

3 June 07. Dear Ron: Thanks for your letter of May 30th! It's interesting that you liken people who live entirely in the present to animals. As I understand, such people would also be Zen monks. It seems that they are also taught to live in the moment, for the moment, with no thought about who they are & why they are doing what they do. In Zen archery, I read that one must "become the arrow, heading for the target," &c. Of course, White people like to see themselves & what they do in a context, at least some of us do. If I am taking aim at an enemy, I will concentrate on my aim, rather than be distracted by a wrinkle in my uniform. First things first, as we say (some of us, at least!).

As you say, the man should fit the clothes, rather than clothes should 'make the man.' When Commodore Perry's imperialist expedition broke into Japan in 1858, a cultural exchange took place. Western art was compared with Japanese art, among other things. One Jap artist marvelled how the Western artist could describe the exterior of his subject in such detail. Zen artists describe their subjects from "inside." When I lived in Japan, I was told that an artist who wanted to paint bamboo would camp out in a grove thereof & he'd not touch his brush until he'd "become the bamboo." Then, he'd depict the "spirit" of the subject in his brush strokes, as if the bamboo were expressing itself on paper. Oh yeah.

It appears to me that empty people seek labels, so others will believe they are 'full.' Then they indulge in a group-fantasy of other empty vessels who proclaim themselves to be full & substantial entities. Eugene O'Neill described such a group-fantasy in "The Iceman Cometh." Group-fantasies are by no means limited to plays & novels: there are "skinheads" who 'hang out' with fellow tattooed baldies & consume the same sort of entertainment, booze & drugs. They tend to 'hang out' in jails & prisons, as I learn from my correspondence. I have known real bikers who ride motorcycles & groupies who dress & behave as they think bikers should dress & behave. They hang out in certain bars, & none of them has a bike! My real biker friends say such fantasy-bikers shun them when they hear a motorcycle park outside. I don't ridicule people's fantasies, since they choose them to fill some terrible void. I object to them when fantasies interfere with survival-related projects. In The Iceman play, the Salesman appears to help the characters do what they claim they want to do. Their wishes are fantasies which the characters want to keep at a distance, & the Salesman brings them close up, much too close for comfort.

It is my observation that most Whites live in their own chosen worlds of ignorance & fantasies, with lots of help from the jewsmedia. As you note, we must become insane to an extent to cope with our insane world. The same was said of men in combat: the sane ones would suffer stress & tend to crack up, but the insane ones might even thrive on combat!

I certainly agree that I've always had things pretty good, & that the 1960s may have been the height of Western Civilization, from whence it is going rapidly downhill. Your description of unlucky people who get their wishes, such as winning a lottery, with resulting disaster, reminded me of Kipling & Nietzsche. Kipling called Triumph & Disaster "two impostors." Nietzsche said his job was to make those who are rising rise faster & those who are falling fall faster. Sudden winnings can have that effect. There was an old TV series called "The Millionaire," in which a rich man chooses people to whom he gives \$1 million. The drama depicts the effects which such sudden wealth has on the characters. I don't recall any of the stories, since I had to do my homework. As you say, the happiness is often in its pursuit & the joy of expectation often exceeds the joy of realization. My satisfaction comes from achievement, the completion of a job I set out to accomplish. My victory is the struggle itself.

Your accurate descriptions of our dire situation seem to me the logical outcome of our willful ignorance & folly, plus ZOG's genocide policy against Whites in general & White males in particular. I knew that I was a slave & that I was expected to be a slave under ZOG, so I used what I knew to free myself with my limited means. I do not deem my achievement as heroic, nor brilliant, but more like NOT stepping on the soap in the shower. We are allowing ZOG to sell the land from under our feet & to render us extinct. When it is a question of 'to be or not to be', it seems most sheeple prefer to let ZOG answer that question. If we are so ready to die off, maybe we should ask if we were ever alive. As my German friends advised, I don't fret. I just wonder. All the best. ORION!

Eric