



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

December 2016

No Time for a Bully

Sticky, of San Diego, California

Usually I am quite calm and collected. Pissing me off to the point of no return means someone pushed and pushed until I was at the edge. At that point, someone is usually fucked because there is no turning back.

My cellie and I were in the dayroom playing a friendly game of cribbage when this J-cat rolled up on me wanting to know why I've been mean-muggin' him, and if there is something I wanted to get off my chest. Immediately my pulse doubled but I wanted to know what the hell he was talking about. He was right up on me, obviously attempting some intimidation tactic. I was baffled, not afraid of this pissant mind you, but still wanting to know what the fuck.

As he walked away, he mumbled some drivel about bitch and pussy. I think that is when my blood started to boil. I could hear him talking shit behind me and I was immediately transported back to an old, more violent time in my life. My cellie had his hand on my arm, telling me to cool it and not let the idiot get to me. A part of me wanted to take the pencil off our table and go stab the motherfucker in his eye.

Letters to the Editor

Thanks a lot, Sam. I enjoy getting my Frontiersman via email. That way I can read it right away!

I really appreciated your article about prisons, and wish there was something we could do to improve the situation.

Just one comment about "Bibles, Goats, and Choices" from this recent issue [November, page 3]. I'd like to question the validity of your statement "Every Christian on the planet claims that only the members of his own particular group are the true Christians." What's your source for that statement? I am Christian, and do not feel that way. In fact, I respect most individuals who practice Christianity, and would be comfortable attending just about any

The two things that held me back from a trip to the hole and from facing attempted murder charges were the calming strategies of my cellie and the enjoyment of talking to my sister every other Sunday, on the phone. I suppose the fact that I have a release date was a third factor. I would hate to throw those things away.

My cellie had a great day playing cribbage. I believe he kicked my ass 5 or 6 times in a row. But, in all fairness, my mind was not on the game. It was on the thought of cutting the throat of some asshole who desperately needed it.

My blood pressure did not return to normal for an hour or so. Having to leave dayroom early and missing my shower slot, I purposefully locked myself away. Seriously, though, I wonder if that whack-a-doodle has any clue how close he came to needing lessons in Braille.

Perhaps, subliminally, my brain is applying the teachings of countless Anger Management classes. Maybe seeing my family after twelve years is more poignant in my mind. Then again, it might be that lower level prisons have softened me. Whichever it is, I am leaving this circus in 3 1/2 years and I'm pretty sure said knucklehead will still be here, trying to figure out the meaning of life.

God Bless. ∞

Christian church.

Thanks again for another wonderful issue!

—Tom, of Redwood City, California

Regarding the prisons, there is something that you can try to do that, if you accomplished it, would improve the situation. You can try to get crimes decriminalized. Many people are in prison for doing something that ought not to have been illegal in the first place.

Regarding Christianity, doctrines and practices vary widely among different kinds of Christians, and there are a lot of different kinds of Christians. Wikipedia has a series of articles on Christianity. "Christian denomination" and "Christianity in the United States" might be of interest to you.

Different kinds of Christians have mur- →

dered one another over their differences. That probably isn't going to change. Even the Ecumenical Council (Wikipedia has an article) can't get them all to sit down at the same table together. Being comfortable with other Christians doesn't necessarily mean that you agree with them. It's possible that, if you go further afield and encounter doctrines and practices that are increasingly different from your own, then you might get less comfortable. You might even eventually decide that the members of your own particular group of Christians are correct, and that the members of the other groups of Christians aren't correct. So, pending the outcome of your travels and investigations, I'll stick to my statement. —editor

Greetings to you my friend! Sorry it's been a few months since I've made last contact. But as you know I was in that neo-dungeon I last wrote from that wouldn't allow pens in the cells, only when I came to day room for a brief spell on the weekend could I use a pen. So all my mail has been very backed up, answering my mail that is. But I was still receiving all my letters. And I did receive your October 2016 & September 2016 Frontiersman. Thank you very much. And thanks for printing my last short letter. And I so much enjoyed the Redneck Tech jokes in both issues. I have family from very rural areas of Louisiana. Some of the jokes hit the nail on the head!

Well I told you in the last letter I'd explain to you why I was moved. I'll make this as short as possible. But when I was going to the yard in the hole at Salinas Valley, they were bringing this mentally ill prisoner to the yard in front of me. He was being escorted by two guards in front of me. And I was being escorted (Note: we were both shackled with leg irons and cuffed behind our backs) by two guards close behind the little guy. Now I've known the kid for a few months, he's really harmless, but his main sickness was he couldn't control what came out his mouth. So he's running his mouth while we are being escorted, and one of the guards start getting rough with him telling him to "shut the fuck up!" And the kid just keeps running his mouth. So I see it coming, the two guards with me leave me to go assist their fellow "onks". They push the kid up against a wall, and they all back up off of him, and start pulling out their pepper spray. (Note; they now use a super hot

military grade pepper spray that is very inhumane, it feels like your skin really has been burned off for hours & the burning lasts for days & days. They've made it stronger 4 times since I first came to prison. The old stuff is still hot enough to make anyone stop fighting or "comply" after a few seconds, the new hotter spray takes the same amount of time to kick in as the old spray. It's just a torture tool now used by gung-ho guards. Many guards now refuse to use the new hotter spray. Mainly because once it gets on their skin they burn for days too. They still must cuff you once they spray you. And if it's used indoors no one can breathe in that area for hours. That's how strong this atomic shit is.)

Anyway, they all back off the kid and pull out their cans, and he's still running his mouth. So I just act, and run into one of the guards about to spray the kid, and his arm with the pepper spray in it is knocked around and he sprays the other guards next to him, then they all start spraying me and the kid. But I was able to get to him and tackle him and lay on top of him and take most of the spray. That shit burned like hell but I was stoic about the pain. I was too much enjoying the 3 cops crying and screaming out in pain. The funny part to me is they all claim they were sprayed with pepper spray in their training to become "peace" officers. Probably a little squirt of the old stuff that washes off easy! Anyway, they gave me a battery on a peace officer for what I did. But I just felt it was the right thing to do. But when I went in front of the warden and the mental health team they deemed me a threat to myself and a threat to others, and sent me to Vacaville for mental health treatment. But I don't see the "crazy" part on what I did. I just thought it was foul that they were going to set a man on fire with the mind of a child just for talking too much. They were fully in control of him without having to spray him.

Anyway they tried to put me on all kinds of medications here. But I will not let them. I'm still going through the bullshit here with the mental doctors. They tried to get a court order to force medicate me in 02 (the last unit I was on). But once I got in front of the judge the judge wouldn't write the order to force medicate me. I was able to answer all the questions they asked me correctly. And after I explained why I did what I did and I knew what I was →

doing he ruled that I am not insane and am able to make my own choices on which medications I allow the doctors to put me on. The doctors got so fucking mad it's unbelievable! They started telling the judge stuff like, "Well this is supposed to be automatic! We are mental health specialists! We have MDs!!" And the judge told them if this man is insane under California law I'm Bob Barker! And he walked out of the room!

So I'm still here being held until they clear me to go back to a regular prison unit.

And that's about all brother. That's my update. If you print this you can edit it any way you please, to shorten it.

Thank you for giving the voiceless a voice.

Truly, your comrade in struggle, with respect.

—Ramon D. Hontiveros
Prisoner P-34034

Dear Mr. Milam,

Thank you for dignifying IT BLOOMS IN THE DARK [October, page 1]. The newsletter finally found me in my new assigned division of California's synthetic hell; one mile north of the Mexico border, bearing the moniker of Tijuana Heights.

Having suffered a heart attack, compounded by advanced osteoarthritis, problem full-prosthetic hip, osteo-reconstructions, old age, and a propensity to question and challenge authority, I found myself wheelchair bound; but still a "menace to society."

Knowing I would oppose transfer, under the guise of being transported out of prison for a cardiologist examination, Big Brother ambushed transported me to Tijuana Heights, Bayard, a dumping station for old men to die.

I thought I couldn't see any worst evil until I arrived at this level of the abyss. Seeing prison guards bullying and screaming at old men (70's 80's 90's) in wheelchairs brings any normal human being to ad nauseam. This is stuff one

would expect to see in a WW II Nazi movie, not the 21st century.

What I am seeing is not the product of a civilized society. There is something amiss in the social soul to allow and condone psychological and physical abuse of old and disabled prisoners, as a form of justified punishment!

Wish I had better news to share with you, but unfortunately reality can be ugly. People need to know what their tax dollars buy....

Thank you for dignifying VENGEANCE [November, page 1].... Prisons are the perfect culture for evil to propagate, along with financial opportunities.

Your thoughts and observations [November, page 2] are spot-on! I can corroborate your thoughts, with clear empirical evidence, guards and staff are provocateurs — keeping the prisoners' house divided and Julius Caesar's maxim "Divide and conquer" alive. For rehabilitation to work, it has to start the day a person enters prison.

Education is the key to freedom, and the meaning of solidarity amongst prisoners. Bullying, ridicule, and condescension are the artillery of ignorance, and too many guards and prisoners are well armed.

Thank you for shining your light into this darkness, bringing truth to the forefront. Wishing you the Happiest of Thanksgivings, as I remain,

In gratitude and admiration,

—Robert H. Outman
Prisoner P-79939

Hi Sam,

I'm wishing you a merry early Christmas.

By the way, I've really enjoyed the recent articles by Robert Outman. They are well reasoned and thought provoking. I hope there will be more of them in the future.

—Steve, of Wahiawa, Hawaii

A White Man's Notes

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Women keep demanding equal treatment, yet they cling to the special privilege of their gender that you're not supposed to hit them. Thus, they're imposing on men a double standard in violation of their own rhetoric. If a woman behaves in a way that might get a man punched in the face, then maybe she deserves to be punched in the face. Fair-weather equality isn't equality. It's hypocrisy. ♀

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- When you've studied, and learned enough that you're finally able to ask the right questions, then you'll probably no longer need to ask them.
- Where your heart is, there will your treasure be also.
- You don't correct problems by telling other people to behave properly. You correct problems by behaving properly yourself. ♀



Nation in Distress

Too much of what is called “education”
is little more than an expensive isolation
from reality. —Thomas Sowell



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob;
Lady Jan the Voluptuous; Betty; Eric, of Ione,
California; Robert, of San Diego, California;
and Steve, of Wahiawa, Hawaii. —editor

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Blonde Jokes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Q: Why did the blonde stare intently at the
carton of orange juice?

A: It said “concentrate”.

Q: Why did the blonde fail her driver’s license
test?

A: She wasn’t used to the front seat. ∞

Interesting Facts Claims

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Women blink nearly twice as much as men.
- It’s physically impossible for you to lick your elbow.
- The Main Library at Indiana University sinks over an inch every year because when it was built, engineers failed to take into account the weight of all the books that would occupy the building.
- A snail can sleep for three years.
- There isn’t a word in the English language that rhymes with month.
- The average useful life of a major league baseball is seven pitches.
- Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our noses and ears never stop growing.
- The electric chair was invented by a dentist.
- All polar bears are left-handed. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor