



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

December 2017

Equal = Equal

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I've occasionally been criticized for making anti-woman statements in my writing. With gender equality being so obligatory nowadays, I suppose that I can get away with mentioning a few of the anti-man statements that I've heard women make.

Women claim that men are insensitive. We want only one thing from a woman. We always leave the seat up. We don't respect them. We won't stop and ask for directions. We don't know how to squeeze a tube of toothpaste. We think with our penises. We do half the work in twice the time. We can't drive as well as they do. We're destructive. We're all womanizers and pigs. We always want to hold the remote control. We never listen to them. We stare. We finish too soon, roll over, and go to sleep. We're abusive. We snore. We don't want a woman's opinion, only her approval. We can't "open up" and express our true feelings. Holy mackerel! They certainly aren't bashful about opening up and expressing their true feelings! Here's a theory. Maybe women don't really want us to open up and express our true feelings. Maybe they want us to open up and express their true feelings. Think about it.

I was raised to be a gentleman, to be polite in the presence of ladies, and to treat them in a certain way. We held doors for them, gave our seats to them, didn't cuss or spit in front of them, and so forth. It didn't bother me, back then, that they were better than us. Apparently it bothered them, because they started complaining about the lack of gender equality. So, now that they've succeeded in lowering themselves to our level, they're just going to have to accept a certain general principle. That general principle is this. It isn't equality unless it works equally in both directions. If they can make anti-man statements, then I can make anti-woman statements.

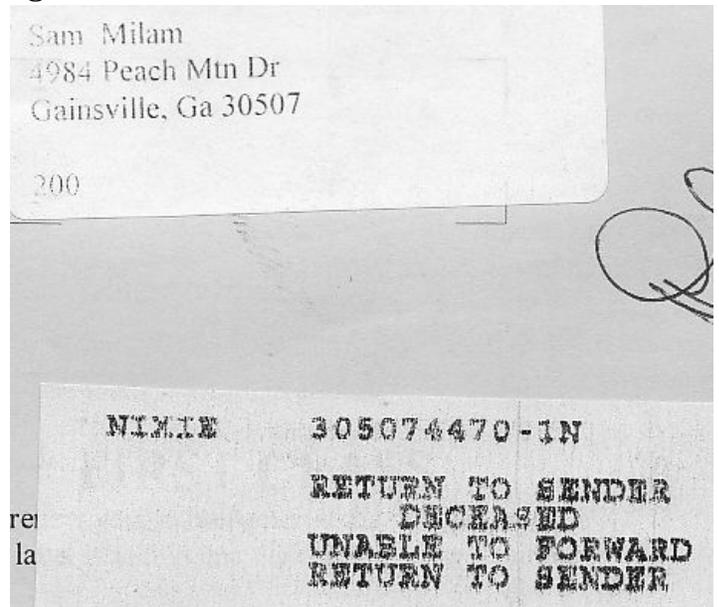
I believe that gender equality as a pipe dream, and that the people who advocate it are delusional, at best. Since women insist on it anyway, against all reason, they're just going to have to man up, face the consequences, and, as they like to say to us, "get used to it".

Return to Sender

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I recently learned that the Post Office returned a newsletter that was addressed to me, marked "Deceased". I don't know of anybody who instructed the Post Office to do that, so I don't know why it happened. I wouldn't even have been aware of it if the editor of the newsletter hadn't sent me an inquiry, via my email address. He sent the newsletter to me again, folded into an envelope, and it arrived. I don't know why it arrived when it was sent in an envelope but not when it was sent as a newsletter.

I'm still receiving mail addressed to me by name, but I don't know if other pieces of my mail might have been returned. If mail sent to me is returned, marked "Deceased", then try again.



Post Office Return Label

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- The mindless disposal of allegedly obsolete but still usable products, and the thoughtless purchase of their allegedly superior high-tech replacements, is a good indication of the level of stupidity within the population.
- A good teacher is his own best student.
- Custom and convention should help people, not control them.
- If your nearest neighbor is close enough that you can hear his wife yell or his dog bark, then he's too close.

Evil, In Thy Service

Robert H. Outman
Prisoner P-79939

Shakespeare wrote, "True love is like ghosts, everyone talks about it, but few witness it." Everyone recognizes the ugly manifestation of Evil, but few realize they are witness to Evil taking its insidious form. We all hear "dancing with the Devil", but few know they are witness to the dance card being filled.

Evil is a provocative subject. Psychologists, philosophers, and theologians offer publications on the pragmatic aspects of Evil. The public's voyeur thirst is tantalized, as people pay witness to the forbidden and macabre products of Evil. Billions of dollars are paid out to see a psychopath massacre people with a chain saw, and Jason can't put down his knife, because the public keeps paying to see his handiwork. Cops with guns blazing fight the monsters of Evil, and everyone lives happily ever after.

Focusing on the end products, people are blind to Evil finding its legs. The philosopher Nietzsche, in his analysis of Evil, wrote, "Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process they do not become a monster." Too often, we see the righteous anti-abortionist secretly wanting his girlfriend to have an abortion, or the Freudian Oedipus complex man posing as the perfect son and father when, beneath, he wants to destroy his father. All the while, Evil has found a breeding ground. Why, he's a perfect politician fighting the monster abortionists, and he's such a good son and father; "there's no Evil."

Fertile soils for Evil to grow are greed, desire, obsessive righteousness, jealousy, power, and, strangely, conformity. We saw that when Rodney King was brutally beaten by a pack of conforming police. Separated from the pack, how many of those officers would have individually beaten the man? Few will stray from the herd mentality. If the herd hates you, then I must hate you. If the herd says you're a monster, then I must destroy you. After all, separating from the pseudo-security of the herd could be dangerous.

This herd mentality is ubiquitous in prison, with both guards and prisoners. Guards alone will usually conduct themselves as officers. In a group, they'll turn bully, demonstrating to the others, I'm as polarized toward prisoners as my peer bullies. Evil driven prisoners, like hyenas, will hunt for weaker prisoners to exploit, or gratify sadistic demons within. Prisoners and guards waltz with the Devil.

In ignorant bliss, people find a false sense of security in: "I don't have to worry about prisoners, because they're locked in there with lethal fences." HELLO! Prison products are bad men made worse and good men made bad. Rehabilitation is little more than a rhetorical device to patronize taxpayers.

The phenomena of prisons making men worse can be found in: Dr Stanley Milgram's *Obedience to Authority*; Dr Christopher Brown's *Ordinary People*; Dr Solomon E. Asch's *Opinions and Social Pressures*; and Psychologist Simon Baron-Cohen's *Science of Evil*. Cohen brings attention to a long known condition, banality of evil (BOE). The lay person recognizes BOE as "I was only doing my job", or "It isn't my job." Nazi guards escaped punishment for mass murder through BOE. Incredible human suffering has been inflicted under the safety of BOE. By establishing a chain of responsibility, each individual in the chain performs a banal piece of the Evil puzzle, coupled with a lack of empathy. It's a license to kill. There is a consensus among psychologists: the absence of empathy allows a greater proportion of Evil.

Here's an example of BOE. I'm a 74-year-old prisoner with a multitude of health problems requiring a multitude of medications, which present sensitivity to heat. On a recent Thursday, San Diego was having a heat wave, turning concrete cells into hot-boxes. To endure the heat, fans are a survival necessity. At 6:30 AM, my circuit breaker threw, stopping my fan. Immediately, the two cell-block guards were requested to reset the breaker, a simple process. Thirty-two hours later, Friday, at 2:30 PM, after at least ten guards and three sergeants, all with excuses as to why "It's not my job", and totally indifferent to the suffering caused by their BOE, plant ops reset the breaker.

This banality of evil is a psychological torture, repeated in various forms constantly in prison. Where prison personnel could set examples of proper decorum, teaching prisoners what the "milk of human kindness" means, they prefer to teach how to be hateful.

At this point, I must say that there are officers among the guards, individuals who actually teach decorum. However, they face constant pressure to conform. Rehabilitation will never happen when guards continue to make it easy to hate, and the products they produce are pumped back out into society. ∞

Letter to the Editor

Greetings Sam,

You are in my thoughts often, with blessings in mind for you always.

Everything in my life now has a 4-10 year turnaround time, due to astounding backlog that really is that extreme & unbelievable; except the very few things I can jam in between the chaotic, overlapping triple & quadruple appointments & obligations CDC puts on me 7 days a week mostly around the clock (almost)....

... I have been getting the regular flow of *Frontiersman* — thank you for that as well. I do value each one highly & each imparts a good deal of excellence in mind food for me. I was glad to see in the latest that it was filled mostly with Sam Milam pieces again. Tho I do like some of the prisoner articles — a few are especially astute & articulate prisoners w/important exposés; but I do miss yours when they are absent, because yours are usually of the most superb value, insights & eloquence.

Thanks again. I hope the chaos lessens after my parole hearing a week from today on [*date omitted*]. Wish me success & lend your thoughts (& prayers if you pray) for my freedom. Blessings to you brother, —a prisoner

Sidney Thomas Haynes and
the Mountain Lion

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Some of the family stories that I've heard came from my grandmother, on my father's side. Some of her stories were about her father, Sidney Thomas Haynes. He's a bit of a legend in our family. This is the story of Sidney Thomas Haynes and the mountain lion.

It happened that, for some forgotten reason, Sidney had to go visit a neighbor late one cold winter night. The neighbor lived about a mile away, through the woods. The ground was covered with snow. Sidney lit his oil lantern and set out on his trip. All went well and, after conducting his business with the neighbor, he again lit his lantern and started home.

When Sidney got back into the woods, he had a shock. Right on top of his footprints in the snow were the footprints of a large cat. It was obvious from the tracks that the cat had followed him all the way from his home to that of the neighbor. Sidney believed, at the time, that the only thing that had prevented the cat from attacking him was the light from his lantern. If he'd stumbled and dropped the lantern, or if it had failed for some reason, then the cat would probably have attacked him. However, an even more chilling thought, the thought that nagged him all the way home, was that the cat was probably still following him. 🦁

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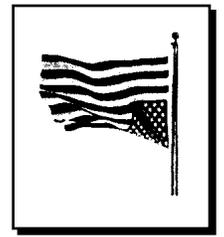
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Government 101: Attitude Management

Sam Aurelius Milam III

There are certain things that all governments do. They all enact prohibitions, thereby creating black markets, and the criminals to run them. They publicize the danger that's represented by criminal activity, thereby increasing the people's fear of the criminals. They restrict people's access to weapons, thereby increasing the people's dependence on the government for protection. Such prohibitions, propaganda, and disarmament establish and maintain the attitudes that coerce people into tolerating the existence of governments. 🦁

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Nation in Distress

Anyone who offers himself for election under a democratic system automatically disqualifies himself, because those who crave power are those least fitted to wield it.

—from *The Stone
That Never Came Down*
by John Brunner

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Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/>
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<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>
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Blonde Jokes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Q: What did the blonde do when she learned that 90% of all accidents happen around the home?

A: She moved.

Q: What's a mile long, makes a whining noise, and has an IQ of 40?

A: Blondes on Parade. ∞

Frontiersman

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Alleged Facts About the 1500s

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G. I haven't tried to verify any of these claims.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women, then the children, and last of all the babies. By then, the water was so dirty that you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw out the baby with the bath water."

There was nothing to stop things from falling through a thatch roof, into the house. That posed a real problem in the bedroom, where bugs and other droppings could really mess up the bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor