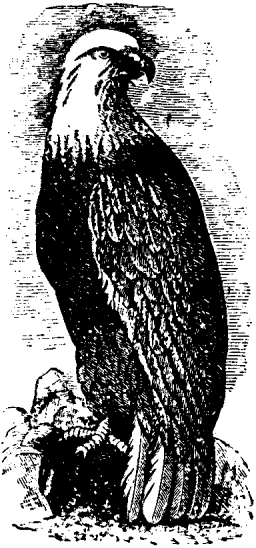


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Frontiersman

The Truth Is Within You
December 1997

Dispossessed

Sam Aurelius Milam III

In two recent articles¹, I asserted that the government and the corporations have combined to form a regulatory complex that controls the people. I suggested some ways to oppose that regulatory complex. We tend to oppose things like this just because we don't like them. However, opposition ought to be justified by specific and fundamental doctrine, not just by whim. In the case of the regulatory complex, such justification is possible.

Consider the relationship between you and the Social Security administration. That relationship has certain significant characteristics.

1. There are parties to the relationship.
2. Money changes hands.
3. Some benefit is promised or provided in exchange for the money.

By themselves, these characteristics can describe either a contract or extortion. The difference is determined by whether or not all of the parties to the relationship are voluntary. I can suggest a way to test that difference.

I suggest that you instruct the Social Security administration to cancel your Social Security number. While waiting for their response, and for the sake of integrity, don't use the number or sign any document that displays it.

¹ [Can't Quit The Game](#), September 1997
[Cash In, Check Out](#), November 1997

Some Definitions

CONTRACT.... *Parties*. There is no contract unless the *parties* assent thereto; and where such assent is impossible from the want, immaturity, or incapacity of mind of one of the parties, there can be no perfect contract....

PERFECT.... This term is applied to obligations in order to distinguish those which may be enforced by law, which are called *perfect*, from those which cannot be so enforced, which are said to be *imperfect*.

COERCION.... *Implied coercion* exists where a person is legally under subjection to another, and is induced, in consequence of such subjection, to do an act contrary to his will.

As will is necessary to the commission of a crime or the making of a contract, a person actually coerced into

If they cancel your number, then the parties to the relationship were voluntary and the relationship was a contract. However, without the contract you'll find yourself to be an outcast. Neither the government nor the corporations will deal with you.² Instead, they'll prohibit you from doing most things that you need to do in order to survive. Those things, which ought to have been rights, have been converted into privileges and are used by the regulatory complex to control you. The coercion is compelling. You'll be forced to beg the forgiveness of the regulatory complex and get the number back.

If they refuse to cancel your number, then you're not a voluntary party to the relationship. In that case, there is no contract. On the contrary, the relationship is extortion, they're extortionists, and you're a victim of extortion.

In one case, you're a victim of coercion. In the other case, you're a victim of extortion. In either case, you no longer have any obligation to cooperate. There is no obligation under duress. After conducting this little experiment, you have your justification for opposing the regulatory complex. You may do whatever you can to avoid it, to deceive it, or to hurt it. After having usurped your rights and enslaved you, neither the government nor the corporations deserve any mercy.

We are not subjects of a State founded upon law, but members of a society founded upon revolution.
—from *The Dispossessed*, by Ursula K. LeGuin

² And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his (the man's) name.
—Revelation 13:17
<parenthesis added>

either has no will on the subject, and is not responsible....

EXTORTION. The unlawful taking by any officer, by color of his office, of any money or thing of value that is not due to him, or more than is due, or before it is due....

In a large sense the term includes any oppression under color of right; but it is generally and constantly used in the more limited technical sense above given.

To constitute extortion, there must be the receipt of money or something of value....

COLOR OF OFFICE. A pretence of official right to do an act made by one who has no such right....

These definitions are excerpts from [Bouvier's Law Dictionary](#), 1889. Copies of the complete definitions are available upon request.
—editor

Bill of Non-Rights

This Bill of Non-Rights was written by State Representative Mitchell Kaye, from Cobb County, Ga., publius@gahouse.com. It was provided to the Frontiersman by Sir James the Bold.

We, the sensible people of the United States, in an attempt to help everyone get along, restore some semblance of justice, avoid any more riots, keep our nation safe, promote positive behavior and secure the blessings of debt-free liberty to ourselves and our great-great-grandchildren, hereby try one more time to ordain and establish some common sense guidelines for the terminally whiny, guilt-ridden delusional and other liberal, commie, pinko bed wetters. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that a whole lot of people were confused by the Bill of Rights and are so dim that they require a Bill of Non-Rights.

ARTICLE I: You do not have the right to a new car, big screen TV or any other form of wealth. More power to you if you can legally acquire them, but no one is guaranteeing anything.

ARTICLE II: You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone — not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc., but the world is full of idiots, and probably always will be.

ARTICLE III: You do not have the right to be free from harm. If you stick a screwdriver in your eye, learn to be more careful, do not expect the tool manufacturer to make you and all your relatives independently wealthy.

ARTICLE IV: You do not have the right to free food and housing. Americans are the most charitable people to be found, and will gladly help anyone in need, but we are quickly growing weary of subsidizing generation af-

ter generation of professional couch potatoes who achieve nothing more than the creation of another generation of professional couch potatoes.

ARTICLE V: You do not have the right to free health care. That would be nice, but from the looks of public housing, we're just not interested in health care.

ARTICLE VI: You do not have the right to physically harm other people. If you kidnap, rape, intentionally maim or kill someone, don't be surprised if the rest of us want to see you fry in the electric chair.

ARTICLE VII: You do not have the right to the possessions of others. If you rob, cheat or coerce away the goods or services of other citizens, don't be surprised if the rest of us get together and lock you away in a place where you still won't have the right to a big-screen color TV or a life of leisure.

ARTICLE VIII: You don't have the right that our children risk their lives in foreign wars to soothe your aching conscience. We hate oppressive governments and won't lift a finger to stop you from going to fight if you'd like. However, we do not enjoy parenting the entire world and do not want to spend so much of our time battling each and every little tyrant with a military uniform and a funny hat

ARTICLE IX: You don't have the right to a job. All of us sure want all of you to have one, and will gladly help you along in hard times, but we expect you to take advantage of the opportunities of education and vocational training laid before you to make yourself useful.

ARTICLE X: You do not have the right to happiness. Being an American means that you have the right to pursue happiness — which by the way, is a lot easier if you are unencumbered by an overabundance of idiotic laws created by those of you who were confused by the Bill of Rights. ∞

Good Politics, Bad Medicine

Sam Aurelius Milam III

[This article first appeared in the March 1994 edition of the Frontiersman.](#)

On January 8, 1994, the San Jose Mercury News printed a letter by Ron Berti. In his letter, Mr. Berti stated:

“Health care cannot be a ‘right’ because, unlike real rights such as the right to free speech or assembly, health care costs money. If we say that someone has a right to health care regardless of his ability to pay, what we are saying is that he has a right to demand that everyone else in society cover the cost of his ailment, whether we like it or not. If that's true, where do we draw the line on other ‘rights’ such as food, clothing, shelter or my used Porsche? Asserting a right does not make it so.”

The idea that anybody should be able to demand any medical treatment that he wants, and get it whether or not he can pay for it, is a stupid idea. It means that the sicker a person is, the more power he has to command others. The sickest person in the country is then the

most powerful dictator, and the healthiest people are his most abject servants.

There's nothing wrong with a sick person asking for help, and there's nothing wrong with charitable assistance. But to call medical care a right is to denigrate rights in general. To make charity coercive destroys charity. People have always obtained whatever medical care they could, and beyond that either they got better, they stayed sick, or they died. Eventually, they died anyway. It's a necessary end; it's more dignified than vegetating in a tangle of tubes, wires, and hardware; and it has, if nothing else, the tendency to keep the world from getting more overpopulated. The pursuit of eternal life at our children's expense is a very selfish idea.

The belief that government can somehow mandate universal medical care is a dangerous fantasy. Any such scenario will give the government every excuse to define a prophylactic lifestyle for everyone, and to enforce it. There's already ample precedent for such supervision. If you think the government is intrusive now, just wait for a national “health care” plan to take effect. You ain't seen nothin' yet! ¶

Letter to the Editor

Frontiersman,

A friend of mine recently dropped off your September '97 newsletter to me. Before that I had never heard of your newsletter. In it, you inquire as to your efforts on educating and motivating people to oppose the government. I think I can assure you that your efforts aren't in vain. But on the other hand, change takes time, and sometimes a lot of time. Generally people are intimidated by change, it brings the unknown into play. You also mention that as far as you can tell, the readers of your newsletter still use their driver's licenses as a national ID system and get social security numbers for their children and most of the other stuff that's required to exist within the current government structure. But you must consider that the few readers that you have that don't use these things are already motivated. You really don't need much feedback from them, they're doing the same thing you're doing. It's the people that still use

these tools of the regulatory complex that require education and motivation, not the people that don't. So getting little feedback from these people does not surprise me, for they are already involved with you in the revolution my friend, doing their part in trying to educate and motivate the mainstream, not usually each other. I hope you continue your efforts with this Frontiersman Newsletter, but you must remember that you're dealing with people that think they're stuck within the system, that use credit cards and all that other bullshit, not with the people that don't. Most of them are practicing the art of abandonment, and therefor never see your newsletter. Patience, and keep up the good work. It's not the goal that counts, but the journey to the goal. I wish I could aid you monetarily, but alas, I'm barely scraping by as it is working on other projects. If you send me your newsletter though, I would gladly make copies of it and send it out to others.

Justin; Arnold, California

Jamie

Fiction, by Sam Aurelius Milam III

This is a story about Jamie, my friend what used ta live right acrost tha street from me where tha shopping center is now, which is how I know about what happened, 'cause they told a whole different story on TV.

Jamie didn't have no family, like most of us, even if he was old enough, he just lived by hissself in his dad's old house, after his folks was gone. He worked over ta the lumber yard on a fork lift, and sometimes he'd stop at Louie's fer a beer on tha way home and sometimes he'd just go home.

Jamie never bothered nobody much, he mostly just stayed to hissself. He mostly just stayed home. His ol' house weren't much, kinda fallin' apart. Jamie's dad took care o' tha place, but Jamie didn't much bother. Tha roof leaked, but if ya knew where the leaks was you could mostly stay dry and that's what Jamie did. O' course, some places on tha floors was gittin' weak from tha water, but Jamie knew where the weak spots was. Some o' tha winder glass was broke, but Jamie put paste-board over 'em an' he was happy. I guess he had some junk in tha yard an' some folks think maybe that's what started the trouble, that one o' tha neighbors complained, but I think it was just that healthy specter on tha prowl. He come through the neighborhood one evening and Jamie was out on tha porch in his T-shirt, sittin' and drinkin' beer an' pitchin' tha cans in tha yard. He'da picked 'em up some day, fer tha deposit. Anyway, that specter just walked up ta tha house, took a long look at the yard, looked once at Jamie, an' walked in like he owned tha place.

Jamie follered 'im in an' ast what tha hell he wanted, and tha specter just kept walking around an' looking at stuff. Then he looked at Jamie an' smiled an' said Jamie couldn't live here no more. It wasn't healthy, he said. Not fit for human somethin', he said, 'bout tha health cold. Jamie got mad, 'cause it'd been his dad's house, and his grandad's house before that, so he kicked 'im out. I knowed what happened, 'cause Jamie, he told me 'bout it that same day.

Tha next day, tha specter was back with papers an' a cop. They said Jamie had ta leave, and stuck a form ta tha door. Jamie didn't leave. He got mad an' yelled and they left. I saw that from acrost the street on my porch.

A few days later, a big black van came drivin' up and a whole bunch of guys jumped out, all dressed up in army stuff, 'cept we found out later they was cops. They ran around back, and some stayed in front and went ta kick down Jamie's door, but he already heard 'em comin'. When they kicked in his door, he already had his dad's ol' army .45 an' he shot tha first one right between tha eyes, but they killed him anyway.

Tha specter said it was too bad Jamie had ta die, but tha place was unfit an' anybody what lived there'd be sure ta get sick or fall through tha floor or somethin', so they killed him fer his own good.

After that, they contempt the rest of the land on that block, and nobody argued with 'em about it much. Everybody mostly just left. There's a shopping center there now, but they didn't name it after Jamie. They called it tha American Way Plaza.

Acknowledgments

- My thanks to Lady Jan the Voluptuous for her ongoing editorial assistance and for her countless other efforts in support of this newsletter and of its editor.
- My thanks to Sir Donald the Elusive for paying the production costs of this newsletter. —editor

Notice

Due to my lack of money, I have terminated the newsletter telephone line. I have also terminated my subscription to Farcast and will no longer be providing news from that source. I will maintain my e-mail for so long as I can afford it and borrow the telephone line from Lady Jan the Voluptuous. —editor

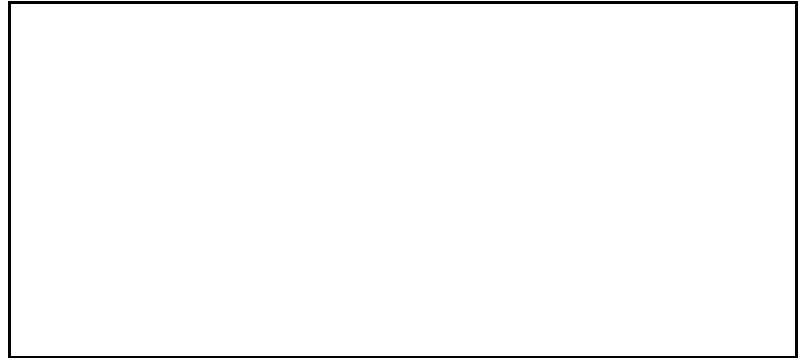


Nation in Distress

Decriminalize All Recreational Experiences.

D.A.R.E.

– to resist
government intrusions!



A Special Christmas Season Presentation: Randolph the Rude Nosed Reindeer

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Warning: These lyrics contain material that might not be suitable for all family members.
Parental discretion is advised.

These lyrics have been edited for content and re-formatted to fit your copy of this newsletter.

Randolph the Rude Nosed Reindeer,
Had a very lengthy nose.
And if you ever saw it,
You'd be careful of your pose.

All of the other reindeer,
Used to laugh and call him names.
They never liked poor Randolph
Playing all his nosy games.

Then when Santa Claus was gone,
His wife came to say,
"Randolph with your nose upright,
Won't you stay with me tonight?"

Then how the reindeer loved him,
As she shouted out with glee,
"Randolph the Rude Nosed Reindeer,
You'll go down in history!"

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

What do you think of all these feminists nowadays?
—Old Timer

Dear Old Timer

If they're so hell-bent on equality with men, then I
wonder why they still shave under their arms.

Sesame Suite

Bernie: Hey Burt?

Burt: Go away.

Bernie: What's faster? Heat or cold?

Burt: That's a stupid question.

Bernie: Heat. Anybody can catch cold.

Burt: Ahhhgh!

Sesame Suite is a production of the Children's Tunnelvision Workshop

Frontiersman

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Submissions — I solicit letters, articles, and cartoons for the newsletter, but I don't pay for them. Short items are more likely to be printed. I suggest that letters and articles be shorter than 500 words, but that's flexible depending on space available and the content of the piece. I give credit for all items printed unless the author specifies otherwise.

Payment — This newsletter isn't for sale. If you care to make a voluntary contribution, you may do so. The continued existence of the newsletter will depend, in part, on such contributions. I accept cash and U.S. postage stamps. I don't accept checks, money orders, anything that will smell bad by the time it arrives, or anything that requires me to provide ID or a signature to receive it. In case anybody is curious, I also accept gold, silver, platinum, etc. I'm sure you get the idea.

—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

Smoker's Observation

A pipe gives a wise man time to think and a fool something to put in his mouth.
—author unknown