

25 SEP 07

Hail James! Many thanks for your letter of 19 SEP 07, & the outstanding essay entitled "Painted Feathers." Your letter & essay brought such authors as Camus & Dostoevski, who suffered via their characters on paper, but not behind bars, to mind. In your appreciation of Woody, I'm reminded of one writer, who could have been T.E. Lawrence, who mentioned his fear of discovering someone's character flaw. This fear deterred him from establishing close relations with anyone whom he admired. Thoreau wrote of finding his "great friend" one day. As far as I know, he never found such a person.

Prison is definitely a society, so your observations of the inter-action of prisoners, guards & officials are good bases for a social study. You address the issue of how a sane prisoner may adapt to conditions which threaten his sanity, his identity & his desire to survive. I shall recommend your essay to THOR INK, for publication, as I did #1.

As you say, identity is at once our strength & our vulnerability. How does one maintain the identity he had outside prison, & how does he adapt his identity to his new, totalitarian environment? We must consider who we are. How do we define ourselves? Descartes reasoned: "I think, therefore I am." In other words, he defined his identity via a function. It is equally logical to say, "I am, therefore I think." Descartes had stated earlier that he would now proceed to "doubt everything," which led him to state his credo of existence. Philosophers have asked if he really doubted "everything." As my Scottish grannie would say, "Ich ha'e m' doots," which translates as "I have my doubts." Perhaps Scots are more skeptical than the French. What constitutes thought? Is 'thought' comprised only of verbal or mathematical expressions, or does it include perception & awareness of nonverbal, non-mathematical nature? As the weather becomes chilly, my body & my mind are aware of the drop in temperature, so I close the window. I do not think, "Now I should close the window." I just do it. Perhaps this action is a secondary reflex, like shifting gears in a car with a stick shift, rather than an automatic transmission, or typing. My fingers know the keyboard, so if I were assigned the task of drawing a typewriter keyboard, I'd have to consult my fingers & work backwards. Yet, my selection of keys does involve thinking, even if I'm unaware of the entire process.

I define myself largely by what I do, & my memory of past experiences of doing, rather than a credo, as with a written constitution. I therefore adapt my identity to that which I may do, & especially that which I want to do. As with all decisions, we assign an order of practical priorities. Let's say I'm tired, & I am also hungry. Which will I do first, eat or sleep? If food is not available, conveniently, then I will decide to sleep. Perhaps some will decide to snack in bed, but I prefer to do one thing or the other.

My surprise periods of incarceration have never lasted longer than 2 weeks. The reason for my surprise is that I had done nothing illegal, not even according to the authorities who chose to lock me up. Had I robbed a bank or some such, I might be surprised to see how quickly the police came to my door, but I would not be surprised as to why they came. The two weeks I spent in The Toronto Don Jail were almost like a vacation for me. Suddenly, I had no more deadlines, amid an infinite number of assignments. I ate on a regular jailhouse schedule & slept likewise. The bed was much better in the jail than in my cockroach motel, for it did not sag. The prisoners were not as bad as some of my associates at work. There was no malicious gossip, nor intrigues. As in the army, I drew my tobacco ration & gave it to prisoners who smoked. That gift policy resulted in my receiving extra sandwiches & even fresh oranges from the smokers, although I'd asked for nothing in exchange. Some of the long-term prisoners were taking school courses, which I was able to tutor, not only for their benefit, but also for my own mental exercise. I did not adopt a 'role' to play. Instead, I saw everyone, including guards & trustees, as victims of circumstance which had caused us to become associates. Politeness costs nothing, & anger is a sign of impotence. Had I received a 'life' sentence, I would see no reason for me to behave differently, because that's who I am. And the jail food was better than that which I ate on the outside! The Canadian zoggies were observing & testing me. When they saw that I was actually enjoying their jail accommodations, they decided to kick me out. My female attorney said that my incarceration during my immigration hearing was the longest in Canadian history, but that was before the 3½ year incarceration of my former client, Ernst Zündel, during his immigration hearing! We are, of course, thought-criminals. I have therefore drafted a tourist ad for Canada: "Welcome to the wonderland of Soviet Canuckistan, where pot is legal, but thought is not. So as you 'round our landmarks

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walk, we strictly warn you not to talk. Just toke, & let your worries go up in smoke!"

The immigration hearing for me ended in farce & near panic on the part of the zoggies (minions of the Zionist Occupation Government of Canada alias CANZOG). Because I had a U.S. passport, I was obviously a foreigner, so the zoggies accused me of entering Canada illegally. I asked my accusers why I'd want to do that, since it was much easier to enter Canada legally, by driving over the Peace Bridge, rather than travelling up the St. Lawrence River by U-boat & paddling a rubber raft to shore in Toronto, from Lake Ontario. I also suggested that my actual legal entry was much easier than coming in by dogsled via the North Pole. The female adjudicator burst out laughing, which did not amuse the dour zoggies. Finally, they accused me of "spying on Canada" for some unknown power. My female attorney asked the zoggie, Constable Susip, if he'd had experience in arresting "foreign spies." He said that he had not, until my appearance. My attorney asked him what the countries had said to his enquiries. "Nothing," he said. "And what would you expect them to say if you had apprehended one of their spies?" "Nothing," he said. "And so what did they tell you about my client, Mr. Thomson?" "Nothing," he said. "What would you expect them to say if my client were not a spy?" she asked. "Nothing," he replied. I asked the court, "Who'd want to spy on Canada, anyway? All you need to do is read the Toronto newspapers." I slammed them with a real torpedo: "I can get you a spare copy of the Soviet Embassy list of Soviet spies who work in the Canadian government. Would you like another copy?" The female adjudicator was broken up with laughter & the cops waved her to conclude the hearing, which she did. I was therefore free to leave & enter Canada without ministerial permission, so I had won. My attorney's son was abducted subsequently, so she had to leave Canada, to live with her grandmother in Scotland. She escorted me outside the hearing room, & was shivering. "Eric, I'm scared," she said. "You did nothing wrong. All my other clients are crooks." I told her that the rules of politics are different than normal criminal procedures. Of course, that truth did not comfort her, especially in her own case, as it turned out. Another attorney asked me why I did not become a lawyer. I replied, truthfully, that "law is only the pale shadow of political reality." An ancient wise man declared that "A corrupt society is known by the number of its laws." To that I add: "And a tyranny is known by the number of laws the government breaks." As one of our Jewish presidents, Teddy Roosevelt, declared: "Might makes right." That's reality. Law is a convenient fiction, behind which the mighty conceal their mailed fists. Laws are no better than the men who enforce them or not.

Since 1969, I have become accustomed to being escorted to borders, railroad stations & airports by armed ZOG-thugs. I have been repeatedly incarcerated, without charge, & I have been tried only once, in Soviet Canuckistan alias China-duh, alias Canada. Others have told me that I could just as well have been taken away & shot; buried without a trace. I said that I was aware of that possibility, but there is no other way of leaving this 'game.' Kipling called espionage "the great game," but I never cared to play it, not since I outgrew playing hide & seek. My attitude toward spies is the same as my attitude toward con-men. I can gather useful intelligence by walking around on city streets, noting cargo on docks & other points of transport. These sources tell me a lot about a country. Perhaps that is why I am still banned from visiting Cuba, by the Castro regime, just as I was from all Soviet Bloc countries in 1969. By good luck, I outlived the Cold War period, even when I discovered that it was an Orwellian hoax, since the USSR was founded, financed, fostered & fed by the USA, from 1917 until its liquidation sale. My guess is that I'm still alive because ZOG figures no one will ever believe me. On the other hand, snuffing me overtly just might lend credence to what I've been saying since 1969. Why risk rattling old skeletons, while FEDZOGUSA plans World War III, on behalf of Israel? I'm sure World ZOG can afford one Eric Thomson & his typewriter. My existence works to ZOG's benefit, for it permits such an egregious gadfly as E.T. to spew forth all his "lies & hate." How much I would prefer that all my findings & statements were total illusion & demented nonsense! I hate to be right, as I say, but I have usually been right in predicting events, based on my knowledge. I venture to predict that the 73,000 auto workers at GM have lost their jobs, as happened in Canada, & that their jobs will go to China, after a brief stop-over in Mexico, as occurs according to my Mexican sources. There are no big secrets, for they are hidden in plain sight, just like big lies. Although my professional life has had its ups & downs, my personal life has been smooth-sailing, probably because I've had so little personal life. I consider myself very fortunate in all respects, especially since I've survived to tell about it. It's all quiet here on the western front. All the best & ORION!

*Eric*