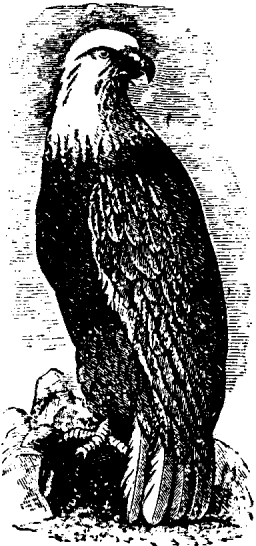


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# Frontiersman

January 1995

*All progress is change, but not all change is progress.*

## Remedy of Choice

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

**Public Land** - Originally, all land was public land and the concept had no special name because it needed none. So long as men moved freely about upon the business of survival, there was no need to distinguish between different categories of land. There was only the one category. Eventually, people fenced pastures as early pastoral cultures arose, or planted crops in early agrarian settlements. When men began to feel protective or possessive about certain pieces of land, and began to control access to and use of that land, then they owned the land.

When that happened, the land became property. After that, there was more than one category of land. The remaining public land became discernable as the part that wasn't owned.

**Right of Way** - I have (rooted somewhere in the past) a right to go my way. It is my Right of Way. It is a right to travel, a right to move about. I don't need to qualify for it, or ask permission. People have always moved about in their own best interest, and they have done so in spite of all efforts of tyrants to prevent it. Even today, millions of refugees and so-called illegal aliens continue to do so. There are very few kinds of people who do not have the Right of Way: prisoners; slaves; the infirm; and most children, particularly very young ones.

The Right of Way exists when people have the ability to travel, when they do so without permission, and when their action is generally or customarily accepted or condoned.

**The Roads** - Any land upon which the Right of Way is customarily exercised is public land. Indeed, private property will become public land if the Right of Way is customarily exercised upon it. Such use has always been recognized as necessary, proper, and inevitable. Throughout history, strips of public land have been preserved for the use of travelers.

In times past, various institutions undertook to "improve" the narrow strips of public land thus preserved. Materials such as gravel, rock, concrete, or asphalt, were placed on top of the public land. This material was not publicland, but was rather the private property of the institution that placed it there. This continues to be true today

**Fraud** - As a result of these "improvements", a subtle change in terminology and understanding occurred. As the public land became buried beneath private property, the concept of *public land* was quietly re-

placed by the concept of *public property*. However, inherent in the definition of property is the requirement of ownership. At the same time, a thing that is public cannot be owned, but is the domain and concern of the entire community. Thus, the very concept of public property is a horrible contradiction in terms. There can be no such thing as public property.

Today, most public land is covered by private property in the form of roads. In each case, this property is owned by a government. Notice that a government isn't the community. It isn't the public. It is a corporation, a body politic, an individual party under the law. Thus the roads are not public. They are private property each of which is owned by a government.

**Extortion** - Associated with the roads is a set of traffic laws. These laws were enacted by the parties that own the roads. However, the owner of property can legitimately regulate only what he owns. Thus, the traffic laws apply to the roads, but not to the public land under the roads. Land that is public cannot be regulated by enacted laws, because

**property**. . . . Something owned; a possession. . . .  
—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language  
**property**. . . . More specifically, ownership; the unrestricted and exclusive right to a thing; the right to dispose of a thing in every legal way, to possess it, to use it, and to exclude every one else from interfering with it. . . .  
—Black's Law Dictionary  
**public**. . . . Of, concerning, or affecting the community or the people. . . .  
—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language

the legislatures that passed the laws do not own the public land. Public land can be embraced only by such customs of use as have evolved from antiquity within the community.

However, the owners of the roads have arranged their property in such a way as to absolutely and completely obstruct all access to

the public land. They have made it impossible for anyone to exercise the Right of Way upon the public land and have dictated instead that people can travel only upon the private property. This is an unlawful conversion of the Right of Way into a privilege of use. Upon that privilege the owners of the roads have placed prerequisites that reduce every applicant into a state of servitude. Government will admit only two alternatives: a traveller must either submit to the rules and pay the fees or remain forever imprisoned by the barrier of roads which obstruct his access to the public land.

**The Remedy** - The owners of the roads cannot legitimately regulate what isn't theirs, that is, the public land. Furthermore, travel isn't a privilege. It is a necessity of survival. So long as government forces people to use the roads as the only possible way to travel, then the people have no obligation to the traffic laws because there is no obligation under duress. Only when the use of the roads is a voluntary choice between alternatives does an obligation accrue. Therefore, the remedy is clear. The traveller must neither pay the fees nor acknowledge the traffic laws. He

must exercise the Right of Way and use the public land as if the roads were not there. If the owners of the roads object, they can remove their property from the public land. They can put it someplace where it isn't in the way, where it doesn't obstruct the access to the public land, and where it doesn't interfere with the exercise of the Right of Way. The owners of the roads have committed the violation. The owners of the roads must yield.

*Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells  
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,  
And softly through the silence beat the bells  
Along the golden road to Samarkand.*  
*We travel not for trafficking alone:  
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:  
For lust of knowing what should not be known  
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.*  
—from *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*  
by James Elroy Flecker

## Sheeple

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

On December 8, 1994, a lone man armed with a knife walked through Rackham's in Birmingham, England, slicing people's throats. According to ITN, witnesses mostly just watched until the cops finally arrived and subdued the fellow.

Now wait a minute. There was a whole store full of people and one lone man with a knife. He didn't have a gun. He had a knife. I'll admit that a lunatic with a knife can be terrifying, but at the same time I can't help but ask a few questions.

Wasn't anybody gutsy enough to throw something at the creep from behind and then run? There was a whole store full of these people. They had him surrounded. There should be lots of hard blunt objects in a department store. What ever became of the time tested practice of a big gang of enraged townspeople stoning a helpless misfit to death?

I'd like to think that people can defend themselves when attacked and that it isn't human nature to just lay there and be kicked until Marshall Dillon comes to the rescue. Incidents like

News Sources:  
ITN World News Thursday,  
December 8, 1994  
MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour,  
Wednesday, December 14, 1994

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.  
—Richard Rumbold, 1685

the one at Rackham's don't bode well for our side. However, there are also incidents like the one at the State University at Albany, New York. On December 14, 1994, five of the hostages being held in a classroom by a man armed with a rifle rushed him, disarmed him, and turned him over to the police, who had been waiting helplessly outside. Maybe there's hope.

## Gestapo Attack

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

On December 20, 1994, a group of U.S. Gestapo officers surrounded a homeless man, Marcellino Corniel, on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House. The man was in possession of a knife. A Gestapo officer shot him. Two days later, Mr. Corniel died of his wounds.

The cops had Mr. Corniel outnumbered and surrounded. All he had was a knife. They didn't need to shoot him. They could have subdued him. Even if a cop was wounded, so what?

All police should be absolutely prohibited from ever carrying weapons. The cop who shot Mr. Corniel should have his trigger finger amputated. It's time to stop the cops.

News Sources: MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour and  
ITN World News, Tuesday, December 20, 1994  
and Thursday, December 22, 1994

## Mercymongers

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Sometimes the problem with mercy is to distinguish it from cruelty. Babies are a good example. When a baby is born with a fatal genetic defect, no price is too high to save the baby. However, money isn't necessarily the only cost.

The defective baby who doesn't die will live to reproduce. Will there be, for every such baby saved today, another similarly defective baby in the next generation? Will the defect occur several times in the generation after that? How merciful is it to pass on to our children the genetic defects that are being preserved in these genetically defective babies? The mercymongers are developing fertility techniques that allow infertile women to have kids anyway, thereby passing on to future generations the inability to reproduce. Maybe the effect is a small one among the greater number of healthy women, but the effect is there. What level of such accumulating defects can the human race tolerate and still survive? For decades now, doctors have been unwittingly breeding bacteria that are resistant to antibiotics. Can even a healthy immune system cope with the new varieties of old diseases?

We're healthy today because people in the past didn't pass defects on to us because they died. Yet the mercymongers of today are leaving our descendants a grim legacy. It's understandable to avoid grief, but to do so by passing that grief on to our descendants isn't merciful but selfish. In addition to leaving the people of the future a polluted planet with depleted resources, the "generosity" of today's mercymongers will tend to make those future people weak, infertile, and probably even more helpless than people already are today.

The current objectives of medical technology should be reconsidered in terms of the likely effect on the genetic future of our children. The assumption that people ought to be preserved from a death that would otherwise naturally occur should be carefully examined. Considering that overpopulation is the greatest single problem in the world today, the mania for the preservation of life at any cost seems unwise. Perhaps a more legitimate use of medical technology would be to discover ways to ease the pain, suffering, and fear of a process that is, after all, as natural and inevitable as anything that humans can ever do. Grief and death cannot be avoided. The attempt will only insure that our children pay the price for our weakness.

†

## Eaters of the Dead

a review by Don J. Cormier

Michael Crichton is one of today's most successful authors. Many of his novels have been big best sellers — *The Andromeda Strain*, *Jurassic Park*, and *Rising Sun* being a few of his best known titles. I would like to review and recommend one of his less well known works — *Eaters of the Dead*, which was published about 20 years ago.

*Eaters* is an entertaining adventure yarn set in the Dark Ages. It's hero is a young Moor, a scholarly type sent as an emissary to the Northern barbarians — the Vikings. He learns their tribal ways, and accompanies their warriors in various battles and excursions. The last major fight of the tale seems to be against an isolated remnant of the Neanderthal race — the title's "eaters of the dead".

Not only is it a thrilling adventure/science-fiction saga, but the book is also a witty academic satire. College literature majors will note that the tale's events bear an extraordinary resemblance to those of *Beowulf*. The format of the work will also seem familiar to students — It's presented as an annotated translation of an obscure Arabic manuscript, complete with an introduction, footnotes, and phoney bibliography.

Clever as these devices are, it's possible that they have discouraged the general public from embracing this work — it may seem like too much work to get to the "meat" of the story.

From a sociopolitical point of view, *Eaters of the Dead* is interesting because Crichton presents a vivid picture of life in a tribal, semi-nomadic society, during it's early contacts with civilization. The tribe's customs are barbaric — crude and callous, as judged by the more civilized Moorish observer. However, the sophisticated modern reader will perceive that, in an environment which lacks bountiful resources, a certain indifference to individual human life helps to preserve the group. Paradoxically, it may be that the chances of an individual's survival are enhanced by being a member of a healthy, vigorous group.

Michael Crichton deserves considerable credit, not only as an artist who can tap into the mass market, but as a mind who delves into the critical scientific and social issues of our time.

# Snake Bust! Freeze!!!

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Lest there be any doubt, let me assure you that the Humane Society of Santa Clara County

News Sources:  
the KTVU 10 O'clock News,  
Friday, December 16, 1994  
the San Francisco Chronicle,  
Saturday, December 17, 1994

does far more than protect helpless little kittens from nasty old ladies. It also purveys government propaganda and enforces authoritarian policy.

On December 16, 1994, a Humane Society spy purchased a snake that had been advertised for sale in a local paper. The Humane Society Gestapo then arrested the man who had placed the ad. His alleged offense was owning an Egyptian Cobra, a mamba, and a rattlesnake.

The KTVU news team interviewed two of the man's neighbors, who'd had no prior complaint against him but were aghast at the idea of poisonous snakes in their neighborhood. Maybe they were too stupid, or too brainwashed, to figure out that having cops in the neighborhood is far more dangerous than having snakes in the neighborhood. After all, many more people have been killed by cops than by snakes.

I suppose the Founding Fathers never dreamed that their creation could get so repressive that the Bill of Rights would need a clause protecting the right to keep and bear snakes. I'd much rather have the Humane Society in the cages and the snakes loose in the neighborhood. ♀

My admiration goes out to the courageous people of Chechnya, and to the Russian soldiers who refused to attack them. —Frontiersman

# Blind Progress

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

For almost 20 years now, I've been using contact lenses. About 6 years ago, I switched over to soft lenses. At the same time, since I had recently lost access to certain "benefits" attendant to being employed, I also switched to a different optometrist.

The new optometrist, of course, started out from scratch with a whole new examination. He announced that my right eye was no problem, but my left eye had astigmatism which would require a special lens. It turned out to be very special. He called it a toric lens and it cost about 5 times as much as the right one.

I eventually discovered that high initial cost wasn't the only problem with the toric lens. Since toric lenses are thinner at one portion of their circumference than they are 180° around (so they always float right side up) they're sort of fragile. I began to notice that every 6 to 12 months, the toric lens would tear in two. So, while my \$25 spherical lenses lasted for years, the \$125 toric lenses didn't last very long.

Recently, my cash flow hasn't been flowing very well. In April of 1994, my last toric lens tore, and I decided to try an extra right lens in my left eye. The right lenses are cheap and I had several extras. Imagine my surprise when it worked. Not only did it work, I can't tell any difference at all. Even when I close my eyes alternately, I can see exactly as well with the left eye as with the right one.

My conclusion? The optometrist is using equipment that is so precise that he's measuring visual differences that are completely invisible to his customer. If I can't see the difference then there's no difference, by definition.

This is another example of why medical treatment is too expensive: High Tech Overkill. Technology has gone way too far in a certain direction. My optometrist's examination machines don't need to be any more precise than the human eye. Thirty years ago, the National Wildlife Federation said, in another context, "Not blind opposition to progress, but opposition to blind progress". Don't get me wrong. I'm not hankerin' fer tha good ol' days. Dental work without Novocain will cure most folks of that notion. However, it's way past time for the high tech freaks to learn when enough is enough. The ability to do something doesn't, by itself, prove that the thing ought to be done. ♀

# Frankly My Dear . . . .

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

News Source:  
The San Jose Mercury News,  
Wednesday, December 14, 1994

The astonishing hypocrisy of the feminist movement is nowhere better illustrated than in the fracas at Texas Women's University (TWU), in Denton, Texas. After decades of strident females forcing their way into every conceivable male institution, we now have these bitches at TWU lamenting because men have been admitted into their female undergraduate programs. Here are some of their excuses, as reported, for their current bout of moaning and sniveling:

"Female students say the school provides a nurturing environment for women. Students at protests have said that not having to compete with or be distracted by men improves their chances of a good education."  
—San Jose Mercury News, Wednesday, December 14, 1994

Feminists have never given a tinker's damn if an all male school provides a nurturing environment for men. Now they demand a nurturing environment for women in an all female school. Feminists have never had any sympathy whatsoever for men who didn't want to compete with coeds, or to be distracted by their disruptive presence. Now they don't want to compete with men or study in the presence of men. It was feminists who demanded that the sexes are equal. It's a stupid idea, but I don't recall that they have ever cared what men thought about it.

Such inconsistent demands are the hallmark of the feminists. They never stop nagging 'til they coerce their way into a man's institution. Then they drive everybody crazy complaining about the way the men behave. What did they expect in a male institution? Female behavior? Then when a man succeeds in getting into a woman's institution, they lack even the modicum of decency to recognize that they're the ones who insisted on equality and that equality cuts both ways. If they don't like being equal then they should stop demanding it. After all, it was their stupid idea.

In fact, feminists have never sought equality. They seek to control men. With equality as a cover, the movement promotes control. The program so far has been arrogant and coercive, and has resulted largely in repressed hostility toward women and hidden resentment of their unwelcome trespass into the male arena. Such warped equality as the feminists have achieved hasn't solved women's problems, but has only transformed them. It has also transformed the women, to the tragic detriment of us all. Women should probably go back to making babies and raising families. That is, after all, their traditional role in nearly every culture on Earth. As for the feminists, they'll get no help that I can deny them. If I never have to work around another arrogant feminazi or go to school with another strutting coed, that'll still be way too soon for me. ♂

## Buck Hunter shoots off His Mouth

Dear Buck

When's the best time to tell my girlfriend that I've had a vasectomy?  
—Don't Know For Sure

Dear Don't Know For Sure

After she sues you for child support.

Frontiersman  
435 South White Road  
San Jose, California 95127

Produced at Mere Keep

# Liberty or Death?

If Liberty's worth dying for...



...then it's also worth killing for.



Nation in Distress



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Anybody stupid enough to turn in his gun for a concert ticket is too stupid to have a gun anyway. —Frontiersman

## Money (the series): Federal Reserve Notes

by Sam Aurelius Milam III

And now, here's the part you've all been waiting for. What about **real** money? I mean the stuff we all spend every day. You know, Abraham, Martin, and John, or whoever those pictures are. Well, it turns out that Federal Reserve Notes are made from a thing that's more durable than ice but less durable than a log, and which can be cheaply manufactured faster than pecans. It's intrinsic value is difficult to determine. I suppose it could be used for paper planes or to write messages, but these uses threaten its durability. It could certainly warm a house, if you had enough of it, but then it would have no durability at all. If you use it for Kleenex, then folks will probably not want to accept it as money. There is also some question as to exactly what a Federal Reserve Note really is. It is, after all, a *note*. From whom? To whom? Saying what? So is it money, or not? Is this what makes the world go 'round? No wonder it won't buy friends. I'm amazed that it will even rent companions.

And worse yet, most of the time, we don't even **use** Federal Reserve Notes. How are you paid for your labor? With a check. Is it money? No. It isn't even a Federal Reserve Note. When you

take it to the bank, do you get money for it? Probably not. You probably put it in the bank, and then pay your debts with other checks. Are they money? No. Do the people you give them to ever get money for them? No. They deposit them. So where's the money? A check is a promise to make payment of something, but the only things that change as a result of checks are numbers in a computer. Now here we go. Watch this. A check represents numbers in a computer. They can be erased in a microsecond, so they're a lot less durable than ice. They can be duplicated an unlimited number of times, so the supply of them is unlimited. If numbers are money, then making a backup copy of the data should, in theory, result in 100% inflation. What an awesome thought! And do you think numbers, used as money, have intrinsic value? Well, here are some numbers. \$500,000. They came right out of my computer. Go buy yourself a house.

## Next Month: The Thrilling Conclusion

When the peaceful accumulation of wealth is prevented, then the violent acquisition of wealth is promoted.

—October 27, 1994, Milam's Notes

