



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

October 2015

Rehabilitation Failure

Sticky, of San Diego, California

After being incarcerated for just shy of eight years, I think I am qualified to some judgment toward our State's prison system. I know California has the largest prison budget, largest prison population, highest paid prison guards, and greatest failure in what they label as rehabilitation. I believe the rest of the nation should see us as one of the several states in our union which is in crisis. The system in play today extends punishment to the taxpayer and, thus, to the economy.

I believe in order for rehabilitation to actually work, citizens, to include the media, should be allowed to attend parole hearings and other conclaves, just as the public is allowed into a courtroom. They are all essentially the same thing. But, the prison authorities claim that allowing in the press might cause people to become sympathetic toward convicted felons. They want to protect the victims but who is really being protected? I know hundreds of truly reformed men who have been turned down for parole, after serving 30+ years on a 5 to life because, time and time again, they were deemed not ready. I bet if the hearing was televised they would be viewed as ready.

This state proclaims it is rehabilitating its inmates, but how do Californians know for sure if they are not allowed beyond the lethal electric fence? The 70% recidivism rate says it all. Maybe this is due to the majority of prisoners being held like livestock in cells, stacked in dormitories, and stored in out-of-state facilities (making them not count toward the gross inmate population), while serving very harsh and severely long sentences. Most of these indi-

viduals are left to their own devices for rehabilitation because the state can no longer fund needed self-help programs. I should know. I am a recovering alcoholic/addict, yet no programs exist. Those of us who are serious about recovery must form our own unofficial groups. How is it there is not enough funding in our current multi-billion dollar budget? Refer back to sentence #2 of paragraph #1. To me this translates to failure, and use of a punishment driven system.

I believe no inmate should have to waste away his incarceration time. Perhaps we should start by actually establishing a rehabilitation program. If one exists, I have not seen it. I am in a vocational class I had to fight almost a year to be placed into. Maybe we should examine what the 30% of successful parolees are doing to stay out, and establish a curriculum in that area. There will always be a class of prisoner who remains recalcitrant, but there is no reason for that number to be 70%. Our system accepts that purely for job security.

In my eyes, California's prison system is a failure. Prisoners are released back into a society well prejudiced to see them as misfits bearing the stigmas of ex-con, convicted felon, and other marks of shame. Those same prisoners are given a \$200 pittance in release money, an amount which has not changed in well over thirty years, giving him/her little more than bus fare and a recipe for failure. Why not give them \$1000? If they return within three years, that amount becomes owed restitution to the State.

We, as responsible Californians, need to realize our prison system is in such a state of dysfunction that it needs to be overhauled. Otherwise, it will continue on its downward spiral of destroyed lives and wasted treasury. ∞

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

• The silly idea that men and women should have equal rights is rendered irrelevant, as well as silly, by the fact that neither men nor women presently have any rights at all, only privileges.

- It's own government is usually a nation's most dangerous enemy.
- As a strategy for weight loss, I'd prefer to eat less of the things that I like rather than more of the things that I don't like.
- Voting doesn't control the government. It legitimizes the police state. ¶

Letters to the Editor

Thanks for all the references that you published on your latest newsletter [*Letters to the Editor, September, page 2*].

I've read a bit about the Pentagon 911 — I don't have a reference url for you but from what I remember is:

1) That section of the building was under construction to beef up the outer wall and there was hardly anybody in that section.

2) The few hapless workers still there — at least one was saved due to the way the building was torn up — like a big bullet that penetrated the building leaving the nearby inner edifice unscathed.

3) A deep penetration suggests a missile and not an airplane with wings. As we all know there was no wing debris outside the wall in your crash site pictures, they didn't "vaporize", and the conclusion was a missile that hugs the ground is what happened to the Pentagon....

BTW: I do look at clouds all the time.... The very high clouds made of ice crystals can have a series of lines made by the wind. One time they were patches at 90 degree angles from each other. That lasted less than 3 mins. Knew that the wind didn't do it. Years later a friend who is into earthquakes was showing me lousy Polaroid pictures of the same phenomenon — He said it was standing wave from earthquake. Most earthquakes are not felt by humans. I believed him because I saw it myself....
—Ptosis

Sam

Just received your Sept 2015 *Frontiersman*. I love it bro. I especially loved the page 2 article by Robert Outman [*Fog of Justice, pages 2 - 3*]. WOW. Talk about on the money? Very well written Robert. Very good. I'm telling you Sam, some of these kids being turned lose these days after being toyed with for years is going to have some very bad results. I see it & hear it every day. Corcoran is not just any facility within CDCR. Here, these cheese dicks actually believe they are the state's personal punishment police. They push, prod, poke — well, I can go on and on, but you get my meaning. Anyway Sam, I really enjoyed that article.

Okay Sam, I'll let you go. Thank you for keeping me on your mailing list buddy. We do enjoy your work.
—a prisoner

Dear Comrade Sam,

Well sorry it's been so long since I wrote.

But been thru some ugly racist shit with the guards in New Folsom SHU. Before I explain, let me thank you for printing parts of one of my letters to you [*August 2015, pages 1 - 2*]! I would have written sooner, had to write [*name withheld*] for your address. Well back at Folsom SHU the guards hate my activism. They warned me often to stop sending out letters directing food & books to prisoners. I get this shit often everywhere I end up. But when I started getting close to an old political prisoner named [*name withheld*] the guards really got aggressive toward me. They pulled some dirty moves because I was very protective of [*name withheld*]. He was in his 70's, been in prison since 1964. And in solitary confinement since 1971. After the guards seen that their threats would not work on me, would not scare me, they sent a female guard to my door, and she wrote me up for something I didn't even do. And it's the type of write-up that makes a good brother/convict look bad & lose other con's respect for you. Then they told me if I continue to help [*name withheld*] they were going to pass this write-up to all the other main line prisoners in my unit. Also they put out I was a snitch. They even put my wrong classification on the write-up! But me being me, I kept helping [*name withheld*]. [*Name withheld*] was convicted of a crime from 1971, on the same case with [*names withheld*]. And the reasons the guards hate him is because 4 guards were killed, plus 6 neo-nazi prisoners. He was the last one alive in prison (on that case). Now once the guards put this fake paperwork out on me, most of the prisoners fell for this trick. Only old [*name withheld*] believe me. He knew how dirty they play when it comes to him. It tore me up so much inside that all these fools believed the pigs foul game, trick, than to believe someone who feeds & clothes. So my mental health started bothering me from the stress & long term solitary confinement. But still I continued my work. Especially with [*name withheld*]. [*Name withheld*] had been on the neo-nazis hit list for a long time. Plus many of the guards in that SHU are undercover skinheads. And they knew as long as I was there I would watch out for the old man. The rest of the collective I was with were no threat. Only to each other. So one night, I went out to see the mental health doctor. And the guards were waiting on me, and beat →

the shit out of me in cuffs, in a blind spot no other prisoners could see. Then pepper gassed me with some new super hot pepper spray. And did not let me wash it off for about 1 hour so I burned for days. I was in the hospital for a month. Now I'm in a long term mental health program. A few days after my beating while I was in the hospital [*name withheld*] was stabbed to death by neo-nazi skinhead prison-

ers. You can look it up on the computer. Rest in peace old timer, I wish I was there for you! (Sorry about crayon, only thing here to write with.) In solidarity.

—Ramon D. Hontiveros P-34034
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On Hope and Futility

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Ultimately it was hoped to make articulate speech issue from the larynx without involving the higher brain centers at all....

—from 1984, Appendix
by George Orwell

A while back, I mentioned to an acquaintance of mine that I always unplug my computers when I'm not using them, to protect them from lightening strikes. He said that I should just get surge protectors [*sic*]¹. I told him that I have surge suppressers but that I don't consider them to be adequate protection against lightening strikes. He said that I should just get the kind that have a guarantee. The supplier, he said, will replace a computer that's damaged while connected to one of its surge protectors [*sic*], or write me a check.

What good is a guarantee to me? They'd demand information that I didn't want to provide. When I told them that the computer was an old Mac, they'd tell me that they couldn't replace it with an equivalent computer. If they gave me a new computer, then it wouldn't run my old operating system. If they offered me a check, then I couldn't cash it. I don't have government ID or bank accounts. However, none of that was going to satisfy my acquaintance. No matter what I said, he'd make yet another lame suggestion. He'd have an endless supply of them. He wouldn't understand anything that I told him. The very assumptions on which my beliefs are based would be foreign to him. So, I just said that a guarantee is a pain in the ass and that it's easier to unplug the computers. He didn't say anything more. Maybe he decided that further conversation with me was futile. On that point, at least, we were in agreement.

It's interesting to consider his attitude, and our conversation, in terms of Orwellian conditioning. I don't know for sure that people are

conditioned, but they certainly base their attitudes and expectations on something that doesn't have much resemblance to thinking. They'll clamber for rights without the slightest notion that there aren't any rights, only privileges. They'll demand that the government solve their problems for them without coming even close to understanding that, if the government solves a problem at all, then the solution is always to replace the problem with a different one, to make the government stronger, and to increase their dependence on it. They'll ask why the government doesn't do things more efficiently or more effectively, without ever wondering why the government should be doing the things at all. They'll prefer to let a computer get fried by lightening, and wait for a government corporation to replace it for them, than to just protect it by simply unplugging the cord. Something's wrong somewhere and it seems a lot like Orwellian conditioning to me, or maybe just inherent stupidity.

As I've been working on this article, I've been trying to think of some positive way to end the thing. That's tough. I'm trying to face the truth, however great the cost, but the truth seems to be kind of discouraging. Sometime back during the 1980s, I began a calculated effort to restore liberty on this continent. Eventually, I realized that there never had been any liberty, only the illusion imagined by the people and the lie promoted by the government. Since then, I've been trying not to restore liberty, but to establish it. After all of my efforts, things are immeasurably worse than they were when I started. The old cliché "resistance is futile" comes to mind. Such things considered, it's difficult for me to end this article on a positive note. I hope that liberty isn't a lost cause and that people are not inherently stupid, but those do seem to be possibilities. I'm afraid that, for now, viewing them as possibilities, rather than as certainties, is about the best that I can do for a hopeful ending.

1 See *Somnambulant Society*, August 2015, page 3.



Nation in Distress

As for gun control advocates, I have no hope whatever that any facts whatever will make the slightest dent in their thinking — or lack of thinking.

—Thomas Sowell



Acknowledgments

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—editor

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<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>

Blonde Joke

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Q: What do you call a blonde with two brain cells?

A: Pregnant.

∞

Answering Machine Announcements

Attributed to the International Institute of Answering Machine Answers. Forwarded by Steve, of Kailua, Hawaii.

- Please leave a message. However, you have the right to remain silent. Everything you say will be recorded and will be used by us.

- Hello, you've reached Jim and Sonya. We can't pick up the phone right now, because we're doing something we really enjoy. Sonya likes doing it up and down, and I like doing it left to right, real slowly. So leave a message, and when we're done brushing our teeth we'll get back to you.

∞

It's Great to Be a Guy Because

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir John the Generous.

- Get-together arrangements are over in 30 seconds flat.

- A 5-day vacation requires only one suitcase.

- You don't have to monitor your friends' love lives.

∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor