

18 OCT 05. Hail D.R.! Many thanks for yours of OCT 12th. You are out-typing me. Obviously, your mental processes must be faster than mine. I must increase my coffee dosage! I see no need for self-criticism on your part. Imagine that we live in a country in which there are only rocks, lots of them. We could discover new ways to use rocks, & adapt to our circumstances, or we could move out in search of more abundant means of living, perhaps as merchants in the rock trade. Had I remained in the Jewnited States of Hysteria in 1961, I'd have been hard put to adapt to that environment, so I became an "environmental refugee" by fleeing my psychological environment. Colombia was not so different materially, as its denizens' behavior was materially different from that of judeo-ratracers. Jew psycho-quacks claim that the urge to leave one society for another is a sign of sickness, for all societies are somehow deemed 'equal', as if all goods are of equal quality. They are not. I did need a change of culture, until I could create my own culture or lifestyle within the judeo-American ratrace. That I did, by leaving so I could find myself. In achieving that goal, I now know where I begin & where the ratrace begins, so I can avoid becoming dysfunctional in a dysfunctional society, as I had learned in Colombia, which was dysfunctional in different ways from California of the 1960's. Travel is broadening, but that is the least of it!

If one knows what he likes to do for a living, which I did not, he could go to places where such jobs are available. I can think of many places where mercenary soldiers would be hired, beginning in the USA, but I don't know where lumberjacks or cowboys are wanted. One can include moving in a career change, or one can change careers without moving; whatever obtains the greatest satisfaction. Since I was ready to accept most any job, as long as it was foreign, English-teaching in Colombia was just fine with me. A former insurance clerk colleague of mine, who lived in Washington state, left the ratrace before I did, to return to his family's fishing business. It was he who sent me the want ad from his former university about the Colombian job. Isn't it amazing how peculiar fortune can be? Who could imagine that the jungles of The Choco beckoned from the air-conditioned nightmare of an office building in San Francisco? Since then, I have become a 'soldier of fortune' in every sense of the term. As this country goes to hell, I could imagine no better background to have than mine. This does not mean that I'm bullet-proof, but it does mean I can get my head down before the shooting starts, & stay out of the way of stray rounds. Speaking of stray rounds, some local spics have had their fun shooting out plate glass windows in downtown-ghost-town Yakima. Four windows have been smashed within spitting distance of the local ZOG H.Q., in the Tower Building across from the mainly unoccupied Yakima Mall, where I used to work. It must be embarrassing to have nearby windows smashed by spic gang-bangers, all of whom would be on video surveillance cameras, from nearly every angle. Poor zoggies! One local resident claims that they also shot out over 100 car windshields with a pellet gun, & they tried to shoot him with it. I hear the frito bandidos got caught, finally, so my source might be able to identify the car from which he was shot at & barely missed. The windows that got smashed entirely, were large display windows, two in a vacant bank & two in a musical instrument store, from which the instruments vanished. The latest was a large window in the vacant Bon Marche building, so Yakima could earn the name of Krystallstadt. That title would no doubt attract hordes of Holohoax 'survivors'. Since we lack jobs, why not attract tourists? On a higher caliber, two murders have recently taken place. It's a spic thing, but the latest case is intriguing, for the body of the murder victim is missing, but the admitted shooter is in jail & his blood-stained car in custody. Habeas corpus, indeed! The Spanish equivalent of Krystallstadt would be Ciudad de Rompevidrios, which sounds a bit wild & undignified. It should have a saintly name, like Los Angeles: La Señora de los Vidrios Rompidos, which "sounds just like praying", as the jew pervert Leonard Bernstein would write. As you can guess, drive-by shootings of windows is practice for shooting at people, Gringos, perhaps, as well as fellow gang-bangers. Yakima is The Wild West, in Spanish, without subtitles. Oh, the latest murder occurred one block away from my palacial residence. Apparently, the shooter shot his victim on the street & dragged him into his car for disposal elsewhere, but where?

But for me, this is the Good Life. I can ride city buses all over town for 25¢ & the drivers don't even ask me for I.D. Well, they never did, since I was born 50 years old, as my parents claimed, & a few decades more convince people that I am indeed ancient. I also favor wardrobes which suggest that 25¢ is really all I can afford. There's nothing wrong with garb which is cheap, comfortable, worn, but clean! This season is accompanied by very beautiful days & pleasant weather, so it's a 'real holocaust' if one is confined indoors. I just returned from a ten-mile walk, to & from a group of actually charming hills in NW

2) Yakima, which are pleasantly built up, with nice residences, professional buildings, a college campus, interspersed with trees & other foliage. There is a good, paved hiking path which meanders through this area, which I was surprised to find, away from the car traffic. One salient characteristic of America is that there is often peace & quiet, just off the roads, for only peculiar people, like me, are walking around to enjoy the experience. I see the occasional jogger, male or female (sometimes hard to distinguish), with determined expressions, apparently doing it because it's 'good' for you, not because they enjoy it! On such fine days, who could not enjoy such physical activity outdoors? I prefer walking. It is a sneaky pastime, for it builds up stamina without one's realizing it. Since I've increased my walking, I can compare how far I used to go, & how far I now go, without feeling pooped. I do not strive for 'a record'. I just enjoy it. Walking is, after all, my main means of transportation, so it also serves as recreation, since I don't tap dance, nor do I play jazz. Ha!

I enjoyed reading Ragnar Redbeard's "Might Is Right", if I recall the correct title, which may have been written by Jack London, according to conjecture, toward the end of his life &/or when he was on a 'toot'. The copy which I read was promoted by George Burdi, the former "Eric Hawthorne", who changed his skinhead shenanigans for race-mix rock after being touched by the ZOG. I always felt that he did protest his racist machismo too much to be credible, as I would feel if he were to don bearskin & a big sword, with which he would 'take on the world'. One's approach to self-aggrandizement should, at least, take into account the century in which we go for gain & gusto, by choosing the appropriate means to do so. We may have Viking ambitions, but hold the period props & the archaic expressions! As you infer, all means to achieve one's ends are valid, as long as one knows that his ends are indeed valid, that is, worthwhile achieving. The Roman conquerors of alien peoples & tribes would parade into Rome at the head of their captives & trophies, but riding alongside, in the conqueror's chariot would be a tribune or such to remind him that "the world's glories are but fleeting." This does not mean that the triumph & the glory are worthless, but it should be appreciated within the larger context. Does one really want to be "the 142nd fastest gun in the West?" What does it profit one to do all sorts of things he doesn't like in order to achieve "fame" or "wealth"? In "What Makes Sammy Run?", a jew pseudo-biography of cinemogul Sam Goldwyn, the tinsel tycoon realizes that his success is an illusion, for he has really failed in such basic achievements as a good family life, & he stands, all alone, in his Beverley Hills mansion, looking down at the lights of L.A., all around him. But, he feels that all those people down there don't know how miserable he really is, & they envy him, for his wealth. With that tiny shred of triumph, which he knows is an illusion that may fool others, but not himself, he turns in for the night. This trenchant 'biography' was written by Bud Shulberg, & it is worth reading, as is "Trotzky's" biography of "Stalin", which was the last thing Lev Davidovich Bronstein wrote before Josef Djughashvili's assassin bashed his brains out. Jews do good jobs on their fellow jews, when they aren't trying to gull the Goyim.

Well, if I'm so 'smart', why am I not rich? I guess the foremost reason is that I did not want to expend so much of myself to get rich in the first place. John D. "Wreckafeller" was supposedly not motivated by riches, per se, but by behavior which produced riches as a byproduct of his quest for power & control. According to one biographer, John D. was an accounting freak who actually believed that if one watches the pennies, the dollars take care of themselves, as he reputedly said. "Ragnar Redbeard", as I recall, admired such men, including the potbellied banksters whose bodies were flabby, but whose wallets & vaults were full of ill-gotten gain. Loan sharks & usurers get rich without lots of sword-swinging, & military men who serve them may have more muscles, but so do their dishwashers! Redbeard sees the bankster as the Viking warrior, pirate, plunderer, &c. of this era. O.K. Bank robbers Willy Sutton & Dillinger took the direct approach: they robbed banks because that's where the money was. Others would opt for careers which paid the most, regardless of how onerous & odious their jobs. This course usually failed for two reasons: The money earned was never sufficient to purchase one's freedom, & it often failed to finance a business more to one's liking. Secondly, one's vile occupation usually made one sick unto death. I could see that coming in my case, for I could see it in others' cases. I therefore lacked the greed, the stamina & the toughness to adopt a truly detestable career! I also preferred to enjoy something of my life, the length of which was not guaranteed!

3) I began to suspect that wealth was something other than money, or what money could buy. It was also knowledge, which was mainly available for the taking, unlike money! I learned about judo, in which one's opponent's strength is used against him: the theory of the bamboo, & I became aware, at least in my case, of The Law of the Contrary. I therefore sought to live like a poor man, a vagabond, "an intellectual hobo", as The Zud's Jewish mistress dubbed me. If I could live well as a poor man, I could certainly live well, if I were rich! Military strategist Liddell Hart would call mine "the indirect approach." Despite my limited means, I think I have succeeded, even with the loss of my academic career & my deportation from five countries. I know that my survival & well-being resulted from the forbearance of my opponents, but also from my own determination & direction. As Napoleon said, 'luck' often depends on one's own nature.

The passages you cite in "Night Is Right" do sound like a disillusioned Jack London, the former Socialist, who renounced his creed, to become not only a proponent of capitalism, but also a supporter of Britain in World War I, shortly followed by his death, purportedly by suicide.

I guess I did follow his advice, "to cut out a new highway through the jungle," for myself. Nor have I followed the multitude, because they are usually wrong, in my experience. Every day proves that! Yes, we have encountered lots of disinformation along our paths, but the antidote for that is to know what your own true interests are. I lived in the heart of the Hippie Era, & I knew that drugs were not in my interest, so I abstained, just as I did heavy-boozing during the Beatnik Era. These were not my people, & what they did was not in my interests. Sure, I used to ride freight trains to commute between home & college as a student, which is defined as "a bum with books" as opposed to proper bums who have no books, nor interest therein.

Many thanks for the info on the apparent demise of the VNN website, about which I shall enquire. Maybe the ZOG takes VNN et al seriously. Stay tuned!

NPR jewsradio in Brownest Yakima does disappear from the airwaves periodically, without notice. Sometimes their signal is blotted out by a powerful bible-banger station located in the local ZOG building, known as The Tower. I see no reason to believe that NPR is any opponent worthy of ZOG-interference. It's more likely due to their cheap commie transmission equipment. Ha! They also give notice that they will be off the air for equipment repairs & maintenance, but usually, they just go off the air, sometimes for hours, without notice. That's one thing which distinguishes NPR from all other radio stations. Such a deal!

Re The Great Culling: As you say, the 'nice' people will go first, for it takes a real nasty person to survive in extreme conditions. As Elmer Pendell wrote in "Sex versus Civilization", "when Nature gets tough, man improves." Nasty does not include dumb, so niggers beware! Smart folks can learn to be vicious, when it becomes appropriate, so being dumb & vicious is not sufficient for survival.

"Night Is Right" was introduced by the Satanist Jew, Anton Levey alias Le Vey, in the reprint which I read. It is a Nietzschean individualist credo, in my opinion, with that defect: lack of community-orientation, although the rugged individual would be the best of leaders of a survivalist community. Let's say one wants to gain riches as a pirate. Well, he will soon discover that he needs a crew!

Each person's biological background is like a poker hand, which must be played to the best of one's ability. We can see what befell the French aristocracy, largely due to their own fatal acceptance of the revolutionaries' propaganda, as I understand. Even the king appeared to believe that the rebels were 'right', & he refused to fight them with his own Swiss bodyguards. Despite or because of his pedigree, he lost his head. That pretty much disqualifies him & his ilk as survivalists, although several revolutionary leaders showed no ability in that department, either!

The future is likely to be very rough, but it will also be very interesting. I recommend the movie, "Flesh & Blood", which may be a glimpse into our future. I think Machiavelli said in gentler fashion the equivalent of "Night Is Right", but he is no less pertinent to the times which are a-coming to our neighborhoods, soon.

As I gather from the jewsmedia, the Blacks are blaming Whitey for all sorts of anti-Black actions & inactions, during & after Katrina. Now let's see what Wilma does! "Gone With the Wind" seems particularly appropriate these days.

Meanwhile, China looms ever larger on the horizon, like an elephant backing into our telephone booth. "Keep yer head down!" as Chittum advises. Yours with a definite DOWZ! E.T.