

A Frontiersman Review:

Feminism 1994

This review is a complete presentation of the feminist-related items which appeared in the Frontiersman during 1994, including articles, reprints, cartoons, and Buck Hunter.

April Frontiersman

Water Buffalo Stampede! Ahhh!

by Sam Aurelius Milam III As U.S. corporations pay millions of dollars for mandated sensitivity and diversity training (brainwashing), I recall with outrage the insensitivity of the "career women" who have painted all men with the same brush, for all these years.

The fact is that I no longer care to work around the feminazis. I find them to be coercive, intrusive, manipulative, and hypocritical. And why shouldn't I be able to work in an all male environment, if that's my preference? What gives them the right to deprive me of that option? My rights are as important as theirs. My opinion is as worthy as theirs. Yet they have made, and are making, endless demands without regard for any-

one but themselves. If they don't get what they want, they nag. If they get what they don't want, they whine. If they get what they want, they're smug. I've had it. If they ever stop acting like arrogant bitches (sensitivity) and stop forcing the same solution on everybody (diversity), I might reconsider. Until then, I regard them as the political equivalent of stampeding water buffalo. ♂

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

How do you deal with stampeding water buffalo? —Curious
Dear Curious

Try to stay out from in front of 'em and occasionally grab one from behind, for meat.

Scuttle Butt and the Deep Six

by Sam Aurelius Milam III Like it or not, the close proximity of women profoundly affects men. It's the nature of the beast, and by now it shouldn't be any kind of secret. The Tailhook incident, for example, shouldn't have surprised anyone. Men have behaved similarly many times in the past. Women tempt, at their own peril, such predictable characteristics of men. I might even argue that the women caused the Tailhook incident, just by being there. It certainly would have been impossible without them. I believe women should reconsider whether or not they really want to work around men. It might be prudent to avoid us.

I also believe that women don't belong in some situations. Their ability to do the job is beside the point. The point is that the distractions they cause are often unacceptable. The presence of women will compromise men's discipline, concentration, and dedication to the common purposes which are, in some situations, necessary to survival. Putting a woman on a warship, for example, is kind of like giving the enemy an extra frigate. Several women are worth a small battle group. By the time half the crew is female, you might just as well sink the ship, and save the enemy the trouble of doing it for you. ♂



June Frontiersman: *Not politically correct, just correct*

Babes In The Woods

by Sam Aurelius Milam III Paula Jones complains of "sexual advances" made by Bill Clinton,¹ yet every woman who struts her stuff in front of a man does no less. Women just don't see themselves the same way men do. She says Clinton made her "not trust men." If so, she ought thank him for doing what her mother should have done years earlier. She complains of "intentional infliction of emotional distress". She should look in a mirror; women are far greater culprits in this regard than men. I noticed (for example) a woman at work one morning who hadn't buttoned the top two buttons of her blouse. I watched that blouse all day, thinking "It'll fall open just any time now!" I finally gave up and pointed out the buttons to her. "Oh, no," she replied coyly. "See?" she said, giving me a little glimpse, "I have a safety pin here on the inside, where you can't see it!" Another woman wore a T-shirt with a picture of sliced grapefruit halves; the caption said "Squeeze These Please." When I headed her direction, she squealed and ran. At first, I tried to regard this kind of crap as amusing, but when women started

wearing T-shirts that said "Can't Touch This" over the boobs, they crossed a line in the sand. I resent being deliberately teased and I resent women who do it. They come to work as gorgeous or seductive as possible and then slap down the men who respond. If they don't like men's behavior then they shouldn't even be there. Remember, this feminist bullshit wasn't our idea. They forced their way into the man's workplace (where they weren't wanted) and immediately began to whine and nag about the men they found there. Well, what they found is what we are, take it or leave it. I regard Paula Jones as a naive young tease who learned an important lesson at little cost to herself. Instead of whining about it, she should be thankful that she now has a realistic set of expectations about men. My advice to her is, "If you can't stand the heat out here, Darlin', get back in the kitchen!" I'll grant her that Clinton's alleged actions might have lacked a little polish, but so what? I don't like the man either, but just this once I'll say "Bravo Clinton!" ♂

Everybody would be better off if Clinton would spend less time being President and more time chasing the ladies. —Frontiersman

¹ People Weekly, May 23, 1994, page 88

She Who Rides The Tiger

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Let's face it. Women don't want equal treatment. Women applauded when, on April 19, 1994, all seven female U.S. senators voted in favor of restricting Admiral Kelso's retirement benefits¹ in reprimand for his alleged culpability in the '91 Winter Games at Las Vegas, sponsored by the Tailhook Symposium.² The same day that the female senators were voting en bloc, the Supreme Court, reviewing *J.E.B. vs. Alabama*,³ decided that it's O.K. for a 12 woman jury to make a paternity ruling against a man. Women continued to applaud; they approve of sexist politics, just so long as it's the women who are doing it.


Ten months earlier, on June 23, 1993, part-time lunatic Lorena Bobbitt armed herself with a kitchen knife, crept into the bedroom where her husband lay sound asleep, and whacked off his penis. She said he deserved it. A jury let her off scot-free. The crucial argument in her defense was that she had experienced an "irresistible impulse" during a "moment of temporary insanity".⁴ The fact is that a man accused of date rape could honestly make exactly the same argument. And how about so-called sexual harassment? After all, women commonly jeer that men "think with their pricks". Surely that's a form of insanity. Obviously, if the insanity plea works for mutilation, it ought to work for sexual harassment or date rape.

Don't count on it. You'll be laughed out of court, and the reason has nothing to do with the severity of the offense or the intentions of the offender. The insanity plea worked for Lorena because she was female, and because she was allowed to "weep interminably during cross-examination".⁵ A man who behaved that way would probably be judged unfit to stand trial. A man who hacked a boob off of a sleeping woman would rot in prison until Hell froze over, however much the witch might have deserved it.

What women really want is more privileges and fewer responsibilities, vis-à-vis men. They want a man to be compelled to accept an all-woman jury in a paternity case as though it were a trial by an impartial jury of

his peers. They want female senators to be a unanimous voting block on gender issues, while male senators are expected to vote non-sexist. They want women to intrude into any male arena they choose, whether or not the men want them there. Then they want the men to welcome every such intrusion, and pretend that any such woman is "just one of the guys" while continuing to treat her like a lady and respect her feminine sensitivities. They want each woman to be able to avenge any perceived wrong in any way she chooses, however brutal, devious, or inappropriate that vengeance may be, and then say it wasn't her fault; she was driven to it. Meanwhile, they require every man to always be responsible for the consequences of his actions, no matter what the circumstances or provocation, especially if a woman is involved. The most outrageous aspect of their wacky notions is that they don't perceive them as being either outrageous or wacky. Instead, they promote such arrogant hypocrisy as if it were their God-given right.

Naomi Wolfe⁶, has revealed how feminists plan to continue this agenda: women will simply demand 51% of every legislature in the land. Actually, that might be a good idea. A circus like that would hasten the end of the present government, and might even make C-SPAN worth watching.

 Who's afraid of Naomi Wolfe?

Since women have chosen to define this thing as a conflict, I intend to win it. Naomi tells us that modern feminism has survived the backlash, but Naomi's in for a big surprise. I know how to think with my head, I'm tired of the bullshit, and I don't feel like compromising any more. Yes, Naomi, there is a backlash, but it has only just begun. ♂

It's a great virtue in a woman if she knows how and when to keep her mouth shut. —Frontiersman

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Mr. Hunter
My husband never touches me any more. Can you help me?
Dear Lonely
Sorry, but I'm not available. —Lonely

¹ San Jose Mercury News, Wednesday, April 20, 1994, p. 1A

² U.S. News & World Report, July 13, 1992, p. 22

³ San Jose Mercury News, Wednesday, April 20, 1994, p.13A

⁴ Newsweek, January 31, 1994, p. 54

⁵ Newsweek, January 24, 1994, p. 52

⁶ Author of *The Beauty Myth*, Morrow, 1991, and *Fire With Fire*, Random House, 1993

July Frontiersman No Means What?

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I spent several months pursuing 'M', who steadfastly refused my advances. Then one night when she needed to "camp out" at my house, she voluntarily vacated the bed provided for her in another room and climbed into mine instead. It was an early lesson for me: sometimes no means yes.

For over a year I propositioned 'D'. Each time, she gracefully refused. One day, quite suddenly, I decided that she wasn't ever going to cooperate, and I gave up. Within a week, she came looking for me. Later, I asked her why she had so suddenly changed her mind. She said, "I noticed that you weren't there anymore, and I came looking to see what had happened to you." Once again, no meant yes.

'LT' loudly objected when I refused to swear fidelity exclusively to her. She insisted that, lacking such a promise, she would refuse to continue the relationship. However, the affair lasted for more than another two years, and I was the one who had to end it. Without a doubt, no meant yes.

'A' was one of the ladies to whom 'LT' had objected, and made the same objection as 'LT'. The affair lasted for several months beyond the objection. No meant yes for a while at least, and certainly for long enough.

'K' was a devout Christian, and had a theological basis for refusal. Nevertheless, she eventually and

voluntarily came visiting. Even a religious no can mean yes.

'LA', a born-again Christian, adamantly refused from the very beginning, but was hopelessly persuadable. Throughout the relationship, her stout refusal was a regular preliminary to agreement. The disparity between what she said and what she did was astonishing. She was the most remarkable example, in my experience, of no means yes.

Sometimes no means no, but not always, and even the woman herself can't always tell for sure. Actually, women sometimes need a lot of help making up their minds, and many a conquest has succeeded because a man was persistent. Men use persistence because generations of ancestors have proven that it works. The fact is that there's no reward like success.

Those arrogant females who strut around and shriek "No means no!" don't have anywhere near enough experience at courting women to know what they're yapping about. Many of them are not interested in courting women at all, and none of them have any sympathy for men who are. Rather, their agenda is to use their sexuality to control men. The idiotic notion that persistence is the same as "sexual harassment" is part of their agenda. To their agenda, I say "No", and in this case no definitely means no. ♂

Son, it's a woman's privilege to change her mind. —Poppa

Another Media Blitzkrieg

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

During the current "domestic violence" blitz, two assumptions are being treated as if they were Holy Doctrine.

Assumption: Government must act to end the widespread tolerance of domestic violence. Yet, the USA is presumed to be a democracy. If domestic violence is as widely tolerated as the alarmists claim, then whether it's right or wrong is irrelevant; it's condoned by consensus. That is, the people make these decisions and the government, rather than tampering with the people's attitudes, minds its own business.

Assumption: A man is always wrong to hit a woman. **Somebody** is wrong when a man hits a woman, but it might not always be the man. Such attacks don't always happen in a vacuum, and nobody seems brave enough ask what provocation the women might be

Fundamental to any democracy is the people's right to be wrong. No democracy has ever survived the abolishment of this principle.
—from *The World Menders*
by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

providing. I've noticed that sometimes a woman will just keep pushing and pushing, without the vaguest notion of how intolerable she is, until eventually the man just can't take any more. To pretend that men are infinitely docile, and can be provoked with impunity, is very stupid. I might sympathize with a woman the first time, but after she knows a man's limit she should know when to stop. **Every** man has a limit.

The Bottom Line: For decades, women have ignored our actual nature and tried to mold us into their stupid feminist fantasy. However, we can be pushed only so far, and when we push back we're bigger and stronger than they are; the more they try to force us, the more they're going to be hurt. Before they try to remedy our faults, which I admit are many, they should spend a few more centuries giving some attention to their own plentiful imperfections. ♂

August Frontiersman

Feedback — Unsigned comment¹ scribbled on a returned copy of my essay *MANifesto*.

"GROW YOUR OWN DOPE — PLANT A MAN!"

I'll bet she accuses **men** of sexist rhetoric. Her comment was amusing, but maybe next time she can dare to face the issues instead, and even put her name on her work. —Sam

¹ Received July 2, 1994, no return address; postmarked Boston, MA; dated June 29 '94; postal meter number 6838527

September Frontiersman

*Sticks and stones may break your bones, and even words can hurt you.
But when you face a woman's charms, the Gods Themselves desert you.*

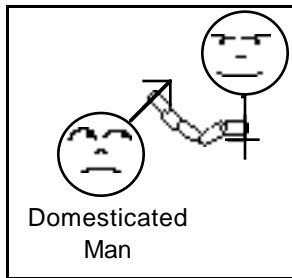
Sixth Sense

by Paul Hoffman,
Discover Magazine:

This essay was presented on the
MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour on
Wednesday, June 8, 1994

It's not every day that scientists discover a new organ in our bodies, but that's what's happened. The organ is called the vomeronasal organ, or VNO for short, and it's a tiny pit, barely visible to the naked eye, about half an inch into each nostril. Despite its location in the nose, the VNO has nothing to do with smell, nor the other familiar senses of taste, touch, sight, and sound. In other animals, from reptiles to pigs, this inconspicuous organ is responsible for a sixth sense, the detection of odorless, airborne chemicals passed unconsciously between animals, chemicals that signal anger, fear, and sexual arousal. These chemical signals go by the name of pheromones. And

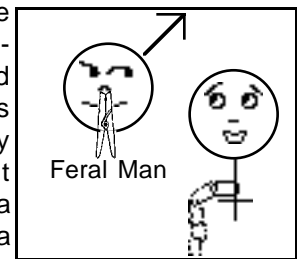
until recently, human beings were thought not to emit or receive them. In other animals, pheromones control sexual behavior and other social interactions. A male hamster shows no interest in mating, for example, unless his VNO detects the come hither chemical emitted by a



female. And a female pig gets instantly in the mood whenever she gets a whiff of the pheromones in a boar's breath. Technically speaking, the human VNO was not discovered but rediscovered, and therein lies a tale. There have been fleeting sightings of the organ in the past, but they were ignored. In 1703, a Dutch military surgeon observed the pit in a soldier with a facial wound. And in the mid 1930's, researchers found the organ in human embryos but decided it vanished after birth. In the late 1930's, the first pheromone in animals was discovered, a sexual attractant emitted by the female silkworm moth. Subsequently, scientists made whole careers studying the pheromones and probing the VNO's of minnows, ants, honey bees, Syrian golden hamsters, deer, snakes, and beaver. You'd think that one of these curious researchers would have peered up our own noses to find our VNO

and make the case for human pheromones but initially no one did. No one wanted to undermine our sense of free will by finding that our interactions are influenced by subtle chemical exchanges that we cannot control let alone be aware of. In the 1960's, David Berliner, an anatomy professor at the University of Utah, was isolating the chemicals in the more than 400 million skin cells that each of us shed daily. Whenever he left open a particular flask of odorless skin cell extract, he noticed that the workers in his lab, who were ordinarily irritable and contentious, became blissfully cooperative. Busy with other research, he froze the curious extracts, planning to return to them another day. Thirty years later, he thawed out the extracts and noted that they still had the power to bring on bonhomie. Berliner wondered if he had stumbled on the first known human pheromone. As fortune

had it, a few of Berliner's colleagues had just poked around in 200 human noses and spotted a VNO in every one of them, but they weren't sure that the VNO was a working organ and not a lifeless relic of the past like the appendix. Berliner offered up his mysterious flask. His colleagues exposed dozens of VNO's to Berliner's skin extracts and observed the VNO nerves fire like the Fourth of July. The case for human pheromones was closed. Berliner now markets his extracts in a perfume called "Realm." Scientists now need to find out how many human pheromones there are and what behaviors they actually influence. More than any other social animal, human beings are shaped by experience, so our responses to the pheromones of our fellow men and women surely aren't etched in stone. Nonetheless, pheromones may help to explain our first impressions of people, instant dislikes, love at first sight, bad vibes, or warm fuzzies. I'm Paul Hoffman.



What difference does it make if women rule, or the rulers are ruled by women? The result is the same.
—Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)

Fearomones

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

As you can see from the Paul Hoffman essay on page 1 of this *Frontiersman*

[above, in this review], any woman whose natural pheromones fail to reduce men to a state of rut can now try to do better with perfume that releases additional pheromones. Of course, she has no cause to

complain of sexual aggression by men, and if she wears the perfume in the workplace, she should be sued for sexual harassment. After all, she is attempting to physically compel sexual activity from the men around her without their consent. ♂

Hell hath no Fury like a woman's charm

Patriarchy or Matriarchy?

“... the only real patriarchy around Western civilizations is the one ruled by women. American law, in fact, affirms the supremacy of the mother, legally requiring that a father’s primary obligation be toward his ‘first family.’ Subsequent to divorce, ex-husbands are required to make payments first to ex-wives before paying for the needs of children by second or third marriages.

This is an excerpt from a letter that appeared in *Anarchy*, #40, Spring/Summer 1994. I’ll provide a copy of the complete letter upon request. *Anarchy* is published by B.A.L. Press, POB 2647, Stuyvesant Stn., New York, NY 10009, U.S.A

“U.S. law defines the family unit in terms of the mother. But no matter how many children they have with a series of fathers, it is all one family. The ancient patriarchal focus was on the first son, but the contemporary matriarchal focus is upon the first mother. The denial of rights to unwed fathers is proof that we live in a social order more matriarchal than patriarchal. If a father does not first establish a legal relationship with the mother of his children, all legal rights to the children belong to the mother. In the West only mothers have direct legal parental relationships. The American matriarchal legal system defines ‘father’ as ‘husband to the mother’ rather than as parent to the child. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of a law which decrees that a woman’s husband, despite any lack of biological ties or parenting record is ‘the father’ simply because he was married to the mother when she gave birth.

“Another example of how matriarchy oppresses us more than the mythological ‘patriarchy’ is the fact that a woman can opt to abort a pregnancy, but a man who becomes an unwilling father has no right over his own body—he is required to pay (to use his personal time and money) for the support of any woman who chooses not to abort, and he is required by law to continue to pay for eighteen years.

Liberated Female’s Motto:
From each according to **his** ability. **To** each according to **her** need. —*Frontiersman*

“California law provides further evidence of the supremacy of the mother in the clan or family. A mother can choose to give up her child for adoption, even though the father offers to provide a home.

“A couple who produced an *in vitro fertilization* (test-tube baby) sued the hospital where the frozen embryo was destroyed by the laboratory administration. The couple won the suit, the mother received \$50,000 for the ovum, and the (evil, oppressive, patriarchal) father received \$3 for the sperm.

“The evidence of matriarchy is ubiquitous, but like fish in the ocean, we can’t see the water that is all around us. Feminists pretending to be anarchists complain that ‘men control women’s bodies’ while ignoring the law that requires only males to register for selective service in the military. (It is irrelevant but, unfortunately, necessary to point out that women more than men favor men-only registration and the majority of local draft board members are women.) They also choose to ignore the fact that ‘community property’ and alimony laws punish men far more than women, and in effect make men the indentured servants of women.

“Restraining orders issued on false allegations are a tool used by women to control men’s bodies further. The female-oriented media have become a tax subsidized propaganda machine for embittered androphobes.

“Recently CBS aired a movie called ‘Men Don’t Tell,’ about husbands who are physically attacked by their wives. Men who responded to a call-in number reported personal experiences in which police either do not respond to men who report such violence, or they arrest the man when they do respond.

“If social scientists have failed to categorize correctly our own matriarchal contemporary social order, despite a wealth of available evidence, there is no reason to believe that they have correctly analyzed the very incomplete remnants of societies which have long since disappeared. We may or may not be descended from a simple patriarchy, but we certainly never lived in one ourselves.” —J.M., Shingletown, CA

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck
My husband doesn’t take me out to dinner any more? Do you know why not?
—(unsigned)
Dear Mildred
I’ve told you before, don’t bother me at the office. We’ll talk about it at home sometime.

Selections from *Another Compendium of Wit and Wisdom*

Beifeld’s Principle

The chance of meeting a desirable and receptive young female becomes increasingly probable when you are already in the company of

1. a date
2. your wife
3. a better-looking and richer male friend.

—Ronald H. Beifeld

Italian Proverb

She who is silent consents.

Peckham’s Law

Beauty times brains equals a constant.

Playboy’s Observation

Nothing is more wasted than a smile on the face of a girl with a forty-inch bust.

—More Playboy’s Party Jokes, Playboy Magazine

Roger’s Rule

If a woman is available, there’s a reason.

—Roger Hopkins, San Jose, California

Welch’s Hypothesis

The amount of trouble varies directly as the square of the number of “dollies” involved.

—Jim Welch
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Courting the Feminist Fatale

by Sam Aurelius Milam III



The feminist movement hasn't succeeded in making women rational. Well, you be the judge. Women think they can be attractive without attracting anything. You don't think so? Consider this: A woman will wear the most seductive perfume, the most alluring make-up, and the most flattering clothes that she can find. She'll agonize over her hair and nails, and wiggle across the room wafting a veritable cloud of sexual pheromones. Then she'll demand that I appreciate her for her mind, because she's liberated. If I "look" at her I'm violating her boundaries. Of course, neither her appearance (however provocative) nor her behavior (however flagrant) can violate my boundaries. Why not? Because I'm a man; I'm not permitted to have boundaries. Then she'll complain that men can't open up and express their true feelings. If a man ever does, you can bet she won't like it.

Neither has the feminist movement taught women anything about men and women. Consider this: A woman who wouldn't dare take her curling iron into the shower with her, who'd never dream of driving the wrong direction on the freeway, will deplore men's inherent sexual nature and then pretend it doesn't exist when dating. She'll reject every courtship ritual that might have tended to protect her and do everything she can to enchant her companion before inviting him into her apartment. For a drink. Just the two of them. Alone. How Romantic. It will never enter her pretty little head that she might have some responsibility for what happens next. Au contraire. She'll assert that men should just simply control themselves. She can't even stay on a diet, but a man is supposed to resist every temptation that she and cosmetic technology can devise. Then she'll whine about her ruined life, as if she's the only woman who ever got pregnant. Meanwhile, he goes through the date rape meat-grinder and maybe rots in jail.

What the feminist movement has accomplished is to convert women into a political special interest group of enormous power, and to enlist the law, the courts, and the police as allies. In the past, women attracted providers. Today they trap victims, and the idea of courting a woman has become a humorless but instructive pun. From dating to divorce and beyond (way, way beyond!), the feminazis have enormous clout.

What this means is that *Remember ladies, promise him anything, but...* age no longer matters; every woman is jail-bait. Consequently, men have to stop treating them like women and start treating them like political enemies and litigious adversaries, which is exactly what they are. If a woman wants a date, get a release of liability from her first. If she wants to get married, have her submit a contract for your perusal. Later, expect her to trap you into violations of it, and be appropriately cautious. If she wants a baby, insist on a prenatal agreement (in writing, before witnesses) releasing you from liability in the event of a divorce. Always hide your assets from her. Don't share a post office box with her. Never let her borrow your keys. Don't sign your paycheck over to her. Don't tell her about your insurance. Get her name on all the loans. *...give him Hell*

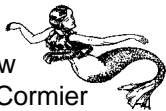


After all, we're not the ones who turned romance into a litigation industry. It was their stupid idea. It's a damned shame, but that's the way it is. We have to protect ourselves. There probably isn't any way to make it pleasant, but if you can't handle abstinence, it's better to be safe and sorry than just sorry. ♂

Sirens

a Review

by Don Cormier



The Problem: How do you get your date in the MOOD? You know what I mean — THE mood. The Answer: Take your date to see *Sirens*.

Sirens is an erotic comedy, set in rural 1930 Australia. The sirens mentioned in the title are three startlingly endowed young women who are employed as nude models by a notoriously libertine artist. The artist is played by Sam Neill (who hasn't gotten so far out of Jurassic Park — his home in the film has a distinctly tropical ambiance).

Into this Aussie garden of Eden comes, not a serpent, but a naive young clergyman and his wife. The clergyman, played by Hugh Grant, is there to persuade the artist to withdraw from national exhibition a "blasphemous" picture showing the crucifixion of a naked Venus by scowling puritans.

Predictably, the clergyman fails in his earnest attempts to persuade the artist to uphold family values. Predictably, the clergyman is mightily tempted by the swoon-inducing sweeties. Less predictably, the person who succumbs to temptation is his reserved young wife (Tara Fitzgerald) who ends up having a fling with a hunky, half-blind handyman. How she contrives to save some of her reputation for fidelity without saving her fidelity forms the moderately surprising end of the film.

Sly innuendo and a floating, pulsing, birds do it/bees do it atmosphere are the film's strong points. As one might expect, the film's philosophy is Hefnerian — as in Hugh Hefner. However, it can't be condemned by prudes as 100% anti-prudish. The arguments for chastity presented by the clergyman are actually quite cogent. Perhaps the film's real moral is that sexual liberation and sexual repression both have drawbacks, and that neither lifestyle suits every temperament.

December Frontiersman

*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. ♂

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.

Frontiersman
435 South White Road
San Jose, California 95127

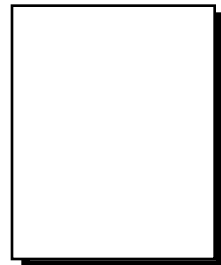
Produced at Mere Keep

Put it over there!

No! Over here, instead!



No! Way over there!



Gender in Distress



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[The Ravings of a Mad Man](#)

We have a very strange language. We use it to say some very strange things. In this essay, I began to examine some of these peculiarities, and discovered a whole new category of words. By right of discovery, I call them nononyms. Fifteen pages.

[More Ravings of a Mad Man -or- Diatribe Doesn't Mean Two Groups of Indians Living Together](#)

In this essay I continued the examination of language begun in *The Ravings of a Mad Man*. Along the way, I proved the obnoxious nature of Christian evangelism. Seventeen pages.

[Who Was That Mad Man? Why, Don't You Know Him? He's The Lone Raver!](#)

Did you know that there's no antonym in Christian doctrine for the word *sin*? All Christians consider themselves to be sinners. Their vocabulary doesn't allow them any alternative. Nine pages.

[Ravin' Evermore](#)

In this essay, I strayed from the examination of words, and looked at the idea of choice. There are lots of ways of looking at things. I made some suggestions about who built the pyramids, what causes the Red Shift, what amoebas might think about people, and more. Seventeen pages.

[More Adventures of The Lone Raver!](#)

Experience would be a better teacher if people would be better students. Here's an abbreviated chronicle of some of my schooling. Cleverly hidden among the factual data you might find the occasional gently stated opinion. Twenty-seven pages.

[To Rave Is Madness](#)

How is it possible that our language can describe a reduction of esteem as humiliation, when humility is one of the most desirable of human conditions? We have a very strange language, a very strange culture, and very strange minds. Seven pages.

[Money](#)

When I was a child, my father taught me the classical definition of money. During seventeen years of formal education, including a b.s. in nuclear engineering, I never encountered that information again. Six pages.

[In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: The Bill of Rights](#)

This essay examines the U.S. Bill of Rights on two levels. On the surface, it's an examination of language, construction, and effect. On that level, it challenges much of the myth and misinformation generally associated with the U.S. Bill of Rights. More fundamentally, the essay offers a beginning into the arcane art of understanding government and recognizing it for what it really is. Such understanding, when it occurs, eventually suggests the necessity of an alternative. Thirty two pages.

[In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: Perpetual Union](#)

Both the Constitution and the Articles of Confederation are in effect today, jointly establishing the present federal union. This results in a union, and various states, which are unavoidably in breach of contract. Twenty-three pages.

[In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: Unalienable Rights](#)

With one possible exception, rights aren't unalienable. The idea that they are is political anesthesia. This mistaken belief has fostered an incautious attitude toward our rights, and resulted in their loss, except maybe for the possible exception. Nine pages.

[In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: The Seventeenth Amendment](#)

The Seventeenth Amendment was ratified in violation of Article 5 of the Constitution. Since then, most acts of government have been without constitutional authority. Nine pages.

[In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: Separation of Powers](#)

According to James Madison, the accumulation of legislative, executive, and judicial powers in the same hands may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny. In this essay, your suspicions are confirmed. Twelve pages.

[Topical Constitution](#)

Using this arrangement of the *Constitution for the United States of America*, you can read everything contained in the Constitution on any topic included in the arrangement. Eighty-five topics, fifty-five pages.