



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

July 2013

Hail Fellow Well Met

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Activists are often mistaken in their choices of targets. Capitalism is a good example. Several kinds of activists love to hate capitalism and to propose its replacement with every possible kind of alternative economic system. Here's the problem. People naturally make things and own things. They naturally buy, sell, or trade things. So, capitalism in one form or another is inevitable. Its replacement by some allegedly egalitarian economic system would require enforcement. Otherwise, people would just keep doing what comes naturally to them, which would result in capitalism of one kind or another.

The power of enforcement that would be necessary to replace capitalism with some inten-

tionally designed economic system would necessarily be a government. That government, whatever its form, would probably be a greater evil than any form that capitalism is ever likely to take. We're probably better off with capitalism, whatever its form, than with any government that would be powerful enough to suppress it.

Capitalism isn't necessarily either good or evil, but it is powerful. The evil consequences that have been attributed to capitalism are, actually, consequences of human greed, ruthlessness, and brutality. Evil people use capitalism as a tool by which to obtain power, wealth, and control over other people. Such people would use any other economic system for the same purposes, however idealistically it might be described by its advocates. Our enemy isn't capitalism. Our enemy is the dark side of human nature. As Walt Kelly noted, long ago, "We have met the enemy and he is us." ¶

Letters (and Excerpts) to the Editor

Greetings Sam:

... The reason you reminded me of him [*Kurt Saxxon*], or his book, is because PMJB is a book series (there are five volumes), that is similar to 'The Anarchists Cookbook' [see *The Sovereign's Library*]. Certain volumes of PMJB have been taken off the shelves because of U.S. Govt. restrictions [see *The Bit Left from The Big Lift, February 2013, page 3*]. It covers all sorts of subjects, from sound muffler construction to how to make cyanide to jungle warfare tactics. I'm sure Mr. Saxxon has Big Brother watching his every move, while censoring the contents of his books, just as the same people probably keep tabs on the things you publish. I have every volume of PMJB, and will cherish them. Two or three are not available any longer....

—a prisoner

Greetings to you Sam

... Thank you for the essay [*Pentagon Anomalies*], it's very well done and I'm already passing it around to those who care to know the truth behind these fences. Then to [*identity withheld*] which 9/11 woke her up! She's a whole new woman that searches for the truth

instead of taking the media or the government's word.

Well, thanks again for everything, also the May issue of "Frontiersman"! Sam you are one of a kind, God created you for a purpose! You're doing it spreading the truth, you are greatly appreciated! Take Care. —a prisoner

The next two messages refer to Henous Deeds Most Fowl, on page 1 of the June issue. —editor

Have you ever noticed after eating KFC that you are like - tired? I love KFC but try to stay away because of so much MSG that they have.

Because MSG causes a very large insulin response, MSG causes diabetic like symptoms of constant hunger and sloth. —ptosis

I received the message, and also, I was able to use the link while on my dad's computer. I feel too lazy to come up with any chicken jokes.

—Sir Donald the Elusive

Thank you. It's encouraging that my email messages are actually being delivered and that my website is still accessible.

Did you hear about the time in Kansas when the wind suddenly stopped and all of the chickens fell over?

—editor

In a Mirror Dimly

Sam Aurelius Milam III

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face.... —1 Corinthians 13:12

The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version

When I was young, I spent a lot of time at the Boldtville Presbyterian Church. Most of my experiences there were good ones. The church was a social center for the community. We met our friends at the Sunday morning services, at Sunday School, at occasional social dinners after the Sunday morning services, at choir practice on Wednesday evenings, and at parties for the teenagers, usually on Saturday nights. In addition to socializing, I learned a lot of Christian doctrine. I learned that Heaven is defined as being in God's presence. I learned that God is love. I learned that "the wages of sin is death". I learned that God is omnipresent. I learned that "unless your righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven". I learned that we must enter by the narrow gate, where the way is hard.

As it says in 1 Corinthians, when I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways. I also noticed some problems with what I'd been taught, as a child. For example, if Heaven is defined as being in God's presence and if God is omnipresent, then what's the problem? Who cares if the gate is narrow or if the way is hard? We're already there, so why is there any gate at all? As Timothy Leary suggested, we might as well just turn on, tune in, and drop out. What difference does it make? God is here. This is Heaven. This is as good as it's going to get.

After I gave up my childish ways, I continued to study but with less gullibility than had previously been the case. I learned some things that they hadn't taught us at the Boldtville Presbyterian Church. I learned about such things as the burning of witches and the torture of Templars. I learned of the more general use of torture to encourage orthodoxy, and to punish non-believers, by whatever names they were called. I learned that some parts of the world that are regarded today as being legitimately Christian weren't originally so. After being conquered by invading Christian armies, such conquered people were often forced to choose between death and conversion to Christianity. Charlemagne and the Saxon Wars

come to mind. I learned that missionaries, including Christians, were often instrumental in the exterminations of cultures and in the obliteration of bodies of literature. The Maya script comes to mind. I learned of the brutality of the Crusades and of the horrors of the inquisition. Such practices appear to have been all too common among Christians, for centuries.

Christians who will even acknowledge that aspect of their past today will declare that we of this enlightened age have moved beyond such things. Nevertheless, after almost a thousand years since the first crusade, Muslim lands are still occupied today by a Christian army. Different people might call it by different names but, to me, it looks a lot like a crusade. Whatever it's called, the excuses for it are not one whit better than the excuses that were used in the eleventh century. Even in America, even today, there are people who know the One and Only Way, and who require everyone else to follow it. To such people, sin is anything that they don't want other people to do. For centuries, such people have compelled obedience and punished violations. They still do so today. Only the tactics have changed. Instead of a stake, a rack, a bed of coals, or a blade, they use the legislatures and the prisons to compel obedience and to punish violations. Many such people call themselves Christians, although their kind predates Christ and infests the entire world, not just Christendom.

In Ecclesiastes, we can learn that "What has been is what will be, and what has been done is what will be done; and there is nothing new under the sun." Wisdom, when it rarely occurs, appears to be timeless. So, I've been pondering that scripture about the mirror. Each person is welcome to his own interpretation. This is mine. Evangelists, even the Christian kind, should stop looking for evil in others. They all suffer from a childish failure of love and understanding. They should grow up. They should look first for evil not in others, but in themselves, that is, metaphorically, in a mirror.

You hypocrite, first take the log out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's eye.

—Matthew 7:5

The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version

Walt Kelly's notion is applicable. In this case, if the evangelists ever do see evil clearly, face to face, it will probably not be in others, but in themselves. 

The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Twelve

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Been working on the problem of the agencies. You think MKULTRA was bad? Think those Nazis were bad, Mengele and those guys? Jeez. I never dreamed that agencies in this country would do the kind of stuff they do. Don't want to be specific. I'll just say that there isn't as much difference as I thought there was between a FEMA relocation camp and a Nazi concentration camp and you might be surprised which one is worse. How could I be so far into it and not see it? Not our fault though. Not just us. It's everywhere. Every government. Every one of them. You name it. Argentina? Pakistan? Australia? It isn't any government. It's government. Anyway, like I said, I've been working on it. I have a response to the problem. Maybe not the best response, maybe not the only response, but subtle. That's a good thing. Subtle. Notice I said response. I don't have a solution. I don't think there is a solution. A response is the best I can do.

Here's what I did, and this might be a longer entry than usual. So, to get to the point, I created a great piece of code. I call it a virus mother. It's as nearly invisible as I can make it. The code finds blank space on a volume, settles in, and looks like a bad sector. That's the best way I could think of to hide the program. Operating systems will note bad sectors and bypass them. Formatting will skip them. Everybody expects for there to be a few of them. It seemed like a good way to hide the program. So, the code finds some blank space on a volume and becomes a bad sector. After that, it does absolutely nothing that might even remotely tend to attract any attention, most of the time. Occasionally, at random intervals, it spawns a virus.

The virus finds a file and inserts itself into the code. Both ends of the virus code are transceivers, to use an old radio term. Any command that comes along the file's code gets relayed right past the virus, just like the virus wasn't even there. A bit check would notice a file size discrepancy but the clever little devil has a built in file compression feature that does a selective file compression operation on the file to compress the file by exactly the size of the virus. So, the file is usually the right size, even with the extra code. The only time the file size is off is if a program is using the file. The

selective compression is self-extracting so if a program needs that particular code it has to wait a millisecond or so for the compressed code to be extracted. When the program's done with the code, the virus recompresses it. So, the file is the right size in spite of my virus, most of the time. It's the best that I could do. Modestly speaking, I think it was damned clever programming. In fact, it's ingenious, even if I say so myself, and I do say so myself.

What does the virus do? Most of the time, nothing. It tries to stay invisible. Occasionally, at random intervals, it reaches out into another file and reverses a bit, zero to one or one to zero. Random time, random file, random bit. If it makes the change in a data file then the data becomes just slightly corrupted. Maybe a name gets misspelled. Maybe an address or a Social Security number is wrong. If it makes the change in a program file then there will be a little glitch that will show up sometimes when the program runs, depending on what's demanded of it. Sweet.

The biggest problem, and a problem that I haven't solved, is how to protect Cyber Dog. The virus doesn't know the difference. It will change a piece of Cyber Dog the same as any other code. I couldn't find any way to make the virus recognize Cyber Dog without maybe somebody isolating the virus and finding the recognition factor, and making Cyber Dog vulnerable to being recognized by some other programmer. I don't know how to protect Cyber Dog. He has a lot of redundancy in his various stored bits and pieces so maybe he'll be OK. The original files are on some DVDs around here somewhere. They don't have the enhancements that Cyber Dog has created for himself over the years but they have the basic Cyber Dog. Worse comes to worse, I suppose I can reload him and let him start over again training himself.

Anyway, I've had virus mothers at work now for several months. I didn't want to give that project to Cyber Dog. I've been doing it myself. I've been hacking every agency computer I can find. I've put virus mothers almost everywhere. CIA, research firms, they all work for the agencies whether they know it or not, every intelligence agency in every country where I can find one. I even got ECHELON. I got just about all of them.

Gotta go.

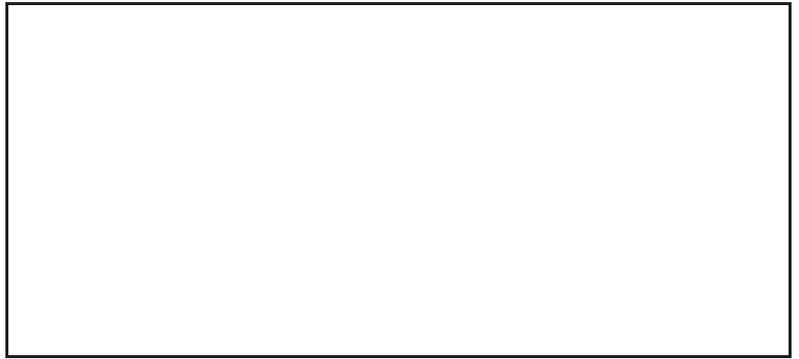
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Nation in Distress

The police of a state should never be stronger or better armed than the citizenry. An armed citizenry, willing to fight, is the foundation of civil freedom.

—from *Beyond This Horizon*, 1942
by Robert A. Heinlein



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Advice, Comments, and Observations

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Lady Jan the Voluptuous.

- Laughing stock: cattle with a sense of humor.
- You can't have everything. If you had it, then where would you put it?
- Eat right. Stay fit. Die anyway.
- The things that come to those who wait are the things that are left by those who got there first.
- Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat drinking beer all day.
- When you're swimming in the creek and an eel bites your cheek, that's a moray! ∞

Quotations

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Steve, of Mililani, Hawaii. I didn't try to verify any of them.

- Ah yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet. —Robin Williams
- Instead of getting married again, I'm going to find a woman I don't like and just give her a house. —Rod Stewart
- And God said, "Let there be Satan, so people don't blame everything on me. And let there be lawyers, so people don't blame everything on Satan." —George Burns
- There are only two reasons to sit in the back row of an airplane: either you have diarrhea, or you're anxious to meet people who do. —Henry Kissinger
former US Secretary of State
- I saw a woman wearing a sweatshirt with "Guess" on it. I said, "Thyroid problem?" —Arnold Schwarzenegger

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor