



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

March 2024

To Be Deceived, or Not to Be Deceived That is the Question

Sam Aurelius Milam III

People don't seem to think much about things, but merely to respond. I've written about that before. One example that I've used is the X and Y chromosomes example. I'm going to use it again.

Ask somebody whether it's the father or the mother who determines the sex of a baby. The answer will probably be "the father". There isn't any thought between the question and the answer. People automatically give that answer without thinking, but it's the wrong answer.

If an egg is fertilized by a sperm that has an X-chromosome, then the baby will be female. If the sperm contains a Y-chromosome, then the baby will be male. For some reason, that leads people to the stupid conclusion that the father determines the sex of the baby. In fact, the father simultaneously provides both kinds of sperms. Thus, the father doesn't make the choice. The father offers the choice. The choice is made in the mother, when one kind of sperm or the other is selected to fertilize the egg. The experts ought to know better but apparently they don't. They're the ones who originated the lie, and they're the ones who perpetuate it.

Additional Reading

- *1984*, by George Orwell
- *All My Sins Remembered*, by Joe Haldeman
- *Enemies of Liberty*, *Frontiersman*, April 2011
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2011/2011-04/2011-04.html#Enemies_of_Liberty
- *Essays About Liberty, Sovereignty, and the Doctrine of Social Contract*, available in *Pharos*
http://pharos.org.uk/Social_Contract/Social_Contract.html
- *Essays About Math and Science*, available in *Pharos*
http://pharos.org.uk/Essays_About_Math_and_Science/Math_and_Science.html
- *Essays About Money, Taxes, and Corporations*, available in *Pharos*
http://pharos.org.uk/Money_Taxes_Corporations/Money_Taxes_Corps.html
- *Or Do Without It*, *Frontiersman*, November 2022
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2022/2022-11/2022-11.html#Or_Do_Without_It
- *Consider the Events of September 11, 2001*, available in *The Sovereign's Library*
http://sovereign-library.org.uk/Writing_by_Sam/Consider_the_Events/Consider_the_Events.html
- *Somnambulant Society*, *Frontiersman*, August, 2015
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2015/2015-08/2015-08.html#Somnambulant_Society
- *The Ravings Essays*, available in *Pharos*
http://pharos.org.uk/Ravings_Essays/Ravings_Essays.html
- *The Tomorrow File*, by Lawrence Sanders
- *Zerothink*, *Frontiersman*, September 2019
<http://frontiersman.org.uk/2019/2019-09/2019-09.html#Zerothink>

Regarding the SlutWalk Movement

Sam Aurelius Milam III

For the benefit of people who haven't yet read the SlutWalk poem, here it is.

Whatever we wear,
Wherever we go,
Yes means yes
And no means no.

As typical feminist propaganda, the poem is arbitrary, arrogant, insensitive, and intolerant. Here's a little poem of my own, in reply.

Wherever they go,
Whatever they say,
Their boobs and etcetera
Will be on display.
Wherever they go,
The clothes that they're in,
Are clearly a scheme
To manipulate men.
Whatever they say,
Wherever they roam,
They'd make most things better
By going back home.

In my experience, "no" often means "maybe", "maybe" usually means "yes", and "yes" goes without saying. My father must have noticed something similar because, when I was young, he told me that he'd once known a woman who could speak five different languages but couldn't say no in any of them. The SlutWalk movement isn't about consent. It's about control.

If the SlutWalkers really believed that a woman's behavior lacked consequences, then they'd be fools. I believe that they're entirely aware of the consequences, and use them for their own agenda. I believe that they flaunt their sexuality as a weapon to provoke men. When they get the desired response, they claim to be victims, and punish the men. It's a tactic that's frequently been used by feminists to dominate and control men. I might have some sympathy for a woman who's actually a victim, but I don't have any sympathy at all for organized female sexual predators with a plan to reduce the entire male gender into a state of involuntary servitude, under the jurisdiction of a feminist police state. ♀

Letters to the Editor

Hello

I am currently teaching a Philosophy class in [location withheld] and a few of my students were reminiscing about you....

Anyhow, they all said to say hello.
—A. G., an instructor

Hey Sam,

I just got your newsletter "thank you"....

... But I was watching "Jimmy Kimmel" the other night, and he was showing some really funny fake "AI" images of Donald Trump and even though those fake "AI" images were funny as hell, don't you see how those fake images could easily influence other people's ideas to get them to change their votes? For example, a fake AI image of Donald Trump hugging and kissing Putin or Hitler? Or a fake AI image with Trump naked having sex with young children? Is it a crime to use AI to create these fake images and post them on the internet? What do you think.... —H. L., a prisoner

The news is already fake. See the article on page 1 of this issue. Besides that, AI poses a much more serious threat than fake news. See [Ancient Mystery](#), in the February issue. —editor

Current World Population

<https://www.census.gov/popclock/world>

Population Curve

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

A Contrary Suggestion

Sam Aurelius Milam III, with apologies to [Richard Rumbold](#)

Contrary to Richard Rumbold's assertion, maybe providence really does send a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. ♀

Doublethink

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. —from 1984 by George Orwell

A little old gray-haired granny will be delighted to learn that her granddaughter is pregnant. She'll be outraged if anybody mentions how the granddaughter got that way, or suggests that the granddaughter might actually have enjoyed the process. ♀

First Contact

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

When the first Martian space mission landed on Earth, in the 1950s, the Martians didn't know much about Earth. They knew even less about the technologies of its people. As chance would have it, they landed on a roof in one of the new postwar suburban developments. They climbed out of their little space ship and looked around. As far as the Martian eye could see, there were TV antennas. They gasped in amazement and delight. One of them, pointing, shouted, "Look! Girls!" ∞

Knowing When to Quit

The Dunk Tank

Sam Aurelius Milam III

During the middle 1980s, I worked as a Quality Assurance Auditor for AMD, in Sunnyvale, California. For the first two years that I worked there, the company had good sales, and lots of profits. During that time, management hosted a big employee picnic each spring. There were various festivities, including a dunk tank. A member of management would sit on a seat over a huge tub of water. Beside the seat was a big target. An employee could obtain three baseballs from an attendant, to throw at the target. If a baseball hit the target, then the seat would drop the member of management into the water. Great fun. Dunk the boss.

Usually, I'm not good at athletic things. I never have been. When we were choosing up sides at the Harmony Elementary School, I was always the last person chosen. At the Oak Crest Junior High School and the East Central High School, I avoided most of the physical education malarkey by joining the band. In college, I was moderately mediocre at handball

Same as Downtown

As retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

When Father Murphy completed his studies at the seminary, he was immediately sent to a church on the other side of the state. It was a church that very much needed a new priest, having lost its previous one several months earlier.

Father Murphy boarded a bus and arrived at his destination in the evening, just before dark. During his short walk from the bus station to the church, he was somewhat distressed by the neighborhood. He'd had a very sheltered upbringing and wasn't familiar with neighborhoods like the one in which the church was situated. Many of the buildings in the neighborhood were boarded up. Many were in need of repairs. The streets were not clean and, in one location, as he neared the church, he observed a collection of disheveled-looking people huddling under old blankets or big pieces of cardboard. It appeared that they intended to stay there all night. Father Murphy speculated that, maybe, these were "the poor" that had been mentioned during his education.

When Father Murphy arrived at the church, he found two nuns, it turned out that they were the only remaining residents of the place, sitting near the front of the church, apparently engaged in meditation. One of them, who identified herself as Sister Julia, showed Father Murphy to his quarters.

and completely inept at judo and karate.

Given my lack of skill at such things, I don't know why I even got in line for the dunk tank event, at the AMD picnic, but I did. Maybe it was because of who was on the seat. She was the manager of one of the areas that I routinely audited, so she knew me reasonably well. I didn't know her nearly as well as I would have liked, but that's an entirely different story. Anyway, when I arrived at the head of the line, I gave one of my baseballs a little toss into the air, just a few inches, just to get my grip right and, maybe, stalling for time. Anyway, there must have been something in my glance when I looked at her because she yelled, "Sam! Don't you dare!" by which time my baseball was already whizzing toward the target. I was amazed. It was a once-in-a-lifetime bull's-eye. The seat dropped and she went into the water, butt down, arms and legs up, somewhat like I'd always imagined her but, as previously noted, that's an entirely different story. Anyway, it was a beautiful sight to behold. I handed my two remaining baseballs to the man in line behind me and strolled away.

The trick is knowing when to quit. 🦋

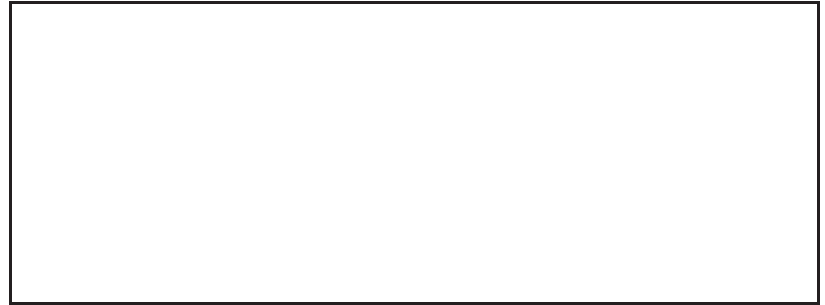
Father Murphy was eager to begin his work, so he decided to go out, briefly, into the neighborhood, even though it was late, and quickly getting dark. He went out the front door of the church and turned right, toward the corner. Turning the corner, he headed toward the next corner, at the other side of the block. As he approached that corner, he observed a very scantily clad woman, leaning against the post of a stop sign. She smiled, wiggled, and said, "Quickie Father, five dollars." He didn't have the foggiest notion what she meant, so he said, "Bless you my child," and turned the corner, heading along the back side of the block. At the next corner, he encountered another such woman who also smiled, wiggled, and said, "Quickie Father, five dollars." Increasingly puzzled, Father Murphy decided to get back to the church as quickly as possible, and ask about this peculiar local terminology. Maybe it was a regional usage, a result of immigrants from overseas.

Ending his little excursion early, he turned right, at the corner, and headed straight back toward the front of the church. When he arrived there, and started up the stairs, he saw that Sister Julia was standing just outside of the door. He hurried up to her, filled with curiosity, and asked, "What's a quickie, Sister Julia?" She replied, "Five dollars, Father, same as downtown." 🦋



Nation in Distress

Indian build little fire.
Keep warm by sittin' close.
White man build big fire.
Keep warm by carryin' wood.
—Author Unknown



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: El Dorado Bob; Betty; Eric, of Stockton, California; and Sir Donald the Elusive.

—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/>

Hillbilly Rules of Etiquette

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Be sure that any taxidermy used as a special-occasion centerpiece is free of ticks and fleas.
- Always greet visitors to your front yard before shooting at them.
- Always wear shoes and socks to weddings and funerals. ∞

Ever Vigilant

As told to me by my father

A woman complained to the police that her neighbor was lewdly exposing himself every morning. “He’ll be easy to catch,” she said. “He does it at the same time every morning!”

The police sent two officers to her house the next morning. The woman led them through her house, to her bathroom. Opening her bathroom window, she pointed to the house next door. “There!” she said. “See?”

One of the officers said, “But ma’am, he’s just standing in his bathroom, shaving. Even with his window open, we can’t see anything below his chest.”

The woman exclaimed eagerly, “Yes, but if you climb up here beside the sink and stretch up to the top of the window, you can see a lot more!” ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

I’ll never forget good ol’ what’s ’er name.