

21 AUG 06. Hail Osred! Many thanks for your letter of 14 AUG 06. I hope you receive my large envelope of backlogged correspondence which was awaiting a response from you. I noticed that my Australian pigeonholes were filling, despite the fact that they are all publishers of newsletters. Previously, I sent my mailings into a void, a postal equivalent of a black hole, into which much was sent, but not a peep of acknowledgement came out. You are the only one who responded to my postcard enquiry. From that, I deduce that my other postcards did not arrive, or that the recipients do not want anything further from me, OR, the likely possibility you raised: that FEDZOGUSA has been stealing my mail from Australia. Naturally, I cannot reply to mail if I do not receive it. As you can see, my powers of deduction are not on par with Sherlock Holmes.

I recall one purported episode in which Holmes & Watson spent the night on some foreboding moor crime scene. Suddenly, Holmes wakes up & jostles Watson. "Watson," says Holmes, "do you observe the stars?" Watson says that he can see them perfectly well. "And, what do you deduce?" Watson says that the number of stars & their greatness informs us of how tiny we are, relative to the universe. "That's it?" queries Holmes. "Well," says Watson, "the contemplation of the stars may cause us to wonder how they came to be." The Great Detective replied: "Dash it all, Watson, the stars we see inform us that someone has stolen our tent!"

Your deduction is indeed correct: I did not receive the last issue of RENEWAL. That's a compliment, for it means that RENEWAL is worth stealing!

Congratulations on your surprise daughter. I'd be surprised if one of mine showed up. It reminds me of the old English plays in which two characters are about to engage in mortal conflict, when the younger drops his sword or some such & addresses his antagonist as "Father!" The story is that this happened to Tamerlane in a battle, in which he grabs the sword blade of his assailant, whom he recognizes as his father. Apparently, a Soviet autopsy team did find such an injury on the body purported to be that of Tamerlane. They also deciphered Tamerlane's curse, that would befall those who disturbed his remains. The Soviet autopsy team were all atheists, so they laughed, but not very long, for the year was 1941, just before the German invasion.

RENEWAL merits the widest possible circulation, so by all means, have it posted on the Internet. My modest offerings appear, as I understand, on VNN & FAEM.com.

Ah, great ideas for expressive Odinist art... What about a depiction of Odin, consulting with Hugin & Munin, with a jolly expression on his face? Odin is wise, & there is also humor in wisdom. Not all news is gloom & doom, certainly not news of Loki hoist by his own petard, &c. I have a local raven couple who are quite tame in my presence. I believe that creatures can sense if one means to harm them. As you may have observed, cats can sense who detests them, for they will soon jump into his lap. On an amusing note, as I left the post office, a large raven landed a short distance in front of me. I stopped, & we exchanged glances. The raven nodded at me & I nodded back, then it flew off. I noticed that a Mexican had seen this 'communication', for he was frantically crossing himself, as if he'd encountered Mr. Satan or some other Jewish fellow, which I could have assured him I was not, but he hurried away. I hope he tells his many offspring to beware of the old Gringo who wears the pith helmet, which might deter local bandidos.

You could do an abstract with a pallet knife, which is almost sculpture: craft a grey square or rectangle with a texture & color of concrete pavement. On this 'concrete' surface, dribble some small quantities of brown, black & white splotches. The work could be entitled: "Munin flew over here." A twin could be made, entitled: "Hugin flew over here." Nearby, on their respective pedestals, would be displayed your sculptured ravens, identified by their brass plaques affixed to their pedestals: "Hugin" & "Munin." Would a viewer be able to deduce anything from such an exhibit? I guess there's only one way to find out.

I must say I was shocked, shocked! to see such a gathering of White people as appears on the back of your letter. We grow so accustomed to seeing the mandatory wogs & nig-nogs. As it is, if one sees a group of Whites, only, it is suspected that they must be 'up to something', even if they are members of the same family. Nowadays, family members of different races are not unusual, & blondes seem to attract darkies of either sex, according to what I see here in Brownest Yakima. It is remarkable to see a White couple. By that I mean a White heterosexual couple. It is even more remarkable to see a White couple with White children, since that is now out of fashion! Some writers predict that it will soon be illegal, since the kosher credo is that "only Whites can be racist."

2) Yes, life is sure contrary: the more we live it, the older we become. As you mention, activities cause us to age, if we persist in them year after year. It appears that aging occurs, whether we do anything with our bodies or not, but our minds can be preserved by avoiding the use thereof. I know many people whose bodies are worn out from use & abuse, but their minds are still like those of children! My 7-year stint in Rhodesia preserved me, since I had to go there in 1969, "for reasons of health," as the Soviet Embassy official so kindly advised me when I was a journalist in Lima, Peru. In 1969, I was banned from the USA & the USSR Bloc countries, including Cuba. I had no idea that my quest to stay healthy would bring me to a land in Central Africa, where a 'friendly' little war was going on. I saw less violence in 'war-torn' Rhodesia than I'd seen in 'peaceful' California in the late 1960s. Obviously, Rhodesia was very healthy for me, for I outlived the gang which had bothered me: Hoover, Nixon, Rockefeller & U.S. Attorney General Mitchell. A contact in Interpol told me in 1982 that I could return to the USA whenever I liked, for "They are all dead." Had I attempted to remain in the USA, the same could have been said of me. I guess I was always 'health-conscious.' Just being alive precludes me from imagining what might have been, for my life has been interesting, for the most part, & shows every sign of remaining so, as the USA continues in its tailspin. For example, Yakima does not appear as a city in Mexico, on a map, but it may as well be in Mexico, in terms of its population. Fortunately, I speak Spanish. Such knowledge may one day preserve my health, yet again.

You are indeed fortunate to have so many like-minded Whites in your area. I am surrounded by non-Whites & anti-White Whites, so I have nothing in common with the featherless bipeds in Yakima, aside from shopping for food at Walmart. This is why I appreciate my correspondents, which give me a sense of community, despite the distances between us.

As America becomes darker, Afghans look whiter. In a place where I worked, I was going past the TV in the bar. Suddenly, what I saw on the screen stopped me abruptly. There was some cowboy rock star on a stage outdoors, which one would expect, but what was unusual was that the stage was surrounded by a large crowd of Whites. "Where did all those Whites come from?" I blurted. No one could say, so I watched the show until I learned that it was in Ireland. "ZOG will have to kosherize that place," I thought, & this is what they are doing, according to Irish correspondents, with the active assistance of the Catholic Church & businesses. "Ireland must not be Irish!" is the order from The New World Order, & the Irish are hastening to obey.

On a lighter note, I was passing the TV in the same bar, on the premises where I worked, & I saw a scene from a World War II movie, in which the action was taking place on a German U-boat. Suddenly, I exclaimed: "Why are Americans wearing German uniforms on a German U-boat?" The other viewers in the bar asked me, "How do you know they're Americans?" I replied without hesitation: "Because they're all Jews & they're all hysterical."

What parts of one's life are memorable? I think they occur within a context of one's major interests. Mine are International Relations. In this connection, my doctoral dissertation on "Peru: New Look for USA-USSR Involvement in Latin America?" received official recognition. It was confiscated by U.S. ZOG-thugs at gunpoint in the Los Angeles International Airport, thus ending my official academic career in 1969, followed by my ouster from 4 countries, including the USA. In 1976, under Henry Kissinger's orders to Ian Smith, I was deported from Rhodesia. Canada attempted to deport me in 1982, but failed miserably, when I offered to reveal Soviet defector Gouzenko's list of Soviet agents in Canada, who had high government posts, yet again. Although I had participated in 3 thought-crime trials on behalf of Ernst Zündel, as well as 2 war crimes trials & an immigration hearing for Dr. Rudolf of NASA, Soviet Canuckistan failed to rid itself of Thomson, the Gadfly. To review my score: I have been ousted from 5 countries, total. I have participated in two civil wars, the first in Colombia, the second in Rhodesia. In Colombia, my workplace was bombed twice. In Canada it was bombed twice. The third bomb was deactivated by the Toronto Bomb Squad. By oversleeping one hour on the road to Bogota, I missed being killed by a landmine in 1963. I have been missed by (1) Possible snipers or (2) By careless shooters. I have been charged by an elephant, but never by rhino, which grazed on either side of the path on which I bicycled from Bulawayo. Through fires, explosions, riots, train derailments, road accidents, &c. I have steered a steady course, for my motto is: "Anything for the quiet life." This advice I happily share with young & old. All the best, as always. ORION!

*Eric*