



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

February 2013

A Plan of Sorts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and **subject to the jurisdiction thereof**, are citizens of the United States....

—*Constitution for the United States of America*
Amendment 14, clause 1
<emphasis added>

I occasionally encounter someone who has a sufficient understanding of such things as jurisdiction, sovereignty, and liberty that he'd like to avoid the jurisdiction of government. Such people are rare but it appears that there are a few of them around.

Remaining outside of the jurisdiction of government is quite a challenge. However, I can suggest a plan. It won't be easy. It'll require a lifetime commitment, something akin to marriage or to joining the priesthood. Committing to the plan isn't a decision to be made lightly.

For what it might be worth, here's the plan. Make a list. Don't hurry. Take however many days, weeks, or even months are required to make sure that the list is complete. After all, this is a lifetime commitment. In the list, record every circumstance that prevents you from avoiding the jurisdiction of government. Don't

omit anything, however trivial it might seem. Include things like "I can't buy groceries unless I can drive to the store." You can't drive to the store unless you have a driver's license. You can't get a driver's license unless you're in the jurisdiction of government. Include things like "I can't cash a pay check unless I have a bank account." For that, too, you must be in the jurisdiction of government. When you're confident that the list is complete, add a title at the top. The title of the list will be "Problems".

Make a second list. On the second list, copy every problem from the list of problems but don't put them in the same order. Sort them according to difficulty. Start with the easiest of the problems to solve. After that, put the next easiest. Copy every problem from the list of problems, in the order of increasing difficulty. The last problem on the second list will be the most difficult of them to solve. When you've completed the second list, add a title at the top. The title of the second list will be "Goals".

There's the plan. It's a list of goals, from the easiest to the most difficult. Start with the easy ones and approach sovereignty, learning as you go. The more of us there are who try it, the more likely it is that we'll succeed. ¶

More on Marvels

Sam Aurelius Milam III

One evening in December of 2012, I was looking for something to watch on the television. My attention was captured for a few minutes by a rerun of *Modern Marvels*. They were reporting on a wonderful new car that doesn't use old-style metal keys. The car owners carry gizmos. When the owner of such a car gets close to the car, the gizmo and the car detect one another and the doors unlock.

Such a system can fail due to a dead battery in either the car or the gizmo, or maybe due to getting wet. Access can probably be remotely disabled by some kind of a jamming signal. The data stream can probably be captured and a clone gizmo can then be made. Probably, cops will have gizmos that'll work on all cars. Why even carry a gizmo? It can be lost or sto-

len. Get an implant. The designers of things keep presenting us with more and more temptations for getting implants. Beware.

Another problem is that, so far as I could tell during the short time that I watched the program, the passenger side door couldn't be unlocked from the outside. There isn't any advantage to such a feature and several possible problems. The first time that some idiot parks his car so close that access to the driver side door is obstructed, it won't be possible to get into the car. There might be emergency situations during which it would be necessary to unlock the passenger side door from the outside. Hopefully, I'm wrong about that feature of the design. That would be a blessing. I watched the program for only a few minutes, so I can hope. Maybe the passenger door can be unlocked from the outside. ¶

Letters to the Editor

I sent you a few bucks. Keep up the Frontiersman.
—GWB, of Baxter, Tennessee

Greetings Sam

As is usually the case, after I re-read the "[Letter to the Editor](#)" [January 2013] ... it occurred to me that there are (always) many more important facts — proverbially too many to include in a short newsletter article. But one that especially came to mind because writing in Kool Aid with twisted paper may not seem so difficult, was another factor I didn't mention. I welcome you to publish this too, or not to, at your discretion as you see fit. One factor which made it more difficult & even physically painful after a very short spell & unable to keep my writing & dipping hand steady ("dipping" into the Kool Aid in a hidden-double-bottom used milk carton), was that when certain guards "caught" me or even suspected I was doing this, they'd rush to the cell, pull me out, trash my mattresses (2 floor mats), what inmail I had received strewn all over the cell like a tornado had hit — all as part of their war games against the resourceful prisoner. Their main tool in this sleuthing detection was they had a ceiling camera on me 24/7 for 51 days nonstop. Never any way to tell if they were at the viewing monitors, though it was probably 35% and 75% of the time. Couldn't even use the toilet without their pervert eyes staring. Gorge Orwell would blush. So I had to do all the Kool Aid writing in a stealthy manner. This entailed having my back to the camera, thick suicide quilt draped broadly over my shoulders (though I'd never expressed any suicidal notions), & under the blanket my arms with hands protruding blocked by my body & blanket, write without much hand or arm movement, plus reclining in such a way that had the so-called bed, a metal protrusion rising

about 20 inches from the floor, blocking some of the view. It was anything but comfortable positioning. Almost contorting. Within 5 minutes even a strong, muscular neck would be in pain, & I stayed at some of those letters & song writing in Kool Aid, often from 11 PM to 5:30 AM — choosing the night time, when the guards had their own agendas, less likely to "detect" & retaliate against me.

I've tried to tell the prison mongering public for about 30 years that US prisons are the new USSR. It creeps more that way, in here, & subtly out there, each year. We were even forced to grow our beards & mustaches (no shaving allowed), till my mustache couldn't be kept out of my mouth, chewed on with my food, no soap allowed whatsoever for hand washing, & no spoon or fork etc for eating — so eating meals was essentially a deliberate "program" to degrade & indignify us, by forcing us to either risk a health disaster by dragging our unclean hands into the deep-dish TV dinner trays of slop, or press our bearded, scraggly faces into the food to lap it out like a dog. When picturing this, remember this was the special "mental health treatment" unit for "care" (TLC), and don't forget that just a few years ago, the California prison system changed its many-decades old name from the "California Department of Corrections" to the "California Department of Corrections AND REHABILITATION." So, this is how they "rehabilitate." (I doubt that more than one prisoner out of the past thousands run through there, poor saps, ever managed the difficult task of extracting enough unbroken suicide blanket threads to twist a nylon string that would cut a flimsy flat "spoon" out of the TV dinner trays — impossible to tear even a little with sharp teeth. When they found the "spoon" hidden in the cell, oh, all hell broke loose!).
—a prisoner

The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Two

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

You never know. Day Two was the next day after all.

I guess a little background might be a good thing. OK. I work for NSA. That's National Security Agency. Worked here for about 15 years so far. While everybody else was trying to climb the ladder, I was trying to go sideways. Never wanted to get into management. Liked what I was doing. So I worked hard, learned everything there was to learn, including how to

stay out of sight. While the others moved up, I moved sideways. Moved out of sight.

I'm a natural hacker. It's an attitude. You still have to have the training but, most important, you have to have the attitude. Part of the attitude is I snoop a lot. Hell. My job is to snoop. Officially, it's to snoop outside of NSA, wherever the bosses tell me to snoop. I also snoop inside NSA but I'm good enough at it that the bosses don't know about it. Found an unused conference room at the end of a hallway in the basement. Full of boxes, old furni- →

ture, and dust. Bingo.

That was a few years ago. First thing, I removed that room from the design plans for the building. Child's play, if you know how. Eventually, I even got the original vellums at the contracting firm replaced with very good fakes. Room doesn't show on them, either. Now, nobody but me even knows it's there. Facilities guys? Contractors? Hell. Dozens of them worked on moving things out, building things, installing things. No problem. They never remember anything anyway. All they ever think about is football and, well, you know. Anyway, little by little, I made some purchase orders and some work orders. Child's play, if you

know how. I had all of the junk and boxes moved out. Had the room redecorated. Nice walls, nice floor, new furniture, really beefy air conditioning system because I had plans for a lot of really beefy equipment. Got a security door but I went low tech. Just a padlock. From the outside, it looks like a janitor's closet. Even says that on the door. As I was getting it all done, I kept deleting the work orders and the purchase orders. Deleted all the records that anything had ever been done there. All the records are gone and nobody ever came here but facilities people and contractors. Nobody remembers the place.

Gotta go. ±

The Bit Left from The Big Lift

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Some time ago, I watched an old movie called *The Big Lift*. It was released in 1950 and told a story that was set in Berlin, during the Berlin Airlift of 1948-1949. So far as I could tell, the movie was accurate, historically. It was an interesting story and worth watching once but maybe not worth watching twice, except for one redeeming feature.

A Ground-Control Approach operator, Master Sgt. Hank Kowalski, played by Paul Douglas, was one of the main characters in the story. He had a local German girlfriend named Gerda. During much of the movie, the Master Sgt. made a concerted effort to convince Gerda that the United States was better than the Soviet Union. From her point of view, there wasn't much difference. Nevertheless, she was a very bright young lady. She did a lot of research, a lot of reading, and learned a lot about both the United States and the Soviet Union. A conversation between Kowalski and Gerda near the end of the movie was, in my opinion, the high point of the story.

Gerda, in a fit of exasperation with Kowalski's efforts to convert her, recited to him a laundry list of things that were wrong with the United States. It seemed to me to be a credible and accurate list for the time. He demanded to know where she'd obtained her information. She told him that she'd read it in a book, written by an American author. Kowalski then demanded to know where she'd obtained the book. She told him that she'd bought it at the PX. So, he told her, she read bad things about the United States in a book written in the United States, published in the United States,

and delivered by the U.S. Army to be sold to American servicemen in the PX. He [challenged her](#) to go into the Soviet District of Berlin and find a book written by a Russian, published in the Soviet Union, and delivered by the Soviet army to be sold in Berlin to Soviet soldiers.

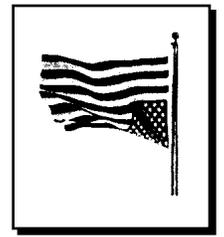
It was the dawning of a great light for Gerda. Suddenly she realized the difference. Even though she considered the United States to be every bit as flawed as the Soviet Union, the difference was that, in the United States, it was acceptable to say so.

As long as it's still acceptable to openly condemn the U.S. government, and to demand its termination, then there will still be at least that difference, if no other. If we can still call those filthy pigs the rat bastards that they are, and get away with it, then we can still hope. You can test it for yourself. Start getting vocal in public. Speak loudly enough to be hard at the next table in restaurants and libraries. Say seditious things over the telephone. Fill your email messages with opinions of what you think should be done to the people in government. If you get away with it, then we can still hope. ☛

Stray Thoughts

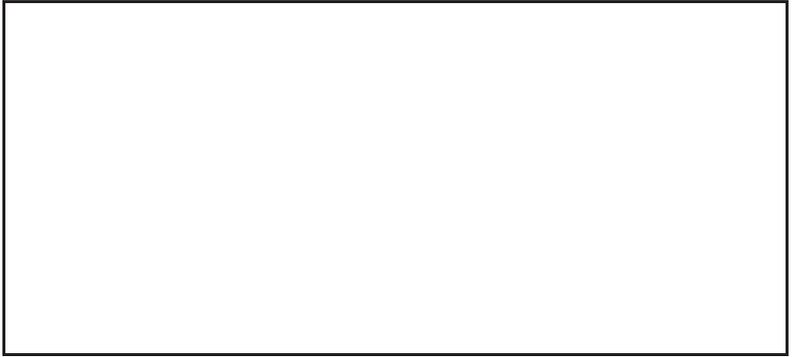
Sam Aurelius Milam III

- Most of the efforts to improve "human rights" in recent centuries have resulted only in stronger government.
- Equality that's imposed by legislation is the equality of slaves. You don't receive equality as a gift or as an entitlement. You earn it. By doing so, you might even achieve superiority.
- Equal rights is a contradiction in terms. Gender equality is another. ☛



Nation in Distress

A vote is like a form of currency. It has value only if it's redeemable in lead.
—Tuesday, March 24, 1987
[*Milam's Notes*](#)



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—editor

Useful Units of Measure

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by David, of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

- 8 nickels:
2 paradigms
- 2 wharves:
1 paradox
- 2 monograms:
1 diagram
- 10 monologs:
5 dialogs
- 5 dialogs:
1 decalog

∞

Love Notes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by David, of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

- A lot of people wonder how you know you're in love. Just ask yourself this one question. "Would I mind being financially destroyed by this person?" —Ronnie Shakes
- My parents have been married for fifty years. I asked my mother how they did it. She said, "You just close your eyes and pretend it isn't happening." —Rita Rudner
- Love is like an hourglass, with the heart filling up as the brain empties. —Jules Renard
- If love is the answer, can you rephrase the question? —Lily Tomlin
- Love is an exploding cigar which we willingly smoke. —Lynda Barry
- The difference between being in a relationship and being in prison is that in prisons they let you play softball on the weekends. —Bobby Kelton

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor