

23 OCT 07

Hail Ron! It was great to receive your good news of 18 OCT 07 & the inspiring essay, Yggdrasil/World Tree. I searched your correspondence file, page by page, for "Sun of God," without success. I suspect that I did not receive it, since the name would ring a bell. All I could find were some items about "The Black Sun." I think it may be a wise policy to keep 'hard copy' of your excellent writings for just such an emergency. In this regard, I enclose what may be a 'worst case scenario' in the letter from Odium Books.

I just had a 'flash' of inspiration in my mental version of a 15 watt lightbulb: If you can combine famous rocksters from famous name bands, you might combine the famous names into your own band. If you have one member who has been connected in some way with The Doors, you might find someone else who has some connection, even as a listener, with The Who, which could combine as The Whores. Such a deal! If you had members of the Mamas & the Papas + Led Zeppelin, you could call the group "Poppa Zeppelin." I'm sure you can expand on the concept. I recall a Punch Magazine cartoon in which two Victorian gentlemen in their top hats are observing a Zeppelin which is flying off erratically, as it deflates, like releasing a blown-up balloon. One gent says to the other: "This must be the most undignified airship disaster in history!" I understand that Punch has ceased publication, unfortunately. My impression is that Punch resembled The New Yorker magazine, a post 19th century 'zine with deep roots in the Victorian Era. Not wishing to date myself, I found its humor enjoyable. I recall one Punch cartoon depicting an open office with a panorama of desks, all with computers, except for a rolltop desk in the center at which sits a geezer clad in 19th century garb, including eyeshade & sleeve-protectors, who uses an ancient typewriter. Two executives are observing the office. One says to the other, with his hand covering his mouth: "He's the only one who can spell." You can imagine my reaction, sitting as I was at my ancient manual typewriter, with my 2 dictionaries at hand, but minus eyeshade & sleeve-protectors. My spelling is as good as my ability to check my spelling in the dictionary. My files are all 'hard-copy,' & my correspondence occupies manila file-folders in alphabetical order, while my major correspondents, like yourself, occupy a bookcase divided into 8½" X 11" pigeonholes, like a 19th century newspaper or post office. This facility is not quite as modern as my Toronto office, which had a kerosene light source to counter sporadic power outages. My Yakima office has only candles, which I have not had to use, so far. Rest assured that no electrical power outage can interfere with my 'rate of hate,' nor with my 'output of odium' in 'hard-copy'. A South African correspondent apologized for his delayed reply, due to a frequent power-outage which 'crashed' his computer, thus requiring him to retype his letter. He wrote that South African school children are asked in their history courses: "What did we use before candles were invented?" The answer is "Electricity!" What we are witnessing, if we care to look, is the re-jungle-ization of Africa, which is the highest level of civilization Blacks had before the advent of the White colonizers. I read that the South African nuclear power plant was knocked out by a steel bolt which 'someone' had carelessly dropped into its steam turbine. I understand that the repair will cost around \$3 million, so South Africans must put up with recurring power outages until then. Such a deal! Why does "New Orleans recovery" from Hurricane Katrina resemble so much the Black African economy, with its rampant corruption, laziness & incompetence? Could it possibly be The N (igger) Factor? First 2 guesses don't count.

As you say, religion & politics are forbidden to us Goyim, who are not supposed to discuss religion, politics or sex. ZOG wages a futile war against sex, as did the Jesus-eaters. When anyone assumes that men & women are supposed to behave like 'angels', with no bodily wants, then that policy must become corrupt, as we've also seen with Marxism & its unsuccessful variations. You can imagine the horrified reactions of alleged Wotan-ists to my observation that National Socialism was the contemporary manifestation of Odin, just as Carl Jung observed. I find it strange that one would not fear the confrontation with a blood-thirsty enemy host as he would fear the discussion of an idea! Hitler observed, in Mein Kampf, that the Odinists he knew would run off if a Red cocked his fist in their direction. Perhaps they did not want to damage their expensive bear skins & their tinsel swords & battleaxes. A 'true Scot' would no doubt calculate the mending & clean^{ing} bills before he engaged in a brawl in his 'warrior garb'. Hoot mon! If Whites want to survive, they must approach their politics with reverence & determination, rather than splitting them into separate departments. The rituals must become realities in practice, & they must be 'temporal manifestations of cosmic Truth,' as Savitri Devi wrote in her book, "The Lightning & the Sun."

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Relevance is dangerous, but we must be relevant if Our Race is to survive. Relevance requires us to address contemporary issues, in terms of our ancestral values. This gap is for us to bridge. If we are irrelevant, then how may we expect our Folk & our children to survive? I note a strange correlation that those who most often use The 14 Words or try to, under ZOG-gulag censorship, are in the gulags, where they cannot put the Words into practice: they can neither have White children, nor protect them. Perhaps they only learned about The 14 Words in prison. If someone were to write a book on "How to Stay Out of Prison," it would most likely be popular with those already inside, since most Goy sheeple don't seem to know that what they may do can land them inside. Time to hear The Goy Cheer: DUUH!

Many thanks, indeed, for your firsthand account of Ben Klassen. No wonder he struck me as a sort who might sell used cars, until denounced by The Better Business Bureau. I recall my first meeting with him. He suddenly appeared at the door of Liberty Bell Publications in Reedy, WV. After a brief introduction, he asked the publisher, George Dietz, & me if we could spare \$3 million to subsidize his COTC franchises, coast to coast. At first, I thought it was a Rightwing McDonalds operation, but he told us it was his off-the-shelf or off-the-wall religion. We replied that we'd checked our petty cash box for the sum, but only found some I.O.U.s, & that we'd left our wallets at home by mistake, so we did not have \$3 million at the moment. Then, we asked Klassen why he thought we might have had such funds. He replied that he figured we did because our publications were of such high quality. Dietz said, "That's why we're broke!" If I recall correctly, I think we did put his "White Man's Bible" on our booklist, but I don't recall selling a single copy thereof.

Ironically, it was Covington's rabid denunciations of Klassen that gave him a bit of credibility, just as Dietz's needless debate with James Mason gave him unearned notoriety in the blightwing. If Covington's accusations were true, even on a single point, the ZOG would have had a pretext to put Klassen out of business & into the gulag. My opinion of Klassen was that he was naive, until I realized for myself that Mencken & Barnum were absolutely right in their evaluation of Goy 'intelligence' in the Jewnited States. I receive current correspondence from Klassenites, all of whom are current residents of ZOG's gulags in California, the Granola State, comprised of fruits, flakes & nuts, so I'm not surprised. Thanks for your choice observations on a man who wanted to be a legend, if only in his own mind. His ego was almost as big as The Zud's. Black boxer Ali proclaimed dat he be da greatest, but it took Zündel to proclaim that "I am the Cause!" How privileged we are to have met such 'greats' in our otherwise uneventful lifetimes.

Gulag Klassenites assure me of their informed intelligence, but one 'reverend' was too dumb to know that obviously-used postage stamps do not merit postal delivery service. This specimen rightly said that if I were so smart, why was I not rich? I replied that he was correct, for I'm just lucky to be alive, but if he were so smart, why was he inside? In addition, why is "The Greatest Self-styled Genius of Aryan History" alias Ben Klassen dead by his own hand, if the story is true? Were his enemies about to break into his NC bunker? Was Otto, NC, besieged by Harold's Morons of Mordor? Aargh, the horror of it all! Imagine an army of Hasidic Harolds advancing on one's pretentious premises. It's just too portentous upon which to pontificate in terms of classic Klassenist doctrine.

Thor Ink's Issue #7 is a definitive tribute to David Lane, for which Java et al. are to be congratulated. David laid his life on the line for his beliefs, rather than laying a line on his intended suckers, as did Klassen, the capitalist clown posing as pope. It is surprising what can capture people's imaginations. Klassen's approach to religion reminded me of a Laurel & Hardy comedy, in which they tell their wives that they are going to Hawaii, but they are really going to a big convention of "The Sons of the Desert" alias Shriners. This film resulted in sheeple wanting to start such an organization, but I'm not informed what became of it, nor what the Shriners did to it. Will wonders never cease?

Please keep up the great work, within the Realm of the Possible. Remember, falling asleep on one's keyboard makes peculiar indentations on one's forehead, which some sheeple claim to be The Mark of the Beast. Therefore, beware, & try to sleep in bed, instead of at your desk. ORION!

Eric