



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

January 2024

The Perfect Problem

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Sometime during the 1970s, some relief agency sent me a request for donations to save the starving children. I sent the agency a reply in which I stated that, if it saved the starving children in that generation, then there would be twice as many starving children in the next generation.

Almost 50 years later, time has verified the legitimacy of my concern, if not the actual numbers. That is, the number of starving children might not exactly double with each generation, but the principle is valid. Feeding the starving children, by itself, doesn't reduce the number of starving children in the world. On the contrary, it tends to help those in the current generation to survive and reproduce, thus enabling them to increase the number of starving children in the next generation.

I suggest that we need to reconsider our un-

derstanding of what is and what isn't humane, or even effective. Is it humane to save some starving children now, without addressing the population explosion, thereby ensuring the existence of even more starving children in the future? That's what the people in the relief agencies appear to be doing. They certainly aren't solving either problem. Instead, they're enabling both problems to get worse.

It seems to me that a lot of the benefit provided by the relief agencies has accrued to the agency members themselves, in the form of self-esteem, local and international acclaim, and job security. If that's true then, for the people in the relief agencies, it's the perfect problem. The harder they try to solve it, the worse it gets, and the more they're needed. Their self-esteem, local and international acclaim, and job security are assured. ♀

Current World Population
<https://www.census.gov/popclock/world>

Population Curve
<http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html>

The burning conviction that we have a holy duty toward others is often a way of attaching our drowning selves to a passing raft. What looks like a giving hand is often a holding on for dear life. Take away our holy duties and you leave our lives puny and meaningless. There is no doubt that in exchanging a self-centered for a selfless life we gain enormously in self-esteem. The vanity of the selfless, even those who practice utmost humility, is boundless.

—Eric Hoffer

in Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements

GIGO

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Here's a little information about men, for those women who might not be aware of it. When a woman sashays into view, a man doesn't notice whether or not she can do triple integrals in her head, or if she has a vocabulary second only to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. He notices that she's female. Are men sexist? Of course we're sexist. We're males of the species. Were supposed to be sexist.

For decades, women have declared that we're "pigs", that we "think with our penises", that we want only "one thing" from women, and have expressed various other derogatory opinions of us. Do they even listen to themselves? Apparently not because, for all of those decades, they've forced their way into our presence, welcome or not, and made themselves as provocative as possible, evidently without any awareness of their own predictions about what to expect from us. For all of that time, we've behaved pretty much as they said we would.

Repeatedly, they've acted like they didn't expect it, in spite of the fact that they predicted it. They keep appearing in front of the cameras, the judges, or both, seemingly in unbelieving shock, lamenting about how they were harassed, abused, or molested by men, without any acknowledgment that they predicted it in the first place and then knowingly placed themselves in harm's way. Here's a hint. It's impossible for a woman to be raped if she isn't there.

If women would accept us for what they've accused us of being, all along, and behave accordingly, then they'd probably stay out of trouble, at least most of the time. Things would probably be better for everybody, even for the women. My experience with women suggests to me that such rational behavior is unlikely. I expect that, instead, they'll probably continue to sow the same seeds and harvest the same crop.

Garbage in, garbage out. ♂

Society and Civilization

Sam Aurelius Milam III

So far as I'm aware, there has never yet been a human society that was actually a civilization. They all seem to have been populated mostly by uncivilized people, lacking understanding or humility. That disqualifies those societies from being called civilizations. They're societies, but not civilizations. ❧

Elusive

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Fanatics are always followed by fools, of which there is an inexhaustible supply.

— John D. Clark, in *Minus Planet*

Over the years, I became increasingly reluctant to deal with the stupidity of fools and the arrogance of fanatics. I gradually withdrew from contact with other people. Now, I live alone and I try to stay alone. I'm not necessarily less a fool or less a fanatic than the others but at least I don't have to put up with them.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
— William Wordsworth

The various nonsense that I see on the TV reminds me of my strategy of solitude, and verifies its validity. Maybe, in solitude, tranquility can be found.

Peace is an ideal we have deduced from the fact that there have been intervals between wars.
— Gwynne Dyer
speaking in the miniseries *War*

I'd like to believe that such things as tranquility aren't analogous to Dyer's idea about peace and war. I'd like to believe that such things can exist other than only in contrast to fear and stress.

One who can define kindness only as the absence of cruelty has surely not begun to understand the nature of either.
— Edgar Pangborn
in *Good Neighbors and Other Strangers*

Such understanding might have to wait until people are not merely organized into societies, but are actually civilized. ❧

The American Dream

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I see baffled pundits, reporters, politicians, and others, worrying about how fragmented the country is, and wondering why. To me it's obvious. People in every faction are yelling, waving signs, and blocking traffic, all demanding equality for themselves, but not for anybody else. People in each faction demand that their own specially privileged equality must be forcibly and uniformly imposed on everybody. Of course the country is fragmented.

The frenzied demand for equality is based on

Contagion

an excerpt from *This World is Taboo*, by Murray Leinster

A plague kills off those who are susceptible to it, leaving immunes to build up a world again. But immunes are the first to be killed when a mass neurosis sweeps a population. ∞

Conflict

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Also see *Born to Rave*, in *Pharos*

A combative individual will behave aggressively toward neighboring individuals, forcing upon peaceful neighbors an incentive to become combative. Individuals who fail or refuse to become combative will have a diminishing influence over events. Individuals who do become combative will spread combativeness to an ever increasing number of other individuals. Combative individuals will band together into mutually hostile factions. Over the long term, combative individuals within a society will spread conflict throughout the entire society. ❧

Tommy's Poem

Thomas George Milam

Death is the key to all life.

There is no peace without strife.

All good is equal to all bad.

All that is happy is always sad.

That which is fast has always been slow.

What we forget is all that we know.

To fall in love is to toy with hate.

To destroy is but to create.

For life to be dark it must be pale.

For man to succeed he need but fail.

For creation to die it must first live.

So all may receive all must give.

For man to be cruel he must have a heart.

That existence may cease it must first start. ∞

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- Courtesy is offered. Political correctness is imposed.

- Regulation promotes violations. Prohibition encourages crime. ❧

false assumptions and false expectations. Nature is unequal. Life is unequal. Everybody is unequal. Everything is unequal, but I can think of something that's worse than inequality. That something is mandatory, selective equality. When people demand equality, but only for themselves, then they need to be reminded that, if it doesn't work in all directions, for everybody, all at the same time, then it isn't equality. Sadly, it seems that The American Dream is for the government to forcibly impose a person's own particular behavior and ideology onto everybody else, equally. ❧

Letter to the Editor

Sam,

Just a brief note to support you in the fight for liberty.

Any thoughts on the situation in America?

—Joseph, of Northridge, California

There are too many people and not enough humility. —editor

Smitten With Embarrassment Department (Seldom Used)

Sam Aurelius Milam III

In the December 2023 issue, I made the

Nicholas Nelson

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Nicholas Nelson had never obtained a college degree, or even gone to college, but he'd spent his entire life, from early childhood, studying physics. He knew more about physics than anybody else in the world, without exception. He was completely unknown within scientific circles, but he was the greatest physicist in the world.

Nicholas Nelson lived in the granny apartment behind his mother's house. He'd lived there for his entire adult life. He did his work in his mother's garage. He'd built all of his devices there, himself. It was a small space, but it contained devices that would have amazed even the scientists at CERN. The devices were small, and necessarily so, given his limited space and finances, but he could do things that the CERN scientists wouldn't have believed.

Nicholas Nelson intended to write a series of books, documenting his work, after the work was complete. He was waiting only to finish his last project, a time machine. After the series of books was published, he would be recognized, and rightly so, as the greatest physicist in the world.

Nicholas Nelson finished his time machine. He was so confident that it would work that he didn't even intend to test it on a rock or even on a cat. (His mother wouldn't let him anywhere near her cats.) He intended to actually take the maiden voyage himself.

Nicholas Nelson built a simple timer to click the activation switch for him, because he couldn't reach the switch from within his time

Barely Censored

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I watch a lot of funny videos on the TV. A while back, I saw one that was amusing for a slightly different reason than is usually the case. It was a normal family and friends situation, with some people horsing around on a lawn somewhere. As might be expected, one of

statement, "Mass shootings aren't the problem. Government is the problem." In the context of the article, my intended meaning is clear. Sadly, the first sentence is easily taken out of context, or misconstrued. I try to avoid such clumsy errors but, in this case, I failed. I expect that somebody will misconstrue the statement and accuse me of approving of mass shootings. I don't approve of mass shootings. They are a problem but not the problem. The difference between a and the, in context, changes the meaning of the statement. 🦋

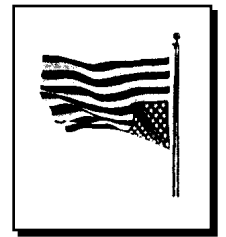
machine's region of influence. He adjusted his time machine for five days in the future. He left a little note for his mother. He set the timer for 20 seconds and stepped into the region of influence. The time machine sent him five days into the future.

Nicholas Nelson had neglected one small circumstance of physics, or maybe he just never thought of it. Time and distance are totally unrelated. They're completely independent of one another. So, when Nicholas Nelson appeared in the future, he appeared at exactly the same location in the universe that he'd occupied before the transfer. Meanwhile, the solar system had spent five days following its long and lonely path around the galaxy, leaving that location far behind. Nicholas Nelson didn't live long enough, in the vacuum of free space, to understand what had happened. He might not have lived long enough to even notice.

Nicholas Nelson had exactly the same speed and direction, after his time transfer, as he'd had before it. Momentum and energy are always conserved. It's a law of physics. So, Nicholas Nelson spent quite a lot of time, thereafter, following his own long and lonely path around the galaxy, a path that somewhat approximated that of the solar system.

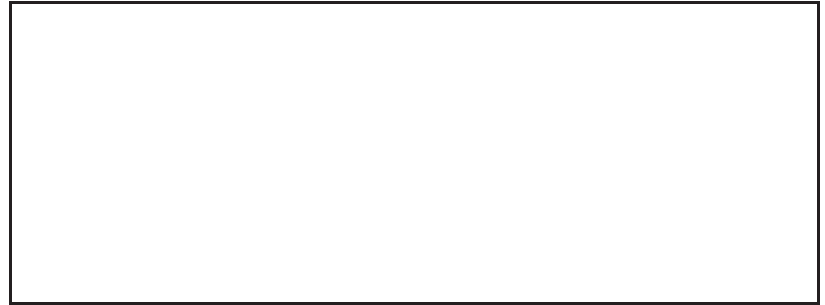
Nicholas Nelson's mother eventually rented the granny apartment to a college student studying at the local community college. The student had a car and needed the garage, so Nicholas Nelson's mother hired some day laborers to take the huge accumulation of junk out of the garage and haul it to the dump. 🦋

the women backed up, tripped over something, went over backwards, butt down, legs up, skirt flying. I noticed right away that part of the view was blurred. The reason for the censorship quickly became evident when the narrator said, "Now that's a good reason to always wear panties!" 🦋



Nation in Distress

The science of probability gives
mathematical expression to our
ignorance, not to our wisdom.
—in *Time Considered as a Helix
of Semi-Precious Stones*
by Samuel R. Delany



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<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

Rosary

As retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

The diocese sent Father John to a far, lonely community, way up north. After not hearing from him for almost a year, the bishop got worried and sent Father James to check on him.

After a long trip, Father James arrived at

Father John's rectory, and knocked on the door. Father John, delighted to have some company, invited him in. They spoke of various matters of the church and, eventually, Father James commented that it was time to leave.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Father John. "You'd never make it there before dark! You'll freeze! Stay the night. We can visit some more and each have a margarita."

Father James scowled, but Father John hastened to explain, "I couldn't possibly survive here without my Rosary and a margarita every evening!"

Peeking out the door at the chilly evening, Father James decided that staying wasn't such a bad idea, and accepted the invitation.

Father John, delighted, turned toward the back of the house and yelled, "Hey Rosary my dear, bring us two margaritas!"

Frontiersman

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor