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Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

June 2008

Strictly Speaking

Sam Aurelius Milam III

official *adj.* *Abbr. off.* **1.** Of or relating to an office or a post of authority; *official duties.* **2.** Authorized by a proper authority; authoritative: *official permission.* **3.** Holding office or serving in a public capacity: *an official representative.* **4.**

Characteristic of or befitting a person of authority; formal: *an official banquet.* **5.** Authorized by or contained in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia or National Formulary. Used of drugs....

—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, 1992

I still hear people advocate that English ought to be the official language in this country. In order for that to happen, the official status of the language would have to be declared by the U.S. Congress. Whether or not the Congress has the constitutional authority to declare such an official status for the language is another

1984: An Excerpt

“How is the dictionary getting on?” said Winston, raising his voice to overcome the noise.

“Slowly,” said Syme. “I’m on the adjectives. It’s fascinating.”

He had brightened up immediately at the mention of Newspeak. He pushed his pannikin aside, took up his hunk of bread in one delicate hand and his cheese in the other, and leaned across the table so as to be able to speak without shouting.

“The Eleventh Edition is the definitive edition,” he said. “We’re getting the language into its final shape—the shape it’s going to have when nobody speaks anything else. When we’ve finished with it, people like you will have to learn it all over again. You think, I dare say, that our chief job is inventing new words. But not a bit of it! We’re destroying words—scores of them, hundreds of them, every day. We’re cutting the language down to the bone. The Eleventh Edi-

tion won’t contain a single word that will become obsolete before the year 2050.”

He bit hungrily into his bread and swallowed a couple of mouthfuls, then continued speaking, with a sort of pedant’s passion. His thin dark face had become animated, his eyes had lost their mocking expression and grown almost dreamy.

“It’s a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course the great wastage is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid of as well. It isn’t only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all, what justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other words? A word contains its opposite in itself. Take ‘good,’ for instance. If you have a word like ‘good,’ what need is there for a word like ‘bad’? ‘Ungood’ will do just as well—better, because it’s an exact opposite, which the other is not. Or again, if you want a stronger version of ‘good,’ →

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what sense is there in having a whole string of vague useless words like ‘excellent’ and ‘splendid’ and all the rest of them? ‘Plusgood’ covers the meaning, or ‘doubleplusgood’ if you want something stronger still. Of course we use those forms already, but in the final version of Newspeak there’ll be nothing else. In the end the whole notion of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words—in reality, only one word. Don’t you see the beauty of that, Winston? It was B.B.’s idea originally, of course,” he added as an afterthought.

A sort of vapid eagerness flitted across Winston’s face at the mention of Big Brother. Nevertheless Syme immediately detected a certain lack of enthusiasm.

“You haven’t a real appreciation of Newspeak, Winston,” he said almost sadly. “Even when you write it you’re still thinking in Oldspeak. I’ve read some of those pieces that you write in the *Times* occasionally. They’re good enough, but they’re translations. In your heart you’d prefer to stick to Oldspeak, with all its vagueness and its useless shades of meaning. You don’t grasp the beauty of the destruction of words. Do you know that Newspeak is the only language in the world whose vocabulary gets smaller every year?”

Winston did know that, of course. He smiled sympathetically he hoped, not trusting himself to speak. Syme bit off another fragment of the dark-colored bread, chewed it briefly, and went on:

“Don’t you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh Edition, we’re not far from that point. But the process will still be continuing long after you and I are dead. Every year fewer and fewer words, and the range of consciousness always a little smaller. Even now, of course, there’s no reason or excuse for committing thoughtcrime. It’s merely a question of self-discipline, reality-control. But in the

end there won’t be any need even for that. The Revolution will be complete when the language is perfect. Newspeak is Ingsoc and Ingsoc is Newspeak,” he added with a sort of mystical satisfaction. “Has it ever occurred to you, Winston, that by the year 2050, at the very latest, not a single human being will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now?”

“Except—” began Winston doubtfully, and then stopped.

It had been on the tip of his tongue to say “Except the proles,” but he checked himself, not feeling fully certain that this remark was not in some way unorthodox. Syme, however, had divined what he was about to say.

“The proles are not human beings,” he said carelessly. “By 2050—earlier, probably—all real knowledge of Oldspeak will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron—they’ll exist only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed into something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of what they used to be. Even the literature of the Party will change. Even the slogans will change. How could you have a slogan like ‘freedom is slavery’ when the concept of freedom has been abolished? The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact there will *be* no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking—not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness.”

One of these days, thought Winston with sudden deep conviction, Syme will be vaporized. He is too intelligent. He sees too clearly and speaks too plainly. The Party does not like such people. One day he will disappear. It is written in his face. —from *1984*, Section One, Chapter V

by George Orwell

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Intelligence Test — If the people of the Earth had used constructively the resources that they’ve squandered on death and destruction then, by now, this planet would be a paradise.

It Depends — The pen might possibly be mightier than the sword but only if you can get people to read. 🦅

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Letter to the Editor

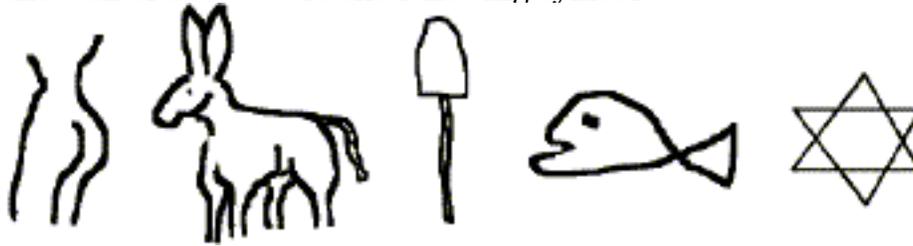
Greetings! Quite an entertaining and informative issue! [May 2008 –editor] In regard to sanitized portrayals of violence: [Exit Wound, May 2008 –editor] Back in the mid sixties, Alfred Hitchcock directed a spy film called “Torn Curtain”. The film contains a scene in which the hero and heroine (played respectively by Paul Newman and Julie Andrews) have to kill a spy in hand-to-hand combat. Neither character is a trained killer — they are supposed to be ordinary people in an extreme situation. The se-

quence is played with great realism — it’s bloody, slow, clumsy, and rather repulsive. Critics were rather mixed in their reaction — some liked the scene, some disliked it, but it stood out because it was so different from the highly stylized violence seen in the James Bond movies. Hitchcock didn’t make it funny, like a scene from the Avengers. It was just a nasty event. “Torn Curtain” was not a big hit. There were other elements of the film that were flawed. —Sir Donald the Elusive

Da Vinci Code

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn B.

Written across the wall of a cave were the following symbols:



It was considered a unique find and the writings were said to be at least three thousand years old. The piece of stone was removed and taken to a museum where archaeologists from around the world studied the ancient symbols. After months of study, they held a huge conference to discuss their conclusions.

The president of the archaeological society pointed to the first drawing and said, “This is a woman. We can see that these people held women in high esteem. You can also tell that they were intelligent since the symbol of the donkey tells us that they were smart enough to

have animals to help them till the soil. The next drawing is a shovel, which means that they also had tools to help them. Even further proof of their high intelligence is the fish. By that we know that if a famine hit the land then they could seek food from the ocean. The last symbol appears to be the Star of David. That tells us that they were probably Hebrews.”

The audience applauded enthusiastically.

A little old Jewish man stood up in the back of the room and yelled, “Idiots! Hebrew is read from right to left! It says, ‘Holy mackerel! Dig the ass on that chick!’ “ ∞

Warning

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Millie, of Baltimore, Maryland.

I haven’t verified either the statistics or the arithmetic.

—editor

Doctors

The number of doctors in the U.S. is 700,000. The number of accidental deaths caused by doctors per year is 120,000. Thus, accidental deaths per doctor is 17.14%.

—Statistics attributed to the U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services

Guns

The number of gun owners in the U.S. is 80,000,000. The number of accidental gun deaths per year, considering all age groups, is

1,500. Thus, the number of accidental deaths per gun owner is 0.001875%.

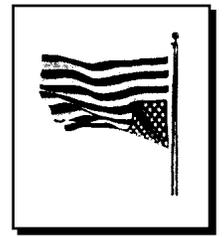
—Statistics attributed to the FBI

So statistically, doctors are approximately 9,000 times more dangerous than gun owners. Remember, guns don’t kill people. Doctors do.

Fact: Not everyone has a gun but almost everyone has at least one doctor.

Please alert your friends to this alarming threat. We must ban doctors before this gets completely out of hand. Out of concern for the public at large, I have withheld statistics on lawyers for fear that the shock might cause people to panic and seek medical attention. ∞

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Nation in Distress

Patience is the greatest of virtues if you're going to subvert a society, and there's no substitute for preparation.

—Qwin Zhang
in *Cerberus: A Wolf in the Fold*
by Jack L. Chalker

Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; and Dewey and Betty. —editor

Things About Cops

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- The bigger they are, the harder they fall. They also punch, kick, and choke harder.
- Placing your gun back in your holster with your finger still on the trigger can cause you to walk with a limp.
- If a cop swings a baton in a fight, then he'll hit other cops more often than he hits the bad guys. ∞

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Classes for Men

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

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- How To Be the Ideal Shopping Companion — Relaxation Exercises, Meditation, and Breathing Techniques
- How To Fight Cerebral Atrophy — Remembering Birthdays, Anniversaries, Other Important Dates, and Calling When You're Going to be Late — Cerebral Shock Therapy Sessions and Full Lobotomies Offered ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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