

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

September 2024

Mr. President

Sam Aurelius Milam III

On Sunday, September 16, 1990, I watched the *Bloopers and Practical Jokes* show on TV. I made some notes after the show, which is how I know the date. One of the practical jokes was played on the 1989 Miss America, and led me to

speculate about the American political process.

She (Miss America) was told of a radical new broadcast technology that had just been invented, and was to be demonstrated by way of a live broadcast. She was told that the name of the new technology generated an acronym that allowed it to be named after her position. For some reason, I didn't include that name in my notes. Consequently, I don't remember the buzzwords that they used. They were something like Multisynchronous Integrated Signal System, or some such gobbledegook as that.

Miss America accepted their invitation to be the official host of the inaugural broadcast. The day of the history-making event arrived. All was ready for the phoney broadcast with two phoney technical experts and Miss America on the set. With only a few minutes until broadcast time, one of the experts had to leave the set for an emergency telephone call. A few seconds later, the other expert discovered a problem with her microphone and left the set to resolve the problem. Miss America sat and waited, and the seconds ticked by. People around her, participating in the joke, began to behave as if they were uneasy, then nervous, then frantic, and the two technical experts were nowhere to be found. When broadcast time arrived, Miss America was alone on the set. She hadn't been given any technical briefing whatsoever, and she didn't know anything about the new broadcast system except its name, yet she was suddenly expected to present a technical description of the system, and demonstrate the enigmatic equipment in front of her. The frantic director told her to "just ad lib!" She did. After a minute or so of cool and collected chatter, she'd said all that she could say. She seemed to be in need of some help, but she wasn't at all flustered. At that point, the pranksters presented Miss America with a set of large hand written cue cards that ap-

peared to have been hastily scribbled, and were not easily readable. Even so, Miss America picked up her lines and began reading a technical description of the new system. It was nothing but a lot of gibberish, but Miss America didn't know that. As viewers, we could see the prank in action on cameras of which Miss America was unaware but, from her description, an uninformed viewer wouldn't have known her from the inventor.

The pranksters had arranged for the second cue card, and all the cards following it, to be upside down and, at that point, it became evident that the prank had been turned upon the pranksters. Miss America continued to read from the upside down cue cards as if she'd been doing it all of her life. I was entranced by her performance. After several more cards, the prankster holding them contrived to fumble one and dropped the whole stack of them onto the floor. With only a slight change of angle, Miss America continued to read from the next cue card, which was on the floor, still visible to her, and still oriented so that she was reading from it upside down. She was marvelous. Her poise was perfect. She never lost her finesse, or her appearance of enjoying the occasion. When no more cue cards were visible, she had to stop. She did even that without losing her composure. Then, the director cued her to start demonstrating the capabilities of the new system. She gamely started pushing buttons on the equipment in front of her. One of them activated a prerecorded announcement, telling her that she'd been tricked.

Her amazing grace and poise under such stress in what she thought was a live broadcast caused me to speculate that maybe the wrong method is being used to choose government officials. Maybe they need to have other qualities than those that enable them to win elections. Their political promises are irrelevant anyway, and mostly cow plop. Politicians don't do what they said they would do, so why bother with it? Maybe the election process should be replaced by a selection process.

The President could be selected in a Grand National Presidential Pageant, televised of course, from among the winners of the various state pageants. Imagine the grandeur! Imagine the spectacle! Furthermore, even poor people could run for office because the entire →

process could be funded by admissions tickets, commercial sponsors, network broadcast contracts, and so forth. The President could be selected according to his performance judged against a set of standards not unlike those of the Miss America contest. The contestants would need to be healthy, attractive, friendly, quick-witted, intelligent, and courteous. They would have a better chance if they could sing, dance, or tell jokes. Maybe for extra excitement there could be some events patterned after the American Gladiators competitions.

The same selection process could be used for

Spare Ones When You Need Them

Sam Aurelius Milam III

At this point, it appears that the only real choices in the upcoming presidential election will be either a blowhard or a woman. That's a sorry situation. I wouldn't vote for a blowhard for president and I wouldn't vote for a woman even if she was running for the border. Thankfully, I don't vote, so I'm not faced with that dismal choice. For the benefit of people who do vote, maybe it would be a good idea to cancel the election entirely, and get through the next term without any president at all.

The idea isn't entirely unprecedented. Under the *Articles of Confederation*, there wasn't a president. There wasn't even an executive branch of the government. Furthermore, the idea has constitutional validity. The *Articles of Confederation* were never formally repealed or replaced. They're merely in abeyance, except as provided in Article VI of the U.S. constitution. Article VI, clause 1, provides that "... en-

Additional Reading

- *What I Didn't Say to Miss Andry*, *Frontiersman*, January 2021
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2021/2021-01/2021-01.html#What_I_Didn-t_Say_to_Miss_Andry
- *In Search of the Supreme Flaw of the Land: Perpetual Union*, Monday, July 2, 1990
http://pharos.org.uk/Flaw_of_the_Land_Essays/Flaw_Essays.html#Perpetual_Union

Letters to the Editor

Hey Sam,

I guess you've seen that we recently had a mass shooter here in [state name withheld], and things have gotten so bad that they tried to shoot Trump! But if they don't kill Trump before he is elected president, then I think Trump should fix it so that we prisoners can vote in the next election....
—H. L., a prisoner

I believe that shootings, mass shootings, and other such events, are vastly overreported. As an example, the morning edition of BBC World News America, on Thursday, August 1, spent almost half of its 30-minute program reporting on such an event. It was a knife instead of a gun, but the idea's the same. The program re-

ported on the reactions of family members, community response, the mounds of flowers, the details of the investigation, speculations about motive, and so forth, ad nauseam. Such events are tragic but they're not more tragic or more important than other things that are happening around the world. It would have been sufficient to simply report the thing, and then move on.
I believe that such sensationalist reporting isn't intended to provide useful information →

gagements entered into, before the adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation." The *Articles of Confederation* are such an engagement, entered into before the adoption of the U.S. constitution. Clause 2 provides that "... and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land..." The *Articles of Confederation* are such a treaty, made under the authority of the United States.

Thus, the *Articles of Confederation* remain in force. The Continental Congress was never dissolved. It simply hasn't convened since its 1788-1789 session. The states switched constitutions and congresses on March 4, 1789. Why not do it again? Just convene the Continental Congress for its 2023-2024 session and, voila! No executive branch! No president!

It's nice to have a spare constitution, and a spare congress, when you need them.

Worldometer Population Clock https://www.worldometers.info/world-population/ U.S. Census Bureau Population Clock https://www.census.gov/popclock/world Typical Population Curve http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html
--

ported on the reactions of family members, community response, the mounds of flowers, the details of the investigation, speculations about motive, and so forth, ad nauseam. Such events are tragic but they're not more tragic or more important than other things that are happening around the world. It would have been sufficient to simply report the thing, and then move on.

I believe that such sensationalist reporting isn't intended to provide useful information →

to the viewers and, in fact, it doesn't do so. None of that information was useful. Instead, I believe that the purpose of such reporting is to boost the ratings of the news program. It might also be reasonably argued that such reporting is intended to perpetuate the ongoing frenzy of nonsensical anti-gun claptrap. —editor

Dear Sam,

Hello. I hope my letter finds you well. Your article, "The Bright Side", in July '24 *Frontiersman*.

I recently was doing some research, and trying to figure out why our temperature has been going up so dramatically. Year after year it seems, every year, we're breaking new records.

I ran into some satellite photos showing the ground temperature of the United States from the year 2006 to 2020. Our surface temp is way hotter than it was 20 years ago. And the only reason I can attribute a reason is because of aquifer depletion. Every year, farmers have to dig deeper to reach the water levels they need.

Man, pure and simple. Our population, here and around the world has gone beyond the critical point of safe return.

Remember the movies, "Soylent Green" and "Mad Max, Beyond Thunder Dome." That's our apocalyptic future.

Have a good one, —S. H., a prisoner

The concerns that I've noticed about global warming all address the biosphere, which is mostly heated from above. I haven't seen any mention of concerns about the temperature of the planet itself, the ground below our feet, until you mentioned it in your letter. If such heating is actually happening, then I can suggest a reason for it.

The widely held belief that our planet began as a molten glob is false. The planet formed over billions of years of the slow accumulation of space debris, none of which was hot. Things drifting around in space are cold. The planet was probably near to absolute zero. It didn't start to get hot until the Moon arrived on the scene. That's an entirely different mystery but, no matter how the Moon got here, after it was in place, it caused tidal forces within the planet. Those tidal forces are what has caused the internal heating of the planet. Here's the thing to ponder. Maybe that heating process hasn't yet gone to completion. The Moon is still there. The tidal forces are still at work. Maybe the planet is still heating internally, slowly melting from the inside toward the surface. —editor

Dear *Frontiersman*:

Before the arrival of COVID, a shout fre-

quently heard at demonstrations was, "No justice, no peace". The chant isn't used as much these days, and I'm thankful for that, because the saying made me cringe.

For all practical purposes, justice is subjective. Consider a typical court case. Most of the time, the winning side considers the verdict just, and the losing side considers the verdict unjust. Sometimes, the verdict in a case is reversed on appeal. Does that mean that the original verdict was unjust? Possibly, but not necessarily.

I urge people who are intrigued by the question of "true" justice to read "Hamlet", by William Shakespeare. The main character of the play is, or may be, duty bound to perform an act of justice that has been demanded by the ghost of Hamlet's father. Was the ghost real, or a dream? If the ghost was real, might it be a demon in disguise? By performing justice, might Hamlet be committing a terrible sin?

Hamlet eventually decides to take action. At the end of the play, the stage is cluttered with corpses. Justice (as the ghost defined it) has been done, but there has been a lot of collateral damage. It's as though Shakespeare is saying: "If this is justice, what use is it? What does it really accomplish? Is it really any good?"

Given the ambiguity and uncertainty of justice, I feel that those who chant "No justice, no peace" are unconsciously calling for perpetual strife. —Sir Donald the Elusive

*Your closing speculation is probably correct. To me, "No justice, no peace" sounds like a tacit, albeit unintended, acknowledgment of the way that the world actually works. For some additional speculations about justice in the courts, see *The Pursuit of Justice*, in the August 2020 issue.*

*It seems to me that the pursuit of justice has always relied on the use of force, but failed anyway. My favorite fictional example is the legend of King Arthur. All of his efforts to use might for right ended in tragedy. See *The Once and Future King*, by T. H. White.* —editor

Sam,

Good to see you still in the fight after all these years. —Joseph of Northridge

It's been a long time. —editor

Vector Universe

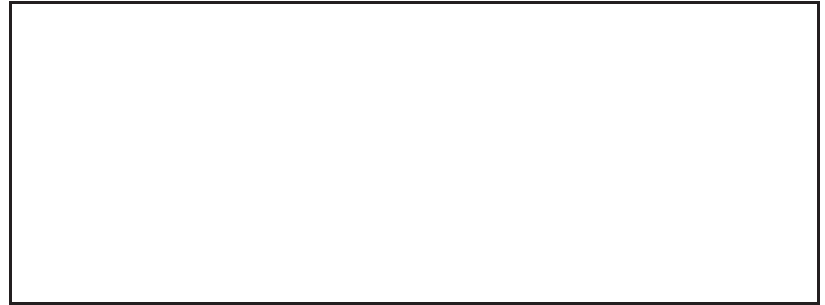
Sam Aurelius Milam III

The idea of space-time is nonsense. Also, time isn't a fourth dimension. Space and time are two distinct and different things, two separate components of the universe. Think of the universe as a vector quantity. Space is the magnitude. Time is the direction. ↴



Nation in Distress

All compromise is based on give and take, but there can be no give and take on fundamentals. Any compromise on mere fundamentals is a surrender. For it is all give and no take.
—Mahatma Gandhi



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: El Dorado Bob; Betty; Eric, of Stockton, California; Sir Donald the Elusive; and Joseph of Northridge. —editor

Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/>
<http://pharos.org.uk/>
<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>
<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

Wrong Number

As retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III.

After Joe started his auto paint and body shop, things went reasonably well. The only strange thing was that sometimes when he answered the telephone, he'd get angry or insulting replies. He eventually learned the reason why. His telephone number was one digit dif-

ferent from that of the local mortuary. People who called the mortuary didn't like for their call to be answered with the term "body shop".

Smart Fax Machine

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by El Dorado Bob.

1st Person: Do you know anything about this fax machine?

2nd Person: A little. What's wrong?

1st Person: I sent a fax, and the recipient called back to say that all she received was a cover sheet and a blank page. I tried it again, and the same thing happened.

2nd Person: How did you load the sheet?

1st Person: It's a sensitive memo, and I didn't want anyone else to read it, so I folded the page so that only the recipient would be able to unfold the page and read it.

Frontiersman

Availability — Assuming the availability of sufficient funds, subscriptions to this newsletter in print, copies of past issues in print, and copies of the website on disks are available upon request. Funding for this newsletter is from sources over which I don't have any control, so it might become necessary for me to terminate these offers or to cancel one or more subscriptions at any time, without notice. All past issues are presently available for free download at the internet address shown below. Contributions are welcome.

Cancellations — If you don't want to keep receiving printed copies of this newsletter, then return your copy unopened. When I receive it, I'll terminate your subscription.

Reprint Policy — Permission is hereby given to reproduce this newsletter in its entirety or to reproduce material from it, provided that the reproduction is accurate and that proper credit is given. I do not have the author-

ity to give permission to reprint material that I have reprinted from other sources. For that permission, you must apply to the original source. I would appreciate receiving a courtesy copy of any document or publication in which you reprint my material.

Submissions — I consider 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.

Payment — This newsletter isn't for sale. If you want to make a voluntary contribution, then I prefer cash or U.S. postage stamps. For checks or money orders, please inquire. You can use editor@frontiersman.org.uk for PayPal payments. In case anybody's curious, I also accept gold, silver, platinum, etc. I don't accept anything that requires me to provide ID to receive it.

—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor