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Frontiersman

The Truth Is Within You

May 1997

Autoerotic Remembrances

Sam Aurelius Milam III

There was a time (long long ago) and a place (far far away) when autoerotic **did** mean (among other things) loving your car. While I was in college, if you wanted to be anywhere at all in the counterculture movement, a Volkswagon was de rigueur. Although I never ascended to the heady heights of a purple VW microbus, my wife and I did acquire during the winter of 1969, a battered 1961 Volkswagon sedan painted Hugger Orange. I'm sorry to admit that we called her Ladybug. However, we were very young, so I suppose that we can be forgiven for a lapse of imagination.

Ladybug was my ticket into the local VW culture in Bryan, Texas and, once admitted to that inner circle, I quickly began to learn the lore and haunts of those cliquish folks. I hung out at the local VW repair shop in Bryan, called the Bug Shop, and even worked there part-time for a while, but that's another story — several, in fact.

The Bug Shop was the local haven for VW cultists, and a lot of weird stuff happened there. However, there are lessons to be learned in even the weirdest of circumstances (if one is predisposed to learn lessons), and one of my lessons came from the Bug Shop.

An axiom at the time in the local VW culture, or perhaps it was more of an Article of Faith, was that high engine rpm must be maintained at all times. The belief was that lugging would overheat a VW engine every time, a sacrilege if ever there was one. Imagine the scorn we felt for any dolt who we observed "lugging" a VW engine. So, I faithfully revved my VW engine with the best of them, to the acclaim of my VW counterculture colleagues. Mario Andretti would have been proud of my accomplishments at the achievement of high rpm.

Eventually, however, I suffered a lack of faith; or perhaps it was a glimmer of enlightenment. In either case, after I graduated from college and moved to San Jose, I bought and installed an engine oil temperature gauge. To my surprise, I discovered that engine rpm had little effect on engine temperature. To the contrary, I discovered that if I drove the car fast (or into a strong headwind, or up a long hill), then oil temperature went up. If I drove the car slowly (or with a strong tailwind, or down a long hill), then oil temperature went down. I tested this carefully on a trip to Los Angeles and the correspondence was remarkable. Oil temperature depended not on how fast the engine was spinning, but on how hard it was working. Apparently, the VW gurus didn't know their asses from holes in the ground and (I concluded) a guru who can't tell the difference between a donkey and a low spot is a very poor sort of guru.

What with one thing and another, I eventually dropped out of the VW cult, but that's OK. VW's eventually lost their mystique and became indistinguishable from every other car on the road. Eventually, I dismantled Ladybug and sold the parts that could be sold. I cut up the hulk with an oxyacetylene torch, and recycled it — a fitting end to a cherished relic of my beloved 60's counterculture movement. All that's left now is the lesson: sometimes the experts can't tell their asses from holes in the ground. I remind myself of that often.

Nowadays, I speculate that modern counterculture might be no closer to the Truth than my beloved 60's version. While I admire Fox Mulder and Dana Scully (especially Dana Scully) as much as the next guy, I'm not completely convinced that the Truth is "Out There". Do you want the truth? Here's a suggestion. Consider the slogan that I print at the top of this newsletter every month — The Truth Is Within You. Maybe you don't need the experts. Maybe you don't even need me (ghastly thought!). Do your own thinking. The Truth Is Within You.

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Tap A Shoulder, Go To Jail

Steve Strayer

My friend, Hal, devoted much of his life to teaching young children. He served as a private consultant to parents of children with learning difficulties of one sort or another, and to those who wanted to give their kids opportunities for rapid progress. He spent countless hours on his own devising methods for motivating children to learn. He could keep a six year old fascinated indefinitely with riddles, games, magic tricks, and other creative techniques while skillfully presenting instructional material to the young mind.

In 1989 Hal was diagnosed with bone cancer, and his physical condition began to deteriorate. Although his passion for helping kids remained strong; his struggle for survival, including study of his disease and associated therapies consumed more and more of his energy. Early in 1995, Hal suddenly began feeling dramatically better and was able to function almost normally once again. Anticipating complete recovery, he began applying for substitute teaching positions while planning his career progression. His first assignment was in Cupertino, California, with a group of developmentally handicapped children. He excitedly spent several days preparing for his one day job.

As Hal began working with the children on his big day, he sensed some hostility from a teacher's aide who was in the classroom to assist him. After awhile she left suddenly. A short time later the principal appeared and informed Hal without explanation that his services were no longer required. He left puzzled and very disappointed.

Some days later a cop showed up at his door to interrogate him about "touching" children. Shocked, Hal explained that he had shown the kids a game which involved joining hands to form a circle and had tapped some on the shoulder to encouraged them to recite rhymes. The cop seemed convinced that Hal was no child abuser and indicated he would talk with the kids to clear up the matter. Hal was angry and somewhat shaken by the implications, but from the cop's manner, he assumed he had heard the last of it.

A few weeks after the good cop left, two bad ones with handcuffs awakened Hal, threw him in the back of a car, hauled him to San Jose jail, and booked him on two counts of assault & battery and one of "annoying" a child under 18. Meanwhile his condition had once again deteriorated. Having lost about three inches in height due to compression fractures of vertebrae, Hal was nearly bedridden and required regular pain medication. In jail Hal was denied his medication, medical attention, and even crutches to relieve the agony of bearing weight on his injured spine.

After several days' abuse by jail guards, apparently for their own entertainment, another inmate helped Hal arrange release on bail. He learned that of several children questioned about events the day he taught, one little girl he had tapped on the shoulder told the cops she hadn't wanted him to touch her. All charges against him were dropped except for one count of "battering a child!" Every experienced prosecutor in the district attorney's office avoided the case, viewing it a sure loss and career blemish. Hal's lawyer assured him it would soon be dismissed, but finally a young assistant DA needing courtroom experience for her career advancement, agreed to take him to court. No doubt he would be acquitted.

At every opportunity during his trial, the prosecutor make much of Hal's political views, especially his opposition to government control of education. Prior to trial, the judge, the DA, his lawyer, and Hal on his lawyer's advice, "to avoid offending the judge," had agreed to withhold all information about his medical condition from the jury (What his lawyer received in exchange was never revealed). Prior to testifying, each witness was told not to mention Hal's illness. Since he was prohibited from taking medication during the three week trial, despite his best efforts to maintain composure, over time Hal appeared more and more as a crazy old man. When during a recess, he lay down on the courtroom floor to relieve the agony, the judge erupted with anger. She hinted that if he would simply admit his misbehavior and apologize to the court, she would let him off lightly. Hal, a man of principal even while undergoing torture, refused to offer up his honor as ransom to "her honor".

The judge's instructions to the jury defined battering a child as "touching a child when he/she doesn't want to be touched, *regardless of where or how lightly*!" What percentage of us can be confident of our own innocence of this crime, especially when a child may be encouraged by a *nice* policeperson to decide weeks after the fact that he/she didn't really want to be touched? The jury dutifully found Hal guilty and the judge sentenced him to four months in prison. His health and his previous experience in jail convinced Hal that for him this was equivalent to a death sentence.

He filed an appeal, but his lawyer was not optimistic about its chances, advising that appellate courts are generally very reluctant to overturn lower court judgments (They sleep in the same bed, so to speak). With lots of luck he might be allowed to live at home while serving his time. His appeal never made it to court. On March 15, 1996, Hal died, his energy and life savings depleted in a futile attempt to obtain justice through a corrupt legal system.

Hal's case is not an isolated incident. Each year across America thousands of peaceful innocent people have their lives trashed by government officials frivolously using legalistic processes to pursue personal

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agendas. Many such cases are not publicized due to incentives against mainstream media reporting them. The incidence of such abuse is on the rise and will continue to increase as long as power lusting officials are allowed to abuse fellow citizens with impunity. The way to reverse this trend is to quickly weed out the officials responsible whenever a case of abuse comes to light. In present day America most officials with authority to remove wayward government employees lack the honesty, the courage, and the incentive to exercise this authority; and the procedures involved are always ridiculously cumbersome.

The judge in Hal's case is still in power, dispensing life ruining decisions according to her personal whim. His prosecutor undoubtedly received quite a status boost from her unexpected courtroom victory. We can expect to hear much more from this dynamic duo in future years. ∞

A related article, "In Memory of Hal Jindrich," by Marshall Fritz, appeared in the April 1996 issue of the Santa Clara Libertarian.
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A Police State

Ron Paul

Centralizing power and consistently expanding the role of government require an army of bureaucrats and a taxing authority upon which a police state thrives. There are over 100 laws on the books permitting private property seizure without due process of law. We have made it easy to seize any property by absurdly claiming the property itself committed the crime. The RICO mentality relating to law enforcement permits even the casual bystander to suffer severely from the police state mentality.

The drug war hysteria and the war on gun ownership, started by Roosevelt in 1934, have expanded federal police power to the point that more than 10% of all our police are federal. The Constitution names but three federal crimes, so where is the justification? Talk about "swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance!" We have hovering over us daily the federal police from: EPA, OSHA, FBI, CIA, DEA, EEOC, ADA, F&WL, INS, BATF, and worst of all, the IRS. Even criticizing the IRS makes me cringe that it might precipitate an audit. It seems that all administrations, to some degree, used the power of the agencies to reward or punish financial backers or political enemies.

As so much that had its origin in the 1930's, it was then that the FBI's role changed from friendly investigator helping local authorities to that of national police force. Now their claim to fame is the Waco slaughter, all over a $200 unpaid federal fee.

We live in an age where the fear of an IRS registered letter bearing news of an audit surpasses the fear of a street mugging.

The police are our friend and the federal government a guarantor of our liberties. Ask the blacks in the inner-city of Los Angeles if they trust the police and revere the FBI and CIA. We should not have to cringe when a federal agent appears at the door of our business. We should not even see them there.

A Congress sworn to uphold the Constitution ought to be protecting our right to our property, not confiscating it. Congress ought to protect our right to own a weapon of self defense, not systematically and viciously attack that right. Congress ought to guarantee all voluntary associations, not regulate every economic transaction. We should not allow Congress to give credence to inane politically correct rules generated by egalitarian misfits. Setting quotas ought to insult each of us.

We need no more centralized police efforts. We need no more wiretaps that have become epidemic in the last decade. We have had enough Wacos and Ruby Ridges!

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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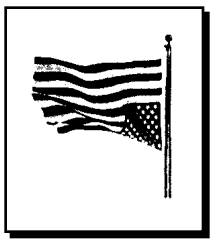

Nation in Distress

Terrorism?

The
U.S. Government
has
killed more children
than
Timothy McVeigh
allegedly killed.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam

The number of editorial comments in "The Frontiersman" is becoming excessive. You have to give your readers credit for having some brains.

—Donald; Santa Clara, California

Dear Sam

It's very kind of you to say the truth is within me. I try to be informed — correctly. There's a lot of misinformation floating around, mostly the product of our media. Consummate liars, determined to wreck us. Obviously they expect to escape our disasters. But I stick by my story. The country is bankrupt. The dollar is therefore worthless. The day this is admitted expect those Islamics who hate Great Satan 1) to laugh and 2) to bomb. When & where, alas, I do not know. Now, do you still say the truth is in me?

—Shirley, Urbana Illinois

Yes. —editor

Dear Sam

Today, March 25, 1997, I saw a news item on the state of Wisconsin going to the supreme court to get permission to have in drug cases the right to knock down doors without a search warrant. This sounds to me just like Nazi Germany in the 1930's. Next they will knock down your door because you hit your wife or you hit your husband. They will knock down your door because you have a ticket for parking on the wrong side of the street or a ticket for speeding. Then they will knock down your door because they don't like the color of your skin or the color of your car. It will be all the same to them in the end. Do we as citizens of a so called free America want to live like they did in Germany in the 1930's and 1940's or do we want to live in the U S A the way it used to be.

—Jan; Firth, Idaho

This writer recalls to mind Niemoeller's observation, which I have printed below just in case there's anybody left who hasn't seen it yet. Finally, I just couldn't resist the temptation to speculate: in America, they came first…. —editor

In Germany they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up.

—Attributed to Martin Niemoeller (1892-1984)

In America they came first for the pedophiles, and I didn't speak up because I liked older women. Then they came for the drug pushers, and I didn't speak up because I was a beer drinker. Then they came for the cultists, and I didn't speak up because I was a Lutheran. Then they came for the tobacco producers, and I didn't speak up because I worked for Lockheed. Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up.

—survivor of a SWAT team assault (the near future)

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

My hair is beginning to fall out. Can you suggest something to keep it in? —Worried Boomer

Dear Worried Boomer

Maybe a paper bag or an empty coffee can?

On the Road with Buffalo Hunter

My brother Buff has been having problems with his pickumup truck and didn't send us a story this month.

—Buff's adoring little sister, Doe

Sesame Suite

Bernie: Hey Burt!

Burt: Don't bother me.

Bernie: What do farmers grow in Bakersfield?

Burt: You mean Bakersfield California?

Bernie: Dough Nuts.

Burt: Ahhh, Bernie!