



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

February 2014

Fuzzy-Wuzzy Wasn't There

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Some time last year, I don't remember the date, I watched an [episode of *Modern Marvels*](#) that reported on things that produce odors. Most of the program dealt with such things as land fills, sewage treatment facilities, hog farms, and the large-scale application of agricultural fertilizer. There was also some information on academic research programs intended to study such things as the chemistry of odor, how to control odor, and how different people perceive odor. It was moderately interesting but I watched it mostly because I was tired of working right then and I needed a break. However, near the end of the program, with scant minutes remaining, they began a segment on distinctive odors that are produced at specific locations on the human body. Ah! Now, that would be interesting. Of course, I don't think that the various human body odors are, in general, as obnoxious as the odors that had been previously addressed on the program but, anyway, I settled back into my chair with a sigh of anticipation.

I was interested to note that they mentioned only three categories of locations on a human body, five locations if you want to count them that way, that produce distinctive odors that are specific to those locations. Those three (or five) locations are the mouth, the underarms, and the feet. An extraterrestrial alien who watched that episode of *Modern Marvels*, and who didn't have any other source of related information, wouldn't have the slightest clue that the strange, upright creatures who occupy this planet produce distinctive odors associated with the region where their lower limbs come together.

I can see it now. The writers were working frantically, trying to meet the deadline for the episode on odors. They were near the end, chattering among themselves, tossing ideas back and forth, planning the script. Suddenly, they noticed how quiet it was. They looked up

and saw that the secretaries were all watching them, hard-eyed secretaries, lips compressed, waiting, daring the writers, just daring them. By immediate, unspoken agreement, the writers skipped the groin and went directly from underarms to feet. The secretaries all heaved big sighs and went back to their typing.

I can't comment on men because my admittedly limited experience has been entirely with women. Regarding women, I have, on a few rare occasions, had a brief opportunity to take note of, well, a certain fragrance that's associated with, ah, hmmm. So many words and I can't use any of them. I'm starting to feel some sympathy toward those *Modern Marvels* writers and I don't even have a secretary. Well, let's see. I need a term. Ah! I have it! I'll use the term that Radar O'Reilly used on that M*A*S*H episode where the woman delivered her baby on their bus and Radar exclaimed in dismay, "Oh no! I saw her fuzzy-wuzzy!" Yeah! That's it! That'll do! I can use it! Fuzzy-wuzzy! So, I've been fortunate enough to occasionally take note, regarding a woman's fuzzy-wuzzy, on a very few, very rare occasions, of a certain fragrance....

This isn't going to work. I can see that I'm not going to be able to end this article the way that I'd intended. I think that I'd best just follow the precedent already established by those *Modern Marvels* writers and skip directly to something else. How shall I handle this?

I know. I'll end the article with some jokes. I'll completely skip what would have come next, without even a hint that anything has been omitted.

So, here are some jokes. The first one is my very own joke, a Milam Original, never before told. Okay, maybe Aristotle or Benjamin Franklin said it first. I don't know. Anyway, here are some jokes.

Some Jokes:

How do you tell a male fish from a female fish? It's easy. On a female fish, the fuzzy-wuzzy probably smells a lot like a person.

Did you hear about the woman who had a job down at the fisherman's wharf? She smelled the same all over.

Chastity and Political Orthodoxy

An excerpt from 1984, by George Orwell

She began to enlarge upon the subject. With Julia, everything came back to her own sexuality. As soon as this was touched upon in any way she was capable of great acuteness. Unlike Winston, she had grasped the inner meaning of the Party's sexual puritanism. It was not merely that the sex instinct created a world of its own which was outside the Party's control and which therefore had to be destroyed if possible. What was more important was that sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable because it could be transformed into war fever and leader worship. The way she put it was:

"When you make love you're using up energy; and afterwards you feel happy and don't give a damn for anything. They can't bear you to feel like that. They want you to be bursting with energy all the time. All this marching up and down and cheering and waving flags is simply sex gone sour. If you're happy inside yourself, why should you get excited about Big Brother

and the Three-Year Plans and the Two Minutes Hate and all the rest of their bloody rot?"

That was very true, he thought. There was a direct, intimate connection between chastity and political orthodoxy. For how could the fear, the hatred, and the lunatic credulity which the Party needed in its members be kept at the right pitch except by bottling down some powerful instinct and using it as a driving force? The sex impulse was dangerous to the Party, and the Party had turned it to account. They had played a similar trick with the instinct of parenthood. The family could not actually be abolished, and, indeed, people were encouraged to be fond of their children in almost the old-fashioned way. The children, on the other hand, were systematically turned against their parents and taught to spy on them and report their deviations. The family had become in effect an extension of the Thought Police. It was a device by means of which everyone could be surrounded night and day by informers who knew him intimately. ∞

Letters to the Editor

Sam,

Would you care to comment on what seems to be a major threat to liberty, and one which is not on the radar screen of most libertarians — the rise of feminism.

One issue is the child custody system with its denial of due process, enserfing of men to women's children (even when the fathers are other men), and cancellation of professional licenses.

Another issue is the feminist attack on presumption of innocence: must-arrest domestic violence laws, rolling back of the rights of the accused in rape/sexual assault cases, getting websites shut down for "hate" (the new universal smear from the left), etc.

Here's my point: much of what libertarians like to think of as repression is along the lines of things emanating from the government: drug prohibition, gun control, high (or any) taxes, asset forfeiture. etc. In the old days, the beneficiaries of repression might be a relatively small number of people in the populace: law enforcement, politicians, the heads of bureaucracies. But what feminism has done is create a huge constituency for more repression. Now, it's tens of millions of women (and some men) who depend upon government enforcement to

get that child support check or put their spouse in jail.

This is creating much more dangerous situations for the proponents of liberty. We are no longer fighting against a thin strata of repressive government, but a sizable sector of the populace. Any thoughts on how we can deal with this?

Thanks. —Joseph, of Northridge, California

*My various articles and essays on that topic are available on The Frontiersman Website, <http://frontiersman.org.uk/>, and on Pharos, <http://pharos.org.uk/>. Click the Searches button on either website and use one of the on-site search engines. The most frightening item in that collection is my short story *Lady's Man*. It first appeared in the April 2002 issue of the *Frontiersman*, on pages 3 - 5. Some additional information is available in *The Sovereign's Library*, <http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>. Go to the *Directory of Writing* by Sam Aurelius Milam III and find *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*.*

The alleged pursuit of sexual equality, by the feminists, was a lie from the beginning. All that they ever wanted was power and control over men. That's neither surprising nor new. More than 2000 years ago, Aristotle observed that it doesn't matter if women rule or if the →

rulers are ruled by women. The result, he noted, is the same either way. See Book 2, Chapter 9, of Politics and Poetics.

The feminists have enabled a vast increase in the powers of a police state that was already way too powerful. Other groups of activists have used the same strategy but, in the case of the feminists, the powers have been directed almost exclusively against men. The feminists have created a matriarchal authority that operates according to the doctrine that men are bad and women are good. It's a far cry from the gender equality that they claim to pursue.

What can we do about feminism? Maybe nothing. I suggest that we try not to cooperate with it and that we try not to do anything that might tend to either support it or legitimize it. Maybe somebody can hand out some of my articles or essays, or even give me some links on some websites. What do you suggest? —editor

Most well received [*January 2014 issue —editor*], my long time friend Sam!!

—Peter, of Vankleek Hill, Ontario

I see some similarity in your writing and Thomas Sowell's. Sowell's insight to human malfunctions is very astute and accurate in my estimation. You differ from Sowell in that you are more of an advocate of correcting the errors of the stupid and self servers. The two of you would make a formidable team. —Bob Link

Not entirely. For example, I made the following observation on Monday, January 27, 1975.

No attempt should be made to protect stupid people from the consequences of their own stupidity. Any such attempt is a waste of time that could be better spent, removes the incentive for improvement in those few who are capable of it, and needlessly prolongs the existence of the rest.

—editor

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The desire for privacy doesn't necessarily suggest a need to hide something. Privacy isn't just a means to an end. Privacy is also an end in itself. 🐦

Ol' Fateful

Sam Aurelius Milam III

A while back, I did a little research looking for information about the aquifer that supplies the ground water at Yellowstone. It was clear to me that there had to be such an aquifer because of the quantity of steam that comes out of the ground there. That couldn't happen without a plentiful supply of ground water, suggesting a well organized aquifer. I was disturbed to discover that there doesn't seem to be any such aquifer. There are various little geological formations that have some water in them, but apparently not an extensive aquifer.

As I recall, the planetary crust above the magma plume at Yellowstone is only about five miles thick. That's about .00125 of the planetary radius. Maybe I'm wrong but, to me, that seems not so much like the thickness of an egg shell as like the thickness of a soap bubble. Below that thin layer of rock is the magma plume. It's immense and it's hot enough to melt rock.

When you boil water in a tea pot, the steam whistling out of the spout keeps the bottom of the tea pot from overheating and maybe even melting. I suggest that the same thing could be true at Yellowstone. All of that steam might be what keeps the planetary crust from melting. If the supply of ground water is depleted, and

the steam stops carrying away the heat, then the crust might melt.

It's well known that we've been taking water out of the various aquifers faster than it's being replaced. There isn't any reason to believe that the region around Yellowstone is an exception. It doesn't even have a large, organized aquifer, just little pockets of water. So, we're probably depleting the ground water at Yellowstone.

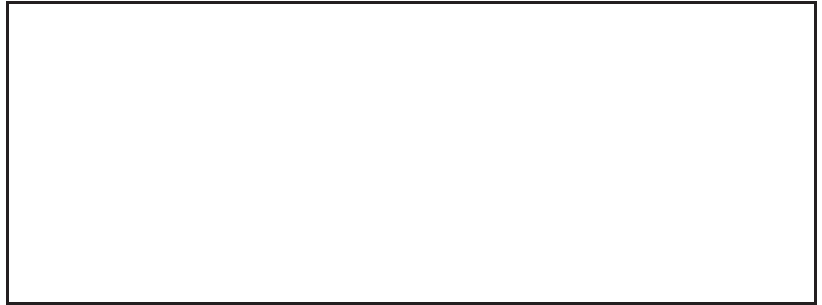
The geological record suggests that Yellowstone exploded about 2.1 million years ago, about 1.4 million years ago, and about 700,000 years ago. Do the arithmetic. Yellowstone erupts about every 700,000 years. It's been 700,000 years. An eruption might be due soon.

I understand from the documentaries that mankind lacks any ability or any technology by which to prevent another eruption. I propose, however, that mankind possesses a well demonstrated ability to hasten the next eruption. All that we need to do is to deplete the little aquifers. Is Yellowstone as predictable as Old Faithful? I don't know but I think that the existence of industrial, agricultural, and residential uses of water near Yellowstone might be a bad idea. This is a strange comment for me to make, considering my attitudes toward government, but maybe that park should be a whole lot bigger than it is now. 🐦



Nation in Distress

Here's a suggestion for "airport security". Any unarmed person who boards an airplane can be offered a loaded weapon. If he accepts it, then he can return it to the airport authorities when he arrives at his destination.



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; Dewey and Betty; Carl, of Gramling, South Carolina; Joseph, of Northridge, California; and Millie, of Baltimore, Maryland.

—editor

Observations

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn, of Bingham County, Idaho.

- Did you ever notice that when you put the two words *the* and *IRS* together it spells *theirs*?
- Eventually you will reach an age when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.
- When you start to think that you'd like to go back to being young, think of that Algebra class.
- When you get old, you forget names. Then you forget faces. Then you forget to pull up your zipper. It's even worse when you forget to pull it down. ∞

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When You Least Expect It

These statements are presumably from a collection of actual analogies and metaphors found in high school essays. I don't know the original source. These were forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

- Her face was a perfect oval, like a circle that had its two sides gently compressed by a Thigh Master.
- His thoughts tumbled in his head, making and breaking alliances like underpants in a dryer without Cling Free.
- He spoke with the wisdom that can only come from experience, like a guy who went blind because he looked at a solar eclipse without one of those boxes with a pinhole in it and now goes around the country speaking at high schools about the dangers of looking at a solar eclipse without one of those boxes with a pinhole in it.
- She grew on him like a colony of E. Coli, and he was room-temperature Canadian beef. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor