deception and lies that imperialism and capitalism have spread in these cultures. That is why I set up and conditioned the rooms in that way for the first interview, because I knew that your psychological constitution is structured on a consciousness specifically subject to axiological-aesthetic parameters, since you are an architect. Thus, your logic, which has you captive (unless you are awake), would be reinforced by the decor of the room, causing you to act the way you did. Please understand, comrade, that it is not my intention to offend you. I simply want to highlight how a sleeping man acts when his consciousness is subject to a logic, to certain deceptive cultural parameters, which exert a determinism on his consciousness when it comes to acting. In this way, the cultural models of imperialism form a collective consciousness where atheistic and materialistic social and cultural values prevail, which distance us more and more from freedom, from individual, social, and national truth. Thus, peoples are subjugated simply with a tool called liberal culture. In the past, imperialism necessarily had to invade a people, a territory, a nation in order to seize its assets, and this required a whole series of material and spiritual investments; Now, simply by buying an oligarchy (I would like to point out that when Evita referred to the oligarchy, she felt a deep hatred when she uttered this word, which gave rise to the development of a later theme), which may be military, clerical, or financial, they are always willing to do so, they achieve their objectives. It is incredible to see how, through cultural penetration, by convincing a few fools of the utopias of Marxism and liberalism, they are trying to undermine the will of true Peronists and the Argentine people in general.

Now, comrade. What do you see inside this room? he asked suddenly.

"Evita," I said. "What attracts me most are the paintings of these two heroes and our beloved general. I want to tell you how intrigued I was to see these changes, and I appreciate you

solving the riddle, although the book on Justicialist Wisdom that you gave me had already begun to clarify it."

- That's right, Luis. But I want you to give me the right answer. Don't get caught up in thanks, because understanding the truth is no one's merit. Learn not to be so condescending to others and be more so to yourself, since it is you, your spirit, who alone deserves recognition. It is your gnostic capacity, your intelligence, and your will that have learned the eternal symbols, the transcendental truths enunciated by General Perón, justicialism, and the wisdom poured into the book. This is a serious problem that we Argentines suffer from; we believe that we are not capable, and yet, through Peronism, we have ushered in the era of capability, demonstrating to the Argentine people that they are capable of anything they set their minds to, as long as they decide with the will and predisposition to achieve it. Understand me, comrade: willpower with the right knowledge can achieve anything. Willpower is power, and knowledge grants wisdom; these two conditions make a man a god. Yes, comrade. Even the gods envy the man who possesses these two characteristics of the spirit within himself. So don't be so pious. We are here proclaiming the construction of a society of warriors, not of educated monks who are servants of the international oligarchy. Do you know? That devotional condition of the soul distances the self and the consciousness from the truth of the spirit. Do you know why? Do you understand the causes? he asked.

- Because it kills the natural right to truth, knowledge, and wisdom. I replied firmly.

Eva smiled and exclaimed emphatically,

- Exactly! Man believes that he has no right to knowledge, and what is worse, he has to grovel to receive crumbs of the truth. The enemy has built a whole structure of pain and suffering, and for human beings to achieve anything, whether it be a miserable job, a decent education, or even adequate healthcare, is a struggle, a supplication, because suffering is the only way to access these social conditions. However, comrade, this is a natural right; he should not have to cry for anything, because he deserves everything.

anything, because he deserves everything. Do you realize how imperialism and the various oligarchies have woven this cultural condition into society? That is why Peronism revitalizes work, education, and housing, because these are not privileges of the rich, of the gorillas of this society, but rather a right of all.

Returning to the previous question, I see that you understand the change in aesthetics. But now answer this question for me. Why did these heroes create a homeland? he asked.

"I think I understand the answer," I said. "Because they did not remain trapped in their mental structures. If we consider that General Belgrano was a lawyer, the illustrious Rosas a landowner, and our leader a military man, we can say that all of them were capable of breaking with the dogmatic mentality, setting aside their material and intellectual possessions to give everything for their country."

"Correct, comrade!" exclaimed Eva. "Your answer is in line with reality, since in Belgrano's case, he renounced his archetypal profession, giving up law to become a true soldier, doing what his country and people asked of him. Rosas, that great hero, also changed his destiny as a landowner, giving it up to become the leader that the country needed at that time. Perón fought first to reform the armed forces, but seeing that this was not possible because the military oligarchy would not allow it, he renounced his military convictions and took up the struggle from the civilian sphere to achieve the revolution that is now a reality. Do you see, comrade? These great men, in their immense loneliness, had to overcome certain complexes, certain very special emotional conditions. Imagine a man like Belgrano. He was quite a character! Keep in mind that he was educated and trained in a wealthy middle-class environment until he became a lawyer, thus entering a profession whose arguments were far removed from those he would later need to fight and combat the aggressor, the Goths, and even more so considering that these lawyers were creations of priests and prelates.

The poor general must have found himself at a real crossroads when he decided to take on the mission entrusted to him. Can you comprehend, comrade, the spiritual magnitude of this leader?

Try to understand the moral and cultural limitations of the human soul when it is taken over by a single cultural register. To illustrate this better, let us take the example of a mathematician. Let us imagine his psychological makeup. Undoubtedly, mathematics preeminently dominates his mental structure, given that he was educated in abstract and exact thinking through the manipulation of numbers. This type of man lives by numbers, and his mind acts openly according to them; that is, he essentially limits himself to a way of life in which mathematics governs everything. It is this type of man whose mind is most partialized, since the mathematician's consciousness is totally conditioned by the axiological and gnoseological limits of his science, which does not allow him to understand truths such as those found in poetry, music, song, and even less those found through revolutions and wars; hence, there is no great social reformer who has been a mathematician. But I do not want to predetermine a bad image of mathematicians' consciousness. Let us not forget that they have contributed greatly to humanity. I simply take them as an example to demonstrate the differences that exist between a sleeping man, registered in a single cultural argument which is the axis around which his whole being revolves, that is to say, all the manifestations of that individual depend on it, who, to put it another way, finds his consciousness anesthetized by mathematical premises. In the awakened man, on the other hand, who may also be a mathematician, of course, free from numerical preeminence, his consciousness structures a mind that can decide freely according to internal and external circumstances. By this I mean that the awakened mathematician will expand his mental structure to other fields of culture, thus preventing his consciousness from becoming partialized solely in mathematical understanding; of course, the great mathematicians of antiquity had this psychic constitution. They were awakened, and that is why a Pythagoras, a Descartes, or a Newton were also philosophers or mystics. It is understood that this is specifically because ancient cultures participated more vividly in a mysticism that could be warlike.



ra or priestly according to the political context governing at the time, and all sciences were essentially based on it.

In contrast, in these materialistic and liberal cultures, warrior mysticism has been lost, and what remains, that of capitalism, only affirms us in dogmatic social contexts, which instead of awakening consciousness, register it in myths that only benefit themselves. It is this lack of true mysticism that creates a totally fragmented, biased culture, where each particular science is totally alien to the general.

Thus, today's mathematician only has the possibility of escaping professional dogmatism when he is able to escape the confines of his own collective psyche, which has been formed in liberal universities that have taught a cold mathematics devoid of mysticism, because believe me, my friend, just as there is a secret in music, there is also magic in numbers. Do you understand the meaning of my message? Without mysticism, men are useless, because they fall asleep, become bourgeois, and fall into a hedonistic life with no goal other than to exist purely and exclusively for and through matter. Peronism is a great chivalrous and, above all, heroic mysticism. That is why we fundamentally need men capable of giving up everything, of detaching themselves from their most cherished possessions, of giving everything for the cause, for the homeland, and fundamentally for the mysticism.

"I understand your message," I said. "And I understand that if a man is incapable of giving something of himself, he will never be able to understand the truth and attain transcendent wisdom such as but-ism. I also understand that it is selfishness, the ego, the false image that man has of himself that leads him to err, to make mistakes; but I want to ask you a question. Do all men create a false image of themselves, do they fall asleep?" I asked.

Evita looked me deep in the eyes and replied emphatically:

"My friend, those of my blood, the poor, are never asleep, because pain and suffering free us from the materialistic cultural norms of the oligarchy. The poor live in reality."

We are so limited in material goods that we live in the eternal present, and our consciousnesses participate essentially in the here and now, since to think about tomorrow one must have a life plan, a future, and the oligarchic powers of this country have eliminated all future for us and forced us to live rooted in the eternal present. Do you realize, comrade? For an egoistic personality to be formed, it must be ontologically projected into matter, totally identified with it, and we, the poor, what identification can we have when we simply have enough to eat and sometimes not even that? Understand me, comrade. Liberalism is atrocious and destructive, it is the worst political and philosophical vice and drives man to live without mysticism, clinging to calculation. A man like that only becomes selfish and ambitious, individualistic, losing his sense of justice, of good and evil. Being poor means having the possibility of freeing oneself from the chains that bind us to certain social and cultural archetypes of capitalism, but it is necessary to understand wisely that poverty itself is an evil generated by capitalism, and Peronism seeks to fundamentally break with these social arguments and usher in a new era where the poor are vindicated in justice and can thus access a totally different life. Where they are incorporated into a life project, into a future linked to a country, to an awakened nation, oriented toward a material and fundamentally spiritual purpose. To do this, it is necessary to destroy this plague that is social poverty, eliminate it from our lives, and build upon it a class of warriors, of social fighters aware of the sacrifice that it means to escape from that social parasite that is poverty.

Look, comrade, how liberalism exploits man by man and has crystallized this idea in the masses as if it were something natural.

This is a lie! Poverty is not natural, but cultural. It is created by the powerful, and this is because the poor feed countless social and cultural structures that could not survive without them. Keep in mind that Marxism and communism, for example, base their ideological and political doctrine on the proletariat and poverty, yet

when they come to power, all they have generated is state capitalism, and these sectors continue to live under the same conditions, and perhaps even worse. Another very particular case is that of religions that have based their arguments (in social terms) on struggles against capitalism and communism, defending the most marginalized sectors, yet they suffer from agnoseological and axiological ambivalence, since when they have to support a government policy where these social projects to eliminate poverty can become a reality, they do not support us as they should.

That's right, buddy. Sadly, the most disadvantaged sectors are all being exploited, and the various oligarchies survive and maintain their structures and privileges thanks to them, and few are really interested in radically changing this. You must realize that the poor, who undoubtedly maintain a certain ethic, remain free and do not lend themselves to the game of these sectors; they do not easily incorporate themselves into social, political, religious, and even sporting archetypes that only seek to incorporate them into their myths in order to lull their conscience and turn them into a mass. These poor people, whom I humbly call my descamisados, have a spirit, a mystique brought in the blood of the creoles and the daring immigrants, which made them see in General Perón a leader guided from heaven by a higher spiritual force, which through justicialism will make another history for this Argentine people.

To conclude this concept, Luis, consider that the great strength of Peronism and its future lies in eradicating poverty and showing the world that it can be fought when a people is united under the same sentiment and the same idea. Evita stopped talking, got up from the table, and called an assistant to bring us two cups of tea again. After a while, Comrade Orlando appeared in the room with them, and she thanked him.

"Congratulations, Orlando," said Eva, "I see you've done a good job with your colleague Luis. Men of your character will make Peronism great." Orlando left, thanking Evita for her congratulations but adding that the credit did not belong to him but to the clarity of my conscience. Eva sweetened the teas and, silently, without saying a word, we drank them. She then commented:

saying a word. Then she commented:

-The Chinese are formidable. They have a thousand-year-old culture, organization, and discipline that no other people on earth can match; that is why they will decide history. I was perplexed by Eva's assertion, since I thought that China, being taken over by communism and knowing that this meant the exploitation of man by the state, would be part of the synarchy. I then questioned Eva.

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "If China is communist, and we know that communism is a creation of international supercapitalism, which simply allowed this emergency to arise in order to better control the world politically and thus be able to combat different nationalisms from two military perspectives?"

Eva smiled again as if she had been expecting this question.

"

"Once again, I see that you don't miss a thing, architect." he told me. Your question is very well put and very interesting, because it is true that we know communism is simply a creation of international supercapitalism, which allowed this movement to triumph and defeat the Russian monarchy so that the two could homogenize world domination; although Stalin currently has other plans and has disobeyed political capitalism by trying to modify its plans. In other words, Stalin wants communism to be more than just another lackey of capitalism or capitalist democracies; he wants to install Soviet socialism at the pinnacle of world power. What a problem this Russian, the son of shoemakers, has created for capitalism. They certainly didn't see that one coming! He really betrayed them!

Now, after the defeat of Nazism and fascism in Europe, hypercapitalism faces an enemy behind an ally. Communism triumphed with the support of the United States, and after arming themselves, the communists wanted to keep the whole pie for themselves; they did not expect such betrayal. This serves to show, comrade, that they do not even respect each other, and such is their ambition for power that they devour each other like wolves. The problem with the Soviet Union is cre-

There is a cold war between these two factions that will, of course, end with the triumph of the United States; and of the evils, it is the lesser, even more so considering that it is programmed by the world power to direct the destiny of humanity. So Stalin will fail and be defeated because the synarchy will fight him and destroy him; but architect, China is another matter, and therefore deserves another analysis. To begin with, Luis, what is the ethnicity of China? Eva asked.

"I believe that China has a people determined by a single bloodline," I replied.

"Correct!" she exclaimed. "And its culture is also characterized by uniformity and homogeneity, unlike the Soviet Union, which has a number of different ethnic groups that participate in diverse cultures." Thus, China, being a single race unified by history and tradition, needed a political context that would allow it to provide solutions in all areas; but how to feed 1.3 billion people? What is the appropriate mechanism?

Would capitalism be the answer? she asked.

"Undoubtedly not," I replied. "A system of this kind with a free economy would plunge the vast majority of the Chinese people into total poverty. I believe that no economy framed within the rules of the market would succeed; any such system would be catastrophic for China."

Eva, with her bright eyes, looked at me intently.

"Exactly," she finally replied. "Your definition is correct. But the question for Mao Zedong was what system to adopt to solve this problem, the economic one, since culturally he didn't have one, and he found the answer in socialism, since it was the only system that would enable China to break out of its economic stagnation. Undoubtedly, China had to ally itself with the Soviet Union, since it was the country that could assist China technologically, and it did so. But Mao's communism is diametrically opposed to that of Russia, since the latter is cultural. In other words, Stalin subjugated a number of peoples of different languages, races, customs, and traditions under a political-cultural model in which they were crushed by the Marxist archetype, which is

the sole political and cultural representative of all these diverse societies suppressed by this ideology. In China, on the other hand, Mao has a single race, which is governed by mystical parameters such as Taoism and Confucianism, which are more philosophies of life than religions, and this is something we should discuss on another occasion, or perhaps now if there is time. In other words, he has a culturally united people, willing to sacrifice themselves for their country, and from that perspective, Chinese socialism is adaptable, since this state communism allows for the control and distribution of wealth in the most equitable way possible.

Note, comrade, that there are substantial differences between Soviet and Chinese communism. Keep in mind that when Mao won the civil war, he set out to industrialize the country, abolishing private property and collectivizing the land through a system of people's communes. These communes were not only collective farms, but also administrative and military units, with their own schools, militias, and bureaucracy. The Chinese revolution, unlike the Bolshevik revolution, is based not on the proletariat but on the peasants; which is why it appears so extraordinarily original, as it will allow China to emerge from its economic stagnation by eliminating poverty. Imagine, with the size of that nation's population, that would not be possible for the time being, although with the passage of time, Mao and his followers will surely achieve it, especially if they eradicate hunger, which is currently the greatest scourge of this nation. What is important to differentiate, comrade, is China's ability to adopt a system and adapt it conveniently to its strategies without losing its culture and traditions.

"But Evita, communism abolished certain freedoms and imposed state totalitarianism," I exclaimed.

That's right, she said. I agree. And let's agree that I'm not saying this is the ideal way, but rather that I'm analyzing the historical political process in China from its own perspective, without imposing my dogmas or my thoughts, because that would mean I was criticizing Chinese society for allowing this type of government to be imposed.

-Luis. Keep in mind that after what China went through, being ruled by inept and incapable emperors, mired in paralysis and economic backwardness, with a mass of peasants doubly exploited, on the one hand, by foreign nations present in the country who saw the Chinese people only as an inexhaustible market; on the other hand, exploitation by China's own merchants, landowners, and corrupt imperial government officials. As you know, the turbulent state of China ended in a civil war between the nationalist and democratic factions of the Kuomintang and the Communist Party; both allied at certain times but undoubtedly could not coexist for long. You must understand that Chiang Kai-shek's so-called nationalists had US support and sought to establish a liberal market policy in the country. Imagine what would have happened to China under a liberal democracy. Such a tragedy is unthinkable, especially at that moment in history. That is why the Chinese people, the peasantry, decisively supported Mao and brought him to power. Do you understand, comrade? I understand that democracy is the ideal and most just form of government, but it was the Chinese people who rejected it, and I have no right to criticize the will of the people, since power resides with the people and it is ultimately they who choose the policies to be followed and their leaders. In the specific case of the Chinese people, I believe without fear of being wrong that they made the right decision. Now then. I will digress for a moment and let history show whether they were right or wrong. What I can say for sure is that the Chinese people are united by their traditions, which are marked by a deep mysticism. It is this mystery that amazes me about the Chinese people, a power that does not allow interference of any kind and determines their future greatness.

Do you understand, Luis? There are peoples who are destined for greatness, and no matter how much the synarchy surrounds them economically, fights them with all its power in the world, it will never succeed in disintegrating them spiritually, because above all else they have protected themselves in mysticism and in their traditions, and sooner or later a heroic myth, a warrior myth that is part of their blood and

the soil, will once again liberate these peoples from oppression, from the tyranny of imperialist forces that subjugate and destroy freedom and justice.

Eva paused and, looking at me firmly, stated:

"Peoples are strengthened when their traditions and ways of life are rooted in a national and popular myth. In our homeland, many heroes have been mythologized and have gone down in national history as true heroes, serving as examples for future generations. Facundo Quiroga, Rosas, etc., are typical examples of men who, with their different political views, have gone down in history and forged a popular myth with their figures and legends. The interesting thing about these myths is that they are backed by popular mysticism and charisma, structured around a deeply heroic Creole ethic. Understand, comrade. These myths can never be destroyed; they carry within them a spiritual reality that will sooner or later spring forth and emerge into the popular consciousness, generating a new national space where social justice will triumph. Perón is, in reality, the manifestation of that power, and he came to light as a myth that seeks to awaken a new national being.

"I understand, comrade," I said. "But what is the myth that has unleashed the Peronist doctrine? Or, rather, what is the mythical argument that General Perón used to establish the Justicialist movement?" I asked.

Evita reflected thoughtfully and said slowly:

You know, the general is a scholar, a statesman, and no one understands the historical and political issues of this country better than he does. When I met him, I was dazzled by his ability to read not only Argentine history but also international history. He has the gift of vision and has developed an intelligence and intellectual capacity that amazes with its magnificence in analyzing things. No one knows history like he does, and of course, when he understood the historic mission he had to undertake, he drew up and embodied in his strategies for coming to power and governing a series of chivalrous, epic, heroic myths that would trigger a process of collective awakening and prepare the masses to understand the deep and true meaning of



Justicialist doctrine.

It is important to understand that what the general precipitated and activated within the people was a heroic, chivalrous ethic, unleashing within them the ethical and moral values that transformed the collective consciousness of this blessed nation. Such was the message of the general that it had the power to activate dormant mythical content, which undoubtedly emerged from the collective unconscious and endowed the people with a supernatural force that was at work when we achieved the great events of October 17. As you will see, this glorious Argentine people, beyond their deep Christian faith culturally assigned through the myth that was historically introduced from the very moments of colonization, live with certain heroic and warrior myths such as those of San Martín, Rosas, and Facundo Quiroga, which marked in the collective unconscious the idea of national liberation, economic independence, and social justice. And no matter how much the times and strategies of the synarchy (which has appealed to various religious and scientific myths, among others, to undermine those of a heroic and patriotic nature) are projected onto the collective consciousness, sooner or later these myths based on eternal symbols in transcendent images and justice will emerge and be re-energized in the consciousness of this magnificent people, and thanks to this, a new history will begin. General Perón knows the transformative power of myths that are epic and heroic in nature, which activate and awaken peoples, orienting them toward a transcendent warrior mystique, where values such as love of country and folk traditions emanating from the soil and blood overlap with myths of liberal, courtly, and devotional axiological characteristics, which have only created a materialistic, selfish culture mired in volitional and spiritual weakness. As you will understand, the fruit of the projection, embodiment, and activation of these Creole myths in the popular will has allowed us to transform Argentine society and the Argentine people, who have been nourished by a will to fight and a spiritual strength that no nation could ever have imagined. I can affirm with total conviction that this Justicialist government, together with the labor movement and the

Peronist homeland, will leave behind an unparalleled history, and I assure you that we will also be incorporated into that history as a myth within the collective consciousness of the Argentine people. No matter how much imperialism seeks to destroy us, fight us, or degrade us, we will always return, and we will be millions.

But Peronism today, being the government and seeking to ensure that the Argentine people re-elect us as their legitimate rulers, will resist with all its might and will have all the spiritual and material means at its disposal to emerge triumphant from this battle against the forces of the international synarchy. And this is where we come in, comrade, because in a way what we intend to do is decisively unleash a warrior myth specifically about our people. I assure you that God knows that the success or failure of this patriotic endeavor depends on him.

"Comrade Evita, what is the strategy to follow and what consequences will it have on the sectors of power? How will they react to the emergence of a myth of a purely warrior nature?" I asked.

Eva stood up and looked me in the eyes, which triggered within me a feeling not of fear but of eternal respect and admiration, and said:

"What do you think, comrade? Come on, what's your answer?"

I thought about it for a few seconds before responding.

"I believe, Evita," I said, "that trying to project and unleash the warrior archetype on the collective consciousness, which will structure a combative and military mentality in the Argentine people, will clearly turn many sectors of society against you. These would be reactionaries and would carry out the necessary strategies to generate cultural opposition, trying to prevent this heroic myth from taking root in society."

Eva, who was still standing, sat down, and after nodding her head in agreement with my answer, she began to speak. I must say, although everyone already knows, that when she spoke about the oligarchy or some of its political, religious, and financial powers, and especially about the internal agents who participated and collaborated with this international supercapitalism, she became a

Holy warrior, something was unleashed within her, endowing her with a wonderful epistemological power. This linguistic gift allowed her to explain and develop perfectly the argument she sought to analyze. A divine passion took hold of her being, of her ontological reality. She was fully aware of all this power and used it tactically to produce certain effects on her interlocutors; Evita's noological capacity, her spiritual power, was so admirable in those moments that I have never met anyone else like her in my entire life. So, seeing that she was beginning to feel that passion grow within her, I prepared myself to listen to her attentively.

"That's how it will be, comrade," he affirmed. "The religious and military sectors will declare all-out war on us, and to do so they will use a bourgeois intellectual middle class that is subservient and submissive to those institutions, which will unleash all the cultural means at their disposal to destroy our strategy. I am not surprised by the military; they have a liberal Masonic constitution, especially the oligarchs of the navy, who have always put their personal interests before those of the Argentine people. Furthermore, they have suffered for centuries from an elitist mindset and believe themselves to be the absolute owners of the truth, having always been lackeys of the synarchy. This is not the case with the army and the air force, which have always had nationalist and patriotic forces enrolled in popular and national causes. In fact, it is from these two that I expect a group of geniuses (men who are oriented and awake to the truth), soldiers who will collaborate to complete the project of national liberation. From these sectors of the navy, we can only expect to be betrayed; they are the true internal enemies and have a certain military power and a group of oligarchs in their command who have been culturally indoctrinated by various sectors, especially the clergy of a certain branch of the Church that answers to the international synarchy, to go to civil war if necessary. It is incredible to see how their dogmas have diminished their capacity for understanding, and that cultural prism does not allow them to have a real vision of what is happening in Argentina with Peronism. Their gnoseological color blindness confuses them and they cannot think freely, because if they did, they would not oppose

our government in the way they usually do. But with the military, that's always possible. But I didn't expect it from the clergy, from the church. You know? I always had faith in our clerical representatives, and I always thought that they would collaborate closely with the strategies and beliefs of justicialism, even more so given their Christian nature; but I was completely wrong, and it is within this institution that we have our greatest enemies, since a division has occurred within it and the one that has triumphed is the one supported from outside by the international religious synarchy. You should know, comrade, that the clergy is politically divided and cannot agree on which political and economic projects to pursue; some support liberalism, others socialism, and there are also those within the church who support nationalism; in other words, there is a wide range of ideas and internal forces supporting different political and economic forms. Within our clergy, those who have triumphed in this approach are those who have allied themselves with the global project to establish liberal internationalism as the guiding force of the entire world economy. These sectors of the church fear that we will erase the Christian myth from the cultural face of this people, as the communist monster has done, and they are totally mistaken. They can rest assured that Peronism has never sought nor will it ever seek to destroy their myths because it participates directly and spiritually in Christian myths. But it also seeks spiritual liberation through our own popular and national identity, which has its roots in a creole and heroic lineage, and we will not renounce it. That is why they are wrong and falsely accuse us, because if anything sets us apart, it is that we are respectful of popular customs and traditions, and our sense of democracy grants the same possibilities of expression to all religious spheres of our people without distinction of race or creed. I believe I have already explained the vital importance of the Church for Peronism, but I will repeat it here. We are respectful of everything Christian and we tolerate the institution and its power in this country, but bear in mind that Peronism will not continue to endure the attacks of certain clerical sectors that are protected by a treacherous oligarchy. If they persist,

The Justicialist people will tear them down. They must know that Peronism is a national project and rises above all others simply because it is the only one that will allow us to rise up and rise above the atheistic and materialistic pseudo-culture imposed by imperialism.

The Church knows well that if liberal doctrines continue to penetrate, specifically within our country, its myths and creeds will be systematically destroyed by the capitalist or Marxist counterculture. This counterculture has been conveniently prepared by international neoliberalism to crush Christianity and its dogmas as badly as communism did, if not worse.

Keep in mind that capitalism is only interested in consumption and profit, and they are determined to build certain symbols or myths about this culture among the people. This will allow them to penetrate and carry out their economic and financial plans and projects. Nothing will stop them, and they will destroy all good morals and customs in order to assert themselves within this society. That is why the Church and the clergy are mistaken about Peronism and confuse the true enemy. We are with justice and truth, and we fight for them to become flesh in the world. Keep in mind that we have all been educated as Christians and Catholics, and certain ethical and moral principles of Christianity are universal. When Perón created his political dogma, he based it fundamentally on these Christian premises. That is why Peronism is not the enemy of Christianity, but of bad Christians, those who hide behind this dogma and use it to attack us in every way possible, and know that we will not tolerate this. But I want to make it clear that it is not Perón's will nor mine to enter into a dilemma with the Church, because we recognize that the people must be led and civilized under this dogma; but we ask the clergy to eliminate those sectors, because they undermine our policies and constantly threaten us.

Comrade, let's agree that in this sense they are not proving to be very persuasive with these sectors, and therefore they are not respecting the political ethics of Peronism either. What's more, certain sectors that have already been identified by the government within the clergy are allying themselves with a military and landowning oligarchy to

attempt a coup d'état. They are working behind the scenes and will soon try to overthrow us, but the general already knows this and will destroy them. Besides, the people are with us, and I know that they will never allow a group of military gorillas and Freemasons, with the support of some sectors of our clerical and landowning bourgeoisie, to carry out a coup d'état.

The people will come down on them! Eva exclaimed. They will leave nothing standing. My descamisados will simply destroy them, and I swear that I myself will be at the forefront to crush them.

"Excuse me, comrade Eva," I interrupted. "Do you think they will dare, with the power that Peronism has at this moment?"

"Unfortunately, yes," he replied. "They, of course, will not show their faces, but they will always find some dogmatic military man who dares to do so, and if they have not found one yet, it is because they know of Perón's power and mine in particular. Know this, comrade Luis: they fear me more than they fear the general; that is why they are unleashing attacks against me that circulate like gossip in a tenement house.

It's incredible to see how they attack me; they've called me all sorts of names; I honestly laugh at these wretches who hide like moles in their caves. But it's in their best interest to stay in their rat holes because if they dare to come out and face me, I won't hesitate for a moment to unleash the popular forces on them. Keep in mind that we will soon enter a new electoral phase; at that time, they will come out of their burrows and attack us with all their might, trying to discredit us internationally by accusing us in every way possible. Perón knows about them, and that is why we are planning this Strategy of Encirclement, since we are sure that the people will re-elect us; but we must be cautious, and to that end, we will not neglect anything.

I hope I can count on your support to bring this strategy to light, with which we will be able to generate a group of men of genius and courage who will be the support of our future.

"You can be sure of that," I replied firmly.

"Perfect, Luis," Eva agreed. "I know you've been reviewing the Basic Units with Orlando. What do you think of them?"  
How do you see them?

"Avoid them. I've been touring most of the Basic Units and have found that they are quite deteriorated. From an architectural point of view, they would need to be renovated if we intend to turn them into centers of power where they act as machines of psychological transformation. If I may offer some suggestions, I have studied and developed an architectural project to modify these structures, these buildings, and I have designed these plans in advance. I would like you to take a look at them and give me your opinion. I took the plans out of a portfolio and laid them open on the table. Evita began to study them carefully, and I could sense that she was perplexed by the aesthetic design of these buildings. After looking at them for a long time in complete silence, she commented:

"Perfect, architect; this is what I was expecting from you, and you have not disappointed me. These designs are correct and in line with the new spiritual ethics that will be taught in the Basic Units. I see that you understand that if we plan to modify the internal appearance, we must necessarily transform the façade, the external appearance."

-Excuse me, Eva, if I was too bold in taking the liberty of drawing these plans without your consent. The thing is, I thought that in order to give this strategy greater power, it was essential not only to transform the educational and instructional context, but also to modify the aesthetics of the buildings, adapting them to the circumstances. Unfortunately, the Basic Units in their current state are not representative of Peronism, and this project aims to dignify them. As an architect, I deeply understand the significance of aesthetics on the human consciousness. I am well aware that the foundation of the strategies used by the synarchy to seduce and trap the masses is developed specifically in this archetype, and all its projects are based on generating complexes in society, which contain beauty and aesthetics as their fundamental symbol. Undoubtedly, the beauty that the synarchy aims for is especially oriented towards instincts and not towards the sublime, since when it is linked to desires, it undoubtedly feeds consumption. In other words, aesthetics is taking precedence over

ethics, and in this way, axiologically they are degrading the thinking and consciousness of the masses, since they prioritize the aesthetic over the ethical fundamentally because the former numbs and hypnotizes the consciousness of man, while the latter, when ethics has a mystical, chivalrous, and warrior context such as that contained in the justicialist doctrine, awakens man, teaches him to think, to discover the truth, to break with lies, affirming the Peronist to his people, his culture, and his values.

I could give you hundreds of examples of constructions designed specifically to seduce the consciousness of the masses, trapping them and drawing them into certain cultural arguments that only awaken their instincts, their animal nature. In other words, these structures activate the passions of the masses, which are then exploited and used by these powers for their own benefit. Evita, it's incredible how these powerful forces, through the media—radio, magazines, cinema, fashion, etc.—introduce into the collective consciousness a series of prejudices and complexes strictly related to aesthetics and beauty. These patterns are deposited in the collective unconscious of the people, of the social body, and predetermine the formation of all their social and cultural bodies. Once these objectives have been achieved, and the people have been molded and registered to this archetype (beauty), through market research, they discriminate against trends (there are different scientific ways and means of studying the inclinations that a society will develop in terms of consumption and culture), observing desires, and once these have been determined, they will use all their power (the media) to induce the consumption of certain products manufactured under the determining premises of the previously established aesthetic complexes. This work, carried out by psychologists and sociologists of the synarchy, is scientifically elaborated and its purpose is to subliminally guide the masses towards certain aesthetic archetypes that will not only generate brilliant business (because ultimately the only thing that is real for these types of individuals is money), but also benefit them because they manage to adapt society to a totally materialistic mold of behavior that responds automatically.



mind to these means of power. In this way, a few subjugate the majority and simply succeed because they have economic power, but also because they possess certain knowledge about how to manipulate the collective consciousness, how to program and condition it for their own benefit. What I mean, Eva, is that architecture, as you said the other day, is more than a science, it is an art, and perhaps the most significant of all, especially when it comes to inducing the masses to certain cultural and moral parameters. To give you more information, consider the geomantic strategies developed by the church in its early days, that is, when it was establishing its religious premises in medieval Europe. This strategy was tactically developed in the construction of monumental cathedrals and churches, which were veritable machines of psychological and psychosocial transformation. They adapted and recorded the European consciousness to Christian dogma; these constructions modified the character and morals of these peoples. The same could be said of the aristocracy and the nobility, as they also had a strategy of lithic art, and the construction of palaces and castles was specifically intended to instill a regal and chivalrous ethic among the people; in contrast, the church sought to structure a priestly and devotional ethic among the European peoples. The art of architecture is magical and the most powerful of all when it comes to adapting a people to certain cultural archetypes, and it has been implemented by all centers of power. Synarchy, with its much-vaunted modern art, is today constructing a new aesthetic style that will diametrically alter social and, fundamentally, economic behavior patterns, giving preeminence to a totally materialistic aesthetic and beauty where functionality is above spirituality. In this way, the sublime is discredited by this modern culture, and architecture and engineering lose their spiritual meaning, their transcendent magic, becoming a simple science concerned with functionality, profit, and calculation rather than art, which is their true value. Another aspect, ma'am, is the layout of these buildings...

If you look closely, they are located in such a way that they form geometric shapes such as triangles, squares, etc. This undoubtedly has a meaning, since, as I understand it, each structure is like a vortex of energy and the strategic distribution of these points seeks to encompass and expand the spaces. With these deductions, Evita, I want to show you that just as the church did before with its cathedrals, which were strategically placed at certain points in space, in cities, and generally in geomantic locations, today the new constructions of the synarchy are distributed under the same conditions, but as they are architecturally different, the quantification of the psychological meanings in the masses, in the collective consciousness, is qualitatively different, since their aesthetic relief produces an ethical effect that affirms a profound materialistic sense of living. For their part, cathedrals affirmed a mystical devotional sense and castles a chivalrous ethic. That is why I dared to draw these plans, reforming the Basic Units to adapt them all, from the first to the last, to a single model that is uniform and homogeneous.

As you can see, it is characterized by a style and design that I believe is particularly consistent with the ethics and justice promoted by Peronist doctrine.

Evita, it is essential that we not only reform the internal context by teaching new knowledge in these centers of power, a wisdom that transforms men into true soldiers by teaching them justicialist ethics, but also the external structure. The building must adapt to the new ethical conditions that prevail, otherwise, Evita, something would be out of place within the strategy, and while I do not want to pressure you, I believe that tactically it is the best course of action and the success of this undertaking would be a reality.

Throughout my presentation and discussion of my project, Eva listened attentively and followed my words step by step. I thought she was surprised by the development of my presentation and felt that she was analyzing my topic thoroughly, without overlooking anything.

When I finished, I understood that there was a look of approval in her eyes, and feeling satisfied, I waited for her opinion.

"I see, comrade," he said to me, "that you are one of those men who carry out what is assigned to them without delay, and I congratulate you because I see that your understanding of your profession is correct. Furthermore, your project seems perfect to me. In fact, I had decided on a similar approach, which is why I thought of you to carry out this strategy. We are in complete agreement, and tomorrow I will present this project to General Perón for his approval so that you can set this plan in motion. It is a priority to educate our youth and our people intellectually and spiritually in accordance with the times ahead, because imperialism capitalism knows that we will be re-elected and they will try to fight us with all the power at their disposal, and if they cannot defeat us through systematic degradation and at the ballot box, they will not hesitate to resort to civil war. Take note, comrade, that these gentlemen will try to fight us in every way possible, and they have already unleashed their mastiffs, their dogs, to devour us; but the general understands this very well, and perhaps no one knows better than he what imperialism is and the powers it wields. He already has a strategy in place to prevent us from being overwhelmed by these sectors. He called this strategy the *Siege*, and through it we will prevent the enemy from penetrating our vital space; we will surround our territory starting from certain geographical points; Buenos Aires, Santa Fe, and Córdoba must be isolated in particular, and then we will expand to the rest of the country. The general already foresaw this confrontation and, from the first time I met him, he told me he would implement this strategy if he came to power, because he always considered it essential to surround our vital space from all angles so as not to leave any flanks open for the oligarchy to penetrate. Personally, I believe that this tactic must be implemented urgently, and the Basic Units project must be carried out as quickly as possible because the Strategy of Encirclement is essential within them.

It must be developed taking into account two elements

tactics to be aware of. First: it must be carried out in such a way that the international powers, especially our oligarchy, which acts as their information center, do not become aware of this strategy, so that when they discover this secret, they understand that it is already irreversible to counteract it. Second: prevent information from being leaked to the enemy from within our forces. Keep in mind that one of the elements with which it operates is by creating traitors and sellouts within our ranks; to this end, imperialism has impressive sums of money with which it buys weak men who, because of their lack of understanding and vision, sell themselves and join the ranks of the enemy. Sadly, our bankers and financiers, who make up the financial oligarchy that we currently have surrounded and under control, are part of this tactic, but in the future they will be the most serious problem we will face. For now, they are already using money to support mediocre intellectuals imbued with liberal dogma to discredit us through whatever media outlets they have at their disposal. These intellectuals, unconsciously trained in liberal universities and seduced by a dogma where only the rich live well and the poor suffer, attack us, accusing us of everything and anything. That is why we must close this circle as quickly as possible, but taking into account the two principles analyzed above. If we manage to remain below the threshold of consciousness, if we can carry out the strategy in secret, moving from the collective unconscious to the collective consciousness, implementing all these planned tactics, we will avoid being recognized and, as I said before, when they do, it will be too late because we will have the entire nation completely isolated and prepared to face any situation that colonial imperialism wants to impose on our homeland.

-Evita, I understand the urgency of this strategy known as the Cerco. But is it already being implemented or is it just getting started?

-Comrade, since General Perón assumed the duties of president, he has rushed into implementing certain tactics contained in this strategy. For example, we have obtained excellent results in the economy by encircling the gorilla landowners who have thousands of hectares...

We have distributed hundreds of thousands of hectares to settlers who used to rent the land from large landowners. In this way, the land has been given to those who work it. This strategy has allowed us to develop an area of farmland that had never been used before, thereby creating hundreds of small farmers who, with the help of state-assisted credit policies, will soon generate a large amount of foreign currency for the nation, which will in turn benefit our country and our people. Another area that has been fenced off is finance. Through a credit plan implemented by the national government, we are trying to consolidate the currency so that it is strong internationally and backed not only by gold (as the international high finance sector likes, which has established this as a universal standard. Of course, through this, they can control their colonies, since they are the owners and masters of the centers of production of this metal), but also by our economy, our gross product, which will continue to grow, tipping the trade balance in our favor. Hence, our financial policy is based on low interest rates and long-term loans, as we require that the money borrowed be actually distributed to production, and to this end, we strictly enforce this by punishing those who do not comply. It is because of this financial policy that international high finance has declared war on us and is trying to restrict our access to international credit. But what they do not know is that our country is financially stable and does not need their assistance, since, as we know from experience, it is always usurious.

-Evita. Can we do without those powers? Do you think it is possible to develop a nation without them?

-Look, comrade. Unfortunately, in a process of integration and globalization, it is impossible to develop an economy without them. Furthermore, they have been operating within our society for over a hundred years, participating in our capital through associations, institutions, corporations, etc. Thus, we carry this virus in our blood. What we want to achieve

is for them not to be so internationalist and to be more nationalist, a little more patriotic.

-I understand, comrade. But how can this be achieved? In what way?

-With the Siege Strategy that we have already put into operation, we are obtaining excellent results. But to definitively oppose these sectors, we have formed, as of today, the Order of Justicialist Builders.

As you already know, you are part of it, and the strategy of the Basic Units, of creating true Castrums within them, is in the hands of the Order of Justicialist Builders. The Order, of which you are a member along with a group of colleagues whom you will meet in due course and who are already working on specific tactics for the benefit of the Siege Strategy, will in the future be the source of inspiration and the generator of true Justicialist men.

As you know, architect, we are working on certain construction projects at the Foundation, and

As you know, architect, at the Foundation we are working on certain construction projects, and these buildings, which will be completed in the short term, will be the main operational centers from which we will teach Justicialist Wisdom. In the near future, you and a colleague will have specific missions to carry out in these buildings, but for now I will only tell you that your plans and projects are really interesting.

Evita looked closely at my projects again and pointed out certain features; it was interesting to note her good architectural sense and the great aesthetic ability she demonstrated when looking at my plans.

I was particularly moved because I thought Eva knew nothing about architecture, and I was completely wrong, as she knew exactly what she wanted to express through the new facades of the Basic Units. She was well aware of the meaning of constructive art and appreciated my plans because, in some way, they contained Evita's architectural desires.

She simply advised me on certain changes and indicated the tone of the colors for the interiors. Eva was respectful in her comments and never gave me orders; she simply made suggestions.

such considerations without obliging me to obey them.

She indicated that it was important to modify all the Basic Units in the country, since within five years they would have to conform to a single model; Eva was confident that this was possible if the Order of Justicialist Builders worked quickly on the projects to be developed.

After finishing the review of my projects, she called Orlando and invited him to join the conversation, asking him first to tell his secretary to bring us three cups of tea. Orlando did so, and soon we had a delicious cup of tea in our hands, which we drank in silence. Suddenly, the comrade addressed Evita.

"Ma'am," Orlando said, "I think it's too late. Wouldn't it be better to end the interview? Remember that you have work to do tomorrow, and the hustle and bustle of your duties are exhausting you."

Evita looked seriously at Orlando and her eyes flashed with anger. It was clear that she did not like her colleague's advice, and she rebuked him, saying that she knew perfectly well what her duties were and that he did not need to remind her.

Orlando felt her disapproval deeply and apologized, which she graciously accepted.

"Orlando," said Eva, "please tell my secretary that I will be leaving soon, and then make a list of the colleagues who need to meet with the architect. But be patient, because I still have some things to discuss with this gentleman."

Orlando said goodbye and assured Eva that he would have the list ready in an hour. He left the room under Evita's cold gaze. In that moment, I was able to appreciate this colleague's leadership skills and unwavering determination.

Evita paused for a moment, looked at the time, and reflected:

"Have you noticed how late it is, comrade? We have been talking for several hours and there are still several topics to discuss. It is incredible to see how time varies depending on the meaning and consideration one gives to the circumstances surrounding it. Now that I mention time, a series of memories from other times in the

My time, which is inherent to my ontological reality, that is, to my being, was structured and trapped in the transcendent or linear time of ordinary life. This was due to my emotional state, which was extremely critical because of the pressures I was under. I was totally dependent on myself, and such was the pressure of the social environment and of material time that I was subject to its chronological parameters; in other words, for me, time never passed, and the days and hours were eternal because I was faced with two realities, an internal one characterized by knowing that I was capable of creating myself and breaking with the archetypes, with the social and cultural forms that prevented me from achieving that development. The second reality that concerned me was external and was determined by the same economic, social, and moral limits, which at that time, if you were not from a middle-class family, could not be ignored. You can imagine what it meant for me not to be able to act, to be totally determined by an environment that imposed limits on me due to a series of moral, cultural, and economic norms of an era in which being transgressive had ethical and moral consequences that were impossible to determine. But there was something inside my soul; my spirit was destined to follow a path, and I knew that sooner or later this would change. I sensed that God was going to bring about certain events that would change my life, transform it radically, and that is what happened. You know, Luis, everything that was going on inside me at that time; time stood still, and I vividly remember how much I enjoyed being in my town, which I loved with all my heart, feeling my land and my family in my blood, in my spirit. But at the same time, I knew that something inside me, like a voice, was guiding me to seek certain mysteries, certain horizons where something was waiting for me. This caused me a crisis, an internal duality, because although I wanted and aspired to fulfill that destiny, I also felt the desire in my soul to stay in my hometown, get married, and fulfill the ontological archetype of womanhood that every young woman carries within her. It was in that moment in time that I understood one of the deepest mysteries of human existence. It was under those circumstances that I visualized my inner self and understood the profound reality of the soul. It is in those internal crises



where the spirit of man must emerge with all his will. Only then, with firm determination, can man overcome himself and transcend all difficulties with dignity. Thanks to my effort and willpower, I was able to overcome them, and life has shown me that there is a very special force within us. Do you realize, my friend? My worst enemies were my desires, my instincts, especially the complexes of the heart, the feelings that tied me to my family, to my homeland, to my companions; everything that made up my being and that I had to give up if I wanted to follow my spirit. So, in that very special state, I understood what the soul really is and the limits and bonds it has in its complexion, in its ontological constitution, and what the spirit is and its noological reality. In this way, I understood perfectly that the spirit, the will, and consciousness are bound, trapped, and linked to a whole scheme of contents, of instinctive, passionate, or affective and rational or archetypal designs, which constitute the soul.

Do you understand what I am saying, my friend? I saw the reality of my being clearly, and it caused me a crisis, like a Greek tragedy, in which I was the main character.

I understood that the only way out was to make a decision, and that is what I really had to do: choose to follow not the desires of my heart, but those of my spirit, renouncing that paradise of the soul and willingly accepting the destiny that God had prepared for me. I felt that something was dying inside me and that at the same time a new force was being unleashed. Taking this step meant awakening for me, and although for a time I had to participate in certain seductions because something metaphysical was trying to pull me away from the goal that was waiting for me, I knew that my mission was about to arrive. I discovered this when, through certain circumstances that I call magical and divine, God connected me with Juan Domingo Perón, an awakened genius who had in his spirit that same power, that same mystique that would mark us for the rest of our lives.

That encounter marked the end of one journey for me and the beginning of a completely new one, where the goal was no longer my own personal fulfillment but that of my people. And this goal was so great that I committed myself to fight to the bitter end

in order to see my homeland free and sovereign.

That was my path to this struggle, this undertaking, and almost all of us accepted it as such with the risks that it entails, but we must feel fortunate to be able to serve our people, our beloved homeland.

"Evita, may I comment on a certain process of mine?" I asked.

"Of course, comrade," she said. "I am interested in hearing about your experiences, for we all have an inner world that is profound and mysterious, and daring to reveal it or become aware of it is one of the most fascinating adventures that man can undertake; the adventure of the spirit is perhaps the only real reason why we have come into this existence."

The bourgeois man, trapped by his petty personal ambitions, lies bound to his greed; he is completely seduced by the lowest aspects of life itself, that is, material things, and as long as his spiritual consciousness remains absorbed in materialistic cultural arguments, his willpower will continue to be diluted in the pursuit of goals that unconsciously drag him into a labyrinth with no way out. You know, comrade? Some of these individuals, who are only chosen by the synarchy, manage to climb to the top, becoming true pipe dreams, dominating their sciences or arts with striking perfection; but this success often means that they become trapped by the archetype, by the very argument that brought them to power, without ever managing to escape it. That is why it is essential to act with total caution in life, coldly analyzing all the events that unfold around us and paying attention to them, because there are many traps, many seductions that seek to drag us into labyrinths from which it is almost impossible to escape, and these are so well structured that being inside them is like living in paradise, full of seductions and temptations that give us apparent happiness, but which ultimately deceive and destroy us. But excuse me, comrade, for interrupting your comment about certain experiences. Please continue.

-Evita! Please! Your comments are very useful to me and

they coincide with what I was going to tell you about a certain situation I had to go through years ago. At that time, I was at a terrible crossroads for two reasons. One was financial; the other was family-related. As you know, I come from a family of Italian immigrants, and my father is a man of great integrity who loves the arts, especially architecture. That is why I studied architecture and graduated with a degree in that field. After a period of brilliant work alongside my father, I began to have a series of problems of all kinds, from work to health to family issues: everything was getting complicated, and I couldn't figure out why. I remember constantly struggling to solve my problems, but they only multiplied. Not even my father's advice helped me: I was desperate.

I was paralyzed, bitter, and almost without the will to fight, although I always had something inside me that said, "You must resist." And it was that different voice that had power in itself, and every time I heard it, it nourished me with hope and strength, but on the other hand, there was reality, which was becoming more distressing and desperate every day. But look, Evita, what happens when Peronism emerges and the general unleashes this whole historical process: I automatically join the Justicialist Party. The reason for this is that I hear that inner voice inside me, which tells me that this is the right path. Now look how incredible it is. Suddenly, job offers started coming in from everywhere, and I couldn't believe it, because I hadn't received any before, and now I didn't know which one to choose. However, there was one condition that almost all of them had, and that was that I had to give up my new passion: politics. In other words, I had to renounce Peronism. For example, one of the most attractive offers came from the United States. I had presented a project, and for some mysterious reason, it had ended up in the hands of an American shipping company, which offered me the opportunity to carry it out.

To do so, I would have to move to that country. Undoubtedly, the offer came with an excellent salary, which at that time was unattainable for me in my country. I couldn't get over my amazement. Before, I didn't have any

I had a job opportunity and suddenly I had this proposal in my hands, which put me between a rock and a hard place, because on the one hand there was the financial aspect and on the other the spiritual. Of course, without hesitation, I decided to stay in my country and fight for this cause that had already begun to unfold and that would transform this entire reality. What I want to ask you, Evita, is if there could be some causal meaning in all of this. Could it be that what happened is not just a matter of chance?

-You are correct. Often the reasons that trigger events or natural or cultural phenomena around us are not purely coincidental but causal, and this is because there are metaphysical forces that somehow try to seduce us, to tempt us to enroll in certain structures that, while offering us a bourgeois life on the one hand, numb our consciousness on the other. It is there, in those circumstances, that man shows his true colors, because to see and understand what lies behind reality requires a higher spiritual capacity.

The development of your experience is very interesting and demonstrates the true warrior spirit that exists within your soul: that is the struggle that every justicialist must undertake if we intend to transform this country and make it one of the best in the world. A people is the sum of men and women united by an idea, a mystique that guides them to a destiny of greatness, and that idea, that doctrine, must fundamentally serve to make better men, women, and children. Peronism does not think first of the state but specifically of the people and the individual, because it is the individual who makes the people. It is the man of integrity, strengthened in spirit, master of his soul and governed by ethical, noble, and true codes, protected by a just religious, social, and cultural doctrine, who will make this destiny of greatness possible for the homeland, and it is the doctrine of General Juan Domingo Perón that is the purest expression of nationalism that the people, the men, must follow at this time. If you knew, Luis, how many of our brothers have given in to the senses, to the seductions of the passions, you would understand how difficult it is to remain firm, unalterable in one's convictions and ideals; the majority give in and fall, they lose sight of the goal because

which we must sacrifice ourselves for. Consider this: men are capable of any sacrifice in order to satisfy their senses and passions; yet they automatically give up when it comes to sacrificing them in pursuit of integrity, wisdom, intelligence, and spirit. In this way, we fall and sink deeper every day, and our enemies, who know our weaknesses and passions perfectly well, exploit them, project them onto the collective consciousness, bombard it with seductions and temptations that only weaken the social body, make it sick, and corrupt it. They undermine the spiritual will of the people in order to colonize and dominate us at will. That is why it is essential to awaken our consciousness, to dignify ourselves as men, as a people, and fundamentally as a nation. Argentines have a history of heroes, of leaders who gave their last drop of blood to build our homeland, and today they are erasing our memory, killing our history, and we must not allow that. Peronism has set itself the goal of restoring the greatness of our homeland, and that is why we are governing. But it is imperative that we reflect on ourselves; each of us must examine our desires and aspirations and verify whether they are balanced and in harmony with an ethic: that of all Argentines. Do you understand what I mean? I cannot be selfish and think and act for my own ego, enriching myself at the expense of others, sacrificing my fellow men without considering them at all, without caring about their hardships, their sufferings; on the contrary, I must walk with the rest of my comrades, realizing ourselves all together in harmony and peace or in struggle, but united. As General Perón said: unity is strength, and organization conquers time. By following these wise words and setting aside selfish and personal projects, we will make our country great, and we will grow in an orderly manner, both economically and socially and culturally.

Now his process is understandable, as the signs that stand out in his character reveal a profoundly noological aspect, which distinguishes him as an idealistic man structured by a noble ethic.

I would like to mention that this was the second time Eva had pronounced and named the signs deposited on me, and this statement caught my attention deeply.

"Evita," I interrupted. "Describe me. What do you mean by signs?"

Evita, who had extraordinary spiritual abilities, sensed my question when I interrupted the conversation and replied:

-Signs, Luis, are certain psychological and, in some cases, biological contents that manifest themselves in the ontology of the individual and are characterized by expressing the spiritual and transcendent aspects of the individual. These signs are intertwined with the emotional contents of the soul and therefore remain in a shadow realm for personal consciousness; they can only be recognized by certain people, who can see and read them for the simple reason that they have already become aware of them. I, my friend, have this ability because I inherited it from one of my ancestors, and it can be said that I was able to read my signs almost intuitively, since they were so strong within my nature that they stood out above my entire character. Do you know, my friend? These signs have brought me countless problems, since I was unable to become aware of them due to a lack of strategy, and they overflowed within me, manifesting themselves in my character through a strong temperament. But when I managed to become aware of them and control them voluntarily ( what Evita meant by controlling them voluntarily is that the energies, the energetic substrates of the content of these signs, when not governed by the conscious self and the will, manifest themselves as complexes, as instinctive emotional tendencies that have a numinous and phagocytic power over the consciousness) gave me a power with which I was able to awaken and strategically reorient myself toward a higher ethic. Consciously understanding what our signs are means unveiling the mystery of the soul and the spirit; it means understanding with the self the eternity of the spirit and the power of man when he dominates his soul, because man believes that he is the master of his own soul, but in general, most individuals have subjected their self to a whole series of unconscious emotional factors that determine their consciousness, discernment, thoughts, and actions. But

My friend, I don't want to continue explaining psychologically how we are constituted and what the psychological differences are between the awakened man, who is spiritually and politically oriented, and the sleeping man (deceived, automaton, irrational or dogmatic); that subject is not my concern, since I am not guided by psychological ethics but by nonological ethics. I will only add that these two types of men are easily distinguishable, because the first has discipline, organization, and spiritual orientation; the second, on the other hand, is characterized by being a victim of culture and succumbing to its materialistic arguments. Do you understand, comrade? I read your signs and can understand your noological characteristics from my spirit; but only you yourself can unmask your soul and become aware of the signs that characterize you as a good Peronist. What I can say is that the justicialist revolution is structured on the collective imposition of these signs, since Peronist doctrine seeks to awaken these characteristics in all the men and women of our beloved homeland; On the other hand, imperialism, through its culture (Eva despised this word in the name of the synarchy, since she believed that colonial imperialisms only cared about a pseudo-culture in their conquered countries, or, as she used to tell me, a counterculture, which systematically degraded the ethical and philosophical values of the conquered cultures), destroys these collective symbols, awakening in the masses the lowest values, which plunge them into cultural arguments that are disturbing, disruptive, and destroy the harmony of peoples.

-I, Alfredo, would like to add that over time I came to understand the reality of my individuality.

I understood that the psyche is far from being a unit; on the contrary, it is a boiling mixture of impulses, inhibitions, and antagonistic passions, and its state of conflict is so unbearable for many people that they come to want salvation, to achieve liberation by enrolling in archetypal theological arguments, relating to sects, mystical groups, etc., simply because they cannot resolve the problems of their souls. Thus, they are trapped by these organizations, which indoctrinate them into their creeds, hypnotizing

hypnotizing their souls and destroying their spirits. Visualizing this inner reality, I understood that only the I is the starting point from which we can become aware of our entire unconscious and that the unity of our psyche only becomes concrete when we can reflect and discern ourselves.

We must break free from external cultural conditioning; for this to become a social reality, only the State has the power to establish and implement an ethically and aesthetically healthy culture, free from vicious patterns and behaviors. In other words, the social and cultural order, or what I call the cultural superstructure of a people, must be shaped by moral values that allow for this spiritual liberation. Only the state can implement a national culture free from the attacks and infiltration of materialistic cultures. This spiritual process is difficult to achieve and, these days, is a utopia. It is practically impossible to think of a national culture, since imperialism has taken over and penetrated all areas of our culture and economy. But in that magnificent era, the Peronist doctrine had put an end, for the time being, to the conservative bourgeois culture, imposing a social, economic, and cultural reality that allowed not only the unity of consciousness to be achieved in the individual sphere, but also in the collective or social sphere. That is why today, analyzing these conversations I had with my companion Evita, I decided to publish these experiences, as it saddens me to see my country destroyed and subjugated in every way.

I hope that what I am saying will serve to awaken some of my comrades who have forgotten Peronist doctrine out of fear or poor memory, and who merely mold national politics to the interests of international powers, justifying this by saying that it is impossible to resist them. They are mistaken, because these banal and deceitful arguments do not convince a true justice-seeker, because those of us who live under a heroic and warrior-like Creole ethic, as structured in the doctrine of Juan Domingo Perón, know that it is possible to resist and combat imperialism; all it takes is wisdom and strategic knowledge, which exists and can be applied if we want to do so.



Luis had ordered me not to interrupt him while he was telling his story for any reason, but certain questions had arisen in my mind and, determined to ask them, I broke the pact, which I did for the first and only time. Luis allowed me to do so, but I could see that he was uncomfortable with my attitude.

-Is it possible to read these signs in the character of a people? Can understanding and recognizing them help us evaluate the strategy to follow? And if that strategy is well oriented and directed, would it be feasible to easily enhance and awaken the values, axiological and noological contexts of Peronist signs?

Yes, Alfredo. It is possible to understand and comprehend spiritually the reality of the signs deposited in peoples. But in order to discover the noological signs themselves, it is necessary to master the knowledge required for them. You must understand that the functioning of a social body is similar to that of a physical body; that is, there are a series of factors that are common to both. We must understand that the physical body has a consciousness surrounded by an unconscious; in the same way, the social body has a consciousness represented by the collective consciousness, and it is surrounded by a collective unconscious. It is necessary to understand that in order to read the noological signs of a social body, one must discern the structures that form the collective consciousness, and to do this, we must investigate the collective unconscious of the people. In other words, just as we must descend into our particular unconscious, expand from consciousness through the self in all directions, becoming conscious, shedding light on our particular unconscious or shadow sphere, in the same way we must operate on the social body, studying reality, its present, from the collective consciousness. This task is difficult, as it requires an exhaustive study of all the social, political, economic, and cultural processes that are acting as outstanding cultural events at that moment, in the present. From there, we must expand into the collective unconscious; this is a dangerous descent, since it contains historical events that have already taken place.

in certain ways that may be unpleasant for the social conscience. For example, if we open the historical cultural record of an institution such as the Catholic Church, if we delve deeper and descend into its collective unconscious, we will find historical events such as the Inquisition, which have been characterized by a truly unethical axiological context for such an institution. Although this complex trauma has been overcome by the collective consciousness of the institution, for the average parishioner it can be frustrating to learn specifically about the atrocities committed in such circumstances. That is why the Church today, which is not guilty of the past but will be guilty in the future of the present (this concept of Luis's that the Church will be guilty in the future of the present was due especially to the lack of support and predisposition on the part of the Church towards the Peronist government. While it was true that the philosophical ethics of Justicialism were not essentially endorsed in its dogma and doctrine by a priestly or monastic context, but rather that the entire ideological content of the doctrine was affirmed in a Creole, heroic, and martial axiological context, in terms of social and collective morality, Christian dogma was respected. And if Peronism had triumphed, Christian values would be strong, unlike what is happening today with this type of culture or pseudo-liberal culture where prevailing materialism is slowly killing Christian morality, and thus today we find empty churches and sects gaining more and more ground, which Catholicism is ceding. Thus, these priests will understand the historical mistake they made in supporting a group of elitist sectarians to carry out the military coup and overthrow General Perón. They are concerned with erasing from the collective consciousness any cultural facts that remind us of the Inquisition. As I describe, this historical fact is part of the collective unconscious of the church and has in a certain way predetermined the character of the current collective consciousness of the church. The same is true of the collective unconscious of the people, since by raising awareness of their collective unconscious, which means cognitively going back to the past, we can find unpleasant historical events that have influenced the present in the form of

collective consciousness. In other words, in order to visualize the nonological signs of the people, it is imperative to resign or raise awareness of their historical record, since we must recognize that many signs of our Argentine people have been erased from the collective consciousness and today there are practically no images of them. Hence, we must go back to the past to be able to read these signs, which, if they are not fully perceptible in the culture of the present, exist in potential form within the social body of this people in the collective consciousness, and if we operate gno-seologically, that is, with a higher knowledge, we can reawaken these powers, these signs, to nourish the people with this character.

Do you realize, Alfredo, the value of history?

She is the shaper of our present and the root of our future; that is why history is a fundamental part of our collective consciousness, and unraveling it from the present means being able to access an understanding of current realities from a different perspective, which will allow us to visualize the whole truth of our present reality and not just the partial view presented to us by the oligarchy. The analysis of history carried out by a man of genius, aware of its importance for understanding the current state of reality, is vital because it allows us to see the entire collective consciousness. The enemy, the oligarchy and its international henchmen, only allow us to see and understand aspects of the present that are convenient for their strategies, keeping completely hidden the cultural facts that are contrary to their plans. In this way, we only perceive part of the truth and never gain access to the whole truth. Thus, if we want to visualize the whole reality of the present, we must deepen our perspectives of analysis. In other words, the greater the amount of cultural content we cover, the better our understanding of current history will be, and within these perspectives of analysis, historical memory is fundamental. By this I mean, Alfredo, that it is essential to look back to the past, because it is there that we will find the historical cultural records that have their roots in current cultural events.

Justicialism moves in this direction, going from the past, revealing national history and enhancing its transcendent signs, and allowing these to be updated in the present to make tomorrow's dreams come true. Justicialism is a science with which we can penetrate the records of history and thus understand the lies of international super-capitalism and the national oligarchy.

Do you still have doubts, Alfredo?

No, Luis. Now I understand perfectly the subject of noological signs.

I apologize for continuing to interrupt your narrative, but there is something that disturbs me and is intriguing me more and more. That is why I would like to ask you a question. May I?

-Alfredo. I will grant you this privilege on this one occasion, but do not repeat it: the questions will be answered in the course of my story. Now, What is your question?

"Look, Luis, based on your experiences with Evita and according to your stories, it seems that she had a very particular way of speaking. Was her language like that? I asked.

"Your question is extremely interesting and will serve to clarify things for the reader of your future novel. Undoubtedly, you must understand that my experiences up to this point are narrated in a very particular language, and I see that you are struck by the words I put into Eva Perón's mouth. You must realize that I am somehow conveying her message to you according to my language; but I attest and assure you that I faithfully respect the ideas that Comrade Evita expressed to me. Although I express them in my own language, I do so simply to bring you, and perhaps the future reader of this work, to a greater understanding of the truths and mysteries that Evita and the Order of Justicialist Builders conveyed to me.

Is my answer clear to you, Alfredo? Luis asked seriously.

"Very clear!" I exclaimed firmly.

"Well, Alfredo, I will continue with my story. Evita had spoken for several hours and night was falling, but there was no sign of tiredness on her face.

She showed no signs of fatigue; her appearance remained exactly the same as when she began. It was the willpower of this woman that was evident; on the other hand, I felt a certain fatigue, and no matter how much willpower and concentration I mustered, my energy abandoned me. As the hours passed, instead of showing signs of physical exhaustion, Eva's energy increased. It was incredible. It was as if alchemy was taking place within her, and her figure was cloaked in a power, a strength without equal. While I made a Herculean effort to maintain my best possible attention, she appeared increasingly lucid, increasingly whole. I understood, Alfredo, why you loved her so much and also why her enemies hated her with all their might. Evita had a power that was rarely seen in a leader, but it is important to understand that this power transcended the human barrier and had divine connotations. The people adored her because they sensed this power in her and saw through her noological signs the spiritual realities that must be developed in this great Argentine people.

Suddenly, after I had explained the subject of the signs, Eva asked me a question.

"Do you understand what I have explained to you about the signs?"

"Yes, ma'am. I understand correctly."

-All right, colleague. The meeting is adjourned.

She called her secretary, who handed her a list, which she passed to me. I took it and saw that it contained the names of certain people.

"What is this list for, and who are these people, ma'am?" I asked.

"These are the people you will need to contact.

Each of them has been prepared to help you fulfill your mission and will be at your service without any conditions; they have been informed of everything and will obey you. Orlando will inform you of this in due course.

Luis, stay alert and don't trust anyone too much; keep in mind that the eyes of the enemy and the traitors are everywhere, and when the work begins, the oligarchy will observe everything and act to try to stop this project of national transformation. That is why these comrades loyal to the cause will provide you with everything you need.

the necessary support to carry out this strategy.

Together with Mr. Orlando, you will now liaise with these colleagues and take charge of directing this project.

Evita addressed Orlando:

"I have placed all my trust in you and Mr. Orlando: I hope you will not disappoint me. Everything is now in your hands. Do you have any questions?" she asked.

"Not on my part," replied Orlando.

"And you, Luis? Do you have anything to say or ask?"

"No, ma'am. Everything is fine," I replied.

Eva said goodbye until we met again. Orlando, for his part, recommended that I be present at a certain Basic Unit, as I would be formally introduced to the rest of the members of the Order of Justicialist Builders.



## **CHAPTER V**

### **Luis and the Order of Justicialist Builders. Their mission and function**

I arrived punctually at the agreed time and Orlando introduced me to all the members of the group, a total of fifteen colleagues. Each one had a speciality and a role within the strategy, and Orlando familiarised me with all the details, leaving nothing to chance. He clarified that they would respond to our requests and that they were all loyal to Evita; moreover, they had been personally chosen by her, so there would be no doubt about their cooperation in carrying out the plan.

I looked closely at each one of them and was very pleased to find my friend Mario among them. After the formal introductions, Orlando established the guidelines for work and conduct for the entire group; he spoke about the spiritual and political purpose of our mission and called it fundamental to Peronism. He also emphasized that we had been chosen by Eva Perón and that she expected us not to disappoint her, so it was up to us to make every effort to bring this project to fruition. At this meeting, the Order of Justicialist Builders was founded, and in subsequent meetings we outlined the work plan, which consisted of two fundamental points. One of them, of strategic recognition, was an exhaustive assessment of the material and spiritual state of all the



Basic Units in the country. The other was the spiritual and material reform of these units in accordance with the projects previously established by the Order and our comrade Evita.

The intellectual framework on which we would base ourselves was the book given by Eva to the Order entitled "Sabiduría Justicialista" (Justicialist Wisdom); in it we would find the strategies and tactics to follow in order to develop this entire project. To carry out the first point, each member of the Order had to create an investigative commission; these would have the ability to move throughout the country gathering data and information from all the Basic Units of the Nation. In this way, each member had to form a group of loyal people for this task, and it was the responsibility of each commission head to choose these comrades. The Order provided each commission with the material means to carry out these tasks without any financial inconvenience, so that these people had everything they needed to assume their assigned responsibilities. It is essential to emphasize that only the leaders of each commission knew about this strategy, because it was imperative to keep it in the strictest secrecy, as we had to avoid being identified so as not to be betrayed or attacked by the enemy. Secrecy was a sine qua non condition, and anyone who violated it would be accused of treason. In this way, the Order began to function, and we embarked on a Herculean task. The committees were formed, and we soon began to travel around the country, investigating the state of the Basic Units in complete secrecy. Every month, they traveled to the provinces representing the government or the Evita Foundation, which served as a cover for their secret mission. In this way, they were able to gather data and information without arousing any suspicion.

Thus, every month we received a detailed report from each Basic Unit and were able to determine its degree of importance and status according to the city, town, or municipality.

With all the data provided by the investigative commissions, we built a database that would be essential for the second step.

This entire first step required a great deal of time, material, and spiritual effort, and in about ten months we had practically inspected

50% of the Basic Units had been inspected, especially those in Buenos Aires, Santa Fe, and Córdoba. We then began the second step, which consisted of selecting a Peronist comrade from each Basic Unit inspected and training and instructing this person in the strategic principles of the Order of Justicialist Builders.

In this way, a Peronist comrade would be trained in each town to become the leader of that Basic Unit. All of this would allow us to penetrate the town and, from there, grow in the implementation of a new ethic that would prepare our comrades for the final mission.

Work was carried out monthly, weekly, and even daily, with full dedication to the strategy. Orlando had ensured that everyone could devote themselves fully to the work, and to this end, political justifications were provided for each member so that we could be absent from our work obligations without arousing suspicion.

We had everything carefully planned and structured, and after a year had passed, practically no one knew about the Order; everything had been done quietly, and only our fellow comrades who were already committed to the cause knew about the project. We were about to begin the second phase and hoped to start selecting Peronist comrades from the Basic Units when, at a meeting, comrade Orlando informed us that the second phase of the strategy would be delayed. However, he called us to a later meeting, which Eva Perón would attend, to explain the reasons for this decision.

I had a feeling that this call was not a good sign for the future of the Order and the strategy.

Now, Alfredo, I must tell you about certain events that occurred in a dream I had one of the days before my last meeting with comrade Eva Perón.

One night, as I was going to bed after studying certain social issues to implement in the strategy (which I had named after the Order in the title of the Cerco), something extremely strange happened to me.

I miss you and you are very important to my spiritual development, and perhaps to the Order. I was completely relaxed on my bed and as I fell asleep I had this dream. I heard a voice calling me and telling me to think of Mexico City. I automatically thought of that city and a force within me transported me there; I was flying towards it so fast that I could hardly see anything below me. I arrived in the city and could see it from above: I was amazed by such a spectacle. At that moment, I was wondering who was calling me and what the purpose of the call might be when I saw a very bright light in a certain area and felt inside me that I should descend there; I sensed that the voice was coming from there.

I did so, and as I approached the light, I saw that it was coming from the luminous body of a person. I descended toward the point, and this individual greeted me politely, inviting me to enter a dwelling. I accepted. Inside were four people who possessed the same luminous state, who greeted me very cordially and invited me to sit at the table. Little by little, they lost their luminosity, and I could clearly see their forms. As they did so, one of them showed me a book, which was written in a very strange language. Of course, I did not understand the meaning of the terms until a man explained to me that the writing was Mayan; he took it upon himself to translate the meanings, developing the theme of the text. It was about an ancient construction technique. Once I had finished reading the book, these men invited me to visit some Mayan ruins that had been built using the architectural technique described in the text. Incredibly, everyone regained their luminosity, even me, and we rose up into the air, heading toward the mountainous landscape that could be seen on the horizon. On the way, we were joined by a woman whose being was so luminous that it was practically impossible to recognize her face. I wanted to look into her eyes, but the brightness of her face was blinding, making it impossible for me to recognize her. We all continued our journey together, and I noticed something I hadn't noticed before: the darkness of the night. It looked so deep black, and yet the houses were distinguishable. A companion noticed my amazement and

Then he explained the meaning of this mystery to me. The flight was very fast, and we quickly arrived at the site where the constructions were located. From above, they seemed tremendous, cyclopean, astonishing... We descended onto them in a central courtyard that was a majestic plaza carved out in the middle of these stone giants.

There, other people who possessed the same luminous state as us were waiting for us, and they ordered us to watch some dances that they began to perform. These were performed with admirable precision of foot and hand movements, resembling certain forms of indigenous dances, with the accuracy of martial arts. But the most striking thing was that although there was a collective harmony in the execution of the dance ritual, each performer performed different movements and postures. When the dance was over, we were given another order, which was to inspect the buildings.

I understood that these were truly impregnable bastions and that the inhabitants of that city must have been beings with a magnificent culture and superior wisdom. After touring it completely with my traveling companions, we were called back to the central courtyard where we were bid farewell. We flew back to the house from where we had departed earlier, and the luminous woman who had joined us on the way descended with us. Once in the house, this lady ordered us to adopt a certain position and taught us part of the ritual dance, explaining the hidden meaning of each technique and telling us that these movements affirmed the spirit and allowed access to noological individuation. I want to emphasize again that we all remained in the same state of luminosity and that the brightness of this lady's light was extremely unique.

This companion imparted all her knowledge to us, which we absorbed perfectly, and after learning from her, we said goodbye to our hosts. Together with this woman, we left, but not before one of them recommended that I try by all means to remember this experience. I flew quickly with this woman, and when we arrived, we said goodbye. Only then did the light in her face dim a little, and

I saw her smile, but I could only see her smiling lips because the brightness prevented me from seeing anything else.

When I woke up, I automatically remembered the dream, which seemed totally real to me, as real as waking life itself. I remembered everything I had experienced and understood that it was very significant for me, and that perhaps it would be useful to the Order; perhaps it was a message that I should pass on to Orlando or Evita.

All these thoughts emerged quickly in my consciousness when I realized that it was already dawn; internally, I felt a very special joy for what I had experienced.

In those days, the interview with Eva was approaching and, with the Order's meetings suspended until further notice, I took the opportunity to visit my friend Mario, as we had agreed to meet up around that time. I went to his house in the Avellaneda neighborhood and we went to a bar to chat about various topics.

At one point, Mario coldly asked me what I thought about Eva Perón's illness. (At that time, rumors were circulating in the country's main media outlets that Evita was suffering from a serious illness).

Instead of answering, I asked him the same question.

"Look, Luis," he said, "we've known each other for years. Since college in Córdoba and now together fighting for the Peronist cause. As you well know, I was never a deeply spiritual man and always had doubts about it. In fact, I had never noticed anything transcendent in Peronism; I simply thought it would be just another party, but I was totally wrong, and now that I am with you, I understand why you reproached me for my lack of mysticism and vision. As you know, Luis, I met Evita through her brother Juan, and before collaborating on her work, I was a friend of hers, which allowed me to develop a friendship not only because we shared an ideal, but also because she has a certain affection for me.

Thanks to her, I started working at the Foundation, and you know very well that this enabled you to join and participate in its great social work; but the best assistance she gave me was spiritual. Evita pulled me out of mediocrity, lifted me out of ignorance, and

gave me the opportunity to be a true Peronist. I repeat that I was always skeptical, and although I recognized the good intentions of Perón's doctrine, I never had your convictions, nor was I sure that this system would work. Over time, in light of the changes brought about by this Peronist government, I became convinced that what this leader had promulgated was not a political utopia, and all the social, economic, and cultural reforms completely changed my opinion regarding the goals and objectives of Peronism.

I then began to question certain things that Evita always used to tell me. One of them was the one that most disturbed me, since it suggested that spiritual forces were at work behind Peronism, and that didn't make much sense to me, since I only saw in it the work of a brilliant leader. But when I saw similar and magnificent changes, I began to consider very likely the premises that Evita outlined in my presence during the conversations we had with her brother.

Thus, I began to see the realities that Peronism brought to light from a different perspective than before; slowly, I changed my opinion and gradually began to discover the significance of the Justicialist doctrine.

But beyond my deductions, it was the experience of a dream that determined the definitive change in my ideals and convictions; it generated within me an absolute conviction of the utterly spiritual nature of Peronism.

"Luis, could I tell you about my dream to see what you think?" he asked.

"Sure, Mario," I said, "I'm interested in hearing about your experience."

"In those days, I had already begun to review the books written by Perón, and every night I devoted myself to studying them; but I did so with a different attitude, because although I had read them before, now, on Evita's recommendation, I was rereading them. The reason for this was the new reading technique I was implementing at Eva's suggestion, which allowed me to comprehend and understand the doctrine in a different way.

At that point, I interrupted Mario because the idea of a reading technique

caught my attention.

"Can you tell me what reading method she taught you?" I asked.

"The method is extremely interesting," he said. But first, let me tell you how she came to give me those instructions. One day, I was with Juan at his house when Eva suddenly came to visit him because, as you know, she had a deep love for her brother and was worried about him. I was reading the newspaper and mentioned a news item. Eva listened attentively to my comment and interrupted me before I could finish:

"You're misinforming my brother," she said.

I was offended by Evita's comment and responded rudely.

"How can I be wrong if that's what it says in the newspaper? I just read it."

"The thing is, you don't read properly," she said sternly, "and that means you don't understand what you read."

"Look, Juan. Now your sister claims that you can't read," I said to her brother, looking for someone to support me.

"Mario," said Juan. "If my sister says you read badly or incorrectly, there must be a reason."

Evita, seeing that I didn't have her brother's support, continued.

"Mario, you misunderstood me. What I mean is that it's difficult to read correctly, as one should, and because of this, most people don't understand what they read very well. There are several reasons for this." I interrupted Eva abruptly.

"Okay, how should one read correctly? Can you tell me the method to use?" I asked ironically.

Evita smiled and then replied:

"Mario, don't be offended, because that's not my intention. I simply want to point out that a certain reading technique is essential for reading perfectly. It's very simple and didactic, and requires two fundamental factors. One is concentration; the other is abstraction. Although these two terms are apparently simple and we all use them when reading,

Very few do it correctly, as it is extremely difficult. To concentrate properly requires conscious effort, where the will and all the energies of the consciousness directed from the self are focused specifically on the visual field relevant to reading. In this way, we internalize concepts and do not allow our attention to be diverted for any reason. The second step, Mario, is abstraction: this undoubtedly depends on concentration. As you will realize, the two are related; they go together, although abstraction differs from concentration in that it allows us to separate what we intend to read from the rest. In other words, Mario, abstraction introduces us to the pure essence of the argument, freeing us from elements that disturb our consciousness, whether they come from our unconscious or from outside.

-Do you understand me, Mario? Can you grasp the difference between conscious and mechanical reading?

Eva was undoubtedly right, because concentrating was a problem for me, and every time I set out to study or read, I stumbled over that difficulty. Something that happened to me very often was that my concentration was interrupted by thoughts unrelated to what I was doing circulating in my mind, which caused me to lose my abstraction and concentration.

I was also susceptible to any external change that would cause me to stop or lose my train of thought. I realized that Evita was right and that, due to my lack of willpower, my concentration and abstraction were quite mediocre. Evita made me aware of my mistake in the seconds it took her to explain this technique. After reflecting on it, I replied:

"Yes, Eva, I understand the difference, and you're right because I'm a mechanical reader. While you were explaining your method, I became aware of its truth. The thing is, I never stopped to think carefully about the mistake I was making when reading, and now you've made me realize that this is a mechanical habit that I must break."

"That's right, Mario," Evita said. "Look at the newspaper and you'll see that what it says differs from your comment."

I picked up the newspaper, and as I read, Eva commented on the news, which



It unfolded exactly as described in the newspaper; I was amazed because the story was quite long and Eva explained practically everything without making a mistake. In this way, she not only showed me that she knew the news perfectly, but also demonstrated an excellent memory, which caught my attention.

"Evita," I said, "I see you're right; I was wrong about the news. I apologize if I offended you at any time." Juan, who had remained on the sidelines of the conversation, burst out laughing, and we all did the same, creating a lighthearted mood, especially mine.

"I accept your apology, but you don't have to apologize to me," she replied. Then she looked at Juan and said,

"This goes for you too, Juan; don't think I was just scolding Mario."

"No, sister; I also understand your concepts and will keep them in mind," said Juan. "This is how I learned to read consciously, Luis. Thanks to this situation, I assimilated a way of reading that benefited me. Do you understand the same, Luis?"

"Yes, Mario, and your story is nice. Now go on and tell me about your dream, because I'm eager to know what it was about."

-Okay. As I was saying, I was reviewing the general's work and applying the method taught by Evita, which was giving me excellent results. I locked myself in my room and tried by all means to avoid being disturbed, as it was a time of spiritual crisis and the only way I could escape that labyrinth was through enlightenment. So I threw myself wholeheartedly into the search for my truth, diving into the ocean of my shadows, trying to find the reasons, the lights that would enlighten my conscience, my spirit. Incredibly, beyond my intellectual revisions, it was a terrible dream, an incredible dreamlike experience that completely opened my understanding. I want to tell you that for several months I had been having a series of dreams or dreamlike experiences that were highly suggestive because they contained symbols that awakened certain concerns in me. So, in recent times, I have devoted myself to investigating the realities that lie behind the dream world.

rich and found a series of highly interesting answers. I understood, for example, that this mysterious world is often a field of action where the divine and the spiritual manifest themselves to man. Past civilizations and ancient cultures had a very special respect for this field; they gave dreams a priority role in their existence.

Luis, I don't want to explain what I discovered about this subject because I think you already know about it in a way. Or are you unfamiliar with the subject? Mario asked.

"This world is fascinating," I said. "And it's one of those areas where our logical and formal consciousness is often thrown off balance by the experiences we have, Mario. Dreams have always fascinated me, and I sincerely believe that no one can truly understand them; sometimes they are so meaningful that they leave a lasting impression on you. It's true, Mario, there were cultures such as the Etruscans, Greeks, Romans, Mayans, etc., that had real institutions dedicated to the study of these messages; but you'd better continue with the story of your experience.

-Okay, Luis. I was resting on my bed after an exhausting day when, due to my own fatigue, I began to feel a deep sleep taking over my consciousness. As I felt sleep coming over me, I remembered that I had to turn off the light because it was still on. I got up and turned it off.

When I went back to bed and was falling asleep, I began to feel a deep heat throughout my body, like a fire burning me, specifically on my face. I thought it was coming from inside me, but then I realized it wasn't. When I opened my eyes, I saw a bright light shining against the wall, halfway up my bed. When I saw that incandescent light, I was paralyzed, petrified in my bed: I couldn't move or speak. Suddenly, the light began to take human form. Slowly, the outline of a woman appeared, and her figure became more and more distinct, taking the shape of a virgin, or perhaps a Greco-Roman goddess or something like that, Luis. My heart was beating at a furious pace, and panic was taking hold of me, but I tried in every way possible to control that fear

inside me.

The figure finally took shape, but the initial blinding brightness remained on her face. Thus, I could distinguish the image of a pagan goddess or Christian virgin; but it was impossible for me to see her face, because when I tried to look at her, her radiance blinded my eyes. This powerful being, this spirit of light, drew a sign with its hand and then slowly began to dissipate. Little by little, its image blurred and the light began again at the original point. When all the rays of light gathered at that point, something striking and strange happened: it moved toward a right angle in the room and disappeared through it, leaving the room completely dark. Slowly, my normal abilities began to return, gradually freeing me from the paralysis that had gripped my entire body. Instantly, I fell back into physical exhaustion and mental fatigue, which dragged me into a deep sleep. When I awoke, eight hours had passed, and I remembered the experience clearly, but I had doubts about its veracity. I wondered if it had all been a figment of my imagination, but when I touched my face, I felt a sensation of pain on my right cheek, and when I looked in the mirror, I was surprised to see that that side of my face was burned. Coincidentally, that side was the one most exposed to the blinding light. I quickly realized that what I had experienced was real, that this event had a very special meaning; perhaps it was a message. You know, Luis? That warrior image had the bearing of a pagan virgin and radiated a mysticism, a very special power. I automatically associated it with our comrade Evita and Peronism. However, beyond this conclusion, what this experience unleashed in me was a new conception of reality. I am now convinced that behind this whole process there are certain transcendent mystical forces that are sustaining this transformation.

What do you think of my experience, Luis?

-Simply extraordinary. I think that if you wanted to visualize a symbol that would confirm your convictions, this experience puts an end to all your doubts, Mario. What did Evita say about your experience?

? I imagine you told her what happened!

-You know what? The other day I went to Eva's office to tell her about my experience and find out what she thought. She welcomed me and when I began to tell her what had happened, she was deeply surprised and happy for me when I finished recounting the dream. She immediately spoke up.

"These are the symbols I've been waiting for! With yours, a certain spiritual and social strategy is now confirmed, and the general will be happy to hear it. Evita's response surprised me completely, because I realized that she had been expecting what had happened, and even more so when she said that the general would be pleased. Do you understand, Luis? My dream was like a message from the spirit confirming something, a strategy, and with time, as certain changes took place within me, I understood perfectly what Evita meant. After all this, Eva summoned me several times and we talked in detail about various topics; sometimes we were alone and other times Comrade Oscar was present with me; it was during one of those talks that she told us about the Strategy of the Siege and the mission we had to carry out. Imagine my surprise when I found your name on the list of comrades that Evita gave me! I felt a deep joy knowing that you would also be participating in it. Inside, I wanted to tell Mario about my fascinating dreamlike and spiritual experience, but something held me back. I know that it might have been important for Mario to know about my experiences, and at one point in the conversation he asked me about it, but I remained silent on the subject. We continued talking, and Mario lamented Evita's unfortunate illness, asking me how it was possible that our great colleague and friend of his had to go through what she was going through. Mario's lament over Eva's illness struck me terribly; I knew perfectly well that something had changed in this colleague of mine, as I had noticed a belligerent attitude in her. What I noticed was that there was something different about Evita during those days: that difference was in her speeches. They were the same tremendously belligerent and aggressive speeches, characterized by a merciless attack on capital and the oligarchy. Her messages carried

something special, and at that time I saw a marked difference between them and those of years past, and it was because of this change that I understood that something was happening with Evita. When I learned of the probable illness of our guardian of the Peronist revolution, I understood the reason for the aggressiveness in her letters, in her speeches, in the attacks she constantly carried out against the capitalist oligarchy of our nation. So I asked Mario what he thought about this and how he saw it.

"Look, Luis," he said, "you're right. What's more, Evita has changed in recent years. She has become more serious, and I notice it in the way she treats people. She demands much more than before and does not tolerate cowardice or mediocrity. It's true, her speeches are direct. You're very observant, because I hadn't fully realized this situation. Why do you think that is, Luis? What do you think?"

I sincerely believe that our colleague and charismatic leader has defined herself internally, has completed a noological process, reaching absolute individuation; she has carried out her alchemical opus, voluntarily renouncing her lower nature and definitively connecting with eternity. You know, Mario, that we pursue social revolution, but in the book given by Evita on Justicialist Wisdom, she speaks specifically of spiritual revolution, of the liberation of the spirit and of the two homelands, one that has to do with our nation, with our soil, and the other with the infinite, with eternity. Now that you ask me what I see in Evita, I am absolutely convinced that our comrade consciously participates in those two homelands. What's more, perhaps Eva is more rooted in the second one, perhaps she is more a part of the eternal worlds, of the homeland of the spirit, and is showing us the path to the Origin, to our original homeland. In one of the meetings I had with Evita, she told me some timeless words of the great French thinker Victor Hugo: "If there is nothing more in man than in beasts, pronounce without laughing these words: the right of man and of the citizen, the right of the ox, the right of the ass, the right of the oyster: they will produce the same sound. To reduce man to the size of a beast, to diminish him in all the height of the soul that has been taken from him, to make him a thing like any other; that suppresses at one stroke many

statements about human dignity, human freedom, human inviolability, the human spirit, and turns all that pile of matter into something manageable. The authority from below, falsehood, gains everything that the authority from above, the true authority, loses. Without infinity there is no ideal, without ideal there is no progress, without progress there is no movement, only stagnation.

Several hours had passed since we sat down at that coffee table, and a couple of them had livened up the conversation. It was already past 3 p.m., and time had flown by without us noticing.

Mario was impatient because one of these days we would meet with the members of the Order of Justicialist Builders and our colleague Evita. A silence fell; I wondered if that holy virgin or pagan goddess visualized by my companion in his dream had anything to do with our charismatic leader, with the woman who had made possible this awakening that was now manifesting itself in Mario: our comrade Evita. So, while I was thinking about it, I asked my friend:

"Mario, you said you couldn't make out the face of that female image that looked like a Greco-Roman goddess. Was it impossible for you to see it?"

"Luis, it was impossible because the glow of her face was like flames of fire. She resembled those holy figures with a halo, but with such brightness and magnitude that it was impossible for me to look at her face.

"Mario, what else can you tell me about her? What other manifestations did you perceive?"

-Look, Luis. There is something I remember that I was later able to perceive better in my consciousness, and when I mentioned it to Evita, it caught her attention, and she even made a gesture of approval. The image that formed in my mind had a heroic character, a warrior-like bearing, and the first association I made mentally was with the image of a virgin or saint; but then, when I was able to correctly rationalize its ethical morphology, I related it to a Greco-Roman goddess, such as Juno or Artemis, or perhaps Ceres.

You see, Luis! Evita was very interested in the ethical bearing

of the image in my dream or vision because she told me, affirming it, that it was not a dream, but rather the vision of a different reality, of another order that was directly related to this whole process of social transformation. For me, it was incredible to understand this idea, but Evita, after meditating deeply on my vision, told me that it had been a bridge from which certain divine forces were projecting a message to us in symbolic form, since all dreams or visions of the spirit are received in this way. For some very particular reason, I was a revealing pontiff in conveying this vision to Eva. For her, my vision had a transcendent meaning not only on a personal level; it also implied that the message was equally fundamental for society.

Do you understand, Luis? What do you think about all this?

Evita's concern for ethical conduct is justified. You must understand, Mario, that Peronism is fighting with all its might to impose a social ethic whose values will completely reform the moral and cultural norms that have always been imposed on us by the ruling oligarchy. For this to become a reality once and for all, and for the social revolution to be a *fait accompli*, we need men and women who are determined to give everything for their country. Do you realize, Mario, how vital it is to impose cultural ethics? They are the moral foundation for achieving these goals, and Peronism aspires to establish a model of man affirmed in a creole spirit, with bold and heroic moral characteristics. Ultimately, if this ethic is not imposed on social reality, it may all be in vain.

"So, Luis, do you see a direct relationship between my experience and the realization of this Peronist social ethic? What does this mean to you?" he asked.

"Look, Mario. I am convinced that your experience was a direct message to our leader; I believe that it heralds a very special moment, a plausible time to carry out the strategy. We must remember that every member of the Order of Justicialist Builders carries in their spirit, in their ontological reality, the capacity to relate charismatically with

supernatural or divine realities. Any one of us has the power and wisdom to be a bridge to those transcendent realities. Ultimately, if it is as I believe, you were used as a messenger of the gods, and they have designated you to convey a message to us with which we can usher in a new Peronist era.

Your words are convincing, Luis, and they make me see absolutely that this is so. Eva also thought the same thing; I am totally convinced.

I hope, Luis, for the sake of our country and especially for the Peronist people, that Comrade Evita is well and will recover soon, as we need her strength, her charisma, and her intelligence. All Justicialist men are eager for her recovery, and I hope that Evita takes the necessary precautions to regain her physical health as quickly as possible. I sincerely hope that this is nothing more than a minor issue, for the good of all.

I hope so too, Mario; this leader is of vital importance to the country. Eva must know how valuable she is at this time; the country needs her now more than ever, and her power and charisma are essential if we are to consolidate the revolution and liberate ourselves once and for all.

We said goodbye to Mario and agreed to meet on the day Evita had set for the meeting of the Order of Justicialist Builders of the Siege Strategy. We said goodbye and I went home, where I waited for the day of the meeting, studying certain books by Perón, especially the one Evita had given me. I reflected on everything Mario and I had discussed recently and tried to grasp the magnitude of my dream experience, comparing it with Mario's. There were undoubtedly a number of very significant coincidences between the two experiences, and I searched for signs and symbols in those coincidences to try to reveal them in the light of Peronist doctrine and strategy. There was a doubt in my mind, and it centered both on the female figure dreamed of by Mario and on mine. I wondered who that spirit of light could be, and beyond the ethics it carried



, which according to Mario was what really mattered to Evita, I was interested in knowing who that being was: a whole series of conjectures ran through my head.

When the day of the meeting arrived, I hoped with all my heart that nothing would go wrong with the plan, especially with Evita. When I arrived at the agreed address, I was greeted by my colleague Orlando, and after we embraced, he asked me how I was, to which I replied that I was fine. He invited me into the house, and when I did, I found all my colleagues from the Order of Justicialist Builders. I greeted them one by one, and we waited in complete silence for Evita.

## CHAPTER VI

### **Last meeting between Luis and Eva Perón**

Comrade Orlando asked us to be patient as comrade Evita would be a few minutes late starting the meeting. Perhaps, he added, coffee or tea could be served for everyone. I felt deeply that this meeting was vital for our future and had a feeling that it could also be the last; in that sense, a bad feeling was growing inside me and, no matter how hard I tried to be positive, that strong feeling was gaining ground in my mind. While I was drinking my cup of coffee, my colleague Oscar approached me and cautiously asked my opinion about this unexpected meeting, especially with Evita. He also hinted at his bad feeling. I replied that I felt the same way, but that we should wait for Evita's message and not be swayed by mere personal conjecture, even if our intuition told us certain things. At that precise moment, Orlando informed us that Eva had arrived and that we should go into the room and make ourselves comfortable because the meeting would begin in a few minutes. We did so, and within seconds our leader entered; her countenance was the same as always, and her characteristic beauty, which we all admired, shone through. With her usual poise and confidence, Eva sat down at a desk in front of us and greeted us politely, as was her custom.

With Orlando at her side, she began the meeting:

"Comrades," she said. "I have gathered you all here and called you all together for

Two reasons. The first is to congratulate you on the determination and commitment you are showing in implementing and shaping the Strategy of the Encirclement. This Order of Justicialist Builders has proven itself to be strategically and spiritually equal to the movement created by our leader Juan Domingo Perón, the architect of this entire revolution and our greatest example of determination and dedication. Each one of you has fulfilled with responsibility and discernment the tasks entrusted to you, and I recognize your loyalty and courage toward me and toward the strategy. This makes you worthy bastions of the awakened and unified Peronism that we are trying to build in this country, in this, our beloved nation. My main objective is the completion of the Strategy of the Siege, and with comrades like you, I have no doubt that we will make every effort to finish it and thus set ourselves on the path toward the great Argentina that we all desire and that our country fundamentally needs. This is my main motive, and I reiterate my most sincere congratulations. The second reason is to analyze the development of the Strategy of the Siege and plan the tactics to be implemented in the future. We all know that we are on the eve of presidential elections and that the General's primary objective is re-election, since it is imperative to remain in power if we want to continue consolidating the Peronist revolution. This is the ultimate goal, and we must all work together to achieve it. The Siege Strategy must work toward this end. To this end, we have ordered the implementation of a political booklet explaining a series of doctrinal differences between ideologies and their positions in the world. Orlando will distribute notes to each of you, and then someone will read them to all of us.

After a while, Eva said:

"Oscar. Can you read?"

"Sure, partner," he said.

Below is a transcription of part of the text, as it is interesting to share.

### *The Third Justicialist Position*

World War II (1939-1945) left the world in a

situation of bipolarity, that is, the presence of two poles of power: the United States and the Soviet Union, with their respective spheres of influence. General Perón's initial proposal was based on creating a doctrine that would stand above these two positions; this gave rise to the third position, which sought to ideologically overcome two opposing and extremist philosophical systems: liberalism, whose historical realization is capitalism, and Marxist socialism. The term liberalism is misleading; it should therefore be clarified that by liberalism we mean the doctrine that posits an unbalanced relationship between the individual and the state, motivated by an individualistic anthropological conception, and that of a freedom devoid of ethics, even if absolute. Liberalism is deceptive and illusory because, although it emphasizes human freedoms, it does not place limits on individual excesses and greed, which leads to the exploitation of the socially weakest, the poor. On the other hand, this doctrine maintains that the economic order is a natural order, and that morals and ethics are structured from it, and that the goal pursued by communities is happiness based on material realities; hence, it is achieved through goods and wealth. This marked materialism, in which private property acquires vital importance and wage earners depend on the free play of supply and demand in the market, without having any value in themselves, has created an exacerbated individualism in which man becomes a wolf to man.

Capitalism, which, as we have said, is the realization of liberal ideological principles, presupposes consumption subordinated to the confusion of production, which is extremely detrimental to human dignity, since consumption and production must undoubtedly be adjusted invariably to human needs and not the other way around, as capitalist systems do. The second position that would be superseded by Justicialism is that known as scientific or Marxist socialism, whose mentors are Marx and Engels. The former takes his fundamental and main ideas from the German philosopher Hegel and the materialist Feuerbach. From Hegel, he takes the idea that everything that exists is the product of dialectical evolution

thesis, antithesis, synthesis—and from Feuerbach he acquires his materialist argument—the first, fundamental, and only reality is matter. By applying and unifying these two methods of philosophical thinking to the interpretation of history, Karl Marx formulates his materialist conception of history. Marx argues that production determines the consciousness of men, since changes in the means of production generate antagonisms in social classes, which in turn drive new modes of social differentiation or class division, and the differences between these classes drive changes in human relations, which are the product of new material forms of production. Ultimately, the agent, the product that generates social transformations, is class struggle, which is generated by the dispute over the means of production. In this struggle, a higher synthesis (a Marxist dilemma based on Hegel) and the final goal must be reached: the dictatorship of the proletariat prior to a communist society, "without classes and without a state." There is no doubt that the dictatorship of the proletariat leads to the total suppression of private property, the means of production, and the elimination of all social and state structures, fundamentally religious and legal ones, with the proletariat imposing only its own rights. In this way, the state becomes a wolf to man, suppressing all his rights and reducing them to their bare minimum: the exploitation of man by the state kills rights and freedoms.

Let us now look at General Perón's proposal, which, as mentioned above, goes beyond the events and failures of the regimes described above. Private property, abolished by communism and recognized as an absolute right by liberalism, is respected by Justicialism and fulfills a social function, that is, it is subordinate to the common good. The state reserves the right to deprive individuals (deliberately and for a particular reason) of their property if they do not use it for the common good, since the purpose of the state is distributive or social justice, that is, the pursuit of the well-being of all the inhabitants of the nation in the most equitable and egalitarian manner possible and achievable. What stands out in this proposal is the free and sovereign ability of the government

, elected by the people, to determine its socio-economic structures and political institutions, as well as to control and conduct its economies and the fair distribution of its income through labor contracts, wage setting, socialization of the basic structures of essential services, etc.

In other words, when faced with two extremes, the organized community proposed by General Perón strikes a fundamental balance between the interests of the individual and the community. Through this balance, Justicialism promotes private initiative and its organization from within social structures, starting at the grassroots level. In doing so, it bridges differences, punishes abuses by certain sectors, and harmonizes legitimate interests in order to achieve the common good. In this way, Justicialism organizes reality and is not a slave to theoretical utopias; it organizes the different forces existing in the people and harmonizes them socially under the common good.

After Comrade Oscar finished reading, Evita proceeded to make her comments:

-The essential differences between justicialism, the third position, and ideological extremism on the right and left must be clarified. freeing ourselves from conceptual and ideological color blindness is necessary and vital for the future, because there will be intentional attempts to align Peronism with one of these ideologies. Over time, as spiritual capacities diminish and materialistic philosophical dogmas increase due to the evolutionary action of societies, it will become easier for these ideologies to penetrate and corrupt the ideological structures of justicialism. Therefore, bear in mind that materialism is the enemy of Justicialism due to the seductive power it exerts over the masses. It has the particularity of plunging men into illusions and fantasies, thus dulling their consciences and turning them into mediocre men lacking any spiritual vision. Peronism, beyond intellectual reasoning, is a deeply spiritual understanding; hence its emphasis on mysticism, because the truest experience of Peronist truth is not found in dialectics but in mysticism. It is mysticism that has made this union of forces possible and has allowed us to awaken to a new ethical understanding of life and of

national state. The Justicialist mystique is characterized by granting the people as a whole, the community in general, the real possibility of authentic spiritual liberation, both in the communal order, which is the highest aspiration of Justicialism, and in the individual order. Comrades of the Order of Justicialist Builders, you know that there is a charismatic bond between all Peronists, you know that to be a Peronist is to embrace a way of life where we try to realize the highest democratic and Christian values, and we all know that this "time outside of time" that is Peronism today we owe especially to General Juan Domingo Perón; he is the bastion of all this magnificent work, and you have been able to access this wisdom and knowledge thanks to our general.

Perón has specifically requested that we collaborate on this occasion with our utmost effort, and it will be an honor to respond to his demands, even if it means delaying the fundamental objectives of our mission for a certain period of time. We all know that our goals and objectives go beyond the strictly political or social. The founders of the Strategy of the Siege have as their main objective to awaken consciences, to deconstruct them from the prevailing dogmas that culturally weaken us and subject us to normative arguments and perverse morals lacking in noological ethics. Thus, these illusions undermine and destroy the will and, fundamentally, the spirit of freedom. It is to counteract this that the Order of Justicialist Builders of the Strategy of the Siege was created. Our mission has a purely spiritual meaning, but we are indebted to the general and will obey... Therefore, the implementation of this political-ideological pamphlet will serve to give everyone an intellectual and spiritual understanding of the substantial differences between Peronism and international extremism. The general wants us, who have a whole structure in place, with a communications network throughout the country, to distribute this small pamphlet and a series of books in all the Basic Units in order to educate our people as quickly as possible in the understanding of the doctrine. Certain studies carried out by state agents have determined that reaching the masses with

This booklet, together with a series of books written by General Perón, added to the entire apparatus of the State and all its political structures, will lead us to win the elections for the good of the country. Studies carried out by certain state agencies have concluded that it is essential to affirm the Justicialist doctrine at all costs, since the foundation of our government lies in its ability to create a Peronist people, and to do so we must inform the people about the ideology much more than we have been doing lately. The country will be flooded with material expressing Justicialist ideas, and no Argentine will be unaware of General Perón's thinking. We are convinced that we will obtain excellent results and that the future elections will be an excellent field in which to measure our achievements; the General is convinced that this strategy will allow Justicialism to remain in power, and we must cooperate with our entire structure in supporting him and his project, which is everyone's project. To this end, we will make our entire structure available, and the circles of the Order will be responsible for distributing the General's texts and this note. Once these objectives have been achieved, we will continue with the real goals and projects of the Strategy of the Encirclement.

Gentlemen. It is extremely necessary to strengthen ties and resolve because our Order is under attack by spiritual forces hostile to the project and the strategy, and they will project all their physical and metaphysical powers to destroy us.

I want to inform you that you must remain alert; each one of you must be a stronghold of justicialist ethics and the moral premises of the Order. It is essential to tighten the circle, put spiritual distance between us, and leave behind the archetypal arguments that will be unleashed within our people. Peronism is doing everything possible, spiritually and materially, to counteract the materialistic culture projected onto our nation by international powers. We have set up a political structure that will resist it, and we must fight these nefarious forces with all our wisdom.

When I refer to "tightening the circle," I am giving the indi-



strategic guidelines so that each of you knows how to distance yourselves from the archetypes and cultural models of the oligarchy; we must not succumb to the numinous forces unleashed by these arguments, as they directly affect the lowest part of our soul, recording our will and our spiritual self in the anima, in the animal man, thus turning us into mediocre beings. This type of attack affects us specifically, and I warn you that my message is intended to alarm you, since I myself am the perfect target for it; this is because I am easily identifiable in the collective consciousness, given that I am constantly in the public eye due to my political activity, which inevitably exposes me to the enemy. They have already launched attacks of all kinds against me, and since they have a whole structure of physical and supernatural power, they can access my nature, that is, project some technique of physical or psychological destruction onto my being. What I want you to understand is my spiritual indestructibility; my spirit, my will, can never be broken.

Being constantly in the spotlight as a symbol in the collective consciousness and in the cultural and social superstructure of our nation, I am subject to a series of weaknesses that are practically impossible to counteract. I consciously accepted this mission, and God knows that I am willing to sacrifice part of myself in order to fulfill the ethical-noological commitment I have undertaken: not even the pleas of my General will make me retreat, because the only thing that matters at this moment is not my life, but the lives of millions of comrades who are enslaved, subjected to a degrading culture that holds them back and subjugates them in multiple ways, deceiving them materially and spiritually. I would sacrifice myself for my people if necessary, but you must know that my heroism must not be in vain.

I remember a story from World War I that left a lasting impression on me. It was told to me by a former combatant. "On one occasion," he said, "we were preparing to attack the enemy trenches. When the order to advance was given, we moved out, and immediately we heard the sound of machine gun fire, and I saw my comrades fall, but I kept going..."

I got within a few meters of the enemy trench and dove headfirst into a hole. There were soldiers crouching inside, and we fired our rifles from there because we were on higher ground and could easily hit the enemy. Suddenly, a grenade fell into the trench, and my first thought was that we would all die if it exploded, which was certain to happen. But a comrade, a hero, threw himself on top of it, blowing his chest away and killing him instantly. This comrade, whom I didn't even know, and I don't think any of us in the pit did, showed us a way out: this marked me for the rest of my life. With his courage, he saved the lives of the four of us, and the most extraordinary thing is that we all came out of the war unscathed and were decorated several times for heroic actions in combat. In other words, his sacrifice was not in vain; his courage was rewarded with our heroism, and today I am proud to have been able to appreciate the path shown to us by this comrade. I hope that one day, when the Grim Reaper cuts my life short, I will be able to meet him in the afterlife to pay him my respects.

Do you understand, gentlemen, what I am trying to explain to you with this example of courage and heroism?

Yes, I am willing to fight to the death for my cause, for the Peronist revolution, and I hope that my example will serve to show future comrades the path they must follow to strengthen the movement and, of course, the entire community.

Comrades, you must see the selfish and immoral individualism of our oligarchy, which is always predisposed to cause pain. It seeks to return free men to the lowest stages of the evolution of consciousness. This oligarchy carries out the orders of terrible and powerful forces that, from the shadows, tell it how to operate efficiently. Selfish individualism, from its position of power, whatever form it takes in the cultural superstructure of the world (political, religious, economic, etc.), seeks to dethrone man from the hierarchies of the spirit, to remove him from the higher realm. But man has enough potential in his spirit to enthrone himself in divinity itself. He can attain absolute will and spiritual fulfillment; he only needs decision, knowledge, and volun-

tad, that is, to be under agnoseological wisdom such as that contained in the justicialist doctrine. Thus, the intention of these individualistic and selfish oligarchies to lower human and spiritual consciousness to its lowest animal and bestial expression is justified by the mystique of Peronism. It will prevent the strategies of these demonic forces from depersonalizing man into an atomizing collectivism; it, from the Peronist strategies, will never allow the massification of the collective consciousness. It is essential to recognize our enemy, and today, when its essential hostility is manifesting itself with all its power, is when we must become warriors, heroes, because if we fall asleep and succumb even minimally to the illusions and seductions of the oligarchy, we will leave an opening through which it will project and raise its treacherous knife. If we tighten the noose and move with strategy and intelligence under the mystique, it will protect us; but if we let our guard down and stray from the strategy and lose sight of the mystique, we will perish.

I reiterate, gentlemen, that what has truly made this moment possible is mysticism; therein lies the true power of the movement, from which comes the wisdom and knowledge with which our comrade Juan Domingo Perón developed the Justicialist doctrine, and as long as we keep it present in all our actions, we will be indestructible. But if political leaders, wherever they may be, cease to feel the mystique and fall seduced by the "power" that the structure and political rhetoric have given them, they will be trapped in certain political archetypes that imperialism has been promoting among our people for centuries. The synarchy, with its conservative or liberal models, has ruled this country for years, and only Peronism has managed to dismantle the stereotype that the rulers have projected onto our leadership. As you Justicialist gentlemen will understand, this political model is driven by only two very specific motives: money and status. Only the appetite for wealth and the power that social status confers are enough to seduce and lull leaders to sleep; in this way, rulers who are caught up in these arguments inherent in the political archetype sell their souls to the devil. As you will see, comrades, the Order's objective through this strategy is to sustain

the mystique, ensuring that it remains in the collective consciousness of our people and thus preventing them from falling for the political arguments of the International Synarchy and its lackey servants: the National Oligarchy. If we achieve our objectives, if we remain united, no matter how many strategies our enemies develop, they will be neutralized by Peronism. To this end, the Strategy of the Siege is vital, since part of the mystique is embedded in the doctrine and must be brought to every last Argentine. That is why we prioritize the development of the Basic Units as centers of power, and from them we will expand the Peronist doctrine with greater force than ever before; gathering the best men, we will create a group of Justicialist leaders who are free, powerful, and incorruptible to the temptations of power and status. This is the first time we have met; I have certain stories in common with some of my comrades, and we have been fighting for years to consolidate this blessed revolution; but I want you to understand that beyond this story we are encouraging, we have always participated since the beginning of time in historical contexts where justice and freedom fought against the slavery of the spirit, and beyond this story, beyond its outcome, which we hope will be positive for our people, we will always find each other again, because even if we are defeated in time, the Peronist myth will survive and sooner or later the mystique will resurrect it like the phoenix, rising from the ashes with greater power, and through it, from eternity, we will return and we will be millions.

To conclude this meeting, I want to remind you that we are being watched, for the eyes of the enemy are everywhere. Remember to be alert like a warrior in the midst of battle, and expect the unexpected, because men of genius, those who are grounded in their spiritual selves, will be attacked in every possible way in an attempt to find a weak spot, an Achilles heel, where the treacherous arrow will strike.

The Strategy of the Siege is not only national in nature; you must be a wall of stone, and each one of you must build your own siege, sheltering within your limits.

By this I mean that these natural and supernatural forces, unable to reach us because we are isolated from their nefarious cultures by the mystique of Peronism, will try to reach us by any means possible.

Do you understand, comrades?

If they cannot break us, they will attack someone we love with the sole purpose of softening us internally; it is in these cases that we must be stronger than ever. That is why we must protect ourselves by entering into mysticism.

To this end, I recommend that all of you become aware of your current state with regard to doctrine and mysticism, because that is where the enemy will strike with his dagger.

Comrades. Each one of you, in your respective positions, must be a watchman of the Peronist revolution, and I entrust the destiny of our homeland to your wisdom. Together with millions of comrades who share with us this ideal of national liberation, we must fulfill this destiny and unite our forces to achieve this goal. The Order of Justicialist Builders possesses the wisdom necessary to make this national project a reality, and if time allows, we will make it a reality. God knows that Peronism is synonymous with justice and that we only want this to be a reality within our country in all areas of society.

Remember that we must always remain alert like warriors in battle, because this is a war and we must not allow ourselves to be taken by surprise by the enemy. Yes, gentlemen, it is war! And anyone who has not understood that the Order of Justicialist Builders has the purpose of preparing our comrades for this great final battle is asleep and does not understand our mission. I hope that everyone understands the purpose of the Strategy of the Siege and that you will give yourselves to the last drop of your blood to achieve this goal.

You must be prepared to endure the unendurable, for in this war the enemy is cruel and will not hesitate for a moment to eliminate us, since they lack nobility and spirit; they are like hyenas, like jackals ready to devour everything.

There is no room in their hearts for compassion or mercy;

Only the goal of destruction has a place in them. The oligarchy and its international henchmen are determined to destroy us and will resort to any means at their disposal. We must prepare ourselves militarily in the future to face this enemy, and that is why the Order has the mission of raising awareness among the people of the future that lies ahead. Gentlemen, do you realize the responsibility you have taken on? I hope so.

Evita stood up and said:

"Comrades of the Order of Justicialist Builders. With nothing further to say, I bid you farewell, wishing each of you well-being and happiness, and I hope we will see each other again soon."

Our colleague Orlando will answer any questions you may have; he will provide you with all the answers. Goodbye, and God bless you.

Orlando gave a series of instructions and cleared up some of our doubts; then he ended the meeting, but first he named a group of people who had to remain in the room. There were seven of us, and we were told that Evita wanted to talk to each of us personally. Among them was my colleague Oscar, with whom I talked while they called us in one by one. In the end, only he and I were left waiting to be called. Our colleague Orlando finally called us and said that Evita wanted to talk to us. We entered a small kitchen, and there was Eva, sitting at the table drinking coffee. She invited us to help ourselves, and the three of us did so. We sat down at the table with Eva, and she said:

"I am proud of the work you have done. You have done a brilliant job leading the Order of Justicialist Builders, and I wanted to congratulate you personally. I am aware of all the circumstances and have seen the effort you have put into implementing the Siege Strategy. This has been immense, and I hope that after the elections we can continue to implement this brilliant project, but beyond that, which the future will reveal, I can assure you that, from certain perspectives, we have inflicted profound damage on the enemy.

Evita impressed me, as her gaze conveyed a sense of fighting spirit.

of struggle. There was a very special sparkle in her eyes. It was like a burning fire; I had never seen that look in her before, a look that commanded respect and perhaps even fear. We were all completely silent until Oscar asked:

"Madam, will we win the elections?"

"We will defeat them completely," Eva replied.

After that, we will strengthen the people's mystique and develop a warrior ethic in our youth, which will allow us to create a new collective consciousness.

I am convinced that after being defeated in the elections, the oligarchy will try to overthrow us with a coup d'état, and that will be the great moment when we will truly define where we stand."

What do you mean by that, ma'am? Oscar continued.

"The thing is, comrade, many of our comrades who are involved in the government are not spiritually prepared for that moment, and at that point I don't know how they will act," Eva pointed out. To make matters worse, they have some influence over the General. I am very suspicious of these people, and unfortunately they are close to Perón. By this I mean that there are still comrades who do not fully understand who we are up against and who lack the fighting spirit to give everything for the Peronist cause.

Madam, can't you do something about those people who might betray the Peronist movement? Oscar asked again.

"I am doing everything in my power to eliminate these individuals," she said. "I assure you that as long as I have the strength, I will fight against these traitors who are harming the government and the country. General Perón is aware of them, but for political reasons, he says he cannot eliminate them yet. I hope that in the future this will become a reality and we can purge the government of these types of politicians."

The general needs me more than ever, and lately, seeing me ill has affected him deeply. Therefore, regardless of what fate has in store for me, I hope that the Order of Justicialist Builders will continue to fight to the bitter end to impose a warrior ethic, because we will need it in the not too distant future if

we intend to bring this political and social revolution to a successful conclusion. The future comrades capable of completing this great work that Perón set in motion must come from the Order, and that is the same task I am entrusting to you. You must generate hundreds, thousands of awakened men, inspired by a warrior mystique and determined to give everything for the movement.

"My friend," said Orlando. "Rest assured that we will do everything in our power to accomplish the mission entrusted to us. And so far, everything has gone according to plan," he affirmed.

"I know, Orlando. I know," she said confidently. "I have no doubt that you will do everything possible to ensure the success of the mission, but remember that General Perón's primary objective is to win the elections, because if we lose, everything will have been in vain." I have tried to convince him of the urgent need to move forward, but he has shown me that it is vital to be re-elected and that we must collaborate with our structure, with our power; the general needs the best people to carry out certain missions throughout the country. That is why it is necessary for each member of the Order to carry out one or more missions in the provinces, collaborating politically. They will be assigned to different locations. Some will occupy important liaison missions with the government for certain periods of time, and others will be observing the internal guidelines of the provincial parties. You must explain this political strategy, specifically recommended by General Perón, to the other members of the Order of Justicialist Builders: we must not disappoint our leader. Here are some documents that will be important for the Order. They explain the missions that must be carried out, and you will give me a list detailing which comrade is the right person to perform each function. Once this political strategy has been implemented, which will surely end when we win the elections, the Order will quickly come into action, since once this obstacle has been overcome, we will have to make up for lost time. To this end, we will move as quickly as possible; we will accelerate our strategies and shorten deadlines, especially given what, as I mentioned earlier, I have been told.



services. We are certain that the military oligarchy will attack the government. The gorilla and oligarch sectors of the navy, together with an international synarchy, especially Anglo-Saxon (Evita had been denouncing the United States for some time), are the promoters of a coup d'état and are also behind certain priests who do not understand what Peronism is in essence, believing that we are going to fight their myth; They are totally mistaken, because we are respectful of religious traditions and this people is Christian. The services have informed us that there are certain sectors conspiring against our government and they have been clearly identified. That is to say, it is not the entire military or clerical institution, because in both institutions we have military comrades and priests who are Peronists loyal to Perón and our movement, but rather a part of them. However, they have a lot of power and are surely supported by American or British capitalism. If it were up to me, I would wipe them out. Considering our work in government, we should not have any internal enemies.

Even the oligarchy has benefited from this new Argentina! It seems unbelievable, but even with a government like ours, they continue to enrich themselves, and if Peronism has set a limit, it is never enough, because somehow they manage to continue profiting. Considering the growth of our gross domestic product in recent years, you can deduce that our oligarchy, especially the landowners, has also had something to do with it. However, they are not satisfied with anything. They are traitors who will not hesitate to step on our heads, and if they do not, it is because Peronism does not allow them to.

Eva stopped and ordered Oscar and Orlando to leave her alone for a few minutes because she had something personal to tell me. Once my companions had left, I questioned her.

"Evita, is it that serious? Can't it be counteracted?"

"Comrade architect, for now, my situation is manageable, and I assure you that I am trying with all my might to fight this enemy that has been unleashed within me.

You know, just when my general needs me most, I'm suffering from this problem, but mine isn't that important. How are you, Luis?

Luis? "I'm fine, ma'am, completely dedicated to the work."

-Good, I hope it stays that way.

He gave me a series of instructions to follow, and then told me to send Oscar in. Later, he did the same with Orlando.

After talking with each of us, he gathered the three of us together again and gave us his final instruction:

"Comrades. Pay attention to the signs and supernatural symbols that are unfolding in the world; open your minds and consciousness to the revolutionary mysticism of the spirit, so that everything that has been planned may come to fruition. May the mysticism protect you."

He said goodbye to us as usual, kindly, and left with his colleague Orlando; I said goodbye to Oscar and went home. That night I couldn't sleep; thousands of things were going through my mind. Two days passed in this way, during which I was practically consumed by insomnia. Meanwhile, in Argentina, a political climate was beginning to take hold as elections loomed, and the media, the press, and the radio were focused specifically on this: Peronism was beginning its battle for reelection, and everyone in the town knew that this was going to happen. Every day, we met with our comrades from the Order of Justicialist Builders; we organized the missions entrusted to us by the General and Evita, and each comrade took on a political activity in the places indicated according to the considerations and orders received. These activities were strictly political and were based on intellectual and mystical support for the new political project of Justicialism that would be developed after the elections if we remained in government. Everyone responded as agreed and promised to Evita and our leader, General Perón.

The task during those months was exhausting; the work required me to be on call 24 hours a day. My duties within the Order of Justicialist Builders consumed me completely, so I devoted myself entirely to them. We would meet and work on the projects; we had divided the structures according to the circles of the Order, and each of us fulfilled our mission. In our

The working group's objective went beyond strictly political matters, as Evita had entrusted us with an essentially spiritual mission, for which we moved to a place in the Sierras de Córdoba and remained there for 30 days. I will not recount the work carried out there; I will only say that it involved the construction of certain architectural structures that would have a powerful future and serve as a center of power and training in Justicialist Wisdom. Our specific mission was to isolate the geography of the area through a strategy by which we enclosed it and dismantled the archetypes and the harmful materialistic and anti-Peronist influences. This building complex, which currently remains intact, is located in a geomantic area full of power, which can be experienced if we remain connected to Justicialist ethics. In other words, the awakened Peronist who participates in the mystique can still observe and experience this eternal symbol that was architecturally constructed in Embalse de Río Tercero. These complexes had certain strategic missions in the future, and the grandeur of their constructions is eloquent and speaks for itself. The Order of Justicialist Builders secretly planned these structures, which were specifically designed to be true lithic machines of psycho-logical and spiritual transmutation. These complexes were planned to create the true Justicialist man, and to a certain extent, the objective was achieved; they still remain intact in all their splendor. The military tried to destroy them, but a very powerful and mysterious force prevented them from doing so. It is possible that in a future justicialist government, these Peronist architectural machines of spiritual transformation will once again become what they were originally intended to be when they were built: centers of power. What I am about to recount is a spiritual experience, a vision that occurred at that time when we were working with our comrades to surround and isolate the Embalse de Río Tercero area.

One afternoon, we went out for a walk with our colleague Oscar; our mission was to find certain lithic reference points; on these landmarks we had to place certain signs and symbols which were intended to influence the geomancy of the area. This task

took us practically the whole day.

We walked for miles and miles through the mountains, as the choice of this point within the landscape had to be made under certain very special psychological conditions. In other words, it was done spiritually and not rationally, and to be more explicit, these lithic points revealed themselves to us and not the other way around.

It is important to understand that they were and are true energy vortexes, and their power manifested itself to us. In this way, we were attracted by the power that resided in those points, and we erected symbols of justice on them, surrounding the geography of the place. That is why I want to emphasize that it was not a psychological or emotional choice of the place where the esoteric work was carried out, but rather that the choice was synchronistic and nonlogical, that is, it was produced by an encounter between the place or the stone and us. This synchronous spiritual coincidence with the geomantic point was not accidental but acausal, and was due to our spiritual states of consciousness, since in order to connect synchronistically with the geography and its power, it was necessary to remain in a very special spiritual state. To this end, Oscar and I performed certain purification techniques in order to be spiritually attuned to the task at hand. For example, given our physical mastery through the practice of certain physical exercises, we first carried out physical and mental strengthening work, complemented by fasting and certain concentration and meditation exercises. In other words, we prepared ourselves consciously and in accordance with the recommendations of Justicialist Wisdom, as this was the only way to open our noological consciousness in order to perceive and observe these points of power. Thus, once this purifying work was completed, we undertook the task of isolating and surrounding the area, which proved to be an exhausting task. For ten days we marched through the hills and valleys looking for geomantic vortexes and hardly ever stopped. We slept very little and the physical and spiritual rhythm was tremendous. At times I had no perception of my own reality: it was pure will. But it was a fundamental mission and we had to carry it out even if it cost us our lives. Oscar proved to be an extraordinary spirit.

His willpower and energy were endless, and his noological perception instantly recognized energy vortexes.

He showed no signs of fatigue, and his psychological and emotional coolness revealed him to be a man completely in control of himself and with a very special sensitivity.

We had worked for eight days and practically the entire area was marked off and spiritually isolated. The circle was closing in on the geography and the end was approaching; there were only a few small points left to discover to finish and close the circle. We marched all day and camped at night. One of those nights I had a dreamlike experience similar to one I had had before; I had developed certain spiritual abilities and possessed the gift of activating certain experiences in my spirit at will; lately, due to my work, exhaustion, and lack of predisposition, I had not had experiences of this nature. That day I was extremely sensitive and throughout the day I felt things I had never perceived before. I remember that I had practically captured all the energy vortexes I had discovered that day and had the feeling that everything was watching me, that everything around me had a very special meaning: nature appeared to me as a living, thinking being.

This caused me emotional sensitivity that at times aroused a certain panic in me. I tried by all means to control my soul and continue with my work. Oscar, realizing my situation, asked me to concentrate on myself and not to give meaning to the beings that appeared everywhere around me with a rather terrifying significance. I listened to him and isolated myself internally, strengthening my inner self and removing all meaning from the reality that surrounded me. I only felt the difference between the spiritual perception of an energetic vortex of something else and the effect it had on my being. The energetic lytic point where we placed symbols of justice awakened in me a feeling of power and spiritual peace; the opposite happened when I left it and stepped outside; I automatically felt how things attacked me and penetrated inside me, producing emotional states that I had to urgently resign myself to.

mind, because if I didn't, they caused me terrible panic. Fortunately, when I isolated myself internally, this did not happen, and although my body and soul felt these harmful and negative energies, they did not disturb my consciousness, they did not take away my lucidity; I don't know what would have happened if these meanings had taken over my consciousness; perhaps I would have sunk into total hysteria or madness. When night fell, we camped in an area determined by the last vortex we had discovered, and Oscar recommended that we spend the night there, which we did. After dinner, we discussed certain circumstances of the day and finally went to sleep.

That night I had a very significant experience. As I fell asleep, I began to feel an energy growing within me, and a power woke me up. I got up, went outside the tent, sat on a rock, and gazed at the dark, starry night. Feeling tremendous energies within me, I began to perform certain physical and breathing exercises. When I finished, I sat down, relaxed, concentrated, and meditated on myself. I fell asleep again and had a very revealing dream. In it, I saw a female figure shaped like a pagan goddess standing on a rock a little over three meters away from me; her face was light, and she would not let me look at her directly. A charismatic and spiritual connection was triggered between that goddess-virgin and me, for suddenly I felt that I could bear the brightness of her face, and I looked into her eyes. She automatically stopped shining, and I saw her face clearly, recognizing the woman: it was my companion Evita. An immense joy was unleashed in my heart, and my consciousness was illuminated with a transcendent lucidity. This woman began to transmit certain knowledge to me that I perceived clearly in my consciousness; her voice resonated sweetly and magnanimously, indicating the methods to follow for my spiritual development. Powerful and spiritual Eva instructed me; and if before I had not been able to see her face, on this occasion I could perceive all her beauty along with the power that emanated from her being.

After imparting her teaching, she said goodbye to me, and I felt that I would never see her again: her figure vanished. I woke up with the first rays of the sun and sat up in bed: I began to remember perfectly everything I had experienced with that woman; I felt a special joy in my spirit. I woke Oscar up and told him about my dream; he was delighted with my story and said to me:

a special joy in my spirit. I woke Oscar and told him about the dream; he was delighted by my story and said to me:

"I also had the same experience some time ago: it is our leader saying goodbye and passing on her wisdom to us. Let us thank the Spirit for choosing us for this strategy of national liberation and our comrade Evita.

In the days that followed, we finalized the strategy and closed the circle.

The siege was complete, and our mission was accomplished. We returned to the capital with our comrades, knowing that our undertaking had been a success. We resumed the tactics recommended by Eva Perón and began visiting grassroots organizations. I accompanied Orlando to meetings with union leaders and politicians. These lasted several hours and always revolved around the upcoming elections; in many cases, the vice presidency was on the table, as the candidate for that position had not yet been decided. On occasion, I accompanied Orlando to the government house, where he met with General Perón. He constantly spoke of the work of the Foundation and the social achievements that benefited the lower classes. Perón had deep admiration for Eva and respected her initiatives in all fields, allowing her to carry out her work without interfering in her affairs. He saw in Evita a woman willing to give everything for the Peronist cause and thanked God for having put such a companion in his path.

The general was an extraordinary person. On the occasions when I was able to remain at his side, I understood what a great spirit this leader had. His manner was impeccable, his kindness and understanding prevailed over his entire character, and there were no cracks in his personality. Perón was a man of genius, alert and of superior wisdom; his intellectual and cognitive abilities were superlative: he was possessed by a transcendent mystique that gave him a power that surpassed the strictly human. Perón resembled a demigod, and the people saw in him the image of their dreams come true; they loved and followed him as never before in their history. This brilliant statesman was the greatest genius this country ever produced.

I remember one interview very clearly. Orlando and I entered his office and the general was waiting for us. He greeted us with his usual courtesy, but he seemed very strange. Orlando asked him how he was and pointed out that he looked tired, to which the general replied that it wasn't tiredness but worry.

"I called you," said the general, "because I want to ask you to advise Eva to stop, to stop working. She doesn't listen to me, and I know she has deep respect for you. I'm asking you to try to convince her."

"I'm sorry, General, there's nothing I can do," replied Orlando. "I've done everything in my power for a long time, and Evita has never listened to me. She is determined to fight to the last breath, and there is nothing more I can do, General. I'm sorry, but nothing will stop her now."

"Gentlemen," said Perón, "her health is deteriorating every day, and with the elections coming up, her physical condition has worsened. That is why we must stop her. The doctors' latest reports indicate that her illness is serious, but if she stops now, she could still recover. She has to understand that it is the people who need her more than ever, and you have to help me. Orlando, what can we do to stop Eva?"

"I don't know, General. Keep in mind that it is a decision of her spirit, and I sincerely believe, sir, that Evita has undergone a spiritual transformation, an ontological alchemy where her being participates in a transcendent reality, and that is why she operates on a completely different level than we do. Excuse me, sir, I may hurt you, but this is the only truth I know, and I hope you understand." Eva participates in eternity, and there are no human limits to stop her; that is how I see it, General. Perón listened attentively to Orlando, and when my colleague finished, he looked at me and said:

"What do you think, architect? Do you agree with Orlando?"

"Absolutely, General," I affirmed.

"Very good, Orlando," added Perón. "I also know that this is the truth, and I understand perfectly the spiritual process of my wife."



. I know that she is the main target of certain unknown forces that seek to destroy her body, because I know that they will never be able to break her spirit. But it is my duty to prevent her from continuing without stopping. I hope that, as far as possible, you will advise Evita again in this regard.

"I will do so, General," replied Orlando.

He said goodbye to us and we left. During that conversation, I had the opportunity to feel and experience the General's pain, and I hated with all my strength the fate and everything that opposed the greatness of Justicialism both on earth and in heaven.

## **CHAPTER VII**

### **Evita's illness and death. The mystery of the embalming**

The entire country and the entire nation were shaken by the official news of Evita's illness. I felt saddened because our comrade, the watchdog of our revolution, was fighting a personal battle to escape the clutches of death. All Peronists wholeheartedly wished for Eva Perón's recovery; likewise, the enemies of the homeland prayed for the worst. Those unscrupulous cowards saw Evita's disappearance as a chance to triumph, since they knew to some extent that the movement was mystically sustained by the charisma of this leader. Who could have imagined years ago that this incredible woman, born and raised among the people, anointed by a vocation for justice and possessed by unparalleled courage and heroism, would suffer such an ordeal? The months passed and her illness became increasingly distressing; Peronism was preparing for the electoral battle, which it would win by a wide margin over the other political opposition forces. Eva, bedridden, voted, showing her unparalleled spirit; meanwhile, the entire people were in agony and the nation was entering a dark period that would end in the dark liberation revolution a few years later. Our Evita was leaving this country for good, leaving us an example and a path to follow; the entire people wept and suffered at her passing.

the greatest woman humanity has ever known. Evita was already part of a divine pantheon. This companion had definitively taken her place in the Olympus of the gods, and her myth would now be the dagger that would sink deepest into the hearts of the enemies of the spiritual and the eternal. I felt particularly torn in my flesh and spirit. Although Evita had instructed and prepared us in a higher science, in eternal wisdom, internally her death affected my soul, triggering a whole series of psychological and emotional processes of sadness that I found difficult to overcome. I could not understand why God had allowed the forces of evil to take away the physical body of this companion, why our gods had not protected her from the attacks of demons; a whole series of thoughts ran through my mind, searching for explanations. I remembered a comment Evita had made around that time, referring to supernatural forces. "There are two opposing forces in the spirit," she had said. "One fights for its liberation; the other tries to bind it permanently to matter. Peronism struggles for the freedom of our people, for eternal justice, and for a spiritually free man." These concepts clarified my view of the reasons why, and I understood that Eva was his work, his idea, and was beyond all things; all we could do was continue with what had been agreed and planned. The Order met just days after Evita's disappearance, and Orlando told us our leader's last instructions. I want to say that Evita had specifically forbidden us to visit her during her final days, but she left a series of recommendations to the Order, which Orlando read carefully and with tears in his eyes. This comrade was suffering and going through true spiritual agony due to the loss of our national leader. He told us that Evita apologized for not receiving us during her illness, but that it was for the good of all, since the enemy was recording everything that happened around her. She recommended that I tell you to continue the struggle and to implement the Siege Strategy as much as possible, because the destiny of our homeland depends on it more than ever. Evita has insisted on this particularly and has appointed me to carry out this strategy: we must

put our utmost effort into it. All comrades must be alert because the enemy and the forces he can unleash will throw all their power against the members of the Order of Justicialist Builders of the Strategy of the Siege.

Orlando asked us to remain calm and for each of us to continue carrying out our usual tasks as normal, as if nothing had happened. He quoted Evita's words about being a "cold fire" and knowing how to distance oneself from events, so that we could consider them from several different perspectives. He reminded us that mediocre people are linear and extensive in their response to events. In contrast, people of genius or enlightened people are transversal and comprehensive. He stated that in the coming moments, each of us would have to be a stone and that we should think of this symbol as the idealgnoseological tactic to apply. She added that a stone was what we had to be, and that mimicking the noological characteristics of this eternal symbol would give us the possibility of resisting the cultural, political, and spiritual processes that would be unleashed upon us and especially upon our people. She announced that soon, on Evita's recommendation, the Order would have to remain in abeyance for a few months, but that did not mean that we would cease to function. On the contrary, each of us had to resume our specific role within the strategy in six months. Finally, he told us to be on the lookout because we would be summoned at any moment. That's how the meeting ended. Orlando, Oscar, Mario, and I agreed to meet the next day to discuss certain issues concerning the Order and, above all, its situation in the current political climate.

In the months before her death, Evita boldly denounced the danger lurking in Argentina; she warned Argentines like never before of the intentions of the enemies of the homeland. Thanks to her denunciation, the senseless revolt led by General Menéndez and a sector of the military was crushed. Her words were:

"Be alert. The enemy is lurking, never forgiving that a good man, an Argentine like General Perón, is working for the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country. The

traitors within, who sell themselves for a few coins, are also lying in wait to strike at any moment. But we are the people, and I know that as long as the people are awake and alert, we are invincible because we are the homeland itself. I want to emphasize that her message denouncing the power of the national oligarchy and its coup intentions was repetitive. But in addition to this, her denunciations had a profound noological meaning, since beyond the political, they were cloaked in a terrible mysticism that struck fear into her enemies. Through Eva, tremendous spiritual powers were projected that denounced deception and lies; I understood perfectly what existed and was manifested in her: it was mysticism, and Evita was its pontiff and bearer.

As in her early days in government, she liked to be called the bridge of love. Now Evita was becoming a bridge over which a truth fell that was damning for the enemies of the homeland. Evita was a pontiff wielding a sword with which she cut down the lies and hypocrisy of an oligarchy that was planning a coup behind her back.

Eva's words "be alert," "don't sleep" had a profound double meaning, for they not only marked the attitude that Argentines in general should adopt, but also indicated an individual state, particular to the conscience of every awake man; she, more than anyone else, knew of the evil forces that lie in wait for the man of genius protected by a national ethic. She knew perfectly well what the nationalist and patriotic man was exposing himself to; hence she warned him to remain vigilant.

Evita said that we should affirm ourselves in the I and entrench ourselves in our spirit. I remember when she showed me how to escape the atheistic and materialistic culture of the oligarchy, pointing out the spiritual and gnoseological techniques for renouncing these cultural registers. She told me that the awakened man has the noological property of knowing how to step out of the time of synarchy and live his own time; this gives him a different perspective from which he can visualize the whole reality of a cultural event that brought synarchy into being in the world. The book "Justicialist Wisdom"

called this a technique for resigning Cultural Records. It maintained that man must have a noological ethical attitude towards events, for which he must be comprehensive and not extensive. This means that the man of genius must not identify with the cultural events of the synarchy and must therefore adopt a transversal stance. This allows us to see the entire cultural event from the outside, thereby appreciating its general context. In this way, we understand the intentionality of the cultural event, where it is headed, and we will know its meaning.

Eva maintained that men were captivated by mysticism and that only she possessed the gift of creating true national unity. She also asserted that Perón's doctrine contained within its ideology the transformative and unifying power that binds nationalist men together. Eva always recommended the need to understand the General's doctrine intellectually, as this enabled a better understanding of reality in all walks of life.

Evita insisted on studying the General's works and maintained that his doctrine lifted men out of mediocrity and elevated them spiritually and intellectually. She also advised Peronists to remain steadfast and courageous in the face of adversity, and to this end, she affirmed the need to take refuge in a warrior-like ethical code. With these statements by Eva Perón, I want to help you understand that she believed it was essential to assert oneself with unwavering will and a fighting spirit if we wanted to bring about the great national revolution, and that to do so, we had to awaken our noological consciousness.

To clarify these concepts further, I will transcribe part of the text on Justicialist Wisdom that refers to this subject:

"Men of genius are distinguished from mediocre men because the mediocre are driven in their actions by a consciousness determined axiologically by aesthetic values, their will being subject to the determinisms preeminently imposed on them by culture. In this way, their logic and reason are totally determined by cultural premises preeminently introduced by

upbringing and education, which will leave an indelible mark on their character and temperament. Meanwhile, men of genius, who undoubtedly also suffer from this psychological and spiritual constitution, have the ability to break with these cultural norms and reverse their ontological and noological reality.

"In this way, the man of genius distinguishes himself from the sleepy or mediocre man because he has a superior volitional condition with which he can deconstruct himself and break free from cultural stereotypes. On the other hand, the mediocre man, due to a lack of willpower, remains trapped in social dogmatism, definitively registering himself as part of it.

"In this way, the consciousness of the man of genius expands and broadens, thereby achieving a greater understanding of reality in all orders of the cultural superstructure of the world. His actions, based entirely on ethical values, give him an axiological context (of moral and ethical values) that allows him to rise noologically. In this way, a process of individuation takes place in which the self, our ontological reality, is affirmed in absolutely transcendent ideals without losing the true meaning of reality. This is the great difference between this and the way the sleeping man acts. This type of individual, being engulfed by culture, falls into a collective consciousness, automated by the archetypes or cultural models of the oligarchy. Their capacity for discernment and individual or particular understanding is totally limited by these complexes that the oligarchy has unconsciously instilled in them through its cultural models and patterns.

"Thus, only the man of genius has within himself the possibility of awakening consciousness in all fields of universal culture; no cultural register, whether political, religious, artistic, etc., remains in a shadow sphere. With his will and discernment, he can penetrate all these truths, revealing them in the light of his consciousness; in this way, no cultural event can deceive him, and he will always be able to recognize the meanings and purposes manifested in them.

"Justicialist Wisdom affirms that Justicialism has in

Its doctrine is based on transcendent symbols that have an intellectual impact on people, producing an ontological and noological awakening when they are understood and internalized. As long as Peronist men understand and comprehend the need to unite and fight together for the transcendental ideals that inspired Juan Domingo Perón and his companion Evita, the gods, who from their divinity watch over these eternal symbols, will endorse and support with their powers the strategies undertaken in the world by awakened Justicialist men. This means being sustained by mysticism, because without its support, everything is in vain and no political project will ever be completed or succeed.

Evita died on July 26, 1952, at 8:25 p.m., just a few months after her 33rd birthday (May 7). That fateful day for Argentines will remain etched in the memory of all Peronists. The Argentine soul lost much of its spiritual will with the passing of our beloved Eva. This pontiff, bearer of national mysticism, led like no other the spiritual message and the Justicialist banner, defending the homeland from tyrants and imperialist internationalism. With Evita's loss, the enemies of the nation celebrated a triumph, for they perceived certain weaknesses in our forces: that is where they plunged the murderous dagger. I knew perfectly well that when Evita left for the Spirit World, for the Origin, we had to strengthen ourselves ethically and become warriors, but certain signs that quickly manifested themselves after Eva's death indicated to me that all was not well. One of the mysteries that terrified me most was the embalming of Evita's body; I couldn't understand why this was done, especially knowing that it was not Eva Perón's wish. I also knew perfectly well that this was a ritual of certain esoteric Masonic organizations, which Evita had fought with all her strength because they were an attack on everything national, given their nature.

Anyone who has studied esotericism even a little must know what Freemasonry has meant to the world; even the Christian Church has openly denounced it in certain papal encyclicals. Freemasonry, with its esoteric philosophy, has attempted since



years against our country, and the oligarchy always remained consistent with it, serving and collaborating in projects aimed at national division. That is why I could not understand, either in my head or in my heart, the reasons why Evita had been embalmed, and I openly suspected that certain people had infiltrated the national government, the upper echelons of power, who were working against the general and leading him to commit a terrible mistake. (Perón himself would regret this fact when he understood what had happened to Eva's body when it fell into the hands of the coup plotters. This is evident because he showed concrete signs of regret and even ordered that his body not be treated in this way after his death).

After the first meeting of the Order of Justicialist Builders of the Strategy of the Siege, held a few days after Evita's death, we were summoned, by order of Orlando, comrade Oscar, Mario, and I to a secret meeting; on that occasion, Orlando got straight to the point.

"Gentlemen," he said to us. "Things are going badly and we have been betrayed, and although the enemy has penetrated certain parts of the Peronist body and taken away what is most vital to us, the mystique that Evita represented, we will continue to fight to the end. But there are signs that have appeared that demonstrate a certain spiritual degradation among the leaders of Peronism. One of these signs is the embalming of Eva's corpse, worthy of the highest Masonic esoteric magic, which seeks to prevent the spiritual liberation of our comrade. They believe that by keeping Evita's corpse mummified, they will keep the spirit of our comrade trapped between two worlds, thereby preventing her return, or I don't know what their particular motive may be; But what I do understand is that the general was trapped and induced by certain esotericists within Peronism to carry out this act of total inconsistency, because it is not only a spiritual and particular violation of Eva's will, but also because spiritually, his beloved wife did not deserve this. Let's imagine what would happen if the oligarchic tyrants were to overthrow the general and the Justicialist Party. Let's be aware of what they would do with Eva's corpse. I don't even want to think about it. Comrades, this event is a warning sign and something to consider, because it means

that the Order is in danger and that the fate of the country could change abruptly. For now, we are spiritually sustained, but I doubt that this will continue. And personally, I believe that we will be fought by material and supernatural forces; that is why it is essential to become stronger and more united than ever. We have a power that supports us: the mysticism brought to this great homeland, to this unparalleled people, by our comrade Evita. She is the great star who has been transformed into Pure Spirit and will be the eternal watchdog of our revolution. In the last days, specifically on the 25th, she said her last goodbye to the General and told him not to forget the *grasitas* and the spiritual goal of the movement and the revolution. Let us hope that Perón has enough courage and intelligence to surround himself with Peronist men who are determined to fight the enemy to the end, because today more than ever Eva's words: "the enemy is lying in wait to strike and overthrow us" are a reality, and to prevent them from achieving their objectives we need fanaticism, because without Peronist fanaticism we will not triumph in the civil war that is coming. You will understand, comrades, that the Order's objective is to prepare the people for this event, which will surely take place in the coming years, and I still intend to continue with the Strategy of the Siege and the reforms of the Basic Units, developing in them the centers of power and introducing Eva's wisdom and mysticism. We will not give up. In a few months, I will have a more concrete picture of the support we will receive, although I suspect that Evita was alone and that it will not be the same as before. I will keep in touch with you and inform you of everything that happens. Excuse me, Orlando, you who knew the General well,

What do you think happened to make him authorize the operation, that is, the embalming of Evita's body? What were the reasons why Perón made this decision? I honestly have no answers, and because I did not know the General well, I am asking you these questions; I hope you have an answer.

-Luis, you don't know what a mistake this is. My answers will simply confirm what we all think about the General. I want to tell you that I know for a fact that

The General knows about the Order; personally, I believe that he may not be fully aware of it. I believe that Evita's illness has triggered certain unconscious mechanisms within him that have unleashed a pattern of emotional weakness, which is being exploited by certain individuals close to power and entrenched within the government structure. As you know, the General has made certain agreements with the oligarchy simply for reasons of international strategy, and these agreements have brought to power, to the government, certain individuals who are now at the side of or very close to the General. For some mystery known only to God, the General has allowed these mediocre individuals to enter the government and has entrusted them with the management of very important areas of the government. For some time, Evita had been reproaching him for the attitude of certain individuals who were incompatible with the Justicialist doctrine and the Peronist mystique, but General Perón paid no attention to her. One of these individuals is the person who advised General Perón on the possibility of embalming Evita's body, and it is this same person who advised bringing in the Spaniard Pedro Ara. Our investigations lead us to conclude that a sinister magical operation has been carried out against our beloved General, and, unfortunately, it has been successful. The decision to call in an individual who is alien to our cause and allow him to embalm Evita shows us that the General is going through a very difficult emotional process. We also suspect that this Mr. Pedro Ara is a prominent Freemason or Rosicrucian. Of one thing we are certain: he belongs to a certain esoteric sect of the synarchy, and it does not take a genius to realize the cultural and esoteric background of this person. Let us simply analyze his professional archetype ontologically and axiologically, and we will see that this individual trades in death: worthy work for a temple merchant. I cannot confirm whether this gentleman was prepared (consciously or not) to perform this embalming. In the future, this will come to light. By this I mean that perhaps Pedro Ara is not an infiltrator of the forces antagonistic to the mystical but-nista, but I believe that unconsciously he serves their cause, that is, he is a victim of them and is used to carry out a specific plan, and in this case, the performance of the Egyptian-Masonic embalming rite.

samamiento.

-Excuse me, Orlando. Does that mean that Pedro Ara works for a certain sector of the esoteric-religious synarchy, unconsciously carrying out certain projects without knowing what they are about?

-Of course, Luis, and this is because this individual, being absorbed by his argument, the archetype profession, cannot experience the noological realities that unfold within it and that must not be profaned; one of these realities is death and another is blood. There are gnoseological symbols contained within these structures that are related to tremendously transcendent truths. For example, there are direct relationships between blood and money, since money is the blood of the world, activating the entire social, cultural, and economic body, just like the blood of the human body. In this way, there is a link between money, wealth, and blood, and many rites and ceremonies involve blood because it is a way of obtaining and maintaining power. By this I mean that one's profession determines the constitution of the individual in their ontological and axiological realities.

In other words, if your vocation is to be a prelate or a philosopher, it is not the same as that of a banker or a usurer. That is to say, to some extent, the professional archetype determines the moral and spiritual, axiological or ethical, aesthetic, and intellectual or gnoseological limits of the person registered in that structure. This is not always the case, but it takes a conscious effort to escape the archetype or to remain within it and be its master. In most cases, these men live conditioned by the professional archetype and cannot escape it.

Thus, by being within certain structures that serve the oligarchy, they are unwittingly working for it; this would be the case of this taxidermist and embalmer. Pedro Ara is unconsciously an agent of the oligarchy, as are certain advisors to the General who have confused and convinced him to perform such a ritual. The loss of his partner and wife must have been devastating for our General, and perhaps this will be decisive for us, the builders of the Order of the Justicialist Siege. But gentlemen, beyond the mistake made by General Perón, let us remain calm

calm because they only have her body; they will never retain Eva's spirit, no matter what rites they perform on her body; she already belongs to the eternal worlds and from there she will guide us to victory. Therefore, we must not lament, but devote ourselves to our mission, while it is still possible, for the good of our country and our people. We bid you farewell and agree to meet again in the future.

In those days, everything was uncertain for me, and inside I was on high alert; I remained attentive to the social events that were unfolding and remembered Evita's words: "Take care of yourselves because all members of the Order will be attacked in one way or another, and the only way to protect yourselves is to remain under the aura of national mysticism." I watched closely as historical events unfolded, and I could already see blood being shed for Eva's death. Several people were killed during the wake; the entire town wanted to say their final goodbyes, and crowds filled the streets. The coffin was taken to the Ministry of Labor, and thousands upon thousands of people filed past it. It was impossible to get anywhere near the streets surrounding the Plaza de Mayo. On August 9, the coffin was placed on a gun carriage and taken to Congress, where she was honored as head of state; the entire country was in mourning and dressed in black. Evita was taken to the headquarters of the General Confederation of Labor (CGT), where the final embalming would be completed. The rite of atheistic and materialistic Freemasonry had been performed; those who seek to convince us that the immortality of the flesh is superior to the eternity of the spirit had culminated in the embalming of Eva's corpse, but that was all they had, a corpse, since Evita's spirit, eternally free, returned to the Homeland of the Spirit.

It was difficult to comprehend this mysterious reality. I deduced that Freemasonry was undoubtedly behind it all, as I knew its history, which had begun in England in the 17th century as a secret international organization of universal brotherhood. Incredibly, its origins seem to lie in certain associations of medieval stonemasons who adopted certain symbols.

such as the square, the levels, the compass, etc., which conveyed the meaning of this organization's intentions, that is, to build a world government designed according to their concepts and beliefs. Of course, nationalisms such as Peronism are, were, and will be their worst enemy. This sect spread throughout the world and in Argentina settled at certain intellectual levels of the oligarchy and has firm intentions to end the Peronist government in order to affirm its philosophical doctrines, which endorse liberal capitalist and atheist internationalism. They care absolutely nothing about the freedom of peoples and even less about the conscience of men; all they are interested in is molding the collective conscience of humanity into certain molds or archetypes of man that respond specifically to the interests agreed upon by them. Undoubtedly, in this ontology, the individual being, the particular, justicialist, and nationalist conscience is totally excluded; they want a mass individual, whose will is subsumed to a consciousness governed by atheistic and materialistic guidelines based on the immortality of the flesh and not on the eternity of the spirit. He was totally convinced of one thing: Eva would never have allowed herself to be embalmed. She knew perfectly well what this rite meant and was against it with all her heart. She was also familiar with the structures of these international esoteric organizations, knowing perfectly well what their esoteric philosophies were. Eva, like no one else, understood the intentions of these international associations and fought them with every means at her disposal. I can affirm that her hatred for elitist sects that believe themselves to be the bearers of truth was immense, and she detested them with all her soul because she knew perfectly well that in Argentina they operated at a high level of the oligarchy, having already had a lot to do with the systematic surrender of this country. That is why Evita would never have allowed herself to be embalmed, and if she had found out about this, she would have burned with rage and anger: even Perón would have trembled for allowing such an act. Eva represented the mystique and General Perón the idea. They came together to lay the foundations for the Justicialist social, political, and cultural revolution, but at that time Eva had retired and with her disappeared...

The mystique was waning, and General Perón was beginning to lose certain abilities that only come into play when mystique is present. I was aware of certain differences that already existed between Evita and Perón during their lifetimes. These differences were not based on socio-political or cultural factors, but rather on tactics and mysticism, because Evita understood that the General had become attracted to certain philosophies that were hindering his understanding of reality. What marked the difference between the two was their vision, their interpretation of future events. The General perceived that the organizations (esoteric and exoteric) that governed the international trends hostile to Argentina would not dare to carry out a coup d'état; Eva, on the other hand, saw that these groups were already planning an armed insurrection and that it was being organized within certain Masonic organizations that had a lot of influence in the army, and especially in the navy. Perhaps the general saw the possibility of making a pact with these powerful sects and with the international powers that did not look favorably on Argentina's social transformation, and that was not at all to Eva's liking, because she held firm convictions that we would triumph or perish fighting for the welfare of our people. However, Eva was never an enemy of the General because he was the architect of the movement; he had developed this whole story, and without him, nothing would ever have emerged. She respected General Perón's work and would never dare to question its political foundations, but she had certain doubts about the future results, not in social or cultural terms, but in strictly strategic terms. When our beloved spiritual leader died, the General began to show certain signs of doubt, and with his decision to embalm Evita, he clearly revealed certain influences that were diverting him from her political creed; his mystique was already fading, and this became evident in the years that followed. Around that time, the first October 17 without Eva Duarte de Perón was approaching. On that day, a crowd gathered to commemorate Loyalty Day; the people felt that the profound void left by her presence would be impossible to fill. Together with a group of members of the Order, we were present when suddenly an announcement over the loudspeakers surprised the crowd: "And now, at this solemn moment..."

"When the presence of Eva Perón, made air, made light and splendor, hovers over the homeland like an immense and benevolent protective wing, the people will know the intimacy of her thoughts and also her design." The announcement referred to "Mi Voluntad Suprema" (My Supreme Will), one of the chapters of the book "Mi Mensaje" (My Message) that Evita had been preparing for some time when death surprised her. It was a true political testament, an irrepressible desire to transcend death and continue living in the hearts of those who listened to her in singular silence:

"I want to live forever with Perón and my people. This is my absolute and permanent will, and therefore my last will and testament. Wherever Perón is and wherever the descamisados are, there will always be my heart, loving them with all the strength of my life, with all the fanaticism of my soul. If God were to take the General from this world, I would go with him, because I would not be able to survive without him, but my heart would remain with my descamisados, with my women, with my workers, with my elderly, with my children, to help them live with the affection of my love, to help them fight with the fire of my fanaticism, and to help them suffer with a little of my own pain. But if God were to take me from this world before Perón, I want to stay with him, and with my people, my heart, my love, and my soul, my fanaticism, doing all the good that is necessary, giving them all the love that I could not give them in the years of my life, and lighting in their souls every day the fire of my fanaticism that burns and consumes me like a bitter and infinite thirst; I will be with them so that they may continue on the path of justice and freedom, until the wonderful day of the peoples arrives. I will be with them, fighting and struggling against everything that is not the pure people, against everything that is not the race of the peoples. I will be with them, with Perón and my people, to fight against the traitorous and phony oligarchy, against the accursed race of exploiters and temple merchants.

"Everything that opposes the people outrages me to the extreme limits of my rebellion and my hatred. But God knows that I have never hated anyone for themselves, I have never fought anyone out of malice, but to defend my people, my workers, my women, my



poor *grasitas*, whom no one ever defended with more sincerity than Perón and with more ardor than Evita.

“But Perón’s love for his people is greater than mine; because from his privileged position, he knew how to reach out to the people, understand them, and love them. I, on the other hand, was born among the people. I have the flesh, soul, and blood of the people; I could not do anything other than devote myself to my people. Only if I die before Perón, I want my last and final will to be read during a public ceremony in the Plaza de Mayo, the Plaza del 17 de Octubre, and before my beloved *descamisados*. I want them to know at that moment that I loved Perón with all my soul, and that he is my sun and my sky. God knows I am not lying when I say: I cannot imagine heaven without Perón. I ask all the workers, all the humble, all the *descamisados*, all the women, all the children, and all the elderly of my homeland to take care of Perón and accompany him as if he were myself. (As Orlando later told me, certain paragraphs of his book were deleted because of the magnitude of their message, which directly attacked and denounced the enemies of the homeland).

“I would like all my assets to remain at the disposal of Perón, as the sovereign and sole representative of the people. I consider that my assets belong to and are the heritage of the people and the Peronist movement, which is also the people, and that all my rights as author of

*Razón de mi Vida* and *Mi Mensaje*, when published, shall be considered the absolute property of Perón and the Argentine people. While Perón lives, he may do whatever he wishes with my property: sell it, give it away, or even burn it, because everything in my life belongs to him, everything is his, beginning with my own life, which I give to him out of love and forever in an absolute manner. But after Perón, the sole heir to my property must be the people, and I ask the workers and women of my people to demand, by any means necessary, the inexorable fulfillment of the supreme will of my heart, which loved them so much. "All the assets I have mentioned, and even those I have omitted, shall serve the people in one way or another; I would like all these assets to be used to establish a permanent social welfare fund.

for cases of collective misfortune affecting the poor, and I hope they will accept it as further proof of my affection. I wish that in these cases a subsidy equivalent to at least one year's wages and salaries be provided. With this permanent fund established by Evita, scholarships should be created so that the children of workers can study and thus become defenders of Perón's doctrine, for whose cause I would gladly give my life. My jewelry does not belong to me; most of it was given to me by my people. But those pieces I received from my friends or from foreign countries, or from the General, I want to return to my people. But please, I do not want them to ever fall into the hands of the oligarchy, and for that reason I wish that they be placed in the museum of Peronism as a permanent asset that will only be used for the benefit of the people. Just as gold backs the currency of some countries, may my jewels be the backing for a loan that will be opened by the banks of a country for the benefit of the people, so that homes can be built for the workers of my homeland. I would also like the poor, the elderly, and the children, the descamisados, to continue writing to me as they have done throughout my life, and that the monument that the Congress of my people wanted to erect for me will gather everyone's hopes and turn them into reality through my foundation, which I will always love as I conceived it for my descamisados. Finally, I want you to know that if I made mistakes, I made them out of love, and I hope that God, who has always seen into my heart, will judge me not for my mistakes, nor for my faults, nor for my many sins, but for the love that consumes my life. My last words are the same as my first: I want to live forever with my general and with my people. May God forgive me for choosing to stay with them, because he is also with the humble, and I have always seen that in every descamisado, God asked me for a little love, which I never denied him.

On that majestic day of October 17, tears bathed the Plaza de Mayo. We who listened to Evita's message felt in our hearts and spirits a pain that tore at our souls; our comrade Oscar wept, his eyes reflecting the feelings of all the Peronist people; Orlando asked us to leave and directed us to a meeting place where he would inform us of the Order's plans. The next day, at the agreed place, we

We gathered almost all the members of the group, and our comrade Orlando informed us that this meeting was necessary because Evita had given an order at the last moment before her departure, entrusting us with the execution of a certain mission to accelerate the fulfillment of the Strategy of the Siege. The mission was centered in the Córdoba mountains in a specific location whose geomancy was particularly suited to carrying out the strategy entrusted to us by Comrade Evita. Four members of the Order would be responsible for the mission. Once the instructions for the strategy had been given, Orlando asked us to meditate deeply on the mysticism and reflect on Eva's message, because it contained the mission that General Perón and his people had to undertake, and that even though certain symbols revealed attitudes that did not coincide with mysticism (such as embalming our spiritual leader), we believed that the Peronist leaders and the General had the power to definitively crystallize the revolution and thus prevent future coup attempts. "We," he said, "the men of Eva, have in our hands the wisdom she imparted to us, and we must first realize it in ourselves before we can transmit it to the rest of the Justicialists. Let us hope that we are supported by the spirit of our nation, inspired by the mystique of Evita, and that lucidity and intelligence are within us. Comrades, each one of us is the Order, and if for certain strategic reasons we do not meet for a time, since it is most convenient, do not forget that each one of you bears a sign that distinguishes you as warriors of Eva's army, and that makes you true Justicialists."

After the meeting, I made preparations to leave for Córdoba. Around that time, strange things began to happen, which delayed the implementation of the planned strategy. Certain members of the Order suffered unforeseen events, and given this situation, the strategy was postponed. Time passed, and instead of things being resolved, they became increasingly complicated. Some comrades lost their way and gave up on their ideals; incredibly, I would discover over time that certain comrades who seemed spiritually strong turned out to be

They were victims of fear and their individuation was incomplete; they simply followed Evita emotionally, as she was the symbol that bound them to the mystique. Thus, certain traitors emerged who, instead of continuing to unify the group, withdrew and hid cowardly without even offering explanations. Time passed, and more than a year went by, and we only met once more in all that time: financial support was practically cut off. Due to a lack of resources, the strategy we were going to implement in the mountains of Córdoba could not be completed; the Basic Units throughout the country did not respond as they had in previous years, except for some sectors of the nation that remained and will remain united to Eva's thinking until the end. Slowly, the strategy was being lost, and in the meetings held over the next two years, only some of our comrades participated, those who had truly understood the wisdom and were clear about what Evita had taught us. The fundamental objective of definitively ending the spiritual encirclement of the entire Argentine territory could not be achieved, and the so-called Strategy of the Encirclement would be cut short. Peronism was no longer the same, and vipers were gathering to poison everything. Rumors of a military coup were growing stronger every day, and only General Perón and the people could prevent it. The hour Evita had constantly predicted was approaching, and she told us: "Only in the final moments will we know if we have understood the value of mysticism and doctrine; both I and all Argentines, including General Perón, will see if we can truly become a true nation. Sooner or later, the enemy will make its move, and if we take more than two steps back, we will be defeated. Let my people know that only by fighting, resisting, and struggling to the end will we overcome this test and defeat the dark forces that will attack our country's destiny of greatness. Only then, in those moments, will we know our true spiritual worth." I remembered intimately the entire history and rise to power of Perón. This genius of a man, who knew how to transcend the limits imposed on him by his elitist education, was the greatest of Argentine visionaries, for through his faith and his ability, he transformed a society.

based on sacrifice, courage, and, fundamentally, intelligence in the tactical management of strategies. Any Argentine who investigates and analyzes the entire historical and political process of the General's rise to power will be amazed by his sense of opportunism and strategic ability to win over the masses, the vast majority of Argentines. But Perón was not only skilled and capable; he backed up all of this with works and deeds. He knew how to win the hearts of the people with labor and economic reforms, granting them rights that the oligarchs never gave them and never will give them: that was the real Perón. With these reforms, he rose from a military government to be elected by popular will; his charisma, his actions, and his ethics, together with his government's achievements, led him to the presidency of the nation. At that time, I was working alongside Orlando. We continued to maintain relations with certain sectors of Peronism, the union leadership, and politics; we sought by all means to alert the people and their leaders, but it was already clear that doubts were looming over the Argentine people. Furthermore, this was unfolding in a deep mystery, and we realized that very few leaders close to the upper echelons knew what the oligarchic sectors were plotting, or perhaps the majority knew and what was lacking was the courage, fanaticism, and heroism that Evita had so often proclaimed in her last days.

Perón continued to demonstrate his qualities as a great leader and his political convictions remained intact; spiritually, he showed great willpower and his martial attitude was still evident; the warrior was on a war footing and in his last years in office he unleashed a series of strategies that delayed the plans of the oligarchy and gave new impetus to the national government.

However, something changed the coordinated actions and these plans were cut short. Perhaps the enemies of Justicialism were too many, and no matter how many strategies were implemented to counter them, they were not enough. We must also consider that the General had been fighting for more than ten years, and while Evita was alive, he had the necessary spiritual support, but with her gone, his physical wear and tear was evident, even though he still showed the same spirit.

. Let us bear in mind that the General was approaching sixty years of age and had spent almost twenty years fighting against the most hostile forces in the country.

In the years of government leading up to the infamous military coup, our General had recovered and a certain mystique had been reawakened in him; the spirit of his great beloved Evita resurfaced and anointed Perón's intelligence. This was decisive for the country, and Perón was ready to fight the final battle against the enemies of the homeland. Proof of this can be found in his last acts as president, when he unleashed actions that exposed the hypocrisy of certain institutions that appeared to be on the side of the country, that claimed to be national before international. Perón exposed them socially, politically, and culturally, and the people realized that their intentions were not love for the land, for the national identity, or for our Creole traditions, but rather that they were simply attached to their minority interests, mainly economic.

If there is one thing I am certain of, it is that Perón, with Evita, would never have resigned, and the traitors, those who washed their hands of the matter out of sheer cowardice and gave the General bad advice, would never have had a place in that political arena. Evita knew that armed conflict was inevitable, and on several occasions she had the firm intention of creating an armed CGT (General Confederation of Labor), and her Strategy of the Siege was specifically planned to avoid or win this internal conflict. Evita and the General would have united behind these convictions, and although at certain moments she doubted this strategy, in the final actions she took, she showed that it was the only means available to remain in government and hold on to power. Sadly, the people, political leaders, and union leaders surrounding the General were men without talent and full of absolute mediocrity, for instead of affirming the fighting spirit and urging Perón to resist at all costs by arming the people, the unions, and the Peronist youth, they advised him to resign. Thus, on September 20, 1955, Perón was overthrown, and a government of seditious military men who had no idea what to do with the country took power with the approval of the Church, the financial and landowning oligarchy, and a group of politicians.

Traitors to the people, the nation, and the homeland. It is not my interest to analyze all the details that led to the fall of Peronism; I was simply an administrative and political official under the tutelage of Eva Perón, and after her disappearance, my political participation was limited to accompanying certain members of the Order who had fairly strong political influence within the government, but who, over time, were practically displaced or withdrew after Evita's death.

Therefore, I leave the second historical process of Peronism to the experts; I am only presenting my thoughts and those of some fellow Justicialists who agree with my historical analysis. As I said earlier, after Eva's death, the Order lost its economic and financial support, and its grand strategies gradually faded away; meetings became increasingly sporadic, and in the last two years of Peronist government, it was practically over. The Order itself always continued to work, because we must bear in mind that the reality of its functionality lies in the spiritual and in the individual embodiment of a noological consciousness and Justicialist ethics. In this way, each member remained grounded in wisdom and in their particular mission, and in the last years of Peronism, some of these comrades were the ones who devised and planned certain strategies that Perón put into action. It is interesting to understand that, upon losing support, our collective purpose had been cut short, so we set aside the collective strategy and set out to reaffirm the mystique in the particular and the individual, since Evita always told us:

"Mysticism is the driving force behind ideas. It infuses doctrines with the spiritual energy that sets revolutionary processes in motion. Everything comes from it; even transcendental ideas are extracted through intuitive apprehension of mysticism. Those who believe that ideas and doctrine come first and that mysticism is created from them are mistaken. On the contrary, a man may have brilliant ideas, but without mysticism he is bound, paralyzed... But even if a man lacks ideas, with mysticism he will sooner or later find ideas, the worlds where he will direct all the volitional power of his spirit. In

my personal case, it was mysticism, my fiery will, my desire for freedom that led me from my hometown, Los Toldos, to Buenos Aires when I was so young. And it was mysticism that brought me into contact with Juan Perón. And it was mysticism that unleashed all my will and political action against the enemies of my country."

Thus we took on our final mission: to consolidate this strategy in accordance with the real possibilities of each member of the Order, and to work for it, because the destiny of the nation was in the hands of the men who wielded this power. Will is the human aspect of mysticism, and this power is found in the people, in the workers who are the driving force of the nation's social fabric. It is in them that we must affirm the will to transcend, whether individually, collectively, or socially.

As I said earlier, some of the General's comrades came up with certain strategies that gave new impetus to the Justicialist government. Comrade Armando, a man deeply committed to the Order who believed in the supremacy of the state above all else, suggested to Perón that he create a national organization for secondary school students. The creation of the UES (Union of Secondary Students) was the most exceptional strategy developed and carried out by General Perón. Our leader showed that it was still possible to continue fighting against the enemies of the homeland, and the implementation of this mechanism in the social machinery allowed the mystique and doctrine to penetrate the youth. The Order of Justicialist Builders had planned this strategy in advance as a follow-up to the reform of the Basic Units, and by accepting and implementing this tactic, it once again demonstrated that the soldier was still standing. This led me to understand that the General was well aware of our strategy, and I confirmed this when, in early November 1954, he introduced physical education in all state-controlled schools through several decrees. More significant was that everything was under the control of the Eva Perón Foundation, which appointed spiritual advisors who provided students with a noological education in the national doctrine: Justicialism.



I want to emphasize this event because it was the last strategy of the Order of Justicialist Builders and General Perón. The creation of the UES and the introduction of a new physical education program in secondary schools was the most noological act that unfolded in those final years, and it aroused the anger of certain groups of anti-Peronist fanatics who were enemies of everything national and spiritual. The dogmatists who believed only in their own truths came to light with this strategy and railed against Perón.

Unfortunately, the Church took the lead in these acts and a war broke out between it and the government; I will not go into details because they are public knowledge for comrades who still have a certain higher understanding. I will only say that a new mystique descended upon the youth of Argentina and, thanks to this strategy, the Order of Justicialist Builders (which had already been diminished because many members had become cowardly and deserted) regained the initiative, although without the power we had wielded with our comrade Evita. The spiritual advisors appointed to the UES and to educational tactics were astute men. They instilled a mystique based on doctrine and Justicialist Wisdom, which enabled a large group of students to grasp the spiritual reality behind Peronist doctrine. Perón did not stop at this strategy, but attacked with all his power the dogma that stood out as the enemy of Peronism: the Church. Unfortunately, Perón never sought confrontation with it and always preferred conciliation, but the Church wanted no pact with Peronism and now brought to light the reality of their intentions.

There is no doubt that, while Evita was alive, the Church would have agreed, as it would not have dared to declare itself against Peronism; but without her, everything was different, and they dared to challenge the General, as they had the support of the International Synarchy. The General denounced her and claimed that a plan aimed at a coup d'état was being hatched by an international synarchy that sought to overthrow Peronism. The Church was the religious and cultural entity designated by this international power (since certain sectors of this organization of the global synarchy participate in it) to introduce a sentiment...

hatred and national disintegration. She simply triggered the actions that would lead a group of paranoid individuals to carry out the coup d'état. Perón, realizing that his end was near, unleashed actions that would leave an indelible mark on the true ethical meaning of Justicialism. These actions were intended to shore up the national mystique and fighting spirit inherent in the doctrine. Perón thus fulfilled Eva's will and decisively attacked the enemy, exposing it once and for all. Any Argentine who still has a healthy intellectual predisposition will today be able to understand who the enemies of the homeland are and where the oligarchy sits. Only half-baked men fail to recognize these enemies who, just like yesterday, are pulling the strings of national politics from the shadows; the synarchy is still projecting its plans for world domination, and this is practically already a reality. Perón's words, "in 2000 we will be united or subjugated, it all depends on the will of the Peronist people," are becoming truer every day.



## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **Fall of Peronism. Luis takes refuge in the Cordoba mountains**

The remnants of the revolution that had survived the frustrated revolts of Menéndez and Suárez burned underground until they were rekindled by the hostile attitudes of the Church and the government's break with it.

Events unfolded abruptly. The famous liberation revolution was underway and the overthrow of Peronism was almost a fait accompli. Events happened quickly and everything was confusing. Sectors of the population loyal to Perón put up some resistance, but it was all in vain: the military coup leaders led by Lonardi seized power. Perón went into exile in Paraguay, and a dark period loomed over our country. In the days leading up to the coup, a group of us who were still in contact with each other met for the last time. We were overcome by a feeling of total helplessness, since nothing could have been done collectively or socially to prevent what was practically a done deal. Orlando, as always, spoke first:

"Comrades of the Order of Justicialist Builders," he said. "This is the last time we will be together, for the enemy will seize power in a matter of hours. I want you to know that if our comrade Evita were alive, she herself would thank you for

All efforts made were wholehearted. The Order is formally dissolved, but spiritually we will remain together until the end of our days. Remember your oath of loyalty to our comrade Evita: it is vital to keep this strategy secret, although we believe that the secret services of the coup sectors have known about its operation for some time, or at least have an inkling of it. It is essential to safeguard the spirit of this structure, because if our enemies find out, they will spread all kinds of lies against it and mainly against our leader, our comrade Evita. It is therefore imperative to be loyal and maintain strict silence until a new spiritual *kairós*, a time of justice, is generated in this blessed homeland. We all know that the myth of Evita will be tarnished and trampled underfoot. In recent days, I have been concerned about the body, and comrade Mario and I have been trying by all means to reach the General to make him reconsider its fate, since the coup plotters will take revenge and vent their hatred on it; but it has been impossible for us to speak with him, as he is very busy with this whole process.

If you do not take urgent action in this regard, the body will become a trophy for the military, and I do not want to imagine what they will do with it. I would like to remind you that with Eva's death, we had to move with extreme caution even though we were protected by Perón. Today, without him in our homeland, we must take extreme security measures because we will be fought in every way, and if we are caught, they will likely kill us. Keep in mind that these men are bloodthirsty and respect no one and nothing because nothing matters to them; they are merely fulfilling their archetypal destiny as traitors, and as we know, this is a role that someone has to play, and it has become ingrained in the psyche of a group of military coup plotters who believe they have the right to trample on everything without the slightest consideration.

We know that everything is cyclical in history, and as we came first and now we are leaving, we will return, and each one of us, from the destiny that we are called to fulfill, must strive to accelerate the times and revive the myth of our great Evita and the doctrine of our political leader Juan Domingo Perón.

Although we have lost a battle, we have not lost the war, because Evita's mystique will always remain, and they know that it is impregnable because it is an eternal symbol that participates in the highest ideals anointed in the world under the Justicialist doctrine. Evita had instructed me that, when this moment came, everything must disappear; the documents and architectural plans for the construction of the Strategy of the Siege must be destroyed, and only the mystique must remain, because it is enough to revive true Justicialist Peronism. Each member must follow their own path and we must not meet or gather together. You will know how to develop your own strategies, as you are worthy builders of the spirit in this world and there is a gnoseological power in each of you to develop particular strategies and continue to awaken consciousness and create men of genius, which is what humanity urgently needs to replace the mediocre man who corrupts everything that makes man spiritual.

Each member of the Order is a link in an invisible chain that connects us to the eternal worlds, and so we must sustain ourselves spiritually through just ethics, striving for better times. I repeat that we are not defeated and that General Perón must remain alive. I hope he flees, because these seditious individuals are determined to eliminate him, and if he stays, they will kill him. Gentlemen, we have been part of the Great History—and truly great—this is the best thing that can happen to a man of integrity.

Furthermore, our comrade Evita has left us with wisdom that is not of this world and that has allowed us to consolidate ourselves ethically in our spirit, overcoming the emotional dualities of our individual souls. Best wishes to each and every one of you. May God protect you and may mysticism always be present in your hearts. As the general said, "Comrades, for a Justicialist, there is nothing better than another Justicialist."

Together, we took the oath of loyalty and patriotism of the Order and said goodbye until a new Peronist *kairós* calls us back. Orlando took me aside and gave me a series of specific recommendations and his next address; he asked me to

I would see him in approximately six months, depending on how things were going; that was up to me to decide, since he couldn't show himself in public because there were orders to arrest him wherever he was; the services would hunt him down and kill him for certain "magical" tasks, or, as this comrade called them, "scientific-metaphysical" tasks. He had to remain in the country, and if he needed me, I had to come to his aid, if it was my will and within my power to do so.

I replied decisively that I would, and that he should not doubt my assistance in whatever way I could; I just had to settle my family and see what would happen to me given the new political regime. Orlando left; as we said goodbye, we embraced warmly, and he asked me to take care of myself, to remain alert, now more than ever, reminding me that if unknown, hidden, metaphysical forces had acted against us in the past, at this moment they had unconditional support in the cultural superstructure, which allowed them to reach all points, planes, and macrocosmic spaces. In other words, before they could see everything, but now they could touch everything. "Keep in mind," he told me, "that Peronism was a wall containing those forces that were limited thanks to this great barrier built by General Perón and his mystical consort, our comrade Evita. It was this wall (similar to the Chinese wall but in another space of significance) that allowed us to act spiritually and sustain ourselves for almost ten years alongside the General and the justicialist doctrine. In truth, that was the great construction of the Order, and all Argentines were participants in this great castle, impregnable to the enemy of the homeland. In some way, we have accomplished the work, we have triumphed, and I hope you realize it.

After he left and I had spent several days in seclusion, I reflected on my colleague's words and came to the same conclusions. To a large extent, the years of Peronist government had built a fence around the nation, which then entered a unique space-time, with the people regaining their spiritual and material dignity; social justice, economic independence, and political sovereignty became a reality, and Argentina regained its national identity. From that

perspective, our nation experienced a noological barrier where the premises of international synarchy had no place within the national space. But now the relationship was different, because the wall had been broken down and the mastiffs were devouring everything; General Perón's work was collapsing under the boots of the military, and Lonardi's words, "neither victors nor vanquished," sounded completely empty and meaningless. General Perón was accused of everything under the sun: traitor, murderer, etc. Congress was dissolved and the members of the Court of Justice were dismissed, the provinces and universities were taken over, and Peronist leaders ended up in exile or in prison.

Anti-Peronism and the oligarchy in its various forms were relentlessly persecuting the Peronist people; their hatred, repressed for years, sought to extinguish every trace of Justicialism. What happened to Evita's corpse deserves a separate paragraph; it was there that the cruelty and brutality of those people was most evident. Observing the events, I made a series of decisions and left for Córdoba, where I was taken in by my family, as I had been informed that I was on a list of people to be arrested. I did not want to go into exile and was confident that I would be able to free myself from these people. Besides, if they were looking for me for political reasons, I had only held administrative positions, which were irrelevant. But with time, I suspected that the truth was something else, and thanks to information provided by certain friends, I learned that they were looking for me for "other reasons," without specifying what they were, although I had a perfect idea.

So, fully aware of what could happen to me, I decided to isolate myself and assert myself in my realities. Moving strategically below the threshold of social consciousness, I resumed my studies and continued with a series of historical investigations. During those days, I was shaken by some terrible news that left me emotionally paralyzed: a military uprising had taken place in June 1956, led by retired General Juan José Valle. This illustrious hero of our country rose up against the new regime but was quickly defeated and shot along with thirty-seven of his comrades, among whom were members of the Order. When I heard about this event and found among the fallen comrades members of



the Order, I shuddered and understood the barbarity unleashed by these bloodthirsty soldiers. I couldn't understand how Argentines could have committed such an act, and I decided to be more cautious because I was convinced that these murdered members of the Order had absolutely nothing to do with the uprising. With the exception of one or two who were military personnel, the rest had been executed simply for being members of the Order of Justicialist Builders of Eva Perón and, in particular, for imparting the transcendental Justicialist mystique. The arrests of members of the Order continued, so I decided to leave for a safe place in the mountains of Córdoba, as I really began to fear for my life. I resolved my family's problems and, thanks to the financial support of one of my sisters, I was able to settle in a lonely spot in the Sierras Grandes, near Villa Dolores. From there, I closely followed events, analyzing the political landscape and the unfolding of events. Perón had left Uruguay and settled in Panama, a country that at that time had three main industries: prostitution, gambling, and smuggling. I thought about how bad the general must feel, far from his homeland and in an unfamiliar land with a social organization very different from the one he had created in Argentina. Here, the gorillas said that he had taken part of the national treasure with him; but the truth is that Perón left with practically nothing, and would be assisted economically and financially by the most loyal man he had: the Peronist businessman Jorge Antonio; this comrade was the leader's best advisor and counselor and was always by his side. Jorge Antonio, along with Héctor Cámpora and other Peronists, had staged a movie-like prison escape, fleeing from Patagonia to Chile to join Perón in Venezuela, in the city of Caracas, where the General had settled. I followed all these events very closely, although it was extremely difficult for me to obtain information for two reasons. First, because I lived in a remote valley that could only be reached on horseback in complete solitude, and second, because I only went down to Villa Dolores to stock up on supplies, taking special care not to make myself known. During this period of my life, I was under certain emotional pressures.

very unusual, as I had never lived alone, far from my loved ones and without any comforts; although I came from a poor family of Italian immigrants, my father, a bricklayer, had quickly achieved a good position, so I had always enjoyed a comfortable life and an acceptable standard of living; But now, in my current situation, I found myself in the mountains in a precarious house, without electricity or running water, in a vast unknown area where, when night fell, the only light came from my lamp and a few fireflies flying around the courtyard. A mysterious atmosphere unfolded with the darkness of the night and the brightness of the stars. I also remember the reflection of the moon on the hillsides; they looked like dagger-shaped mirrors, impressing my consciousness and instilling in me a respect that was quite similar to fear. In short, it was a rugged and beautiful but terrifying landscape, and being alone, my fears were present like ghosts within my soul, constantly trying to panic my consciousness and my self. I then understood the meaning of Evita's expression: "How seductive and terrifying aesthetics and beauty can be for men..." and I remembered her comment: "Great empires have fallen because their leaders succumbed to the beauty of a woman. This archetype is incredibly powerful and frighteningly numinous within the consciousness of the mediocre man, as it automatically activates sexual and emotional complexes, confusing the excitement of certain psychological mechanisms of the soul. Troy fell because of beauty, and great leaders perished as victims of this weakness simply because they did not know the power that lies behind it. If sublimated, geniuses are awakened; great works of art are emanations of this transmuted power. I, for example," said Eva, "have resigned myself to this content, this archetype; the oligarchs have emptied themselves in words talking about my past. If they only knew that this energy is the source of my vigor, of my mystical passion for justice and of my devotion to Perón..."

Eva's words resonated authentically in the midst of that landscape and in the solitude of my soul: the opus alchymicum was beginning to unfold within me. Every evening, I remembered with the twilight

the power and passion of this companion; every day I reflected on Evita's teachings and the process of the Order of Justicialist Builders; at the same time, I devoted myself to long walks and meditation on my emotional and spiritual state: my fears and ghosts had practically disappeared while an inner fence grew stronger within me. I was able to recapture certain spiritual visions and experiences that I had lost and forgotten, and I felt my inner warrior grow enormously. In the midst of this reality and total austerity, very similar to that of a hermit, this alchemical transmutation of my soul had begun the process of individuation within me. I felt the ethics of justice take shape within me, and I knew that I was now the absolute master of my soul.

For the first time in my life, I felt a genuine state of spirituality and pure consciousness, and a growing joy took hold of me; I had only one doubt to resolve, and this caused me some emotional discomfort. I wondered if I had done the right thing by hiding and fleeing to this place. On the one hand, I considered it correct and justified it as a strategic move, telling myself that if I did not act in this way, my existence would be in serious danger, but on the other hand, doubt grew, confirming my cowardice and lack of honor.

A dream determined my decision and ended my doubts. Thanks to a vision I had, I knew that I would find out the truth by returning to my city with my family, and that is what I did. I left, grateful to the place, its mystery, and the greatness of that solitude, which awakened all my powers. I arrived in Córdoba and was immediately met with reproaches from my family, as certain people close to my brother had assured them that they were looking for me. I resumed my normal life, returning to my brother's company, which had taken me back, and I began attending a karate dojo run by an acquaintance of mine. In December 1957, I was arrested, and a dark period of my life began. They took me to Santa Fe, where I was interrogated, and from there I was transferred to several prisons around the country. The individuals conducting the interrogations wanted to know if the Eva Perón Foundation had any connection with an esoteric lodge.

rich in ethical and guerrilla characteristics, and whether I was a member of it. For some reason, they didn't torture me, even though I always answered in the negative. Inside, I was stronger than ever and at peace with myself, because regardless of the consequences, I knew I was loyal to Evita; I didn't care if they killed me, I just moved silently and loyally for Perón and my comrade Evita. During my pilgrimage through prisons, I understood that, in general, they are true machines of spiritual destruction, since it is difficult to leave them intact and/or psychologically healthy, and the common man is practically destroyed by the action and pressure exerted by this entire structure on the human condition of the prisoner; Only individuals with a superior will, who have achieved a certain degree of individuation regardless of their moral condition, survive emotionally and psychologically in these destructive machines that are prisons. A political prisoner whose profession was law, and who later became a prominent politician, would go on to draft certain laws for prison reform, but at that time, being a political prisoner under an anti-Peronist military dictatorship and oligarchy practically meant being sentenced to death or, if you got out alive, suffering certain psychological or physical traumas for the rest of your life. In those distressing moments of my life, I was grateful to have led a healthy and disciplined life, because if it weren't for my mental and spiritual strength, plus my excellent physical condition, I would never have survived this whole ordeal. At the end of 1961, during the democratic government of Arturo Frondizi, I was released and regained my freedom and my rights as a citizen. I returned to Córdoba and at first I enjoyed my family and my home life immensely; I entrenched myself in everything that was part of me, confirming my feelings and desires, seeking to regain my strength. The love of my people and the appreciation of one of my greatest companions, my brother, filled me with joy and gave me the strength to return to the struggle and fight the final battle. The new democratic period had pacified the social atmosphere, but Peronism was still banned, so in freedom and with some caution, I began the search for my old comrades in the Order; the only concrete information I had was that of a

address near Santa Rosa de Calamuchita or perhaps Villa General Belgrano.

In reality, of the former members of the Order, I practically only knew Orlando, Mario, and Oscar. The others were colleagues but anonymous to me, as I did not know their names or surnames and could only place a few of them, because, being at the head of the organization, I knew the strategies that had been entrusted to them, but as for their names, there was absolute secrecy, mainly because the safety of the members was paramount. In this way, each member knew little or nothing about their fellow members, and the only information they had came from occasional members who participated in their circle and were entrusted with the strategy. What's more, people were generally allowed to use a pseudonym instead of their real surname, something I couldn't understand and didn't accept. So I decided to travel to Villa General Belgrano to contact Orlando, since he had given me that address. I arrived at the pre-arranged location, although I thought that after several years it would be a long shot to be able to communicate with him, and all I knew was his name, and I doubted that he was really alive. The address took me to an alpine-style chalet on the way to Villa Serrana.

In order to get there, I had to ask for help because I didn't know the area, and I found a local cowboy who kindly drove me to the place. The beauty of that area reminded me of the landscape of the Sierras Grandes where I had been in hiding.

It was an area inhabited by many German immigrants who had settled in Argentina after World War II, and by association I remembered all the criticism levelled at Peronism, calling it Nazi-fascist, without understanding its true doctrine. Perón was deeply democratic and opposed to violence, and preferred to resign rather than shed Argentine blood.

Although I sometimes questioned the general's attitude, as I was convinced that the civil war could have been won, Perón decided not to fight for reasons I have already mentioned. But in those days, there were already rumors that Peronism would return to power and a new political process was beginning to develop in Argentina.

Argentina.

I want to make it clear that this is strictly my personal opinion and should be taken as such. Many historians have expressed their opinions, harshly criticizing General Perón, while others have magnified his humanitarian spirit, arguing that if it weren't for his vision, there would have been a real bloodbath.

Perón himself quoted in his later account: "In the event of a bombing, given the absolute lack of active defense, there would have been real devastation among the civilian population. The specter of the dead of June 16 loomed before everyone's eyes and was a wake-up call not to insist on operations that would have caused incalculable damage to the country. In my heart of hearts, I feared the destruction of the Eva Perón refinery, for whose construction we had had to make immense sacrifices. The advice I received from all sides was to open the armories and give weapons to the descamisados. I could have done so, but that would have meant the beginning of a bloodbath. I was convinced that my mission was to protect the interests of the nation.

The crisis of September and Perón's step back should not be taken lightly, but rather require a deep historical analysis of the events and realities surrounding the General and his government. I simply want to point out that Peronism was undoubtedly not the same, and that General Perón, upon losing his companion Evita, relinquished certain abilities that were needed to deal with this situation. Furthermore, just as many advised the General to engage in armed confrontation and struggle, others urged him into exile. I personally believe that General Perón acted according to his conscience, and regardless of individual opinions, we must respect his decision.



## **CHAPTER IX**

### **Luis' reunion with his companions in the mountains**

We arrived at the spot in the middle of the afternoon and in the distance I saw a villa. I liked the building, and when we got there, I saw a silhouette in the background working on a huge garden. What a surprise I got when I recognized the face: it was my friend Oscar. I was overjoyed to see him from afar, as I held him in high esteem; we also had many things in common with this pleasant and intelligent man. He stared at me, undoubtedly intrigued by a man of my appearance in such an uninhabitable place, until he recognized me. He quickly came over to me and we embraced warmly. He was more astonished than I was, and he couldn't stop looking at me and touching me, asking me repeatedly how I was and how I was doing.

"How wonderful to see you!" he exclaimed. He invited me into his house, and I was pleased by how comfortable it was, especially considering that I had never been inside a building like that before.

"Luis, how did you end up here?" he asked me. "I thought you were missing or dead."

"Look, Oscar. I thought the same thing about you before I saw you," I replied. It's a very long story; I had to endure hundreds of vicissitudes and pressures, but thanks to God and those coincidences full of meaning, I was able to survive and escape from the clutches of the military. I arrived here because my comrade Orlando gave me the address of this place. Where is Orlando? Why isn't he here?



meaning, I was able to survive and escape the clutches of the military. I arrived at this place because my comrade Orlando gave me the address. Where is Orlando? Why isn't he here? Did something happen to him?

-Don't worry, Orlando is fine and lives here with me. What happens is that he tends to disappear for several days; sometimes he goes on a trip and other times, as in this case, he goes into the mountains for ten days or more, as if he were on a spiritual retreat. This man is an extraordinary guy, and the months I've spent living with him have been very formative for me, both culturally and spiritually. Now I understand why Evita considered him the political and ideological leader of the Order, alongside you. I drank the tea Oscar had served me and asked:

"What do you know about the comrades? Do you know the fate of any of them? Did you hear about the massacre of our people in the execution of General Valle?"

-Yes, of course. I heard about those murders, which shook me to the core, but that's how the enemy is, and you know that our cause is like the sun shining in the darkness of night. We are a faint light that they want to extinguish, and eliminating true justicialists has always been their goal. The dictatorship persecuted us, and this period of democracy allows us to relax, but we must not be complacent. Frondizi is cornered and will not last long in power, because if he continues, he will have to allow Peronism to return to the democratic system, and the military will not allow Perón and Justicialism to be allowed back. So we will soon see how this is resolved, but I presume that this Florentine will not be able to remain in power for long and will be overthrown by some messianic junta of the military.

As for our comrades, I know absolutely nothing. According to Orlando, most of them have disappeared, been killed, or died in prison over the years; perhaps some have managed to escape abroad and go into exile in a neighboring country; I had to flee constantly and was only able to get in touch with Orlando a few months ago. You know how difficult and hard it is to be on the run; I went through some very unpleasant times because of this band of seditionists.

who did not want to understand what they were destroying when they overthrew us. But the story does not end here; the people eventually demand justice, and sooner or later it arrives. Luis... let's not talk about this anymore. Tell me something about yourself.

I told him everything that had happened to me, and Oscar was surprised by my experiences in the Sierras Grandes: he was very interested in that whole inner process because he had also experienced something similar. He told me that Orlando had also been subjected to the same torture and that he had miraculously managed to save his life by escaping from one of the prisons and spending some time in Paraguay, and that he had been living in this remote house for about a year. I told him that I didn't expect to see anyone again and that it was a great joy to be reunited with my best comrades from the Order.

"Do you remember Mario? What do you know about him? Do you have any news of his whereabouts?" I asked.

"I don't know anything about him," he replied. "I hope he's okay. Maybe Orlando has some information. You know, Luis, it's unbelievable what has happened to us during all this time. After having power that allowed us to transform the economic, social, and political structures of this country, it's incredible to see that today Perón is in exile and Evita is gone forever. Orlando maintains that there is still much to fight for and that this has been the case since the very beginning of history, because this material order belongs to the synarchy and we are simply subject to it, deceived, seduced, constantly struggling to free ourselves. With the advent of Frondizi's democratic government, they stopped persecuting me, but even so, I have been living practically in hiding for four years; if the military returns, history will begin again.

"It's true, Oscar, all we can do is protect the myth of Eva Perón, because that's where the mystique lies, and that's where the real power is. I hope General Perón still has the strength and spirit to fight so that he can return to the country one day. I believe with all my heart that sooner or later this will happen. What do you think, Oscar?

- For now, it's very difficult for the general to return, but I'm sure he will in the future. The important thing, Luis, is to safeguard the myth of Evita. It's essential that we realize how important it is because in the times to come, we will depend on it.

"Of course, Oscar, we are the guardians of the myth, and knowing the power of myths, the oligarchy will surely try by every means possible to destroy it. Oscar, do you understand the psychological mechanics of myths?" I asked.

"Perfectly," he said.

"Then you know that they can determine the collective consciousness because they act upon it. When a myth is deposited in the collective unconscious of a people and has become forever rooted in it, sooner or later the action of certain knowledge can cause it to act in the social consciousness. That is why it is so vital to keep the story of Eva Perón alive, since the enemy will try to distort it by imposing all sorts of fallacies and impudence upon it.

"Correct, Luis," Oscar affirmed. "Your analysis is accurate. The oligarchs have been ranting against our comrade for some time now, and if they are doing so with such hatred now, later they will resort to certain tricks to culturally degrade the myth. They know the power she has and what she can do, but for now, Luis, the problem for them is General Perón. He is their greatest enemy, and they are determined to prevent him from returning. That is why they will overthrow Frondizi, simply because they do not want Perón to return to the country. But in the future, in generations to come, the myth of Evita will have exceptional value. Keep in mind that time is also an ally of the oligarchy and works against us, as it has the power to erase everything. That is where our greatest enemy lies, because in the future we must preserve the true historical significance of the myth of Eva Perón.

"You're right, Oscar. Evita's memory is still intact because not much time has passed, but in the future, the cultural forces of the oligarchy will be relentless in their efforts to destroy it. How do you think they'll go about it?" I asked.

"Look, Luis. I am absolutely convinced of one thing: the oligarchy will base its strategy on a single objective: to show Evita as human, simply a woman; they will leave aside everything that has to do with the supernatural and divine reality that existed in her. They know that she was a goddess incarnate in this world to make true values a reality, and it is this truth that they will try to erase by any means necessary. That's why, Luis, it's our duty to show that power manifested itself through Evita. We must engrave in the myth of Evita the fundamental idea that she was a point through which divine will manifested itself, which made the descent of the mystic possible. Do you understand, Luis? It is the mystic that we must defend in the myth of Evita.

Perón understood perfectly the need to update a different ethic and, to do so, develop a philosophical-political doctrine that would allow for a spiritual and intellectual understanding of this ethic. Undoubtedly, Luis, the ethic of Justicialism touches on morality in establishing a dignified and spiritually strong man, free of dogma and with a strong sense of struggle. I believe that deep down, Perón sought to establish a model of man capable of giving everything for his country, that is, a warrior. This man would be based on action and individuality. Evita, upon entering the General's life, contributed something that was missing from the doctrine: a transcendent mystical sense.

A mysticism descended upon the doctrine and formed, together with it, a power that fell like a dagger on the head of the enemy.

"Do you understand my comment, Luis?" he asked.

"Of course, Oscar."

"Perfect. Then you will realize that we must maintain Evita's mysticism and the General's doctrine, since through it the future mission of the new Justicialist generation will be intellectually understood. Furthermore, it is the doctrine that shapes Peronist men.

"Oscar, excuse me for interrupting, but... What role will we play?"

Having been indoctrinated by Evita in a justicialist gnoseological wisdom, our mission in the future will be to create a new

strategy that will allow us to pass on the knowledge we have received to our comrades. Ultimately, Luis, our duty is to continue awakening men of genius, whether through a psycho-social strategy or in a particular way.

The first rays of sun appeared through the window, indicating that dawn had broken. Oscar and I realized that the night was behind us and a new day was beginning. Time passed quickly without us noticing; the conversation had been very interesting and had absorbed us completely; I felt the traces of the night and an exhausting tiredness had taken hold of my body. The trip had been long, and the sleepless night had affected my lucidity. Oscar was also tired and offered me the guest room he had already prepared. I slept for twelve hours, and when I woke up, I found Oscar repairing the irrigation system in the garden. Since he was having trouble, I offered to help, which he accepted. I knew a little about it, so we started the repair together. Over the next few days, I devoted myself to the farm work, helping my companion. The garden was quite large; Orlando and Oscar grew all kinds of fruits and vegetables, which required intensive care.

This was their way of life, and they sold what they produced at the market. In addition, Orlando would go on trips to the mountains to gather medicinal herbs, which he sold for very good prices, providing them with some income. In his free time, Oscar practiced a physical training method and offered to teach it to me, which I gladly accepted. It consisted of about an hour of calisthenics, followed by self-defense or a type of martial art. I had practiced martial arts a little, but based on my basic knowledge, I could see that Oscar was an expert in the field. This is how we spent our days, working and training, and at night we would discuss various topics.

One night, while we were having dinner, Oscar noticed some very strange noises coming from outside. He quickly ordered me to...

He told me to turn off the lights and grabbed a shotgun. I hid behind a door as he ordered; in the darkness, we could see the light of night through the window, and we saw a truck parked in front of the house. We could also see two silhouettes moving among the trees, as if studying the layout of the house. Oscar gave me the shotgun and emphasized that if anyone entered the property, I should shoot to kill. I asked him tremulously where he was going, and he smiled ironically and said, "To have a little fun." He took a hunting knife and a small revolver, which he quickly checked, and left through the back window. Before leaving, he told me to move the furniture around, making as much noise as possible, in exactly five minutes. He reminded me of the five minutes, and his gaze reflected a certain image of death. I will never forget Oscar's eyes. They had a unique gleam and showed that he knew exactly what he was doing. I was convinced that under certain conditions, very special powers were unleashed in man, capable of developing faculties that transcend human limits and connote the divine. Constellating the gift of knowing how to kill was one of those faculties: it was a very complicated subject that I had researched. The Romans believed in these powers and performed certain rites to possess them; they performed sacred exercises or dances that they said granted the power of Diana, the Roman goddess of hunting and war. It is interesting to note the feminine sentiment that the Romans attributed to death. They believed that destiny was woven by the Moirae or the Fates and that death was intrinsically related to these deities. In addition, the Romans built their society on a chivalrous martial ethic, consolidating their patriarchal spirit in warfare. They had a deep understanding of the human soul and psyche, which they considered feminine, maintaining that in order to summon and invoke death to grant it to the enemy, one must first eliminate or dominate the woman that we all carry within us. In other words, they believed that in order to perceive the gifts of the goddesses, one must first consciously renounce the feminine aspect of the human soul, thereby affirming the masculine, virile aspect of the initiate. The goddesses, being jealous, would not grant their gifts to those who invoked them if they still had

Inside, in his soul, traces of the woman (in psychology, this process would be described as the transmutation of unconscious female complexes, which must be brought to consciousness and reduced. In this way, the feminine characteristics of consciousness and personality are eliminated, affirming the self in a strictly masculine and virile consciousness), he would lose the support of the goddess and be left to his own devices. Hence, Roman education was deeply masculine and virile in men, seeking to awaken warrior qualities, and strictly feminine in women, enhancing the qualities of the lady. As Rome was an empire, it needed a warrior people, and this was the primary reason for such ethics. In this way, Rome appealed, beyond its religious and mythological beliefs, to deeply structure the myth of the Hero within the Roman people (I would like to point out here that this culture knew and mastered the science of myths perfectly).

In Oscar's eyes, I saw the gaze of death, and at that precise moment, the image of Diana emerged in my mind; her face had merged with Oscar's, and I knew that the visitors would be lost, for he was death itself. I saw Oscar nimbly slide through the window and disappear into the shadows. I looked out the large living room window and saw the silhouettes of two men who appeared to be carrying weapons and looked as if they were about to attack at any moment. I was struck by the fact that the dogs weren't barking, and I thought they must have been killed. It was completely dark, and in that situation, all I could do was look at my watch: the seconds passed slowly, and everything was very quiet. I thought of Oscar and his order: "Shoot to kill if they try to come in. Don't hesitate for a second because it's your life or theirs." A chill ran through my veins, and although I had been through a lot during the period of tension and had often thought about my death, I had never been in a situation like this where I could either kill or be killed. Determined to do whatever it took, I looked at the clock again and saw that it was the agreed time. I began to throw furniture around, making a hellish noise; it all happened in a fraction of a second. I rushed to the window as quickly as I could and heard two or three shots

and after a while a voice shouted at me: "Luis, you can come out." I did so and saw Oscar pushing one man into the house and another lying on the ground...

"Oscar!" I exclaimed. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Here, aim at this one, and if it moves, shoot it in the head. I'll go check on the other one."

"Go ahead, I'll take care of this one," I said.

I ordered the visitor to lie face down on the floor, and he did so, begging me not to shoot him. Seconds later, Oscar came in carrying the second man on his back.

"Okay, Luis, he's alive; he's just unconscious and has a few broken bones, but he'll live." He laid him on the table and ordered the man lying on the floor to sit on the chair. He asked me to watch him while he checked the man on the table for his documents. The man I was watching was terrified, as if he had seen death itself, and he tried to stammer out some words, but Oscar ordered him to shut up, which he did. He was trembling and sweating, and pure fear was eating away at his soul. I told him to calm down, that nothing was going to happen, but Oscar said he would be executed if he didn't obey. He took out some belongings and told me to keep pointing the gun at him and shoot without hesitation if he moved, that he was going to check the area to see if there was anyone else and that he would search the truck. Again, I ordered the man to lie down on the ground and searched him to see what documents he had, but I assumed that Oscar had already done so, and he wasn't carrying a weapon or anything like that. I was particularly impressed by everything, since just a few minutes earlier we had been threatened by these people, and in a matter of seconds Oscar had subdued them without apparent difficulty. The wounded man showed signs of having been severely beaten and was in a state of shock. In a few seconds, Oscar came in and ordered me to go to the warehouse to get some ropes to tie them up:

"The coast is clear," he said. "I've got the car keys here, and it looks like they're alone." I quickly found the ropes and brought them to Oscar. He proceeded to tie their hands and feet.

"Is the unconscious guy okay? Could he have complications?"



"I asked.

"Maybe, but we have no other choice," he said. "I don't think it's that serious. Take the keys to the truck and drive it in, put it behind the house and hide it well."

I did as he said and returned. Oscar was sitting and staring at the man, as if meditating on him, while he checked his papers: they were already well gagged; he had tied both of them by their hands and feet, their faces were the image of terror, and tears were streaming from their eyes. He ordered me to put the kettle on and make coffee and went back to check on the man who had fainted. While I was making the coffee, I thought about Oscar's professionalism. I couldn't get over it because I never suspected in all those days that he was prepared for such a situation, and although he demonstrated profound martial arts knowledge and was an expert in boxing, he showed no signs of being so good at these difficult tasks. I brought the coffee and we sat down to drink it.

"They're from the services," Oscar said after taking the first sip. "Their documents indicate that. But I don't know why they're after us, if there's political amnesty, although I suspect what their reasons are. We'll question them tomorrow, but we'll keep a guard all night just in case."

First it was my turn. I only had one weapon, the shotgun on my legs, and I watched the gagged men; every so often I checked on the wounded man and felt him beginning to regain consciousness. Oscar had lain down on a cot in the same room, and a deep silence marked the night. Every so often Oscar would get up, go out into the courtyard, look around, and come back. Suddenly, I heard footsteps on the road, as if someone were approaching. I urgently called Oscar, and he jumped up, as if he had been sleeping with one eye open, even though he seemed to be in a deep sleep. He jumped out of bed and, revolver in hand, ordered me to turn off the lamp. He told me to hide behind the door again while he went out the window. Instantly, the whole story began to unfold again, but this time I was sure because I knew Oscar's abilities. A few seconds later, I heard Oscar's voice and laughter.

"Luis, it's okay. It's Orlando. What a surprise! I watched them both from the window. They greeted each other, and Oscar made some comments. I quickly turned on the lamp and went out to the patio. Orlando saw me, ran toward me, and we hugged each other with all our strength. The three of us felt immense joy, and our hearts were beating wildly. The night was fading and the first rays of sun announced the dawn; thus began a day that, beyond the conflictive and warlike night, promised to be exciting and full of life.

"Where are the horses?" Oscar asked Orlando.

"I left them with the load at Carlos's inn; one hurt its leg and the other was exhausted from carrying the load alone," replied Orlando.

"Luis, thank God you're alive! You look really well. These last few days in the mountains, I had a dream that was so significant for you that it gave me hope that you had survived. And you, Oscar... Tell me everything that happened. What's the news?"

"Now, when you enter the house, you'll be surprised to see our nocturnal friends who visited us in the shadows of the night."

Upon entering, Orlando was shocked to see the men tied up and gagged. I quickly went to check on the wounded man, who, although he had regained consciousness, was clearly in pain. Orlando asked Oscar how it had happened, and he recounted everything that had happened in detail. He also asked him if he knew any of these men, to which Orlando replied that he thought he knew one of them.

"Luis, do you recognize any of them?" Orlando asked me.

"No, I've never seen them before," I said.

"Orlando, we were going to question them today to find out why they're after us," said Oscar. "I hope you know what you're going to say, because if you don't, I'll gladly kick your ass. According to their documents, they're military intelligence agents, and I have their names here: one is a sergeant and the other is an officer. The one who's injured seems to be the sergeant, since according to the information, he must be the oldest.

"Take off their gags," ordered Orlando. "Let's see what story

I presume it must be very juicy. It's unbelievable that after so many years they still haven't forgotten about us.

Don't they ever plan to leave us alone?

"Luis," he added, "heat the water for tea and make sure it's boiling hot, because if these guys try anything, we'll wash their hands in boiling water." I quickly obeyed Orlando and while Oscar untied them, I prepared tea for everyone.

"Pour the visitors a cup," said Orlando.

They were calmer now that they were untied and drank their tea in complete silence. Oscar kept them at gunpoint. After a while, one of them spoke.

"We belong to the army and were only following orders. Why have you treated us like this?" At that moment, the wounded sergeant fainted again, and Orlando told Oscar to take him to the other room so he could treat him. With my shotgun in my hands, I remained alert in case things got difficult, although I realized that these guys didn't want to suffer any more, as they had already had a rough time with Oscar. They didn't want another taste of what they had experienced the night before.

Oscar carried the wounded man to the bed, and Orlando took some herbs from a cupboard and, using hot water, prepared a potion with the herbs. The unconscious man regained consciousness. He had been badly beaten and kicked. According to Orlando, his jaw was broken and he had two or three broken ribs, but he would recover in a few days. He bandaged him and ordered him not to move for several days. He also put another bandage on his face to heal his broken jaw (actually, he said he had a small crack, but as a precaution it was better to bandage his face). The man thanked him for his assistance and remained calm in bed; he could hardly move or speak. In that condition, he posed no danger, so we left him alone, as it was necessary to question the officer. He was younger and seemed docile; Oscar told me he would talk a mile a minute, and that's how it was:

"My name is Raúl," he began, "and I am a lieutenant; I am following orders and belong to a Navy unit. Together with the sergeant, we had the mission of contacting you and informing you of

our superiors if a man named Orlando was living in this area. We had been looking for him in this area for over a month, and last night, while having dinner at a roadside inn, we found out by chance that a man named Orlando lived on the road to Villa General Belgrano. Since this is one of the few farms in the area, we decided to go investigate. We were afraid of the dog, so my friend accidentally killed it, and then we heard noises in the house that distracted us until this man appeared and beat my companion to a pulp and disarmed me.

Oscar interrupted and asked him:

"But why are you armed?"

"You shot me twice," said the lieutenant.

"I think you're lying, and I don't like that at all. Come on, tell us the truth. You'd better think twice if you want to get out of here alive, because it's very easy to disappear in these mountains, and if it were up to me, I'd finish you off right now. You've got something else on your mind, and you'd better tell me now, or I'll get it out of you the hard way."

"Luis," said Oscar, "heat up the water, I'm going to boil this bum alive." At that moment, Orlando interrupted.

"You'll have time for that later. Now you, Lieutenant, tell me the truth. Why were you ordered to follow me? And if you were carrying silenced weapons, was it because you intended to kill me? Or not?"

"No, sir. I had orders to locate him and report his address to my superiors. The sergeant pulled out his weapon out of fear, but we had no orders to shoot; we made the mistake of coming at night. What's more, we were suspicious of the sergeant because we had been sent to Córdoba to investigate this man who, according to reports, was a close friend of Evita. We knew that he had participated in one of her strategies through her foundation, which was the organization that financed this secret strategy led by this Orlando. That's all I know, sir; I was simply obeying orders, and although I am a Navy lieutenant, I am a Peronist and always have been. I am in this force because I am fascinated by the sea, and also because of family tradition; my parents were sailors, my grandparents were sailors, and my ancestors in Spain were also sailors. But

Sir, Perón was also a military man, and I, beyond my profession, have also been and still am a Peronist. Orlando stared at him intently.

"Now I remember. I know who your father is," he finally said. "I met him personally on a mission we carried out together when I was also in the army."

I was surprised to hear that Orlando had been in the army, and even more so to learn that he had been on a mission.

"Your father and I were together on a mission in Europe during Farrell's government," Orlando continued. "At that time, Argentina had established a military exchange with the Italian armed forces; your father and I spent several days together and became great friends. The then Lieutenant Colonel Perón was also on that mission. We returned to Argentina just as Italy declared war on the Allies. Your father was a fanatic supporter of the Axis, and I remember him well. So you're his son. And where is your father?"

He passed away four years ago. I was intrigued by that, because when he told me the story of his trip to Europe, he told me about you, and when I received orders to look for a certain Orlando, a Peronist militant, I thought it might be you, so my interest goes beyond the professional.

My father always remembered you as a person of honor and courage, capable of following a cause. He always told me that Evita and Perón were very special and the only people and leaders worth following. Unfortunately, my comrades in arms did not think the same. But sir, many people in the lower ranks never agreed with the military uprising and the overthrow of Peronism. I am one of them, sir!

"It's okay, Raúl. I understand you perfectly because I knew your father, and I see the same look in your eyes. I am deeply sorry about his disappearance. But now let's relax and have breakfast because, from what I can see, we are all hungry."

Oscar was stunned by the lieutenant's story.

Coincidences full of meaning! Isn't that right?

"We have a lot to talk about, Oscar," said Orlando. "I see you had fun with these guys last night, because they were scared stiff."

scared out of their wits. It just so happens that this lieutenant is the son of a great friend of mine; everything will work out perfectly.

The four of us had breakfast and devoured more than a dozen eggs with ham. After eating, Oscar took care of loading Orlando's belongings and left, although I must say that he wasn't entirely at ease, and even though he knew exactly what Orlando was doing, he told me that he didn't trust those navy people. Before leaving, he informed me that Don Carlos's post was four hours away on foot, so I offered to accompany him, but Orlando said no because he needed me to take care of the sergeant, who had a fever and aches all over his body; he would need to be looked after for a few days until he recovered. Oscar left, and I had to stay with Orlando. He talked all morning and afternoon with the lieutenant.

I could see that Orlando had confidence in this young man who, to tell the truth, inspired confidence in me too. I noticed the noological sign on his face; I saw it in this lieutenant and knew why Orlando trusted him blindly; it wasn't so much because of the personal history between him and this young man's father, but because he had distinguished in his face the ontological semiotic characteristics that distinguish him as a spiritual man, and to some extent I sensed what Orlando's plan was. He himself was going through the process of understanding, that is, he intended to awaken the lieutenant and make him see the idea of not reporting us to his superiors; he was sure that Orlando would be able to convince him. The two of them went out for a walk, while I attended to the sergeant, a man who had fallen fiercely under Oscar's fists and feet. The hours passed, and at dusk Oscar arrived with the load and the horses. I helped him unload the packages of herbs and we took them to a shed at the back of the farm, where Oscar and Orlando would sort and package them for distribution in the cities of Córdoba, Río Tercero, and Villa María, among others. Every day, the medicinal herb business grew, and good profits could be made from this type of trade. Orlando's knowledge of herbs was incredible.

In the days that followed, he demonstrated his expertise in herbal medicine, and thanks to him, the sergeant recovered quickly. After several days, Orlando discharged him. During that time, he and Raúl talked deeply and at length.

After this, a change was noticeable in the lieutenant. That young man had changed, and I understood the power of truth when viewed through the eyes of the spirit. After three days of convalescence, the sergeant began to recover and strike up a friendship with us. At night, he and his lieutenant would chat with Orlando until dawn. They trusted him for two reasons: first, because he was a soldier, and second, because of the real closeness between the lieutenant and my companion. Another reason was the sergeant's loyalty, which, according to Oscar, was due to the fact that he had served the lieutenant's father unconditionally for more than twenty years and was now doing the same for his son. All this created an atmosphere of understanding and empathy that enveloped us all. After more than a week, our visitors were ready to leave. Oscar asked Orlando if they were doing the right thing in trusting them, and if they would report them, to which Orlando replied with another question.

-What do you think? What can we do if trust them? Kill them, become murderers? Is that what you think we should do? I think the right thing to do is this and let fate decide, and if they betray us, we'll see. Look, it's simple. If this lieutenant betrays me, when he gets to Santa Rosa or Río III, he'll automatically report us; but I have a strategy, because if they act this way, in 24 or 48 hours the army will be here. To prevent that, we'll go to the mountains and stay there for four or five days.

I thought Orlando's idea was right. As always, he seemed to see what we didn't see; he had that ability to not only look, but to observe. The mediocre man does not observe, he simply looks. In observation, there is reflection accompanying sight; that is, he who looks does not observe and therefore does not see. On the other hand, he who observes looks not only with his eyes but also with his mind, and therefore sees and knows. Orlando had mastered this ability perfectly, and every cultural or natural phenomenon he observed was completely discerned by his intelligence; in this way, he was practically never wrong in his analysis of things, and in this case, I was sure he was doing the right thing. Yes.

Although those moments were cordial, there was a certain tension in the air. On the day they left, we began preparations to move to the mountains; everything was done quickly and precisely because we couldn't waste any time. We packed what we needed and Orlando gave the order to leave. Before we left, he left certain traps and signs that would serve as references for us on our return to know if anyone had been there, although Orlando was sure that no one would report us, but just in case, we had to be careful. Thus, with the necessary provisions, we set off on the two horses, which we would leave at Don Carlos's house and then continue on our way on foot. We traveled in complete silence, setting off at dusk, with night already falling. Oscar liked to say, "When night begins to swallow the day and the mystery of life in the shadows begins to awaken." He was a lover of the night and basically suffered from lunatism; the influence of the night on his consciousness transformed him, and during those days we spent together, he spent most of the nights awake. Oscar spent hours explaining the spiritual differences between night and day. He said that eternity drew closer during the night and that it was then that the spiritual could be experienced most fully; but it was necessary to reduce it to itself, to recognize it and represent it, because although it was an ally of the awakened man, there were also certain darknesses within it. And on that dark night with a new moon, we set off on a course that was completely unknown to me. We rode in complete silence; I was next to Oscar on one horse and Orlando was on the other, carrying the food and supplies. We rode like this for three hours until we arrived at the post; we were attended by an old Creole man who, according to what was said, was one of the few direct descendants of the Comechingones. I thought we would spend the night there, but Orlando ordered me to simply make tea for everyone, as we would then set off on foot for our new destination. During the time we spent with Don Carlos, I could see and observe that this man had a gift, a wisdom; moreover, only someone with such qualities could survive in that place. We struck up a conversation.

"Don Carlos, how do you manage to survive in this desolate and uninhabited place, far from everything and where only cabins can be reached?"



"I asked.

"Magic," he replied. "Besides, I am not alone. My ancestors, the spirits of the night, and the genies of things remain with me. You must understand this well, since you have a visionary spirit. That being the case, I don't understand why you ask me that question, since a man who is awake knows how to adapt to everything."

"Excuse me, Don Carlos. I believe in magic and hidden, invisible realities, and I also realize that a true man must adapt to everything.

Oscar laughed out loud with Orlando, perhaps because they had been through the same thing and knew of my rational curiosity. To tell the truth, spiritually I already knew what the answer of this descendant of Indo-American gods would be, but curiosity betrayed me.

"You know," added Don Carlos, "I haven't spent my whole life here: I'm a doctor. That's right, my friend. I have a rational education and was trained in formal scientific thinking. But in the last fifteen years, I decided to return to my roots, to the culture of my blood, and I came back here to be among my people. You should know that modern man has a way of thinking that is basically structured in the educated mind, formed by memory, which is generated from the insertion of data and knowledge. This is how people in modern society think, and their knowledge is based on recognition through memory. If what is presented before their eyes has not been previously structured in their educated mind, they will not be able to understand the meaning of things, and they will feel panic or unease, even more so if those realities that appear to them are spiritual or, as you say, metaphysical. A mind educated in this way will never be able to penetrate spiritual realities and only to a certain extent material ones, because it is based on the soul, and since the soul is material, the maximum limit ofgnoseological understanding, as Orlando says, is reason, and we, on the contrary, have inherited another way of thinking. This is based on the spirit, on the I, and the method of knowledge is vision.

Only spiritual vision can understand and therefore see metaphysical realities; the educated mind allows us to comprehend the

realities of the material world, of the finite world, but we will never understand the realities of the infinite worlds that interact with the finite world. Thus, we have two realities in life, and man wants to understand them with his educated mind, which is totally limited. But if he developed the power of vision, if he could access this type of spiritual understanding through vision, he would understand the infinite worlds. Unfortunately, the average person is blinded by the educated mind; they have been captivated and bound by its purposes, forgetting other abilities that allow us to see and observe certain images of the spirit which, as Orlando says, are eternal symbols that serve as bridges to the infinite worlds. But sooner or later, Western man will be forced to think with his spirit, because if he does not, he will self-destruct, consuming his spiritual will in the senses, in matter, and perpetuating himself eternally in it. He must learn to see the eternal symbols, and only by having inner visions with his Self, that is, with his spirit, will he relate charismatically to those infinite images of the eternal worlds.

In these places, the educated mind is not needed, since it cannot bear to live in this way; that is, it despairs and panics because these places are flooded with images of the spirit; only the spiritual can survive in this realm. Look at those stones. They are there without saying anything to us, and yet there is a power, a spirit in them, and if you observe them with the eyes of the spirit, you will be able to receive certain teachings from them.

Excuse me, Don Carlos," I said, "What gift do these stones bestow? What is their spiritual power?

-If we can befriend them, if we access their spirit and if they want to, they will teach us the mystery of flight, for example. But we must always observe them with our spirit and not with our soul, because with our educated mind we will never reach an understanding of them.

If we befriend the power that dwells in stones, we will learn through them to rise up, to travel through the etheric worlds; we will thus be able to fly through them and have visions of their realities. Do you understand? This is an eternal symbol and is within the reach of all men; but reason, the logic of the educated mind, prevents them from seeing the bridge that grants them spiritual freedom.

to all men; but reason, the logic of the educated mind, prevents them from seeing the bridge that grants them spiritual freedom. Of course, it is not easy to master the educated mind and develop a spiritual mind, for man lives for the educated mind and does not realize that he is bound, trapped in that labyrinth.

I see that you have had visions of these infinite realities and that your spirit has found within you these images of eternity; you have observed with your spiritual mind, and it has guided you to see the differences. My ancestors knew that the spirit is captive in the world, and that is why their visions were transferred through those drawings on the stones, where they taught how to see a spirit and free it from the chains of matter.

Orlando, who had remained silent, burst out saying:

"You should know that what Don Carlos wants you to see is that our soul and its faculties allow us to perceive realities from only one perspective; however, from the spirit, everything is seen clearly and nothing remains in the shadows."

I was particularly amazed by this man and would never have imagined that behind that figure there was a doctor, a professional, and I was intrigued by his entire background. At times he expressed himself like a shaman, like a man of infinite wisdom, but at other times, deliberately, he displayed scientific knowledge, although he allowed a certain contempt for this form of expression to show through. Don Carlos was a master of life, and all of us had been captivated by his wisdom. Time passed without any of us noticing; the sun's rays were already beating down, and Orlando reminded us that we had to leave because it was getting too late. Don Carlos reminded us to be alert in the mountains and to stay calm because he would take care of the horses as if they were his own. We set off on foot, and I had a whole host of questions I wanted to ask this man, but I knew Orlando could answer them. And so we began our journey along the steep trails, leaving this wise man behind. Oscar carried the bag with our provisions, which we took turns carrying every hour. The road was hard and difficult. We climbed gentle slopes, heading northwest and trying to avoid

The steepest slopes changed direction momentarily, turning in the opposite direction and then returning to the previous course. At times I was completely lost and thought we were turning around in circles; my sense of direction was confused and I just kept going without questioning Orlando; Oscar seemed to have a better sense of direction and understood the situation better. I was beginning to feel exhausted, as we had been walking for more than seven hours, and considering that I hadn't slept the night before, we had been walking for almost fourteen hours without rest. However, Orlando was walking so steadily and quickly that I had to push myself to the limit to keep up with him. Oscar seemed to be in the same condition as me, and during those last three hours, Orlando carried the bag of provisions. After so many slopes, we spotted a small valley, and Orlando indicated that we would rest and eat something there. We walked for another hour and arrived at the valley. I couldn't feel my legs, and my whole body was one moan of pain. I had never experienced such exertion and realized that I had exceeded the limits of physical endurance. Although I was used to hard physical work, I had never come close to this point. We rested and ate bread with cheese and some dried fruit. Orlando had forbidden us to eat meat, arguing that this was not just any trip...

After eating, we rested for just a few hours, as it was essential to arrive at the place before dusk, because the shadows of night could cause us to lose our way. I clearly remember Orlando's words:

"Relax and rest. Sleep meditatively and don't waste energy, so you can fall asleep. Save your energy for later because we have to reach the building before nightfall. If the shadows catch us, we could get lost between two worlds and be trapped there." I fell into a deep sleep and Oscar woke me up. They were ready to leave: two hours had passed and we only had four or five hours of daylight left. Orlando hurriedly began the walk because he insisted that it was vital to arrive before nightfall. We had to cross the valley and then cross a

There was a narrow pass to reach the building, so we had to walk quickly and carefully to arrive on time. In fact, we were almost forced to run; that was Orlando's pace; he flew over his feet and we followed him as best we could. We crossed the valley and entered the gorge; it was so narrow that it was imperceptible from a distance and could only be crossed by someone who knew the area, and Orlando clearly knew it well. We crossed the gorge and climbed a hill. At the top of it was a cave, or what I considered from my position to be a cave; in reality, it was a stone structure that appeared to be natural but was clearly man-made. We arrived and Orlando was happy that we had flown; and it was true, because I couldn't understand how we had covered so many kilometers in such a short time. We still had an hour of daylight left, so we began to prepare ourselves. Oscar looked for firewood and a place to spend the night. Orlando inspected the place thoroughly, and then the three of us proceeded to isolate it and fence it off using the fence technique. Once we were done, we lit a fire, and Oscar began to prepare something to eat. After such an effort, we had finally arrived at the building Orlando had pointed out to us. We sat around the fire and had some corn with cheese and water for dinner. It was strangely good and appetizing to eat this dinner after so many hours of walking. No one said a word during dinner, and after dinner, Oscar prepared a delicious tea that I drank with great pleasure. Then I asked Orlando:

"Who did this building belong to?"

"Probably the Comechingones," he said, "although I'm not sure. What I can tell you is that this is a center of power and it is already isolated and protected. Look how interesting the design is." It was true. Although I had noticed the architecture of the building, I could only see it dimly because the light was poor and I was still recovering from the journey, so I hoped to take a closer look in the morning.

"Orlando, what was the reason for the rush? How could we get trapped between two worlds?" I asked.

-You must bear in mind, Luis, that where there is an eternal symbol, that is, a noologically isolated space, the surroundings belong to the unknown forces that oppose it. To illustrate this, remember what Evita said about Peronism; at the time, it was a space totally isolated from the global synarchy, meaning that Argentina, in that space of historical significance, lived the reality of the spirit, prioritizing noological values over material ones. But the whole world was against us; the nations taken over by the global synarchy attacked us in every way possible. In the same way, this isolated place of piedra is surrounded by natural and supernatural forces that seek to destroy the power that lies deposited on these lithic structures. That is why we had to arrive during the day, as we ran the risk of those forces acting on the landscape, altering the spaces and confusing our sense of direction so that we would get lost and remain trapped between two worlds, between the finite and the infinite. I know it is difficult to understand, but that is how it is.

"You know, Orlando, what you're describing happened to me in Villa Dolores when I hid there to avoid being caught by the military coup leaders. One day I went out for a walk. I had a habit of walking along a certain path that crossed hills and mountains, always passing through the same place, but one day I got lost. All my points of reference disappeared, and suddenly I found myself completely lost. I sensed immediately that something strange was happening, and based on that fact, I took the situation as calmly as possible; at no time did I despair because I understood spiritually that certain unknown forces had altered the geographical space that was familiar to me. Thus, knowing that I was lost and deceived by something very powerful that was trying to activate panic within me, I calmed down and reflected nonologically; I remember that I could not find my way out of that labyrinth. I went to sleep very peacefully, protecting myself under a rock, and in the morning, when I woke up, I found everything back in its place; the entire geography was the same again, and my points of reference allowed me to return to where I lived. That said, I never went back down that path, nor would I do so for anything in the world.

"That's being between two worlds," Orlando asserted. "The same thing that happened to you also happened to Oscar and me. We got trapped the last time we came to this building, which is why we quickened our pace and flew away. Look, Luis, these are mysteries that are difficult to understand, but it's better to avoid them before you get caught up in them.

The only thing I can say for sure is that if you stay alert and control your soul with your mind and spirit, these forces can do little to disorient and trap us, but to do that we must be awake, and that is no easy task, as it requires true willpower.

"That day was terrible," Oscar continued. "They changed the topography and suddenly we were lost; only by staying alert were we able to escape such a trap. That's when you truly realize that nature is not always an ally of the spirit, that it is matter and therefore belongs to the gods who control it. Remaining steadfast in ourselves, without giving in to fear, allowed us to overcome the illusion and avoid the trap that had been set for us. Ultimately, our warrior attitude enabled us to dismantle the deception and thus escape from it.

-Can this only happen in a natural environment, or can it also happen in a city, on the street of any town, for example?

-Look, Luis, if the enemy identifies you, it can happen in any circumstance. What happens is that in a city you are more hidden, because it is a setting where it is difficult to be identified, unless you have to emerge socially like our comrade Evita; she sacrificed herself in order to establish an eternal symbol such as justicialism and was physically destroyed by the metaphysical forces of the demonic synarchy.

Do you realize what this means? Here we are more exposed because we are easily identified by the goblins and ghosts that respond to those natural and supernatural forces that want the spirit to remain attached to matter; but since each of us has demonstrated mastery over our own soul, they can do nothing, and that is why we can remain calm. Furthermore, this building isolates us from everything, as it is like a stone wall.

It is insurmountable; it is like Peronism when it had its mystique. There are multiple ways to take us out of ordinary reality and introduce us to virtual realities that they control through culture. This is much more powerful than modifying a topological plane and is the true cultural strategy of the material powers that rule humanity. They operate by unbalancing the collective psyche with ideological drugs. They have intensified the social body and organized communities with capitalist paradigms, launched into the world as the panacea for all our ills; they have thus created true virtual realities where people have structured themselves hoping to find happiness and have found only pain and suffering.

These cultural fantasies projected onto society by the synarchy are scientific, economic, religious, financial, sporting, artistic, and other structures that serve their own ends rather than those of the people. Therein lies the true magic of these gentlemen, for they make man identify with one of these structures and remain trapped in it without seeing the others. This produces a true fragmentation of consciousness because he sees the tree but cannot see the forest. The educated mind has been fragmented into multiple pieces or fragments, and man's consciousness has been split into hundreds of parts in a universal culture that is disintegrated, amorphous, and devoid of spiritual meaning. This has killed the religious sense of humanity, and now the great religious myths do not have the power to transform and awaken man, to reconnect him to the true God. The materialistic ideologies of this capitalist culture are true drugs that have identified man and bound him to matter, diverting him from the true meaning of life, which is the spirit. That is where the danger lies, and only an antidote such as Peronism could revive a people like the Argentine and free them from the cultural vice of capitalism or Marxism. Today, everything is confused, and terms such as love, justice, and honor are structured in totally degrading semantic contexts. Their meanings are no longer known, and the content of their meanings has fallen according to the continent that contains them. But this is not so, because any healthy man knows what love is in itself, what justice is in itself.



And what honor itself is.

But now love is confused with sex, justice has hundreds of cultural nuances that determine its meaning, and... What can we say about honor! No one understands anyone anymore, because materialism has not only killed idealism but has also degraded its highest concepts.

We listened attentively to Orlando, and for a moment I lost all sense of time and space; I enjoyed listening to this colleague immensely. Oscar looked at me and said that it was late, around four in the morning, and suggested we go to sleep. I objected, saying we should keep watch just in case, but Orlando dismissed the idea, saying we could sleep peacefully, that nothing would happen. I then surrendered myself to Orpheus, the Greek god of sleep, and slept as I hadn't done in many years. I woke up before my companions and felt vigorous and lucid; all the exhaustion of the previous day had completely disappeared. I set about preparing breakfast, which consisted of a cup of tea with a few slices of bread warmed over the fire. Once it was ready, I woke my companions, as Orlando had said that the first one to open his eyes should wake the others. They also felt an invigorating energy when they woke up and, like me, enjoyed a deep sleep. They got up and ate the breakfast I had prepared.

Orlando left, saying he would be back very late; he was going to gather some herbs he had noticed along the way that he found strange and striking. Oscar and I began to explore the building; it consisted of a circular vaulted room with two doors, one at the front and one at the back, and two circular windows on either side. In the middle was a huge stone that dominated the center of the room; it was two meters high and approximately two meters in diameter. I was struck by how polished it was and wondered what kind of stone it might be. Oscar asked me the same question, and we were both intrigued to know its purpose, although intuitively we sensed something.

From this spot, we had a view of a large area, and the

The hill was protected to the north by a mountain range that was very difficult to access, and from the south it could only be reached by crossing a small gorge, which was practically impossible if you did not know the area. In other words, this construction was completely protected and could only be reached by someone very special. I spent the whole morning measuring its dimensions and making various calculations. I discovered that this construction was made from a single stone, and I was amazed that it had not been excavated from the rock, but was made of another material. I realized that the hill had been literally cut in half and that the work had been carried out on it. Studying the neighboring hills and the mountains surrounding it, I understood that the stone on which this structure had been built did not belong to that area. This raised a whole series of questions in my mind, the answers to which transcended the limits of professional logic, so I appealed to my noological understanding, realizing that those who had created this work of art undoubtedly possessed a superior science of construction. In this way, I admired an ancient art that had been lost in the mists of time.

I have always been fascinated by stone structures, dolmens, menhirs, etc. I also found Mayan, Aztec, Egyptian, and other structures extraordinary, but this was different, because my hypothesis was that it was a single gigantic stone brought from who knows where. If we consider that the entire circular structure was six meters in diameter and three meters high, we can imagine the magnitude of the stone. To my amazement, I observed that the central stone was made of the same material as the walls, leading me to conclude that everything had been carved with extraordinary precision. Thus, each analysis we carried out gave us a clearer glimpse of the magnificent work, for that is what this construction was: the work of sculptors and carvers, of artists in the art of stonework. In addition to its natural camouflage, it was practically impossible to distinguish this structure from below; the central stone acted as a visual barrier, covering the openings of the entrances, and from below, nothing could be seen. In other words, it was just another hill among many, and I must admit that even I, standing below, doubted that such a megalithic structure existed at the top of the hill; only a few meters away

that its magnitude could be verified.

That day was crucial for me, because all the experience I had gained during my long years as an architect was reduced to ashes by these true magicians of megalithic art; reality showed me that this colossal stone structure had been built by men who possessed a special power unknown to our current science of construction, and although the carving was feasible today, how did they move the colossal stone to that hill? Where did they bring it from?

By what means? In other words, questions raced through my mind, and of course, the formal answers made no sense. This was simply the work of gods, and the human hand had had little or no involvement, and if that was possible, my deductions led me to conclude that it could only have been present in the construction, that is, in the carving of the stone, but never in the design, because at that time there was no architectural technique to carry out such a work, and even less so a culture like that of the Comechingones, although I could not clearly determine the age at which this type of stone structure had been made.

It was already dusk when Orlando arrived; I was still jotting down notes and drawing the structural outline of the building. When he discovered what I was doing, he automatically forbade me, and I realized that he was right and didn't even ask him why he was upset; I understood my partner's message. Oscar laughed at my scientific attitude and told me to observe from the YO if I wanted to understand and not just look with my soul. I knew that perfectly well, but it was difficult for me to detach myself from my aesthetic mind, which was a product of my education. Orlando felt disappointed to see me in that situation.

"Are you impressed by the construction?" he asked me.

"Yes, I think it's extraordinary," I said. "It's the work of gods."

"And if it is the work of the gods, why are you taking notes? Are you trying to prove to men that it exists? Don't you realize that it remains hidden because the gods want it to remain that way and only be experienced by certain types of men?" Orlando replied.

"You're right, Orlando. I think for a moment something was triggered inside me and it captivated me. I felt powerful and thought: what a tremendous discovery for the world and what power for oneself.

Luis, don't let yourself be blinded by power; power in itself is destructive, it feeds the ego and destroys the spirit. It is a shadow that looms over the man of genius. The personality likes to feel powerful, to be master of its own little world, and power itself knows this and therefore momentarily grants man that possibility; but it will surely take something from him, something it will take away from the individual and sometimes even his own life. To use power, one must first overcome it and renounce its numinous designs, for there is no pact with it: either you belong to it or it belongs to you.

This is a construction of power, and within it we experience a bridge, an eternal symbol that gives us the possibility of understanding the meaning of life from a higher wisdom. Observing this construction, we know that it is the work of gods and perhaps of men, for we must understand that beyond its architectural functions, it is an eternal symbol, an image of eternity captured in this valley of tears to guide men of genius toward the spirit, toward a different life. There is undoubtedly a power within it, and it may be waiting for someone who dares to possess it, but whoever dares to challenge it must know what they are up against. If they triumph in the contest, they will become the master of the world, but if they are defeated, the consequences will be terrible. Try to understand this, for it is true of all things, that the power that lies dormant within them should only be awakened when strategy requires it, and only the companion guided by the spirit, by the gods, should seize that power. If strategy does not require it, let us not challenge power for power's sake; that is a mistake that could cost us our lives.

I understood perfectly what Orlando's words meant, and I knew intimately their meaning; they illuminated my conscience. Suddenly, I felt that he could wield that power and that it would be easy for him to appropriate it, and perhaps for me as well. But what good would it do us? Our mission, begun years ago by Evita, no longer made sense, for today was a time of synarchy and

Everything revolved around her. That's when I finally understood that the real goal is to understand symbols and images and reduce them to a conscious and spiritual form within ourselves. Oscar listened attentively and spoke:

"There is also power in herbs," he said, "and they grant you the gift of vision. These drugs allow us to quickly see images of other realities without the slightest effort; we only have to ingest them and automatically the genius that lies in supernatural form behind these weeds or herbs will open your mind and worlds so that you can observe them. Now, what is the cost? Well, we know that there is always a high price to pay for this. Do you realize that, Luis? They accelerate your virtual awakening caused by an external agent that will always demand something from you; it will take its toll. However, it is possible to see all the worlds that exist in this world without resorting to means that act within us, granting us something and then betraying us by taking our lives. Do you understand why all this is, Luis? True power lies in our spiritual will and in awakening the capacities inherent in our spirit. Man always looks outside, and it is within ourselves that wisdom and mystery lie. Undoubtedly, at one time we were so asleep that the gods necessarily had to project certain power structures to awaken us and grant us the wisdom that makes spiritual liberation possible, and these types of constructions served that purpose.

But now that we have wisdom, we know that we must awaken and become men of genius by activating the divine genes within us, transforming ourselves into true men affirmed in a transcendent will and a fighting spirit, leaving aside our animal-man, that is, the created soul, animating with the Self the noological consciousness, the spiritual and eternal being that we really are. That is the truth, and we need nothing else. Mediocre men turn to drugs and occult rituals because they need them, and this is understandable, for they lack a firm will; their ego is fragmented into material entities that animate the structures of the synarchy. But this is not the case with us; we have

a permanent center of gravity and must not lose it by entertaining petty illusions.

It was a pleasure to listen to Oscar; he expressed himself directly and without dialectics. He dominated the situation with his charismatic analysis of everything he said, and the truth emanated from his spirit with complete clarity, without the need for intellectual concepts couched in scientific rhetoric. In other words, with few words, he conveyed truths clearly and precisely, worthy only of a true warrior of the spirit. His comments about herbs were extremely significant. This was a subject that intrigued me because I sensed that there was a mystery there, but that it had something demonic about it. In other words, I intuited the spiritual benefit of this type of power, but I also knew that there was a very high price to pay, and Oscar succinctly and laconically made me understand this truth. Man searches outside himself, climbs mountains, consumes drugs, performs rituals, and all this in search of the truth; however, all he has to do is look within himself to awaken from the deception, for only within himself will he find the keys to his own spiritual liberation. But here we have consumption, always consumption, weakening man's consciousness. We are constantly consuming things, images, objects, forms, etc., and we lose ourselves in that labyrinth without ever reaching the truth, complicating our lives, which are simple when lived free from that terrifying consumerism. We lose our sense of joy and happiness and believe that by possessing, by continually burdening ourselves with things that weigh down the soul, we will achieve fulfillment. How wrong we are! How great Evita was! She hated and hated men when they strove for material goods, and she said it was sad to see humans waste themselves in order to possess goods and more goods in a selfish and ambitious way, destroying everything that stood in their way, men, societies, etc., to achieve that end.

I shared these thoughts and memories of Evita with my colleagues, and the three of us felt the loss of our comrade in arms. This led us to wonder about the lieutenant's attitude. Would he report us? Oscar and Orlando remained calm, downplaying the incident; I adopted the same attitude.

It was already nighttime, and Orlando prepared dinner. He had gathered some wild bulbs that he said were delicious, so he made a soup that we enjoyed. The next morning when I got up, Oscar had prepared breakfast. I asked him about his companion Orlando, and he told me that he had left and would not be back for two days. He then suggested that I train with him, and I accepted; we did two hours of gymnastics and then went out to explore the area. The landscape was rugged and wild, and I realized that, given how tired I had been the other day, I hadn't noticed its beauty. Oscar added that, according to Orlando, it changed every year. We crossed the hills behind the building; they were mountains that resisted our passage. After three or four hours of walking, we ended up in a small valley very similar to the previous one. Oscar told me that there were Comechingones constructions there, so we visited some natural caves where they had lived; we found utensils and a mortar, and we decided to spend the day there and return before dusk for fear of getting lost. That day was magnificent, just like the previous one. Oscar and I talked about how hard it must have been for those people to live in such a place and survive in this way. We talked for about two hours, and Oscar displayed a vast knowledge of this culture, describing its customs and way of life in a unique, succinct, and impeccable manner: art, political and social organization, religion, mythology, etc. I listened attentively to his lecture, which left me speechless. We know little about the indigenous people, the true owners of these lands until the Spanish sword appeared, spreading blood and semen across the soil of this blessed homeland. Oscar told me the story of the emancipation of these peoples from Spanish conquest, especially by the Jesuits (an order founded by Ignatius of Loyola called the Society of Jesus, which allowed the Christianization of vast areas of the globe, since they were the ones who "civilized" the indigenous people of this area; but they also exploited the indigenous people's blood by making them work on their constructions). Oscar maintained that the Jesuits applied true collectivist Marxism in their social organizations; they formed a very closed, elitist, and deeply esoteric caste, as they practiced certain cabals—such as the

musical—with which they operated on the indigenous people. They also had extensive knowledge of trade, to such an extent that they resembled the Phoenicians, as the wealth they accumulated was fabulous; they came to have greater economic power than the papacy itself, which led to a rivalry that ended with the destruction and abolition of this order by the pope in the 18th century—in 1773, to be exact—although it was later reestablished.

As I told you, Alfredo, Oscar was an expert on this subject; he taught me about the historical functions of the Catholic orders and the differences between them. Knowledge and study of these clerical institutions was one of the few things I had not researched, and knowing my passion for history, he devoted himself to explaining these orders and their implications in the political, religious, cultural, and other spheres. Living in those hills and in that building for those couple of days, I was nothing but will; that is, my personal record, my ontological reality, was completely erased, and only for a few moments did I remember my psychological makeup structured in a personality drawn by a series of characters that, in my case, were well aware and perfectly managed by my spiritual will. By this I mean that when one breaks with the ordinary world, the ego is blurred, the soul loses strength, and the spirit gains energy. Thus, the self feels free and the pressures of capitalist life cease to have power and implications within the consciousness of man, even more so if he is assisted by mysticism such as that which could be appreciated in this landscape and especially that which was immanent in this megalithic structure.

Orlando returned after spending two nights and three days in the mountains and ordered us to prepare everything because we had to leave the next day; he was injured in one leg and had difficulty walking. I asked him how it had happened and he told me it had been a simple accident. That night we had a hearty dinner because the next day would be tough. The three of us sat around a campfire and remembered our comrades in the Order of Justicialist Builders, especially our friend Mario and Evita. We also analyzed the situation of Peronism and Perón's strategy for the future. Orlando was convinced that the General would return to the country and that Justicialism would return to power.



strategy in the future. Orlando was convinced that the General would return to the country and that Justicialism would return to power. That, however, would be seen in the future, but I was sure of one thing: the myth of Eva Perón would live on forever in the memory of the Argentine people, and the oligarchy would try to fight it with all its might. It was then our mission to support him, not to let them degrade him, and to do so we had to come up with the right strategies. The next morning, Orlando woke us up very early, and we got ready to leave. I said goodbye to that living construction, and inside I knew that I might never return to that place. We left quickly, and as we descended the hill, the construction blended into the mountain itself; it seemed as if it had never been there. I stopped to look again. Orlando realized what was happening.

It's a mystery," he said, "it's gone. She has disappeared and now she is below the threshold of meaning, that is, of ordinary consciousness, and no one can or will be able to see her until a man who is awake and has a certain power can bring her back above the threshold of ordinary consciousness, for to the common man she will remain eternally hidden, and now you understand why your information is useless. No one can see it, and only a man with mysticism is capable of observing and experiencing it; that is, it can only be perceived by those who have in their spirit the gift of warrior mysticism. Now let's go, the road is long and dangerous, and we must reach Don Carlos's post before dusk, otherwise we will have a very bad time...

We set off at full speed; Orlando flew over his feet, demanding the same effort from Oscar and me. Things were getting complicated, and what we had previously overcome with ease was now becoming extremely difficult. Mysteriously, the gorge had been closed off by the fall of huge boulders, and to get around it we had to climb two peaks, an almost impossible task. Orlando said that they would do everything in their power to stop us and that the obstruction of the gorge was the work of those unknown forces.

"Now we are in their domain and completely exposed," he commented, "so we must appeal to our utmost willpower."

We had to hurry because we would have to fight a real battle against the inherent hostility of the demons of matter. We began the climb, and every inch of rock was like a razor's edge; it's hard to describe the complications that arose. Oscar cut himself, I injured my arm in a fall, and Orlando was in terrible pain in his leg; nevertheless, we kept going, dodging the peaks, which seemed to have grown considerably since the first time. We descended, and the small valley had become a jungle thicket; we had to cut our way through with our knives. Orlando, who was leading the way with his gun, ordered us to do the same and shoot anything that moved in the undergrowth. I must tell you that we fired hundreds of shots at all kinds of animals, especially wild pigs, whose ghostly figures resembled specters that appeared and disappeared; we also saw vipers and snakes crossing our path. Orlando asked for calm and attention. Suddenly, he ordered us to put away our weapons because, according to him, the danger had passed. I was sure that someone was watching us from behind the bushes, and for a second I hesitated to put away my weapon, but Orlando insisted that we were safe. When we emerged from the bushes, the valley magically reappeared behind us, and I was amazed at such a clearing. We continued on and began to descend the hills and mountains. Orlando said that we would not stop for anything, so we had to resist hunger and thirst, and he forbade us to eat or drink, telling us to just keep walking, faster and faster. I had forgotten about my arm, and Oscar had forgotten about the deep cut he had on his shoulder. Orlando, meanwhile, walked as if he had not been wounded at all, his pace steady and quick. We crossed the slopes, leaving the mountains behind, and began to change the direction of our turns again; at times we were heading north, then we appeared in the south as if retracing our steps. In other words, we began to walk through a labyrinth, and the landmarks I had memorized on the way there were lost in this landscape. I thought then that we were lost, but Orlando kept going faster and faster, urging us to hurry up; incredibly...

I felt no fatigue or pain; my feet moved swiftly. For a second, I didn't feel my body; it was as if I were floating above myself, obeying my will completely.

Suddenly, Orlando stopped and ordered us to visualize an eagle or a wolf; whoever saw one of these figures had to tell him quickly. He insisted that the only way out of the labyrinth was by observing these animals, and to do so we had to remain alert because they would only appear once. We continued walking, but this time slowly, and it was only a few hours before nightfall. Orlando reminded us to visualize the animal because it would show us the way out, since if night fell, we would be lost. Unexpectedly, an eagle appeared on the horizon to our right on a sword-shaped rock.

"The way out!" exclaimed Oscar. The eagle watched us intently and flapped its wings as if urging us to follow it, so we did. We followed the eagle's direction and managed to get out of that labyrinth as the last rays of sunlight faded. When I spotted Don Carlos's post, I felt immense joy, even more so when I saw him. We quickened our pace, and the eagle was still flying above our heads. It dove down as if saying goodbye to us and disappeared among the rocks of a hill. Don Carlos welcomed us and invited us into his house, which we gladly accepted given the circumstances.

"We got away with it!" exclaimed Orlando.

Don Carlos smiled and looked at us carefully.

"From what I can see, it was quite fierce, but not enough to stop warriors like you."

Don Carlos prepared dinner for us, which we devoured in minutes. All three of us were alert, and despite having spent practically a whole day on the run, we didn't seem exhausted, just bruised and battered, but physically and spiritually perfect.

After dinner, Don Carlos prepared some pastries that I enjoyed immensely. Then he asked us to recount our adventure, and Orlando told him in great detail, but what intrigued him most was our return and the power the enemy unleashed to stop us.

us.

"They came to tear apart the landscape, to change the world to defeat us! throw them off course! They never did that to us!"

"No, Orlando!" exclaimed Don Carlos.

"True," said Orlando, "they had never done it that way before, and I assure you that the hostility they showed toward us was fierce and unprecedented; but Luis and Oscar resisted like true justicialists and did not show the slightest weakness."

The atmosphere was warm and friendly. Don Carlos seemed happy and asked me how I had found the experience. I replied that it had been extraordinary and revealing. Don Carlos and Orlando talked all night about these and other experiences they had had in the past, but I couldn't understand them very well as they were speaking in a strange language, perhaps indigenous. When I woke up in the morning, they were still talking and invited me to have breakfast. Oscar had already had some tea and was preparing the horses to leave. I asked Orlando if he had slept, and he replied that what he had to discuss with Don Carlos was more important than sleep, so he hadn't slept, but that he felt perfectly fine.

"Before I go, Don Carlos, I want to thank you for your help, and I hope to see you again," I said.

"I hope so; you know where I live, because I don't plan on moving from here," he said.

Orlando said goodbye to Don Carlos and thanked him for his help, as did Oscar. The three of us then set off for our destination. We had a three-hour drive ahead of us to get to Orlando's house and check if anyone had been there. We arrived around noon and began to investigate the clues Orlando had left to find out if anyone had come looking for us. Everything appeared to be the same; no one had been near the house. Neither the lieutenant nor the sergeant had betrayed Orlando, who was happy that everything had turned out that way. I was convinced that Orlando had always known the truth and that the trip to the mountains, to the construction site, had been planned by him and that the lieutenant's case had simply served as an explanation to justify the

adventure.

It had been almost a week since we had left, and it seemed like an eternity to me; for a moment, I was taken out of this cultural order and transported to a different time, meaning that everyday reality, the temporal space that my consciousness normally articulates, ceased to have preeminence in my reality. During those days, I felt my true self, my true ME.

That day, at Orlando's house, we analyzed in depth what had happened during the trip. He gave me certain guidelines about the events that had taken place and especially dwelled on the return and everything we had experienced in those circumstances. I cannot elaborate in this book on everything Orlando explained to me because my spiritual consciousness does not allow me to, but I will say that the mystery of what happened has a profound real manifestation; it was not illusory. There was a supernatural relationship and a cognitive cause behind the whole event. Forces unknown to me, but not to Orlando, had acted to modify the natural spaces of meaning, superimposing a different topology upon them. The intention of this was to trigger madness, some kind of panic in us, which did not happen because we had a spiritual preparation grounded in the self and in a justicialist noological ethic.

"Truth conquers fear," said Comrade Evita, and Peronist doctrine has an ethic structured on truth, justice, and honor. Its existential, idealistic, and transcendent philosophy is affirmed in the heroic sense of life (hero: this term is very rich in its semantics and etymology, but mythologically, a hero is someone who conquers their "eros," their instinctive energy, which encompasses all human instincts. Some confuse the concept of EROS by labeling or framing it as something exclusively sexual, but Eva had told me that to overcome oneself was to transmute all the instinctive energies of the soul and not just the sexual ones. Moreover, she affirmed that the important thing was to manage the unconscious forces of the animal man from the will affirmed in the self; This did not mean repressing them to the extreme, but rather understanding these energies, which allowed us to direct and adapt them according to our specific needs.

particular strategic goals) where particular ethical values are realized together with collective ones; hence, justicialism is a path to both individual and collective spiritual fulfillment. I had understood for some time that the doctrine ideologically projected by Juan Domingo Perón was a bridge to another space of cultural meaning, to a reality that was embodied in this one but that was synchronistically related to other worlds; I am sure that behind Perón there were unknown forces, gods who operated from a supernatural plane, structuring this eternal symbol in the world. When Comrade Evita said that Peronism was the face of God in this world of shadows and darkness, she was not mistaken, for Justicialism is a divine image, a political archetype that still remains pure and whose ontological reality and axiological and gnoseological content point to the liberation of man in all orders of ordinary life.

This power contained in Peronist doctrine managed to transform a nation, a people, for almost a decade. This power isolated the country spiritually from the atheistic and materialistic archetypes of international supercapitalism and its two direct references: liberalism and Marxism. Peronism was a wall of containment, an impregnable castle for these forces; only the betrayal of a series of oligarchs who sold out their country, traitors to the people, the nation, and the Peronist state, could break this siege, that is, open the doors for imperialism, through its servile lackeys, to defeat us. Everything was clear in my mind, and together with Orlando and Oscar, we unraveled the historical and political events of the period we had lived through and agreed to continue working spiritually for our comrade Evita and for the Peronist myth. If the kairos allowed it, one day we would reconnect charismatically to crystallize a strategy together; if this did not happen, each of us would have to fight on our own until the end to raise awareness and show Justicialism in its purest spiritual essence. It is essential that people understand that Peronism is much more than a political or economic program that promotes the social and cultural well-being of a people, for Justicialism is fundamentally a spiritual philosophy that allows for the rea-

the enslavement of man by man himself and of the people by the state.

The time came to leave, and I knew deep down that I might never see these companions again. Something inside me told me that I would never see Orlando again, and I felt a deep emptiness and pain in my soul knowing that this could happen, but also a deep joy intoxicated my spirit for all I had learned and experienced with this authentic spiritual warrior. As for Oscar, we would meet again in time. I said goodbye to both of them and set off once more into the world, into a life where things are seen differently, into the daily battle to remain dignified and spiritual.

## **CHAPTER X**

### **Luis' return to Córdoba. His last message**

I returned to my beloved Córdoba, the city of my poets Capdevilla and Lugones, where a profound mystery remains, because this illuminated city is itself a profound mystery, located in a divine and exciting geography with an intriguing history full of heroic and warrior nuances. Córdoba is the city of mystical warriors, a collection of magic behind a modern facade. When I set foot there, I felt that I was returning to my true self, a part of all this (nostalgia for the land is as fundamental as nostalgia for one's blood). Today, when everything is cold, calculated, abstract, and people move to the rhythm of a cold and selfish world of mathematics that distorts the romantic meaning of life, arriving in this city and seeing its streets and its people made me realize that this is still alive, that the mysticism of the land can be perceived as long as man is alive inside and feels that thirst for freedom and justice. My city is a spiritual symbol, and I don't say this out of sentiment, but because I see and feel the mystery of the magic of my Cordovan land. As always, my loved ones welcomed me with affection, and I spent a few days surrounded by my closest friends and family. I returned to my professional activities as an architect, but I had to overcome serious financial difficulties before I could get back on my feet. I resumed my gymnastics training and also took up chess.



So the years passed, and with them several governments. Since the fall of Peronism in 1955 and after everything I had been through, my physical strength declined and I began to face one of man's worst enemies: old age.

It is very common to feel diminished when nature begins to impose its mark on human consciousness; usually the ego is defeated and the soul takes over the human will. But it is there that the inner warrior is tested once again; we must never give an inch of spirit to our bodies, and in my case, physical training and trips to the mountains (I say mountains and not hills because, for me, this concept diminishes the mystery that lies within this landscape, and every time I go to the mountains I try to connect charismatically with their mystery) helped me to gather spiritual strength and continue fighting against my body, which was no longer an ally but had become a rebellious friend. The years passed and the military dictatorship of General Lanusse was in power. Those were politically turbulent times because elections were approaching and Peronism was the leading candidate. I began to closely observe the entire historical process, from the beginning of the elections to the rise to power of Héctor Cámpora for the Justicialist Party, to the return of General Perón in October 1973. I was very happy to see General Perón once again closely united with his people, even though the cultural and political circumstances were not the same. But that is another story and a very long one to tell; I only feel sad when I remember that recent period because of the great ideological confusion that structured the minds of the Peronist youth, who were unable to distinguish and understand true Justicialism. Those young people did not have enough clarity of mind to grasp the mystique and fell under the clutches of the political synarchy, especially seduced by cold and icy Marxism. It is sad to see that Peronist intellectuals have not educated their people, their youth, through the educational and indoctrinating entities that are the Basic Units, and have allowed these to become a breeding ground for an internationalist ideology such as Marxism, which has nothing to do with our national identity or with Peronism.

Perón returned, governed, and died, and his wife Isabel took power. A whole maze of uncertainties has been woven around Isabel and López Rega; a new fratricidal process unfolded in Argentina and Justicialism was overthrown; this time the motive was the confrontation between the right and the left. The Marxist idealists who should have been Peronist idealists were confused, deceived, and dragged down by the dark side of financial capital, which armed them and launched them into a revolution against the Peronist government. The result: the overthrow of Isabel's government (which, however bad it may have been, and that is a subject for another discussion, was better than the best of the liberal military dictatorships) and a new dictatorship in power. All this history is recent and deserves to be studied in depth, although I am sure that Argentines know well what it is about. In recent days, as you know, I was arrested again, simply because of my history as a Peronist. I only hope that you will be able to convey my experiences as accurately as possible and to glorify them, since the mystery of Eva Duarte de Perón and her mystique are the foundations that sustain the Peronist myth.

By telling this story, I want to help you understand that Peronism is more than a political party, that it is not limited to a social, political, and cultural reality, but rather that it is an eternal symbol, a gnoseological bridge that allows us to participate in a transcendent and eternal mysticism that gives us the real possibility of spiritual liberation as individuals and as a people.

This is how my story ends, and after giving it careful thought, I decided to tell it to you; however, I always had my doubts and still do about whether it is appropriate to share this story with the Peronist people. I did so because I believe that the people are the sole bearers of truth and justice and deserving of all freedoms, and in this story I transcribe the message of our comrade Eva Perón, which has a direct reference: the Argentine people. I hope that the meaning of this story will be understood and that it will serve to nourish Justicialists with a Justicialist epistemological wisdom that will help sustain Evita's idea and her message. My mission is accomplished, and now all that remains is to wait for the right moment to publish this story, a task

From now on, it is in your hands, Alfredo. For the time being, I will continue with my own strategy of spiritual liberation, and I do not know where my path will lead, as old age and death stalk me like ghosts waiting for me. You therefore have the responsibility of executing this literary strategy, and it is therein that the power to awaken the collective Peronist consciousness lies. You must meditate on this, comrade, and know how to decide according to the tactics and strategies you deem most appropriate. There will always be a time for this message, but it is necessary to know when the time is right, and it is up to you to see when that moment comes. Do not rush and know how to recognize that time, because if you do not, you will be out of context and the strategy will not work; that is why I advise you to wait for the Justicialist noological kairos to launch this truth to our comrades.

You must bear in mind that it will generate resistance and antagonism, because many will be enemies of this truth and will try by all means to destroy it; but you will see, many comrades will also join the strategy and contribute their will to the just cause that must be unleashed once this novel is deposited in the conscience of the Argentine people. It is important that you understand that this story I am telling has only one purpose: to unleash a mystique and, through it, achieve a goal: to reunite ideology with its people. Without these goals, the novel is useless, and if they are not achieved, my efforts may be in vain; therefore, I hope you will know when the right moment has come to introduce it into the consciousness of the people. Argentine, this is the truth.

Comrade, I repeat, do not rush, and know that justice is not perishable; it can never be destroyed, tarnished, or transformed as the masters of the world intend, because it is part of an eternal truth, a symbol brought down to this world from eternity, and no matter how much it is degraded, its transforming power will sooner or later emerge and awaken the people from their lethargy. Peronism is a truth that exposes lies and unlocks mysteries that are bridges to transcendent and eternal realities; no one and nothing can silence us, because this story is part of

that divine voice found in the Justicialist national spirit. Only those who understand life through pain and suffering will understand this message, and the Argentine people are a nation with memory and courage; that is why our people will be able to see and understand what is being offered to them throughout this history. My companion Evita fought and died to achieve her strategy of national liberation, and she will return and become millions to complete her mission, entrusted to her by God and the supernatural forces that support the doctrine of General Perón. The Peronist people must know this truth, and when it has been incorporated into the national spirit, a new generation of Justicialist comrades reoriented in wisdom and the power of mysticism will emerge to complete the mission of our comrade Evita. You must understand this truth, and if you can comprehend it spiritually, you will see that sooner or later this new breed of Justicialists will emerge from the shadows and change the strategic and ideological direction of our party, endowing it with the transformative power it should never have lost.

I want to say goodbye to you, Alfredo, and to all my future readers and comrades, hoping that a new Justicialist era will reunite us in the greatness of a liberated homeland, anointed with Justicialist ethical and moral values.

## *Final Message*

Once he had finished his account, my comrade Luis recommended once again that I wait for the right moment and time to publish this story. After several years in which certain events and unforeseen circumstances transformed and awakened within me a deep understanding of reality, I decided to reveal this truth conveyed by my comrade, a member of the Justicialist Party. I transcribe it here and recount it as faithfully as possible according to Luis' instructions, adding only certain historical details to further corroborate his story. After my encounter with this comrade and receiving his story, he disappeared from Córdoba, and I only saw him on two more occasions. Although I want to clarify that I often doubted this story, I never harbored any doubts about the ethical and spiritual content contained therein. In fact, if there is one thing that captured and held my attention, it is the immense knowledge found within it.

Luis's story is a constant manifestation of wisdom and power; he unleashed a different reality in me and awakened a true ethical-noological sense, or to put it another way, he awakened the justicialist in me.

Considering the thousands of comrades who sacrificed themselves for this cause and the fact that we now have a justicialist government, I believe that this is a key moment, which is why I decided to share the story told by comrade Luis and bring it to the attention of the Peronist conscience. This wisdom, structured in a heroic story, had to be shared with the entire people, and the myth of Eva Perón, so devalued by certain agents, had to be dignified, and this book fulfills those purposes.

I hope that my comrades will understand the depth of the ideas and strategies expressed in the text. I want them to be understood and appreciated, as they seek to activate the transcendent mystical sense that dwells within Peronism.

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

<b>CHAPTER I</b>	
I know my comrade Luis	5
<b>CHAPTER II</b>	
Luis tells me his story	15
<b>CHAPTER III</b>	
Luis's first personal interview with Evita	47
<b>CHAPTER IV</b>	
Luis meets Eva again. She introduces him to the Order of Justicialist Builders	73
<b>CHAPTER V</b>	
Luis and the Order of Justicialist Builders. Their mission and function	119
<b>CHAPTER VI</b>	
The last meeting between Luis and Eva Perón	137
<b>CHAPTER VII</b>	
Evita's illness and death. The mystery of the embalming	161
<b>CHAPTER VIII</b>	
The fall of Peronism. Luis takes refuge in the mountains of Córdoba	187
<b>CHAPTER IX</b>	
Luis reunites with his comrades in the mountains	199
<b>CHAPTER X</b>	
Luis' return to Córdoba. His last message	239

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