



# Frontiersman

December 1994

*It is true that you may fool all the men some of the time;  
you can even fool some of the men all the time;  
but you can't fool all of the men all the time.*

## Look! Up In The Sky! It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Superperson!

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

One day while I was digging a hole in the ground (brawny, manly work!), and pondering the problems of life, I came upon a sudden vision of the final destiny of the feminist agenda. It may be that the thought was triggered by the quantities of water involved in my excavation (I was working on the sewer). In any case, I was pondering hurricanes. It

was in that meteorological context that I saw the light.

Consider hurricanes. Prominent among feminist idiocy in recent years was the rampage against lady's names for hurricanes. Eventually, the lovelies prevailed, and hurricanes now bear names of either gender.

It occurred to me, however, that we remain vulnerable to feminist idiocy. The miracle is only that they haven't noticed. Right now, they're probably too busy entrapping their male office-mates with provocative attire and flirtatious behavior, then suing them for sexual misconduct. Eventually, however, they'll notice. If we act now, maybe we can avoid the inevitable confrontation.

In keeping with their past moronic obsessions (chairperson, draftsperson, and so forth), it's obvious that feminists have no regard for homonyms. (Man — a male human vs man — the species homo sapiens). Maybe grammar isn't their strong suit. Anyway, I believe it would be prudent of us, while they're preoccupied baiting and jailing incautious men, to further purify weather service terminology. After all, if they objected to names of the feminine gender, they might resent what sounds like a pronoun of the feminine gender. That is, what about hurricanes? I suggest a new name: themicanes.

Of course, even this won't be sufficient. With feminists, nothing ever is. Having forsaken the designation *hurricane*, and substituted the imminently more suitable *themicane*, we have again (in typical blundering male fashion) left ourselves vulnerable to

henpecking, uh, fowlpecking. For (sadly), it isn't possible to tell in advance which themicane will be a disaster, and which will be relatively innocuous. This difficulty of prediction (is that why we originally called them hericanes?) leaves us vulnerable to a charge of sexual favoritism. What if (Goddess forbid!) we should happen to use

lady's names for the bad themicanes and men's names for the mild themicanes? It's kind of random, but it could happen. The selective perception of feminists being what it is, I'd say they'll perceive that it's happened, weather it does or not. What to do???

Don't panic. The very character of the new designation (themicane) suggests a solution. We simply use dual names. Thus we will talk of themicane Harry and Sally, themicane Napoleon and Josephine, or even (dare I?) themicane Sam and Reba. You get the idea. Surely, this elaborate concession would satisfy even the most rabid feminist. Ha! Even the least rabid feminist will quickly note the implicit sexist bigotry inherent in the scheme. She will immediately leap to the conclusion that the terminology was devised by a man. She will instantly recognize that its purpose is to perpetuate the insidious male domination of weather service terminology. Consider! Themicane Napoleon and Josephine, but **not** themicane Josephine and Napoleon. Themicane Sam and Wynonna, but **never** themicane Wynonna and Sam. Aghast, wild-eyed feminists will run amuck. Using Playtext bras to sling burning dictionaries, they'll storm the local TV stations, while shrieking obscenities such as *Men's Club*, and *Women Need Not Apply*.

Enraged women will demand, as the only possible remedy, an end of the use of male names, demanding instead their obvious and Goddess given right of exclusive access to the terminology. It will be necessary, indeed, it was inevitable from the beginning, that there will be only female names: Themicane Ann, Themicane Barbara, Themicane Caroline, Themicane Dorothy, . . .

Of course, with victory nearly complete, with total domination of weather service terminology within sight, feminists will exhibit one final burst of determination. What of the hint of male influence in the designation *them*? Wouldn't they feel safer with something more female? Finally, the issue will be settled once and for all, weather we like it or not. The feminists will be appeased one last time. We'll surrender the final point, release the last hold on our masculine world, and allow the ultimate change in the terminology. There will no longer be themicanes. There will never be a himicane. There will only be hericanes. ♂

## Tax Fraud

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Proposition 13 (California, 1978) restricted ad valorem property tax increases to 2 % per year. Predictably, the PIGS running the government are subverting the restriction. Using my property tax bills as a source, here are the increases after my bill for 1988-1989.

Tax Bill For:	Annual Increase in Property Tax	Annual Increase in Property Tax Bill
1989-1990	1.6%	10.8%
1990-1991	2.0%	10.5%
1991-1992	.7%	1.1%
1992-1993	—2.0%	19.0%
1993-1994	3.6%	12.7%
1994-1995	2.8%	4.2%
Total Increase	8.9%	72.7%

The so-called Direct Assessments, which account for most of the increase, are not ad valorem taxes. Therefore, they're unregulated. My tax bill says, "Payments made for less than the total installment due are not acceptable. Any such partial payments received will be returned to the taxpayer." Thus the entire bill, and not just the property tax, is mandatory.

The bill also says, "If the taxes are not paid . . . the property becomes subject to a power of sale by the County Tax Collector and will be sold at public auction . . ." This position of the tax

collector is tantamount to an open declaration of actual ownership of the property. The so-called owner is actually only a renter. The so-called property tax is actually a rent payment. If the payment isn't made, the real owner will evict the so-called owner and find a new one.

If you see any way to hurt these PIGS even a little, do it. Send any bright ideas you have to the Frontiersman for publication. 🐷

The only difference between taxation and extortion is the excuse for doing it. —September 22, 1975, *Milam's Notes*

**Another Challenge** - Listerine has joined the long list of products that can no longer be purchased in glass containers. With a vast supply of silicon on this planet, a dwindling supply of petroleum, bulging land-fills, and a crying need for jobs for unskilled people, the idiots in charge continue to sell products in disposable plastic instead of in reusable glass. I suggest:

1. Buy products in glass when you can.
2. When you can't buy in glass, don't put the empty plastic containers in your own trash. Take them back to the store and put them in the store's trash. If the store management objects, promise that you'll stop doing it just as soon as they start selling those products in glass containers. —*Frontiersman*

# War of Words

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword:  
but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.  
—Ecclesiasticus 28:18, The Apocrypha

Who controls the past controls the future:  
Who controls the present controls the past.  
—from *1984*, chapter three, by George Orwell

Do you know how to tell when a politician is lying? His lips move. Do you know how to tell when a dictionary is lying? Dictionaries don't have lips. That makes it a little tougher. Here's a suggestion: if the publisher of the dictionary is licensed by the government, be careful. A license is permission. A company that has permission to print a dictionary must be cautious about offending the authority that controls its permission. Incidentally, this newsletter operates without any licenses whatsoever. What I print here isn't "politically correct". It's correct.

Definition of the word *fascism* as of the date shown:

1941: any system of government in which property is privately owned, but all industry and business is regulated by a strong national government  
—Thorndike Century Senior Dictionary

This is the kind of system that my father fought to end when he opposed Hitler during the second World War. Would you cooperate with such a system today?

1955: a centralized system of government which exercises absolute control over industry, and which advocates strong national policies, regulates all news and suppresses opposition  
—Webster's New School and Office Dictionary

The addition of key words (absolute control over industry) and selected ideas (regulates all news) prevented people from perceiving this definition as a description of the USA. Maybe in 1955 it wasn't.

1961: Any program for setting up a centralized autocratic national regime with severely nationalistic policies, exercising regimentation of industry, commerce, and finance, rigid censorship, and forcible suppression of opposition  
—Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

By 1961, it was more difficult to avoid fitting the definition. It became necessary to specify that fascism wasn't anything that was actually happening. It was only a program for setting up an autocratic regime. This rendered the idea safely remote.

1965: a political philosophy, movement, or regime that exalts nation and race and stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition  
—Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary

This definition is even more remote. Fascism wasn't even a program any more, but only a philosophy or possibly a movement. The word *regime* was generally applied to foreign governments. LBJ wasn't an autocrat, he was a Good Ol' Boy.

1973: a political philosophy, movement, or regime (as that of the Fascisti) that exalts nation and race above the individual and that stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition  
—Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

This definition more carefully applied the definition to the Fascisti, a regime safely remote from the USA in both time and place. Also, it was no longer fascist to exalt nation or race. To exalt nation or race **above the individual** was fascist. Any little bit of misdirection will confuse the issue.

1987: a political philosophy, movement, or regime (as that of the Fascisti) that exalts nation and often race above the individual and that stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition  
—Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary

After 1987, fascists didn't **always** exalt race above the individual, they just **often** did. I suppose it was possible to be a fascist without being a racist.

1992: A system of government marked by centralization of authority under a dictator, stringent socioeconomic controls, suppression of the opposition through terror and censorship, and typically a policy of belligerent nationalism and racism  
—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language

After 1992, a centralized autocratic government needed an actual dictator, not just a dictatorial leader, to be fascist. To exalt nation or race above the individual wasn't fascist. Only belligerent nationalism or racism was fascist. Finally, it was no longer fascist to merely employ forcible suppression of opposition. Suppression must be by the use of terror and censorship in order for a state to be fascist.

The 1941 definition of fascism describes the USA today. Indeed, each of the above definitions is a pretty good approximation of the USA today. The scramble of the dictionaries to keep their definitions ahead of reality has failed;

there are no adjectives that are sufficiently extreme to avoid describing the present national authority. I expect they'll just start leaving the word out of dictionaries in the future.

Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thought-crime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. . . . Every year fewer and fewer words, and the range of consciousness always a little smaller.  
—from *1984*, chapter one, Section V, by George Orwell

Totalitarianism doesn't need armies. It only needs to control a couple of things. The media, and the ability to dispense privilege to some and to withhold it from others. But of course, a weak and divided people helps.  
—the last president of the United States, in the miniseries *Amerika*

## Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck  
How can I tell if my wife's listening to me?  
—Puzzled Young Husband  
Dear Puzzled Young Husband  
If she comes back later and uses your words against you.

## Reader's Corner

Re: Shirley Lewis letter, November 1994

My point is that, although I do not feel comfortable with either the bureaucrats or the Mafia, if I had to choose, it would not be the bureaucrats.  
—Jim May

## The Right Rite

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a village. With the passage of time, the good people of this village, wainwrights, wheelwrights, and shipwrights all, came to celebrate their trades in a rite, which they called the Wright Rite. They were a reverent folk, and celebrated the Wright Rite nightly.

Eventually, there came to be a division of opinion concerning the proper location for the celebration of the Wright Rite. Some thought it could be celebrated most piously upon a bluff at the left of the village. Others favored the stream which flowed past the right of the village. So it came to pass that two Wright Rites were celebrated; the Left Wright Rite, and the Right Wright Rite.


Those who had chosen the Left Wright Rite were among the more conservative faction of the village, and they were content to celebrate the Left Wright Rite without further change. However, those of the Right Wright Rite were less settled, and soon there was another disagreement, concerning a minor detail of the celebration. A large faction decided that the way in which the Right Wright Rite was being performed was wrong, and determined to correct the deficiency. Thereafter, the Right Wright Rite was celebrated in two different ways. The dissident faction exalted their corrected Right Wright Rite by calling it the Right Right Wright Rite,

### Write Written Right

Write we know is written right,  
When we see it written write;  
But when we see it written wright,  
We know it is not written right;  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right or wright,  
Nor yet should it be written rite;  
But write, for so 'tis written right.  
—author unknown  
given to me by Bob Donselman

and branded the original method of celebration as the Wrong Right Wright Rite. In defiance, the practitioners of the original Right Wright Rite accepted the label and continued to refer to the original Right Wright Rite as the Wrong Right Wright Rite, claiming that to call a tail a leg doesn't make it one.


With the passage of years, everyone mellowed a little, and eventually there came to be a doctrine that everyone had a right to choose any Wright Rite, and celebrate it according to his own wishes. Thus, those who celebrated the Left Wright Rite were exercising their Left Wright Rite Right. Those who celebrated the Wrong Right Wright Rite were exercising their Wrong Right Wright Rite Right. And those who celebrated the Right Right Wright Rite were exercising their Right Right Wright Rite Right.

Eventually, the village became a victim of progress, and was converted into a Right-of-Way, and became a freeway. Since nothing right is free, all that's left is a hysterical marker, labeled Right Right Wright Rite Right Site. I visited there recently and was bitten by a local dog. I call it the Right Right Wright Rite Right Site Bite, and have sued the owner. The media immediately named the case the Right Right Wright Rite Right Site Bite Fight. The judge has issued a gag order, but I do have the right to write. Perhaps I'll call myself a Writewright, and begin to write a Write Rite. Right? 

## Mere Keep

by the Master of Mere Keep

**Mere Keep** gets its name from ancient sources. In the distant past, a *mere* was a boundary or border. A *keep* was a sanctuary for the protection and preservation of precious things. **Mere Keep** is a sanctuary for the protection and preservation of precious boundaries. Many boundaries are protected here, such as the boundaries between: freedom and slavery; freedom and permission; rights and privileges; sin and crime; God and religion; diversity and complexity; law and legislation; anarchy and chaos.


Such boundaries are invisible and exist only as the differences between the things they separate. It isn't surprising that they're fragile. The disappearance of such a boundary represents the loss of understanding of the things which ought to be separated by it, but which are no longer perceived as different from one another. Or, perhaps the distinction may never have been made, and the boundary never noticed. **Mere Keep** provides a place for the discovery, exploration, and preservation of such boundaries. 

## A Measure of Success

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I remember reading, long ago, of a tribe of primitive people who had separate words for hot water, for cold water, and for water that was neither hot nor cold. They had no words for hot, for cold, or for water. They saw each thing as being distinct from all other things. They didn't understand general principles. How superior we are to those ignorant savages.

We have separate words for ice, for water, and for steam. We see each as being distinct from the other. We have elaborate equations to describe the behavior of each, but no principle that is capable of encompassing them all. We have failed to recognize that each is part of a more general whole, which we are unable to perceive in a single glance.

Yet the opposite failure is equally dangerous; for ice, water, and steam are different from one another, even though they form a whole. To see either the parts alone or the whole alone is equally a failure. We must learn to see both. Eventually, we must learn that all things are different, and that we must respect the differences; that everything is a part of everything else, and that the connections are severed only at the risk of great loss. In the diverse reality of life, nothing is ever quite as simple as it seems or quite as complex as we try to make it. 

No human condition endures forever, with the corollary that the more complicated such a condition, the greater its susceptibility to change.  
—from *the Last Castle*, by Jack Vance

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*Produced at Mere Keep*

*Put it over there!*

*No! Over here, instead!*



*No! Way over there!*



Nation in Distress



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### Money (the series): Acceptability and Intrinsic Value

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Desperately you consider many possible things, and arrive at plutonium. It lasts a long time. If you don't believe it, ask the Union of Concerned Scientists. It's easily portable. If you don't believe it, ask the FBI. It's divisible without loss. If you don't believe it, ask any Third World nation. And it's available in limited quantity, at least until they get a breeder reactor going. Good deal! Take a bag of plutonium pellets down to the sporting goods store, and try to buy a Colt revolver with it. You'll be in for a surprise. You'll get a lot of attention, you won't get your Colt revolver.

— They won't take your plutonium. It lacks one of the characteristics of money. To be money, a thing must be **generally accepted as money**. Although many things will be theoretically acceptable as money, if a thing smells bad, or glows in the dark, or makes people break out in hives, it might not be generally accepted. You'll also be in for a second surprise. Unless you have a plutonium tree in your back yard, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission will probably want to see your license to operate a breeder reactor.

After the trial, and your eventual release from prison, you'll probably try again to obtain money. Suppose you repair a car and the owner gives you in payment a note instructing his most trusted friend to give you some money. You take the note across town to the correct address, and when you ring the bell, the door is answered by a voluptuous redhead. This guy has some kinda friends! When you show her the note, she explains that she spent

all his money. You return with the note to the man's house. He and the newly repaired car are gone. The neighbors tell you, when you ask them, that he was driven batty by his former wife, a voluptuous redhead, and sold the house to pay for the divorce. All he had left was a broken car, and he drove away the moment it was repaired. Your worthless note is an example of another of the rules of money. To be money, a thing must have **intrinsic value as money**. Intrinsic value is the value that derives from the inherent nature or character of a thing. In the special case of money, this means the intrinsic value must be inherent in the money, and not in the source. The intrinsic value of the note was utterly dependent upon the integrity of the man who wrote it. In itself, it had no intrinsic value as money, and therefore wasn't money.

Next Month: [Federal Reserve Notes](#)

Economists, like all pseudoscientific charlatans, know that they can hold onto their high-paying jobs only as long as they can keep the common people convinced that money matters are so mysterious that only economists can understand them. —from *The Way to Dawnworld*, by Bill Starr

Simplicity is a lost art. —November 20, 1978, [Milam's Notes](#)

Complexity is a sign of incompetence. —October 6, 1980, [Milam's Notes](#)