

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

January 2025

Timeless Quandary

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The origin of this document is lost in obscurity. Whether it is the work of a group of men sitting in session as it purports to be, or of one man of literary genius and masterly intellect, or is a collection of rules and precepts which have come down through the centuries, we do not know.

—from the first *Prologue*
in *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*

I recently acquired a copy of *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, published in 1920 by The Beckwith Company, at 162 East Twenty-third Street, City of New York. While I was reading the book, I decided to write a short review of it. Note that I'm not a historical expert on the peoples, institutions, philosophies, conflicts, and so forth, that are associated with the contents of the book. My comments are based entirely on my reading of the specific edition of the book that's in my possession. A brief glimpse of the larger context is included in the *Epilogue* to the book. I regard that *Epilogue* as being more interesting than the main body of the book, but this review focuses only on the main body of the book, and not on the *Epilogue*.

The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion purports to reveal the secret plans, or at least to hint at them, of an ancient cabal of allegedly wise men, presumably on behalf of the so-called chosen people. The purported agenda is to establish a permanent authoritarian kingdom on Earth and, thereby, to acquire absolute control of all human societies which, as I understand it, will then become one world-wide society. The book is filled with hints of the masterful wisdom and irresistible manipulations of the so-called wise men who, presumably, are merely waiting until the time is right. Then, they'll spring into action and openly assume control of the world, which they're secretly preparing in advance. As I read the book, I became skeptical. The book, increasingly, seemed to me more like the fanatical ravings of a clever but frustrated aspirant to power, a man who had delusions of ability, a lone and lonely man who was bent on the absolute subjection of people to whom he fancied himself inherently superior. I could be wrong but that's my impression of the author.

I didn't see anything in the book that seemed like it would have been much of a secret, prior to the publication of the book, or even anything new. Some of the characteristics of the society allegedly planned by the cabal reminded me of 1984, by George Orwell, *Brave New World*, by Aldous Huxley, and various other things that I've read. The most noteworthy thing about the book is that the people and institutions described in it as existing at the time, all of those years ago, are indistinguishable from the people and institutions of today. It seems that not much has changed. Thus, whether or not the book can teach us anything about some long-planned religious *coup d'etat*, it might teach us a lot about ourselves.

If there is such a cabal, and if it's as secret as is claimed in the book, then why would it publish its plans in a book, for all to read? If its wise men are as wise as is claimed in the book, then why would they fail to foresee such publication by someone else, and fail to block it? If the cabal is as successfully manipulative as is claimed in the book, then why is it still in hiding? By now, it could be in control of the world. Even if it succeeded in acquiring such control, I doubt that it would be any worse than the multitude of other brutal tyrannies, religious or secular, that have risen to power throughout the known history of human societies, continue to do so today, and will probably continue to do so for as long as our species endures.

Of course, there are and always have been rumors of secret societies and shadow governments. Who knows? Maybe this particular rumor is true. Maybe the secret cabal mentioned in the book has already assumed control of the world, and has done so with such finesse that we don't even know that we're under its control. If the conspirators are as wise as is suggested in the book, then maybe they concluded that they can rule more comfortably from hiding. Why come out in the open and become targets? It would be consistent with their alleged wisdom and dedication to secrecy, as I understand those things from reading the book, to let people speculate and publish things about them, just to serve as camouflage, and to preserve an illusion of the freedoms of speech and of the press. It doesn't seem likely but I suppose that it's possible. Sometimes, a conspiracy theory might be true.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sam:

I listened to the Trump/Harris debate on the radio, when I was driving from Palo Alto to San Jose. Of course, I was unable to see their faces or body language. My impression, based on voices alone, was that Trump was the better candidate. He came across as confident, strong and benevolent in a fatherly way. Harris seemed weak, nervous, and girlish in a way that reminded me of a giddy teenager — not the type of person I would trust with nuclear weapons.

When I got to my destination, I was almost sorry that my political principles would never let me vote for Trump.

Apparently, I was not alone in being emotionally drawn to Trump. In the *Washington Enquirer*, (11/12/2024), there was a report by Brady Leonard explaining that Trump received significant support (votes) from registered Libertarian voters. Chase Oliver, the official L.P. candidate, won about 600,000 votes nation-wide. That's about 0.4% of all registered voters.

Alien Invaders

Sam Aurelius Milam III

In spite of the endless laments about the evils of the recent era of world colonialism, nothing has changed. All of those enthusiasts with big ideas about heading out into space are not any different in any way from the people who plundered our planet and oppressed or massacred the locals during the colonial era. People continue to behave similarly today, pursuing similar agendas, except that today it isn't just the "New World". It's all of them.

As an example, I saw on a documentary the suggestion that we could seed the atmosphere of Venus with enzymes, engineered microorganisms, and chemicals, that would eventually convert that entire atmosphere into an oxygen atmosphere, suitable for us to breathe. That's exactly equivalent to utterly destroying the ex-

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- The only way in which humans appear to be superior to the so-called lower animals is insofar as they seem to have the potential to become superior to the so-called lower animals.
- The freedom of association must necessarily include the freedom to not associate. Otherwise, the so-called freedom of association is nothing more than a weapon that unpopular factions will use to forcibly impose themselves onto people who don't like them.
- I don't seek objectivity. I seek truth.

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>

Our voting preferences are dictated by our emotions, and emotions are manifestations of inherited biological instincts. Our closest primate relatives, the chimpanzees and the bonobos, live in hierarchical societies. With them, we share about 90% of our D.N.A. It's not outlandish to suppose that we have built-in emotional responses that predispose us to supporting hierarchical and authoritarian social structures. In the history of our planet, human societies that are structured in an equalitarian way are rare. Hierarchical, authoritarian societies are really the norm.

My determination not to vote for Trump, because of his demonstrated disregard for truth, and for the rights of other people, can be taken as a sign that the master/slave pattern can be resisted, and that therefore, there is some hope!

—Sir Donald the Elusive

isting Venusian planetary ecosystem, and exterminating all life on the planet.

Who knows what life forms and ecosystems might exist on other planets? Assuming that we don't destroy ourselves before getting there, would we even be capable of recognizing such things if we saw them? Would we even care? The attitudes and motivations that would drive interplanetary colonialism are the same as those that drove the colonial era on this planet, and ignored its evils. The agendas are the same. The destruction would be the same. The eventual, belated regrets would be the same.

On that old cop show, *Dragnet*, they said, "The story you are about to hear is true. Only the names have been changed, to protect the innocent." If we colonize the planets, then only the victims would be changed. There won't be any innocents, only us, the alien invaders. 🦹

- Identity theft happens when you're a baby, and your parents get a Social Security number for you. 🦹

Gender Studies 101

Declarations and Assumptions

Sam Aurelius Milam III

When a woman criticizes men, she's declared to be exercising her rights, and her opinions are assumed to be valid and correct.

When a man criticizes women, he's declared to be a misogynist, and his opinions are assumed to be sexist, irrelevant, or both. ♂

Know When to Quit

Rope Trick

Sam Aurelius Milam III

From the middle 1980s until the middle 1990s, I spent a lot of time sailing on Astrea, a 40 ft ketch owned by my friend Andrew. Astrea was moored at Docktown, near Redwood City, California. We sailed a lot, often spending entire weekends on San Francisco Bay. At the end of one such weekend, we were securing Astrea in her slip when another boat came cruising into the inlet with an empty boat in tow. They sailed up the opposite side of the inlet, did a U-turn, and came cruising along our side of the inlet, near the ends of the piers. One of the occupants of the boat yelled, "It's getting late we gotta be back at San Francisco before dark tie this boat in that slip over there!" He pointed, flung me a rope, and they sailed away into the evening.

The indicated slip was three slips over. The slip adjacent to ours was empty. The next slip was occupied by a boat that was backed in, pointing out. Beyond that was the empty slip into which I needed to move the empty boat.

The event had attracted the attention of everybody in the vicinity. I'm usually pretty bad at throwing coiled ropes. Usually, when I fling

one, it uncoils about one turn, snags, tangles, and lands on the ground in front of me. What was I to do? There I stood, holding a rope with an empty boat on the other end. Everybody was watching me. So, I mentally shrugged my shoulders, coiled the rope as well as I could, swung my arm back, and flung the rope underhanded, as hard as I could, in the direction of the empty slip, three slips away.

The rope went uncoil uncoil uncoil uncoil. It didn't snag. It didn't tangle. It didn't fall into the water. It sailed over the empty slip adjacent to us, over the bowsprit of the boat in the next slip, down on the other side of the bowsprit, back under the bowsprit in my direction, up, and looped perfectly over itself. Everybody cheered, clapped, and stomped their feet.

I strolled nonchalantly from our dock to dry land and sashayed past the empty slip, pretending that I'd intended for it to work out that way. I clambered over the boat and retrieved my rope from the bowsprit. Pulling the empty boat into the empty slip, and securing it there, was kind of boring after my neat rope trick, and people didn't pay much more attention to me. After that, I tried never to throw any ropes when I was in Docktown. It helps if you know when to quit. 🦋

Everybody Wins

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Here's a suggestion for solving two problems at the same time: high medical bills and prostitution. Hospitals could add prostitution to the services that they provide. There would be benefits for everybody involved.

The hospitals would acquire a reliable and probably substantial cash flow that would be largely immune to the ups and downs of the economy. All of those lovely ladies traipsing around the halls might relieve some of the gloom and tension that can be so common in hospitals. They might also be an effective antidote to some of the bossy nurses who act like they own the place. Maybe some of the doctors and administrators who are more stodgy and officious than is necessary could be taken down a notch or two.

The prostitutes would have everything that they need. They'd have clean rooms with clean beds, private, semi private, or whatever, according to the preferences of their customers and the options offered. They'd have easy access to medical exams, to verify their health, and to all of the medical treatment that they might need. They'd have an on-site staff of medical technicians to screen customers. They wouldn't need to work on the streets, dressed as provocatively as possible, late at night, in the bad part of town. Instead, they'd have lobbies, cafeterias, and other handy places to meet customers, and a safe, clean place to work, with it's own built-in security staff.

The customers wouldn't have to risk getting diseases, or go to the bad part of town where they might get mugged.

There isn't any downside. Everybody wins. 🦋

Particular Things

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Sometimes, it's better to have a friend with a particular thing, and to have the use of his, than it is to have one of your own. Here are some examples that come to mind.

- a motorcycle
- a boat
- a swimming pool
- a wife 🦋

Advertising Bloopers

Not Verified, and Original Source Unknown.

Forwarded by Don G.

- In Italy, a campaign for "Schweppes Tonic Water" translated the name into the much less thirst quenching "Schweppes Toilet Water."

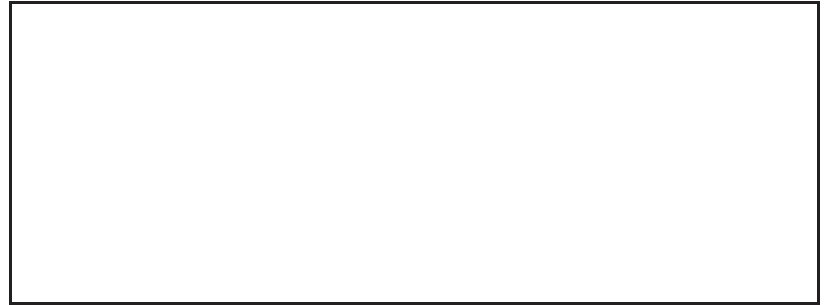
- Clairol introduced the "Mist Stick", a curling iron, into Germany only to find out that mist is slang for manure. Not too many people had any use for the manure stick. ∞



Nation in Distress

Woman would be more charming
if one could fall into her arms with-
out falling into her hands.

—from *Epigrams*
by Ambrose Bierce



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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/>

Divorce Settlement

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

“Mr. Clark,” said the divorce court judge, “I’ve decided to give your wife \$775 a week.”

“Thank you,” said the husband. “Every now and then I’ll send her a few bucks myself.” ∞

Timely Response

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by El Dorado Bob.

A paralegal was given her duties on the Monday when she was hired. Among other things, she was responsible for sending out the frequent faxes.

She was fired on Wednesday when they discovered that, because she didn’t like using the fax machine, she was saving the faxes to send out all at the same time, once a week, on Friday.

She was indignant because she couldn’t see why they were so upset. ∞

Funny Questions

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by H. L., a prisoner.

Have you ever eaten a salad in front of your house plants?

If you’re attacked by a gang of clowns, should you go first for the juggler? ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor