

# “Existential Vertigo”

## (A Beginner’s Guide to Miles Mathis)

by Colin Stayton

[Miles: to mark 25 years on the web, this week I am publishing several testimonials from readers. I started with a small Geocities site at Yahoo I built myself with their HTML editor, learning to write that simple code. Which is why my site later looked like it did. Yahoo shut that down a couple of years later without warning, I still don't know why. They never responded to questions. And yes, that was before Geocities closed down. I then took the next step, transferring the site to a private host, where it grew pretty quickly. I had been publishing my science papers at Walter Babin's *General Science Journal*, leading with the Relativity papers. They were very popular there, getting a fantastic number of hits, more than he was used to. But once I built my own site, I transferred my science papers over there. At about the same time (2004) I was writing art counter-criticism for the *Art Renewal Center*, attacking Modernism on that site devoted to realism. Those papers were also very popular, drawing an outsize audience. After a couple of years I got crossways with the owner there, who didn't like that I said something nice about Van Gogh. So I transferred those papers over to my own site as well.

Pretty soon I could see I needed to separate the science and art papers, so I split the site into two independent URLs, with just front page links. That has worked pretty well over the years, though it has led to some confusion. My early content was all art and science, so there was no reason not to publish under my own name. Once I later began blowing the cover of fake events, I figured why hide? I would have had to build a third unlinked site and didn't really want to. The only time I considered it was with the first big Kennedy paper. I actually sat on that one for a couple of years, putting it up but not linking to it from my homepage. I only gave the link to specific people. But when Hopper and the usual suspects [destroyed the Taos art](#) scene while I was living there in 2009, I was so enraged I wanted them to know exactly who was attacking them. My writing accelerated at that time and has been in overdrive since then, as I realized art wasn't the only thing I loved that they had destroyed on purpose.]

So, you’ve discovered Miles Mathis. Firstly, I congratulate you. In a digital world designed to confuddle, bamboozle, and disempower you, you’ve managed to find one of

the last sane corners of the internet. Well done. Secondly, I offer my condolences. Discovering Miles Mathis is like discovering the exit to Plato's cave. All your life you have been fettered and forced to watch the deformed shapes of shadow puppets parading across the Jumbotron. Now that you are beginning to breathe the fresh air and behold the bright sunlight of truth, you will, I am afraid, suffer what I can only describe as **existential vertigo**. Nearly everything you were taught about the world up to this point has been a lie. You yourself have been hung upside-down by your ankles since childhood by teachers, actors, politicians, religious leaders, and—yes—even your own parents (don't blame them too much, they probably didn't know any better). Now Miles is attempting to set you right-side-up, to move you [further up the mountain](#), but for a while everything will look wrong. You've been a deckhand on the Phoenician naval cruiser for too long, and now that you're on solid ground you still feel the pitch and sway of the ocean in your legs. At this point you may feel a bit like an escaped hostage wandering around in a chloroformed stupor.

What now?

My advice is simple: stick it out. Most of the people I've turned on to Miles Mathis have not had the courage for it. They are like the prisoners in the cave being dragged out into the real world above ground. The sun is so bright, and the true shapes of things so disorienting, that they rush back to the comfort of the cave. There at least they had a system, and everything they saw made sense in that system. It is not so much that they *don't* believe what Miles has to say, but that they *can't* believe it. To believe it would require scrapping everything and starting from scratch. It is not a question of truth but a question of grit. They simply cannot stomach the existential vertigo. This gets to the heart of why Miles is as beloved by some as he is ignored by others. His analysis is totalizing. It demands that we abandon every last one of our neat little systems and armchair theories that lull us into the false sense that we know what's *really* going on. "Others may be duped," we say, "but not *me*."

There are two *bad* types of conspiracy theorists. The first are what I call the dabblers. They enjoy the fleeting thrill of a good conspiracy but don't want to be bothered with any major disruptions to their way of thinking. It is a purely fun diversion, which is why they gravitate toward theories that don't upset the overall scheme of things. They might believe the CIA was really behind the JFK assassination, or that the moon landing was just a Hollywood production directed by Stanley Kubrick. To believe something unorthodox about these isolated events is easy because they remain neatly self-contained. They don't demand anything of the dabblers themselves.

The second are what I call the ideologues. They come at conspiracy theories from a predetermined worldview and will only accept theories that support their worldview. The worldview is often political (the democrats are behind it!) or spiritual (the satanists

are behind it!) or racial (the Jews are behind it!). Conservative Christians often fall into this trap. Many of their theories are correct as far as they go. Radical as the ideology may appear, the problem is that it never goes quite far enough. It stops at “democrats are evil” and doesn’t make it to “republicans are evil”, much less “all politics is vaudeville”. It indicts the swamp but can’t see the slimy moss dangling from Trump’s hair plugs. It believes the monetary system has been corrupted by bad actors but refuses to consider that bitcoin was cooked up by those very same actors. It points the finger at the deep state but doesn’t realize there’s nothing *but* the deep state.

What may be ultimately disappointing to some is that Miles’s theories just aren’t sexy or disturbing *enough*. It’s far more thrilling to suppose the CIA is mind-controlling serial killers than that there are no serial killers at all. The possibility that the government is shooting DEW lasers down from the sky to incinerate entire towns sends a chill down the spine; the thought of it being faked with CGI does not. Our society has grown too addicted to fear. A coworker of mine once lit up at the mention of serial killers, to which she announced gleefully, “I LOVE serial killers!” We can’t get enough murder mystery podcasts and *Law & Order: SVU* rape stories and satanic pedophilia rings. We inundate ourselves with these things and wonder why we need to take pills to sleep at night.

To give Miles Mathis a fair shake requires that we cease to consume conspiracy theories for their shock value. Such an approach will keep you from really getting anywhere. In fact, it’s just another form of obeisance. It makes the rulers out to be far more fascinating than they really are. If you ever met one of these shadowy elites, you would find neither a bloodthirsty diabolist in a velvet cape, nor a humanoid lizard, nor a brilliant but sordid trickster. Instead, you’d find a short little self-absorbed businessman with a cardboard personality. He wouldn’t be half as interesting as the Wizard of Oz. Their power is all a show, which is why they concocted the fear-porn variety of conspiracy theories to begin with. They don’t want you to know how little power they really possess or how dull they really are.

So, as disorienting as his papers can be, in the long run they are far more empowering than anything else out there. Their power lies in their truth, and truth is the only potent medicine for the peculiar malady of our modern age. That’s the thing about Miles: he’s no mere peddler of conspiracy theories. He presents a whole way of seeing the world that extends to science, art, religion, health, and even relationships, elucidating every subject he lays eyes on. He’s a mad prophet, a barefoot philosopher, a blind bard, and a sword-wielding hippie all rolled into one. His multifaceted personality shines through in everything he writes. But most importantly, he’s real flesh and bone. Having corresponded with and written for him for many years now, I can attest to this much: he’s everything he claims to be, warts and all.

One way to judge the merits of a theory is what effect, if any, it has on those who subscribe to it. I am not exaggerating when I say Miles Mathis's writings have changed my life. I am not the same person I was when I first discovered Miles in 2017. Since that time, I have quit a soul-crushing corporate career and taken up homeschool tutoring. I've started writing poetry again. My wife and I moved out to the countryside and are trying (in our very amateurish way) to live a more agrarian lifestyle. We ditched our TV and smartphones. We stopped going to church but became much more devoted to Christ. We opted out of health insurance. We stopped worrying about money. We stopped living in fear. Much of this I attribute to reading Miles Mathis.

So don't worry, that initial wave of vertigo will subside. Stick with him. I promise it's worth it.