



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

April 2018

The Power of the Scent, Sirs

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Some time ago, I watched *Surfs Up*, a computer animated mockumentary from 2007, produced by Sony Pictures Animation. I just happened upon it while I was clicking around the channels, looking for something to watch. I started to click to

the next channel but, in the minute or so that I watched the show, I decided that it seemed to be well done, so I continued to watch it.

Although *Surfs Up* seemed at first glance to be an ordinary children's cartoon, it turned out that the animation was lovely and the characters were delightful. The story was about a young penguin named Cody Maverick, from Shiverpool, Antarctica. His dream was to go to Pen Gu Island and compete in the tenth Big Z Memorial Surf Off. None of that would have prompted me to write an article. I wrote the article because of a scene wherein a fish was presented to one of the characters who smelled it and then commented that it would still taste like chicken.

Aha! It was the "smells like a fish but tastes like chicken" joke. It's probably the oldest joke on the planet. Our male ancestors probably chortled about it from the time that their male ancestors came down out of the trees. We still use it today. I saw it in *La Bamba*, the movie about Ritchie Valens, and in various other

places. A while back, I heard it in a country music song. I don't know the name of the song or of the performer, but the main theme of the song is "a bad day fishin' beats a good day of anything else". He snuck in the line about it tasting like chicken. It was quick, but it was there. The scene in *Surfs Up* was quick, too. You'd miss it if you glanced away, but I had to laugh. There it was, the oldest pussy joke in the world, in the middle of a children's cartoon. I'll admit that *Surfs Up* had a PG rating but it was still a cartoon. The censors aren't presently as powerful as they have been in the past or as they will be again in the future but, even so, I love it when somebody fools them.

Afterword: After I wrote the article, but before I published it, I found *Surfs Up* on DVD. I bought it and watched the entire movie. I found two scenes in which squid-on-a-stick snacks were described as tasting like chicken but I didn't find the fish scene. Squid's close, but it ain't fish. I watched the entire movie again, twice, watching for the fish scene. It isn't there. I don't know what release I saw on the TV but I suppose that the fish scene must have been deleted when the movie was released on DVD. The censors never quit trying.

I've encountered other instances when something was "sanitized" for a re-release. See *The Battle of the Internet*, on pages 1 — 3 of the January 2012 issue. Maybe I can find an uncensored version of *Surfs Up* somewhere. Until then, I'll suggest this for the censors. Never underestimate the power of the scent, sir. 🐧

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

I read your Pentagon Anomalies and I look forward to reading your essay Unnamed Agency next.

You pose the question where the 4 missing airplanes are, I'm going to wait until I read your essay until I give my opinion.

As to your comment of the news being propaganda machines I agree and as for TV & dramas, sit-coms, and programming in general, etc., shows the direction and condition of American society.

I personally believe that Hollywood, our government, TV, politicians, etc. have begun an all out assault on its own people. Our constitutional rights are being stripped away right before our eyes.

Consider the latest school shooting in Fla., why should our gun laws be changed? When a person jumps a curb and runs over people, do we blame the auto maker for the killer being able to buy a car? When a suicide bomber kills people in a subway station, do we blame the backpack maker for allowing a place to hide a bomb? So why blame guns and put no responsibility on the shooter?

Our TV programming is also a propaganda machine. Sowing discord by promoting racism. It seems everyone on TV has a platform, women and men too, gays, trans-genders, black lives matter, immigration, etc.

And lets look at the masses. There are roughly 50% white, 25% black, 15% Mexican, 10% other people in America, and do you know who has no platform to vent, the white male. →

As a white male, if you're not sucking dick or in an interracial relationship, you have no say, and if you try to voice an opinion, you're called a racist.

And while every race is fighting the other to be heard, we are missing the big picture, this isn't a "race" issue, this is a "poverty" issue.

If you don't have the money that 1%ers are procuring, then you will become a victim of the new Jim Crow era, where it is profitable to incarcerate a man.

So everyone quit complaining, there are punishments being meted out to all races equally, watch TV, and you'll see. People are being tricked with side shows, so they miss the "main" event happening right before them.

—a prisoner

Some TV commercials provide good examples of the kinds of things that you mentioned. In a Good2Go.com car insurance commercial, a woman is shown pushing her child in a stroller. She states that, although she owns a car, she's taking the child to the doctor on foot because she can't afford car insurance.

Certain ideas are implicit in the commercial. The first is that the government will happily diminish the woman's ability to care for her child, rather than let her drive her car without insurance. If she's reported for failure to take proper care of the child, then the government can take the child away from her. The woman's behavior is regulated at every turn by the threat of punishment.

Such commercials suggest an agenda. The woman's situation is presented as being completely ordinary. The idea of mandatory insurance is accepted without question. It seems to me a lot like a Pavlovian scheme to condition viewers to mindlessly accept having their lives regulated by government. It reminds me a lot of Joseph Goebbels, and Nazi propaganda.

I can remember when car insurance was voluntary. Even then, the insurance companies were in cahoots with the government. See my account of my early efforts to oppose such things, under the heading Lie Ability, in my essay More Adventures of the Lone Raver. It's available in Pharos.

—editor

Dear Mr. Milam,

Although my appreciation is late, I thank you for dignifying Evil in thy service; December 2017.

Having only received the publication, early December, I intended to write you, however Evil was served before I could write. At 4:00 AM, Sunday morning, 17 December 2017, transportation guards opened my cell, "You,

are being transferred to Corcoran prison dorm housing, now!"

A Fema-Nazi, high level, guard hierarchy, in an act of administrative revenge, made a unilateral decision, exercising her manifest Evil, ordered me transferred to a known psychologically toxic housing environment.

Three days later, medical and mental health, pulled me out of the environment "borderline cardiac arrest," and into a crisis bed. Her intent was served, the question is, was that intent murder, or just revenge?

Anyway, I'm now in a hospital environment, with aggravated cardiac/vascular problems, and all the problems 74 years have piled up. Not to mention, the Fema-Nazi hasn't heard the last of me.

Please, correct my address, and know, I remain in respect and admiration of your efforts to bring the truth forward.

Still on the green side of the grass,

—Robert H. Outman
Prisoner P-79939

Dear Sam,

Greetings in solidarity my brother. So sorry it's been such a long while since I made contact. Your Feb 2018 issue is the first I received since June or July of 2017. But the reason for this is I've really been fighting a dark depression and trying to find help for my suicidal thoughts. But truly I'm tired. And lately I've been fighting a write-up that's an outright lie, total falsehood not even half truth (which is how most staff write up write-ups — add this or that to make a write-up stick). But this one is total crap. But my word doesn't mean shit. Not to the neo cons. But really Sam I wrote my family and told them the truth about me and my plans for death. So I don't have too much time left. I'm tired of giving this system my energy and time. Your paper is always refreshing though. I love the truth you tackle. It's rare and uncommon. Thank you.

I loved your Sightings article [*February, page 3*]. And I loved your Louisiana Aunt's sighting. I spent a lot of time in the swamps of the same areas as a child. I've heard my share of stories from family members. One of my great uncles [*name omitted*], long dead — RIP swore up and down he saw a bigfoot in the swamps of St. Bernard Parish, while he was rabbit hunting. He stopped going deep into the swamps for rabbits after that, just would stick to the fields close to his property the rest of his life after that. I believed him because it spooked him for the rest of his life. I've heard stories of a Cajun werewolf. Never met anyone who personally saw it. But lots of people I knew, my grand- →

father for one, saw the “goobler gobbers” many times over his lifetime. And that’s what the locals in the marshes & swamps call the unexplained lights/orbs they see in the swamps at night. They just float in the air, and dissolve into thin air. Some are big. Some are small. Also my grandfather claimed to see a spider in the woods close to Leesville while hunting back in the 1950’s that was as big dinner plate. It crossed his path about 10 feet in front of him. A big black hairy spider. Now I myself saw a few things, one out fishing with my grandfather in the marshes of St. Bernard Parish. One was a garfish swimming right under the surface. It had to be 12 feet long. Just a monster of a fish. It passed right next to our flat boat. The biggest gar I’ve seen out the water was about 5 to 6 feet long. This one was twice that.

Then I spent some time with friends in Slidell, Louisiana, which is across the lake from New Orleans. Lots of swampy areas there too. I was about 10 or 11 years old. And we were out throwing cast nets for bait. This is fresh water swamp. Well in the net we catch what looks like a sea horse, but it is all silver, and 12 inches tall. And was just flopping around. I picked it up and it wrapped its “tail” around my wrist and arm. And I let it go and it swam into the muddy water. All my friends I was fishing with seen it. When I/we explained it to the adults no one knew what it was or ever heard of a giant sea horse fresh water fish. To this day I look for it in National Geo Magazine or on nature specials on P.B.S. Never have see it again.

Well thank you for letting me share this little history of sightings in Louisiana.

I don’t know how much longer I’ll be alive. But time on this Earth is getting very short for me. Thanks for keeping the newsletters coming even though I’m gone a lot from this prison.

Your brother in struggle. —a prisoner

I’m withholding your name, as a precaution.

—editor

Frontiersman,

The “Legion of Decency” threatened to shut down all gangster movies from being produced. But Hollywood then agreed to follow a 1933 production code known as the “Hays Code” after “Will H. Hays”, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

In addition to regulating depictions of sex, drugs, violence, and moral meaning, this code mandated that all gangsters in the movies must ultimately lose! The PBS code preamble states that crime will be shown to be wrong, and that criminal life will be loathed, and that the law will prevail at all times. Villains can

never prevail to be the hero, and by the end of the movie they must either be dead or in jail! This code was designed to allow those in power to control and shape the imaginations of the public.

—D. B., of Clinton, Arkansas

A description of the Hays Code is available in the Wikipedia article Motion Picture Production Code. I agree that the Hays Code seems to have been more for propaganda than for censorship. It was an attempt at mind control. As I noted in Somnambulant Society, on page 3 of the August 2015 issue, conditioning eliminates thinking. Conditioned people don’t think. They merely respond. See Orwell’s 1984. I see the Hays Code as that sort of thing. Such a mind control scheme is a disappointing thing to discover in the history of the so-called land of the free and the home of the brave, especially during a span of time that included the war against the Nazis.

The Hays Code was abandoned in the late 1960s, and was replaced by a rating system. Even though the code was abandoned, its agenda remains, in the rating system and elsewhere. The proponents of mind control are an ongoing threat. As I noted in The Power of the Scent, Sirs, on page 1 of this issue, those people never quit. Furthermore, they sometimes work in devious ways. See my article War of Words, on page 2 of the December 1994 issue. —editor

Dear Sam,

“Howie in Arkansas” [Letters to the Editor, March 2018, page 2] needs to quit eating paint chips off of his cell wall, and needs counseling for institutionalization. The very idea of giving the government the power of execution, without a trial, what the fuck. He wants to give an already oppressive regime more power. As for allowing the victims families the power of retribution..., on the surface it may sound appealing. Do we fast forward to the future and emulate the movie “Running Man”, or go back to the gladiatorial days? I don’t know what the solution is, but I feel trying to abolish murder with murder isn’t the answer. Jesus Christ method of fighting violence with “non-violence” is the way to go but doesn’t quench the bloodlust the majority wants.

—a prisoner

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- I am innocent until proven guilty. The government is guilty until proven innocent and it’s still guilty, even after that.
- If the people who believe that petroleum came from dinosaurs are correct, then gasoline is a solar-derived biofuel. Not only that, it’s renewable — just not in our lifetimes.



Nation in Distress

Few professors would dare to publish research or teach a course debunking the claims made in various ethnic, gender, or other “studies” courses.

— Thomas Sowell



Acknowledgments

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—editor

Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
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Snow White Joke

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Q: What did Snow White say while she waited for her photos?

A: Some day my prints will come!

Work Advice

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Never walk without carrying a document. People with documents in their hands look like hardworking employees heading for important meetings. People with nothing in their hands look like they're heading for the break room. People carrying a newspaper look like they're heading for the toilet. Carry loads of stuff home with you at night, thus giving the impression that you do extra work at home.
- When the boss is still around, leave the office late. While you're staying late, you can read magazines and other things that you always wanted to read, but never had the time. Make sure that you walk past the boss' office on your way out. Copy the boss on email messages that you send during late or early hours, and during holidays.

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor