



# Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

February 2022

## Frexit

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I began to learn about my freedom at an early age. In the late 1950s, when I came home from school with the Domino Theory, my father warned me that I'd lose a lot more freedom to my own government than I'd ever lose to the Soviets. By the

time that I was in high school, in the early 1960s, I was learning a lot about the nature of government, but not at school. I was reading such things as *1984*, by George Orwell, and the fiction of Robert A. Heinlein. When I arrived at Texas A&M University, in the late 1960s, I discovered that the official student handbook proclaimed the university to be the sole and final authority in all aspects of my life. I was forced, as a prerequisite to attendance at the university, to sign a loyalty oath that, among other things, acknowledged my acceptance of that authority. I graduated from Texas A&M University in August of 1971. Shortly after that, I was compelled, against my will and with the threat of punishment, into involuntary servitude in the U.S. armed forces. My freedom was becoming obvious by its absence.

From the 1970s to the 1980s, I became increasingly uncooperative with the misbehavior of the corporations for which I worked after graduation. See *Outward Bound*, in *Pharos*. I was laid off from each of them, mostly due to my escalating refusal to cooperate with their malfeasance. By the 1980s, I was spending a lot of time studying the nature of government, and writing about it. One result was my essay *The Long and Winding Doctrine: Social Contract*. It's available in *Pharos*. The significance of that essay is that, while I was writing it, I developed the most important political principle that has ever been documented. It is this:

The legitimate boundaries of lawful government are not geographical.

They are contractual.

After I understood that principle, my understanding of some other things changed. I already understood the evil nature of government as we know it, and I wanted out. The principle showed me the way out. The exit that I sought wasn't geographical. It was contractual. I

didn't need to change my location. I needed to change my status. I needed to absolve myself of any and all obligations to any government, and to repudiate any and all records or agreements that might be used to allege any such obligation. I needed to get out of the government's purview.

Accordingly, I began to make some changes. I rescinded my driver's license and cancelled my Social Security number. I allowed all of my vehicle registrations and car insurance policies to expire, sold all of my vehicles, and began to travel on a bicycle. I allowed my voter's registration to expire. I rented a Post Office box and began to minimize the use of my house address. With the database in mind, I cancelled my utilities services and opened them again, using pseudonyms. In 1987, the *Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986* went into effect. It required the presentation of certain specified government ID as a prerequisite for employment. After the layoffs, I'd been trying to get temporary jobs but, when I refused to provide government ID, even temporary jobs became unavailable. I became permanently unemployable but at least I was out of the income tax part of the database. After that, I cancelled my passport and my medical insurance. I closed my bank account and started using cash and money orders.

Early in the 1990s, an exploitive girlfriend forced me into a confrontation with the DA's thugs in Santa Clara County, California. See *Dealing With the District Attorney's Thugs*, in *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*. It's available in *Pharos*. I avoided them for several years but, eventually, they forcibly abducted me at gunpoint. I was forced to spend some time in their county jail, where they threatened me with many years of imprisonment. One of the conditions of my release was that I was forced to voluntarily sell my house and property. The girlfriend got most of the funds but at least I got out of the property tax part of the database.

By the 2000s, access to the internet was sufficiently inexpensive that a friend was able to provide me with internet access. At the time, I failed to foresee some of the possible consequences of using the internet. Instead, I perceived the internet as a place for the free and uncensored exchange of information. I saw it as an opportunity to make my ideas and my →

writing available to more people, so I started my first website. For a while, I opened various internet accounts. Some friends made it possible for me to have access to PayPal and eBay and I tried, with little success, to sell things.

Gradually, the nature of the internet began to change. See *The Battle of the Internet*, in the January 2012 issue. Belatedly, I began to understand some of the implications. After that, I started either cancelling some of my internet accounts, or letting them expire. Recently, eBay began to require Social Security numbers from sellers. I'd never made more than a few dollars per year anyway, so I stopped trying to sell on eBay. I still have a few internet accounts, but I'm trying to minimize my presence in the internet. I'm avoiding the social media entirely. Those accounts are a gold mine of surveillance for the government.

A few years ago, one of my family members provided me with a cell phone, so that I could be reached, if necessary, by certain family members who were in poor health. Cell phones are tracking and surveillance devices so, after the family situation changed, I allowed the cell phone to expire. For a while, a family member provided me with access to cable TV. When voice activated remote controls began to come into use, cable TV became a surveillance network. See *A Question of Intelligence*, in the January 2017 issue. I disconnected from cable and installed a TV antenna. I don't get as many channels, and the signal quality is intermittent, but the TV antenna can't be used to spy on me. I hope to avoid, or at least to minimize, riding in vehicles that have face recognition and voice recognition features, GPS, remote access, and self-driving features. See *Carnet: Rise of the Machines*, in the June 2018 issue, and *Chrysler Zero Day*, in the *Frontiersman* video collection. I try to be careful what I say in the presence of an Alexa spy device that I noticed in a place that I sometimes visit. My computers don't have any microphones or webcams. I refuse to get a COVID vaccine, or to be tested for COVID. The various COVID ID schemes, and so-called contact tracing, are a treasure trove of information, revealing to the police state all of our personal activities and behaviors. It's deplorable that so many people willingly cooperate with such authoritarian practices. My real name still appears on my writing because it's a matter of personal integrity to me to publish my work under my real name. Other than that, I'm as far out of the purview of the police state as I can get.

While I was writing this article, two copies of my January issue, sent to prisoners in Laurin-

burg, North Carolina, were returned. Stamped on them was "RETURN TO SENDER This facility DOES NOT accept friend and family mail directly. You MUST USE TextBehind.com to send mail to any inmate in this facility." Those prisoners had been subscribers for a long time. It seems that a policy has changed, and that the police state is now starting to redirect prisoners' U.S. mail through the internet. Maybe, eventually, all U.S. mail will become visible in the internet. I didn't investigate TextBehind.com. To even access their website would load data about me into the database. I cancelled the two subscriptions.

One of my objectives all along has been to establish freedom in my life. Some people think that my actions have taken away my freedom. The ability of those people to think at all has been impaired by false assumptions, lies, and misinformation. See *Somnambulant Society*, in the August 2015 issue. Those people believe that they have freedom. They don't have any freedom, just a lot of permission. My actions haven't taken away my freedom. The police state has taken away my freedom.

If we want freedom in our lives, then we need to forgo the commotion of protest demonstrations. They polarize opinion and motivate opposition. They can be disrupted by cops provocateur, or discredited by government lies, and they don't result in freedom. Instead, they make the government stronger by giving it excuses to spread alarmist propaganda, and put more cops on the streets. We also need to forgo the notion of revolutions. Whether a revolution fails or succeeds, it's needlessly destructive. If it fails, then the destruction actually increases the need for government. If it succeeds, then it only replaces the previous tyranny with a new tyranny, more of the same with a different name. See *Be the Revolution*, in the January 2021 issue, and consider the results of every past revolution that has ever happened.

If we want freedom in our lives, then we don't need to oppose the police state as political factions, but to exit from its purview as individuals. It will work if enough of us do it. I've presented the idea here, and provided the best example that I can provide. Now, we need a catchy word for it. That will be more persuasive than logic for people who've been conditioned by political slogans, sound bites, bumper stickers, and commercial jingles. When the British wanted out of the EU, they made up a word for it, Brexit. The idea here isn't the same as Brexit but maybe I can use a similar trick of usage. Maybe a combination of *freedom* and *exit* will work. How about *Frexit*? 🐦

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Hello and thank you for your Nov 2021 *Frontiersman*.

One article in particular caught my attention. "Truth".

Like you, I also watched all the shows about the 20th anniv. about "9-11". And I don't remember the names of the shows, but I watch two shows about "9-11", they aired back to back on P.B.S.

The first show, a black woman claimed she was in the office that the plane directly hit, at the Pentagon. She claimed fellow office workers "heroically" lifted her out of the wreckage, and made a human pyramid, that she climbed and exited a window. And everyone else perished after saving her. Gee's, what heroism! Then the very next show, claimed that the section of the Pentagon that got hit, was thankfully empty, because it was being renovated, so there was no victims, thankfully!!!

## Snow Flakes

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Tom C., of Redwood City, California.

It snowed Friday night. This morning, me and the kids went out and built a snow man.

8:00 AM We built the snowman.

8:12 AM The kids got bored and went inside to watch the Saturday morning cartoons.

8:14 AM The feminist next door criticized me for not making a snow woman.

8:15 AM I made a snow woman.

8:20 AM The feminist came back and complained that the snow woman's apron and bonnet depicted her in a domestic role.

8:21 AM A homosexual couple living nearby complained that I should have built two snowmen.

8:25 AM The vegans at the end of the block complained about the carrots that I'd used for noses. They said that food shouldn't be used for decorations.

8:28 AM A black couple from the other end of the block criticized me for making only white snow people.

8:30 AM I used some spray paint but the can was almost empty so I was able to make only one of the snow persons black.

8:35 AM The redneck three houses over called me names for promoting mixed-race relationships.

8:37 AM The black couple came back and accused me of racism for using blackface on a white snow person.

8:40 AM The transgender man woman person from down the street criticized me for using

What the fuck? Direct opposition in the stories. I remember back when the story they told was that there was no victims at the Pentagon because it was being renovated.

So, why change the story now? Just like the airplane that went down in PA. The bullshit story of "let's roll", about how the passengers "heroically" forced the cockpit door open and crashed the plane to stop the terrorist. I wish the government would give up on the bullshit stories and just tell us the truth.

Be well my friend. —S. H., a prisoner

*You're correct about the story. The Pentagon wasn't hit by an airplane. Four airplanes were hijacked. Three airplanes crashed. One airplane is missing. That calls the entire story into question.*  
—editor

Current World Population <a href="https://www.census.gov/popclock/world">https://www.census.gov/popclock/world</a> Population Curve <a href="http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html">http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html</a>
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black paint instead of rainbow colored paint.

8:42 AM The middle eastern gent from across the street complained that the apron didn't completely cover the snow woman.

8:50 AM A TV news crew showed up and filmed me for the Nine O'clock News, where I was depicted as a racist sexist homophobe.

9:15 AM County social workers, who'd seen the TV coverage, arrived and took my children into custody.

9:16 AM Far left protesters marched down the street demanding that I be arrested.

9:20 AM A Council on Equality activist, who'd seen the TV coverage, arrived and gave me an application form for their sensitivity and diversity training classes.

9:30 AM Anti-smoking activists, who'd seen the TV coverage, picketed my front yard because of the pipe in the snowman's mouth.

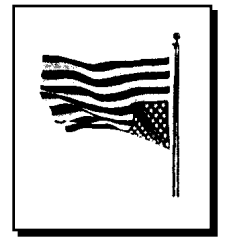
9:36 AM Far right protesters, offended by the far left protestors, marched down the street demanding that both I and the far left protestors be arrested.

9:39 AM A Homeland Security investigator, who'd seen the TV coverage, showed up and threatened to have me sent to an undisclosed location, south of Florida.

9:41 AM My wife finished packing her things and left, to go stay with her mother.

9:45 AM The boss called me and told me not to come back to work on Monday.

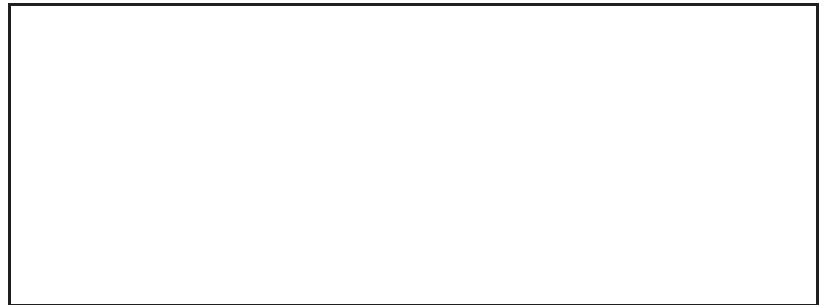
9:50 AM I sat down at the kitchen table and started drinking bourbon. All that me and the kids had wanted to do was to build a snowman. Thank God it didn't occur to us at the time to lay down together and make snow angels. 🦋



Nation in Distress

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

—Henry David Thoreau



### Acknowledgments

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—editor

### Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>  
<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/>  
<http://pharos.org.uk/>  
<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>  
<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

### Humorous Quotes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn B.

Don't worry about avoiding temptation as you grow older, it will avoid you.

—Winston Churchill

I don't feel old. I don't feel anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap.

—Bob Hope

### Signs That You're a Hillbilly

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You stand under the mistletoe at Christmas and wait for cousin Sue Ellen to walk by.
- Your mother stomped into the house and announced, "The feud is back on!"
- The antenna on your truck is a danger to low flying airplanes.
- Your grandmother was asked to leave a bingo game because of her language.
- Nobody can tell what color your car is because of the dirt.
- The only condiment on your dining room table is an economy size bottle of ketchup.
- Your father encourages you to quit school because Larry has an opening on the lube rack.
- The diploma hanging in your den contains the words "Trucking Institute".
- You've never paid for a haircut. ∞

### Frontiersman

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

At the Christmas party, the optometrist made a spectacle of himself.