

# The Return of 911



*by Miles Mathis*

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Before we get to it, I need to make my tri-annual reminder to donate. As a progress report, I have already written over 90 papers on my art site this year and 30 on my science site, not including guest papers, so I am on pace for about 160, which would be a record. On pace for over 40 on the art site, which is my best in many years. My Solar Cycle prediction continues to hit, and 2026 will be another big year there, as the second peak arrives near the end of the year.

As my regular readers know, I have no advertising and no merchandise and not even a single fund drive. This isn't a fund drive that lasts a week or even a day, this is just a **one-time reminder**, and I do it only three times a year. You can click on one of my web-kitties, like at the top of my updates page, which will take you to Paypal. If you don't wish to do that, you can send me a check directly to POBox 335, Garden Valley CA 95633. If you don't want your name on a check, you can send any other thing of value, though I don't smoke or drink, so don't send that. Various readers have sent coins, organic Colombian, wet cat food, and even grass-fed steaks (from a rancher/reader). If you go that route, probably best to check with me first, to be sure I don't get 100 pounds of coffee all in the same week.

Some have assumed I don't do advertising or fund drives or GoFundMe because I am already rich, but I assure you that isn't the case. I have always lived pretty much hand-to-mouth, with no savings or insurance, and I like the freedom that gives me. I live on art and book sales and in the last decade on small donations from my readers. I despise advertising and won't let it pollute my site. Also not crazy about fund drives or merchandising, since I don't want to be like Alex Jones. And as for insurance, I consider it betting against myself, and therefore bad luck. I play by my own rules, as you know, and though they may seem odd to many they have worked very well so far.

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On the 24<sup>th</sup> anniversary of 911, Tucker Carlson planned to release a five-part series, claiming everything we were told about the event was a lie. [Yes it was, and still is, even after Tucker's lame expose.] The Charlie Kirk event of 9/10 forced him to delay the release of that to the 23<sup>rd</sup>, since Tucker had to first give a fake-eulogy at Kirk's fake funeral. And remember Tucker already did a shorter expose on the JFK assassination a few months ago, telling us the CIA got him. The CIA is also the main bad guy in this 911 expose, taking most of the heat. So this is all sort of uncanny, to say the least. Why now and why Tucker?

I will answer the second question first. Has anyone but me noticed Tucker can't seem to pronounce CIA? He slurs it every time. Do we need to ask CIA psychological expert Chase Hughes why he would do that? Probably not, since any first-year psych student could tell you. It is a ludicrously obvious and inconvenient mental block. As they say, it's textbook.

Now as to the "why now". Well, because I have destroyed all their old stories and they are now trying again. Could I explain it any more directly? Everything is falling apart on them, so much so that they have gone to Defcon1, which includes huge amounts of new and "improved" damage control. This new 911 series is to admit that there is no one left that actually believes the old story, so why not admit it is a lie and start over, telling a new lie that might be slightly more believable? Ron Unz has run interference for Carlson on this one, no surprise there, and in his account Tucker had to take a weak first run at 911 to appeal to those who had never considered the possibility the mainstream account might be birdturds. Same for the Young Turks, who pretended they and their billions of followers had never for a moment thought the conspiracy theorists might be right on this one. Sure. Tucker leads with that himself, in part 1, to make you think he is being cutting edge and brave here. His comments sections have been pre-fertilized with those suggesting he is now a target for assassination by the CIA, due to how dangerous and controversial this is. They are telling him that, like Marjorie Taylor Green, he needs to tell the world he is not suicidal. Don't make me laugh. Precisely no one will be shocked by this, since precisely no one still believes the old lies about 911. Not one person over the age of three or under the age of 93 believes 911 was done by 19 Arab midgets, that the twin towers fell due to planes, that there was a plane that hit the Pentagon, that a plane crashed at Shanksville, that WTC7 fell due to fires, or that bin Laden or Al Qaeda had jack to do with any of it. In fact, I would guess that 95% of viewers will be ahead of Tucker from the first frame, rolling their eyes when Tucker starts yakking about the hijackers. They will know this is misdirection 30 seconds into it.

So what exactly is Tucker up to here? Well, beyond running continued interference on this event by keeping you corralled in the upper levels of the rabbit hole, he has been instructed to let CIA take the fall, as he did with JFK. Why? Because CIA is the most untouchable. CIA has nothing to fear from this. Do you think Trump is going to watch Tucker's expose and defund the CIA? No, they will all have a quarter-pounder and a beer and a big laugh together, before snorkeling deeper in the treasury. Among other things, CIA was created to take this sort of fire, like the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, and the FBI. CIA relishes its role as the bad guy here, since what are you going to do about it, vote them out of office?

Another thing Tucker was instructed to do is keep as much as possible to the LIHOP story, rather than the MIHOP story. In other words, he is stalling by keeping you kettled in the "government let it happen" story instead of the "government made it happen" story. That is what the hijackers in part 1 are all about. You are supposed to believe—in 2025—that the CIA and FBI and Air Force simply stood down while these bozos flew 757s into major buildings. While of course the truth is there were

no hijackers, Arab or otherwise. There were no people on the planes, and weren't even any planes. That was all CGI'ed in later. This was just a huge building demolition sold as a terrorist attack, to cover up the illegality of the demolition, as well as allowing the PNAC people to start several wars and shred the Constitution.

That truth is not difficult to comprehend and is already known by most people, so we hardly need a new fake investigation, since any new investigation would be run by the government, and therefore would be yet another whitewash. What we need is immediate prosecutions, using the mountain of evidence already compiled over the past two decades in research by thousands, including myself. But although Tucker implicates Bush, Cheney, Brennan, Rice, and many others, they—like the CIA—are untouchable. Who is going to prosecute them? Nobody. But just in case, Tucker's job is to slow walk this another few years, when they will all be dead.

On the way out, I want to circle probably the lamest part of this five-part series, a thing Ron Unz is sure to mention and corroborate, in his inimitably oily way. That is where Tucker assures us that the FBI didn't have email or internet until after 2003, explaining why they were so out-to-lunch. He admits they did have computers, but claims agents couldn't get online and had no email. Also had no scanners, so they had to send photos in envelopes. Also had no online files, still relying on files in file cabinets.

I guess they also didn't have watches or clocks, having to rely on sundials. They also didn't have phones, relying instead on tin cans connected by strings. They also didn't have cameras, relying on artists making oil paintings.

All you have to do is look “internet” up on Wiki to find that the government, military, and universities were connected by 1971 by Arpanet, and that would have included FBI and CIA. That included email from the beginning, back to the 1960s. The image scanner was in use by 1975, and of course they had desktop fax machines back to 1948. By 1968 the Xerox telecopier was very common. So FBI would not have been slowed down in 2001 by having to use snail mail or any other old tech. The very idea is an insult to your intelligence.

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As a tack-on, I have been asked by many readers for more golf stories. Hard to believe, I know. I would never have guessed it. Though I admit that my golf stories are far more compelling than any new 911 BS from Tucker Carlson, though that isn't saying much. If you are not in that group and have no use for golf stories, you can bow out now. I won't hold it against you. Though it does have some other biographical information which may broaden its appeal a bit.

In about 1997 (not sure of the year), I was living in Austin and ran into an old friend from Lubbock, Morris Denton. Morris lived about a block away from me in grade school, and we were good friends until he moved to Aspen when we were about ten. I remember that when we were both in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade and in the same class at Wheelock we were in love with the same girl, Laurie House, and we had a famous tussle over her. It was talked about for years, though I believe it gained a lot in the retelling. We probably just rolled on the ground for a few moments, though by the next year—as we told it—people had gotten punched and kicked, teeth knocked loose, eyes blackened, and so on. I'm pretty sure none of that ever happened, though it does have a certain Twainish charm to it. Morris lived in kind of a fancy architect's house in Haversham, and I would occasionally go to his house after school, since it was just a stone's throw from Wheelock. I remember we would have a contest to see who could jump

over this big cat tail bush on the way to his house, through the middle of Haversham. At his house we would often draw, since Morris was a pretty good artist as well. I remember he showed me how to sharpen a pencil by first sharpening it straight on and then pulling it part way out and hitting it at an angle. Funny the things you remember.

Anyway, I didn't see him again until years later, when we were both in college. I had heard he had become a big skier in Aspen, as I guess one would, and then he returned to Lubbock where he was the soccer team's goalie at Texas Tech. I was already in Austin by then, going to UT, but when I would return home to Lubbock in the summer I would sneak into the big new outdoor pool and sports complex at Tech, which didn't check ID. It was a great place to meet girls. After having a swim and a gawk I was walking through the weight room when I ran into Morris. I think he recognized me, because I certainly didn't recognize him. We had been the same size as kids, but now he was a full size bigger than me, being about 6'4" in shoes and 200 pounds, while I am only about 6'2" in shoes and 170. He was also a full size bigger than his father, so I don't know what he was eating in Aspen. A lot, evidently.

I ran into him again in about 1997 in Austin, and we were mid-30s by then (I believe he is actually a year older). Possibly it was at Stubb's BBQ, which had been opened the year before by John Scott, another Lubbockite and childhood neighbor who was a pretty close friend of Morris. I was a mildly successful artist by then, having had good years in 1993 and 95, but Morris was a big-shot in PR, already being a member of Barton Creek Country Club. We chatted for a bit and found we had at least one similar interest: golf. I had been playing since I was nine and Morris had apparently taken it up more recently, but was hooked. Hence the membership at Barton Creek, a real players' club. It wasn't the major resort it is now, but it was already highly rated then, especially the Fazio course. When Morris invited me to play I jumped at the chance, since there was no other way I was going to get on. Not only was it private, but it was way more than I could afford. It is about \$200 now, supposing you can get on, and was relatively just as pricey back then. I actually don't know how much it was, since Morris picked up the green fee. Otherwise I couldn't have done it. I almost messed it up anyway, since I showed up in bluejeans. A CC no-no. I knew to wear a collared shirt, but forgot about the jeans being *verboden*. I didn't do it on purpose, to be an artist or whatever, though he may have thought that. Just durfed it. I ended up having to buy a \$40 pair of shorts, which I still have and have never worn again, since they are baggy Lauren polos that make my legs look even skinnier than they are. So why not buy something else, you will ask? Well, because the pants were all \$100, but these shorts were size 32 and therefore too small for the fatcats at Barton Creek, so they had been marked down. They were the cheapest thing in the place. Once I changed into them I laughed and said, "Now you see why I didn't wear shorts"—my knees being the bane of my existence.

We played just a two-some so we had a lot of time to talk. Morris was very corporate and I was very non-corporate, so we didn't have a lot in common, though we tried to make the best of it. There was no bad blood, at least on my part. I was just glad to be there, as I said. He was impressed I had made it as an artist, or nicely pretended to be. He told me about his creative side as well, outside the office, and I seem to remember he was working on a fictional book or something, maybe a novel. Not sure if anything came of that. I didn't learn more later because we didn't end up doing anything else together. I couldn't invite him to my CC or yacht or anything, so the relationship sort of died on the vine. I did invite him to come see my art, and to play golf at Kizer, a public course, but that never happened, for pretty obvious reasons. Why would he want to play at a muni course? No, this was a one-time thing, as it turned out.

I wasn't playing much then, since I couldn't afford it, but I was playing occasionally in the 1990s.

Maybe once or twice a month at Kizer or Lyons, Lyons being near my house rental at that time in Tarrytown. I remember being five under after 15 at Lyons in that period, so I was playing pretty well. I was scratch in those years, or very close, and I may have told Morris that. I doubt he believed me. People never believe anything I say, to be honest, which is why I don't say much in person.

He believed me after we played, since I shot 71 at Fazio, my first time seeing the course. Fazio is a par 72, and was rated 74 from the tees we played (one-up, gold) back then, so I was actually 3-under scratch that day. Scratch means you are expected to match the course rating, so I should have shot 74 to match my handicap of 0. I wanted to play the back tees since that is what I always do, and do to this day, but Morris had only been playing a few years and didn't want to play the course that hard. It rates 75 from those back tees. I actually found it harder from the gold tees, since I hit into trouble I wouldn't have hit into from the back tees. It cost me a couple of strokes. I could have avoided that if I had known the course, but Morris didn't know to warn me. I also don't like hitting wedges into the par 4's, not only because that isn't my best shot, but because I like hitting mid and long irons. That is my specialty and I find it more of a challenge. I find driver-wedge boring. You may say I could hit iron off the tee, but I don't like to do that, either. I like hitting driver off the tee, since that is what it was made for, but I like hitting mid or long irons from the fairway, since that is what they were originally made for. Short irons are also OK, but not wedge on every hole. That isn't how the game was meant to be played. In my opinion, if you are hitting over 260 you should be playing from the back tees, no matter how old you are or what your handicap is. That way the course plays like the designer intended it to. An exception could be made for courses over 7300 yards or bad weather.

I admit I was loose and lucky that day, I don't know why. Part of it was I really liked the course. It isn't overly tricked up and the greens are puttable, or were then. Not lighting fast or huge and undulating like Austin Country Club. Not water everywhere, not out-of-bounds everywhere, not sand traps in the middle of the fairway. Very fair and playable. I remember one short par three, maybe number 9, where I hit a 9-iron about 15 feet right, it hit a hill and bounced down about a foot away from the hole, almost going in. Morris laughed uneasily and said I had gotten a member's bounce. It was true: it was very lucky, since I didn't even know it would do that. I was already a couple under by that point, and no one wants to watch that, especially from someone who shows up in jeans and then walks around in Ralph Lauren shorts looking like a killdeer.



I haven't seen Morris or talked to him since, and I find that sort of sad. I always liked him, and he was very nice that day, though a bit reserved. I don't think he knew what to make of me. I do know he became an even bigger big-shot in Austin, being highly successful and pretty rich. I read about him hanging out with Lance Armstrong and McCon and others of that sort, though I don't know if he kept with Lance after the fall.

I just looked him up online, and the first thing that came up was a cannabis video at Youtube, where a Morris Denton is being interviewed. At first I thought, this can't be the guy, but it is. Morris is now the CEO of Compassionate Cultivation, which legally sells medical cannabis. Didn't realize he was into that stuff, and maybe it is just an investment thing. Kinda weird, though. He is also an owner of Mojo Sports, according to LinkedIN. I don't know if that is the same Mojo that Ben Sherwood founded. Morris was VP at AMD until 2007, and was a Managing Director at Citigate Cunningham when I last saw him in 1997. Looking that up, Cunningham was doing PR for IBM, Adobe, Motorola, and Hewlett-Packard. Morris was GM at Edelman Austin in 2011-12, as part of the world's largest PR firm, working with some of the biggest crooks and creeps in the world. No wonder Morris only lasted a couple of years there and moved on to cannabis, right? As for the connection to Lance, Morris is still listed on the Board Emeritus at Livestrong, whatever that means. So . . . not really what I wanted to hear. I guess it was me that didn't know what to make of Morris.