

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

November 2015

Auto-Da-Fé

Robert H. Outman, Prisoner P-79939

Auto-da-fé translates to “act of faith” in Portuguese. However, in history it assumes a much more sinister significance. Auto-da-fé was the ceremony of the Inquisition’s judgement and order for punishment, to be executed by the government. This perverse marriage of state and church ushered in the perfection of punishment, torture, assorted means of death, and “creative cruelty” designed to break the will of those deemed not in moral conformity.

In 1483, Tomás de Torquemada was appointed Grand Inquisitor of the Inquisition by King Ferdinand V, to wage war on evil in Spain. Torquemada appointed Inquisitors to travel the country to pass judgement and order necessary punishment of the morally deficient. The Inquisitors were high-minded pillars of the state and church. To appear fair, multiple Inquisitors would sit in judgement of the wretched. Empowered with the collective sanctions of both God and government, they were no less than self-righteous tyrants, inflicting absolute fear in those being judged.

The tyranny of righteous indignation saw thousands of people put to incredibly cruel deaths, by stoning, whipping, evisceration (disembowelment), burning at the stake, and other demented means of slow painful death. Those waiting for the Inquisition’s judgement would be brought out of incarceration to sit for moral judgement before the travelling Inquisitors, where witnesses and friends of the church and state would give testimony as to the defendant’s immorality. Many people found the Inquisition’s frenzied war on evil to be a handy tool for personal agendas. It readily lent itself to a person’s desire for gain or vengeance, thereby being a convenient means to an end. This proved useful for those with a vendetta. A scorned wife could use the Inquisitors to have her husband escorted to the gates of Hell. A hateful son had only to cast aspersions on his

father’s back for the Inquisition to quickly crush the ingrate. Carefully placed words were enough to cause a slow painful death. The war on evil was greater than the soul of a possibly innocent person.

The Spanish Inquisition was formally abolished in 1834. The last recorded auto-da-fé took place in Mexico in 1850. BUT WAIT.... Like the war on evil, isn’t there a war on crime? Aren’t high-minded, self-righteous pillars of the state and church still authorized to pass judgement on the moral conformity of others? Don’t they have the incarcerated brought out to sit before them, in moral judgement? Don’t they render orders for the government to continue slow painful deaths? Don’t witnesses and friends of the state still give testimony to malign a person’s moral character? Several hundred years later and some people still use the state to pursue their vendettas.

Why do I see the auto-da-fé of so many harmless old men dying cruel, slow, painful deaths in prison? The 15th century Spanish Inquisition was abolished, but has its sinister spirit survived in the 21st century Board of Parole? ∞

Editorial Comments

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Mr. Outman’s questions are also pertinent outside of the prisons. Has anybody noticed how the appearance and behavior of judges resemble that of a clergy? Has anybody noticed the subservience and reverence that people are required to show toward both the judges and the courts, or be punished? Has anybody noticed how court procedures resemble those of a church service?

Just because something is immoral, that doesn’t necessarily mean that it should also be illegal. Just because something is virtuous, that doesn’t necessarily mean that it should also be mandatory. Even so, legislation throughout the United States has become a weapon for the enforcement of Christian dogma. The judges and the courts are part of the iron fist that wields the weapon, inheritors of the auto-da-fé of Mr. Outman’s article. We need to get the evangelism out of religion, and the religion out of government.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Frontiersman.

I write to ask that I be put on the mailing list for your publication of Frontiersman. My neighbor Sticky from San Diego has had some of his articles published. He is a great guy who is down to Earth....

—a prisoner

Sam

Hey again. Still enjoying your articles. Thank you for keeping me in your mailing list....

... I really enjoyed Sticky's article [*Rehabilitation Failure, October, page 1*]. Very true. And Mr. Hontiveros article [*Letters to the Editor, October, pages 2 – 3*] is spot on. I'm thinking all we can do is to keep our heads down, take note, and understand that this dog-n-pony show can't go on forever. Just try and stay under the wire and, if possible, make it out alive.

Okay Sam, I'll end this now. Thank ya again bro for all your help....

—a prisoner

Sam

I've been reading the Frontiersman for a while now and I'm writing for the first time for a couple of reasons. The first is that I have transferred and my new address is....

Second, in the latest issue when talking about your debate between surge protectors [*sic*] and guarantees vs. just unplugging your computer [*On Hope and Futility, October, page 3*], you said you wouldn't be able to cash a check because you have no government I.D. or bank accounts. I was hoping you could tell me a little about how you manage to live this way. I've been locked up since I was 18 and I've never had to deal with bills, taxes, health care, etc. I had a driver's license (very briefly), but the car was registered and insured in [*omitted*] name. When I get out, I want to live as privately and anonymously as possible but just don't see how, in this day and age, I can buy or rent a home, drive a car, access the internet and a thousand other things.

Also, can you help me find some organizations that provide services to inmates: donated books, education, pen pals, those kinds of things. Thanks a lot and keep up the good work.

—a prisoner

The government controls the access to most of the things that a man needs in order to survive. Even "camping" in the national parks isn't allowed. To survive in my situation requires a lot

of free support. I'm not entirely comfortable with that. Instead of receiving so much charity, I'd prefer to support myself. Sadly, I'm prohibited from doing that unless I'm willing to submit to the jurisdiction of the police state by getting government ID.

Regarding your various questions and concerns, generally, there aren't any short, simple answers. To understand such answers as exist will require some study. Of course, you're already reading the Frontiersman, which is a step in the right direction. If you want me to do so, and if the prison rules allow it, then I can send to you printed copies of some of my essays. I won't send anything unless you want me to do so. Let me know your preferences.

—editor

Dear Comrade,

Man, it was good to receive your Sept 2015 newsletter. Love the super color printed photos! Also think it was a great idea how you led up to the 9/11 Pentagon "attack" by showing many examples of real plane crashes [*page 1 in the January through September issues*]. So much about 9/11 does not add up in my mind, and many others around the world. Was it an inside job by rogue CIA officials along with crooked politicians to start a war in the middle east where share holders in companies such as Blackwater could make millions? Was it a plan by the CIA and the Bush family to turn the U.S.A. into a 1984 style police state? Don't forget the first George Bush was the director of the CIA at one time. Well it sure does not look like a plane crash to me. More like a bomb went off in a lower level of the building that caused a collapse. Well thank you for giving me info on some white victims the pigs screwed over [*Letters to the Editor, September, page 2*]..... Solidarity & struggle.

—Ramon D. Hontiveros P-34034
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Where's the missing airplane? I believe that Flight 77 was diverted to an undisclosed location. Maybe the other hijacked airplanes were also diverted. Maybe the airplanes that hit the World Trade Center towers were not the same airplanes as the ones that were hijacked. The NTSB never got a chance to examine the evidence because the crime scene was bulldozed, like Waco. That calls the whole story into question. I believe that it was an inside job.

—editor

Fish Story

Sam Aurelius Milam III

A while back, I watched a river monster documentary on *Animal Planet*. I don't usually watch *Animal Planet*. I expect that it probably has too much propaganda in support of the animal rescue gestapo, to many commercials that use the term *pet parent*, and too many teary-eyed exhortations to save the poor little puppies. However, it was the best thing that I could find at the time. I was too tired to keep working and I had about an hour 'til supper. It was either watch the documentary or show up early for supper and risk having to help. So, I watched the documentary.

According to his narration, the hero's objective was to track down the facts of a rumor that he'd heard. He'd heard that, in some remote village deep in the wilderness of Bolivia, a man had fallen into a river and had been partially devoured by a river monster before being heroically pulled, dead, from its very jaws. It was the stuff of legends. I was on tenterhooks.

Reportedly, the only way for our hero to get to the remote village was to ride an airplane into Brazil and then rent a car to drive from there to the river, in the isolated, northern reaches of inner Bolivia. At the river, he hired a river guide who, it was claimed, was the only man available who was brave enough to attempt the perilous journey.

There followed a considerable amount of footage showing our hero sitting stoically in the bow of a long, skinny canoe that was powered by a little outboard motor. He stared grimly ahead, anticipating the many dangers that lurked around every bend. The canoe surged on. The river seemed endless. The rainy season started. The footage was taken from about 20 or 30 feet abreast of the canoe, from another boat. That boat and the camera must have been running themselves, since our hero and his guide were, supposedly, the only two people who'd dared to attempt the trip.


Our hero made many stops along the way, and caught many fish. Sometimes, he even fished through an entire night. Most of the fish that he caught were about the size of the palm of his hand. One was about the size of his little finger but he didn't actually catch that one. It jumped into his hand. There was a migration under way at the time and swarms of the little critters were leaping up the rapids. There was a still-shot of one huge fish, presumably taken

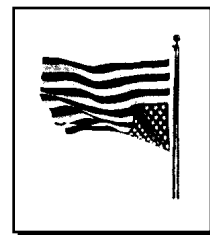
during some previous expedition, that was being supported in the water by two men. It seemed to be about the size of a cow.

It was a long and epic journey, lasting many days. It was fraught with danger, although the only actual injury that I saw our hero sustain was when he got one of his fish hooks caught in his thumb. Somebody, presumably his courageous river guide, removed it with some pliers. That suggested considerable manual dexterity, since the guide must also have been filming the action, being the only other person (besides our hero) who'd been brave enough to undertake the journey. I expect that our hero's cursing and screaming, during the extraction, must have been edited during the final cut. The only comment that appeared in the documentary was something like, wow that hurt, after the extraction was completed.

According to my little globe of the world, our hero was following the river in a direction that, pretty much, seems to lead up into the Andes. I don't know why, but he commented about continuing further downstream. Maybe it's a Southern Hemisphere usage, or just another mystery among many. Whatever the case, the villages along the river got ever more rustic as he continued. Eventually, most of the little huts in which the people lived didn't even need windows. You could see well enough between the slats. After much travail, our hero eventually reached his intended destination, far within the remote interior of northern Bolivia. It must have been the tourist season. I can't think of any other explanation for the large number of healthy-looking visitors who were lounging around and wearing jeans and bright sport shirts. The next thing that I noticed was that the settlement had a ferry crossing to the highway on the other side of the river.

What!?!? He could have driven there in a couple of days, instead of struggling up the river for days on end, through the drenching rainy season, in an open boat? Neither the producers nor any of his viewers noticed that?

Well, what do you expect from people who believe that dog's rights are more important than people's rights? If the people who watch *Animal Planet* are at all representative of the general population (I sure hope not), then that might explain why the government gets away with so many fish stories. By the way, he never did find the river monster. 



Nation in Distress

Life in general has never been even close to fair, so the pretense that the government can make it fair is a valuable and inexhaustible asset to politicians who want to expand government.

—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

The Voice of Experience

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Warren, of Pocatello, Idaho.

• Do not walk behind me, for I may not lead. Do not walk ahead of me, for I may not follow. Do not walk beside me. Just leave me the hell alone.

• A journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a leaky tire.

• It's always darkest just before dawn. So, if you're going to steal your neighbor's newspaper, that's the best time to do it.

• It's a small world, so you have to use your elbows a lot.

• Sex is like air. It isn't important unless you're not getting any.

• We're born naked, wet, and hungry. After that, things get worse.

• Nobody is paying attention until you make a mistake.

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor