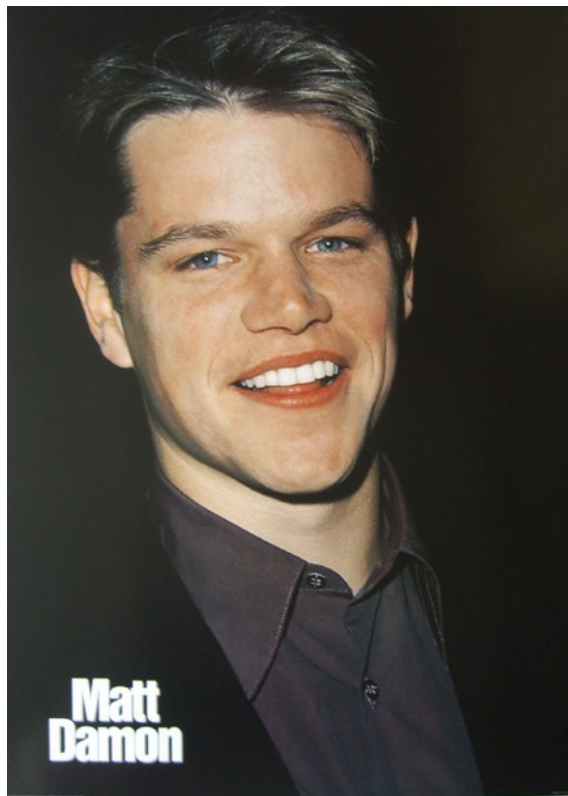




Damon age 27 Mathis age 29



Damon age 53 Mathis age 57

“Good”? Will Hunting

July 24, 2026

This will rub a lot of people the wrong way, which is the point. They push me and I push back. I have already [done Brad Pitt](#) and now it is Matt Damon's turn.

To remind myself why I so despise Matt Damon, I just watched *Good Will Hunting* again. To remind *you*, Damon was nominated for best actor for that in 1997, and he and Affleck won for best script. You have to wonder who they bribed, because the whole thing is an embarrassing joke. A math genius 20-year-old janitor at MIT who is also a tiny streetfighter and great ladies man? Seriously? But what makes it even more putrid is that Damon not only pretends to be a genius when he isn't, he pretends to be living in a shack in Boston in the movie, whereas in reality he is from the rich Telfers and Damons and [went to Harvard](#). That's right, in real life he wasn't the Hunting character, he was the stuck-up blond guy in the bar in the first scene trying to snow the world into thinking he was smart by memorizing lines in book. Or, which is the same thing, writing himself as the lead in a Hollywood screenplay where he was a poor genius, then getting his rich cousins to promote it and give him awards for it. In that scene at Harvard, the snooty guy says Hunting will be serving his kids fries as they drive to a ski vacation, and Hunting answers that at least he won't be “unoriginal”. Everyone apparently missed the massive contradiction there, given Damon's subsequent life. It is a contradiction even in the script, since Hunting later lies to Skylar about his background. That's original. And that lame line about “how do you like them apples?” That's original. [Plus, he stole Robin Williams' line at the end, remember, about having to talk to a girl?] Damon has had some of the greatest promotion of anyone in the past 30 years, so watching him in this movie pretending he is too good for promotion is mendacity incarnate.

After that ridiculous beginning, the rest of the flim is promotion for the Fields Medal and the American Psychiatric Association—which is mostly known since then for criminally overdrugging the last three generations—so we should assume they both underwrote this stinker. Though I doubt having a therapist choke and threaten to kill his patient in their first meeting is a textbook form of therapy. Maybe it is the latest Gestalt thing; I haven't kept up with the literature.

We were told this script was based on Affleck's father's experience as a janitor at Harvard. Right, and you believe that? They admit his mother graduated from Harvard and they lived in Cambridge, which is very affluent, his father being a playwright. They were both from wealthy lines, so there is no way Dad was working as a janitor, mopping floors. And that lie isn't even original. Every other Hollywood actor pretends to be from the streets, when they are all from these peerage lines [like the Afflecks](#), Baronets of Dalham Hall. Ben's grandfather was Myron [Hopkins Strong](#) Affleck, Jr., note the four names and the names themselves, since there may be a link to Anthony Hopkins there. The Strong is from his 2g-grandmother [Mary Strong](#), who is the 7th cousin of Tim Dowling, who runs Geneanet. Tim is 1st cousin of the royal Stuarts, so [Ben Affleck is a Stuart](#).

♀ Mary Strong

- Born in 1858
- Deceased

Parents

- Myron Hopkins Strong 1834-1886
- Maria Bates Hoyt 1839-1874

Spouses and children

- With William Robert Affleck 1856- with
 - ♂ Myron Hopkins Strong Affleck 1884-1958

Notes

Individual Note

rootsweb: [Click Here](#) 

Linked to: Timothy Michael Dowling, 7th cousin 4x removed

Sources

- Birth: Dowling Family Tree - Tim Dowling - rootsweb, 2001-2015 - - electronic - I199444

Through these Strongs Ben is also a Thorp, and through them he is the 4th cousin of Tim Dowling's wife, making the relationship to the Stuarts even closer. Even better, Affleck is also Stanley in this line, going back to the Stanleys of Farmington, CT, and then to the Stanleys of Kent. [Peter Stanley](#) is the 13th great-grandfather of Tim Dowling, proving these are the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, who are close cousins of the Stuarts. That by itself proves Ben isn't some downmarket American Affleck, of no relation. Ben's mother is named Christopher Boldt (yes, Christopher), her mother being Elizabeth Roberts, which is Ben's all-important maternal line. They go back to Flourney Carter Roberts of Georgia. Who else is from that part of Georgia? Oh, Julia Roberts and Jimmy Carter. Julia's genealogy at Ethnicelebs crashes out right at this point, so they appear to be hiding something. Tim Dowling has no page for her. Jimmy Carter's paternal great-grandparents were Pratt and Cohen. But we already knew Affleck was a liar since he claims to be 6'4". He is nowhere near that tall, even in cowboy boots. All the males in Hollywood inflate their height by a huge amount, even John Wayne did and got called out by Robert Mitchum.

Then there's this little problem no one noticed from the film: do you really think that when they found out their masked genius was this jailed janitor with no degrees, no connections, and no money, their response would be to beg him to let them make him famous, give him an important high paying job, and sign him up for expensive therapy? They care so much about the boy, fighting about who gets to save him from obscurity, right? No, what would have happened in real life is that they would have fired him and kept him buried and probably jailed, running further projects to keep him squashed and powerless, meanwhile stealing the solution from him and printing it as their own. If he had complained they would have asked him for his proof of publication and peer review, and when he couldn't show any notes or other proof, they would have called him a liar and a madman, a crank and an egomaniac and a narcissist, turning his own family against him, at last probably finding some way to institutionalize him. This is how it actually works, as I now know from experience.

You know what else is BS? That scene near the end where Affleck's character tells him he owes it to his buddies to do everything he can with his gift. A real tear-jerker, right, everyone so supportive, with only Hunting holding himself back. Except for one thing: Hunting hasn't left without a goodbye to

accept some prestigious job, he has flown to LA to shack up with his rich Harvard girl. I don't think that's what Affleck meant when he hoped *Hunting* would make the most of his gift.

And this idea of friends and girlfriends and strangers being supportive is upside-down like the rest of it. Nobody wanted me to do what I have done. It was not only the mainstream trying to crush me no matter what I was doing, it was those around me, who also wanted me quiet and normal. Always, “you're not so different, you're not so great, you can't do that”, and after I did it, “that's nothing, quit bragging, if it was really anything I would have read about in the news.” The film makes you think that someone is going to believe in you more than you believe in yourself, but they aren't. That is, unless you are from these families, in which case all promotion is available to you—as long as you do what you are told. But that isn't really belief in you, either, is it? It is belief in their programs, which you may be able to help them with if you are obedient. So yes, there are people I despise far more than Damon and Affleck: their cousins who outrank them, the ones who actually run these programs and the world, the ones who pretend to believe in truth and justice and science and art and all these other things, but really don't. They couldn't care less about any of that, it is just a bunch of lip service. They also couldn't care less about discovering talent or genius, their only interest is in squelching it so that their own kids can see themselves written up in the papers every morning.

[Yes, rather late in the game some of my readers have been supportive, but I didn't see any of that until after I was long past 50, after I had already completed most of my oeuvre. For most of my life I was moving strongly against all local expectation and hope. And, to be honest, I still have no local support. My readers are all far away and invisible.]

That would be bad enough, reason for you to despise these guys, but I despise Damon for yet another reason: **he was pretending to be me in that film**, while he and his people were doing everything to bury everyone like me. My buddies and I didn't jump out of the car and beat people nearly to death on the pavement for nothing, and I didn't live in a shack and work as a janitor, but I was basically that guy otherwise. No, I didn't solve major math problems at age 20, though I have done *many bigger things than that in math and physics since then*, including diagram the atomic nucleus, achieve unification, and predict a solar cycle, but in my twenties I did things that would make a far more interesting script or movie than *Good Will Hunting*. I dated women far more beautiful and interesting than Minnie Driver, for a start:

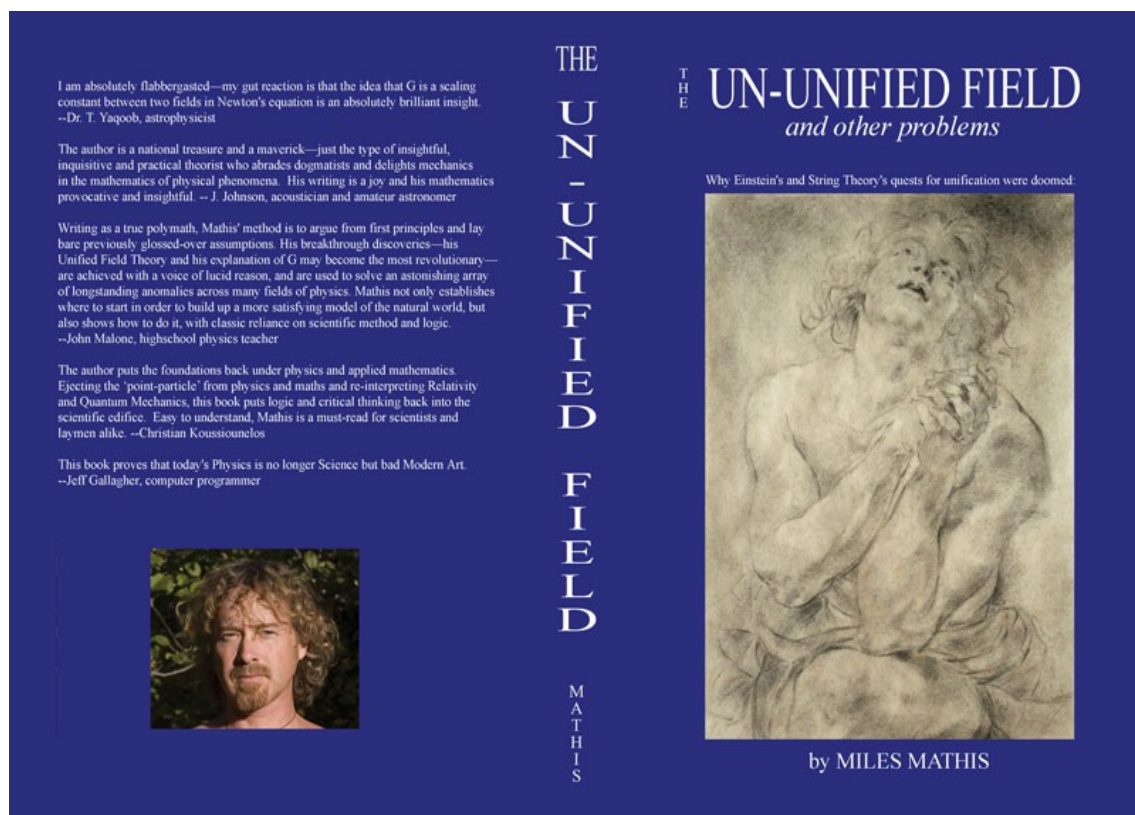


Kayla 1983 Bonnie 2011

I ruined the curve in my first physics class, physics with calculus in summer school at UT Austin, where I scored 100s over a class average of 55. I then declined to be recruited into the physics department*, so that is sort of like the movie, on a more realistic scale. I had done the same thing in highschool, being the first to solve a problem in the twenty-year tenure of professor Dewey Curbo. Yes, that was his name. He was the calculus teacher at my very large 5A highschool, and he had been putting the same problem on the board for twenty years, posting it near the end of the year for his AlgebraII honors students, to see if any of them could solve a calculus problem without calculus. In other words, *re-invent* calculus by being the given the old problem calculus first solved. Slope of a tangent to a curve. I solved it immediately in my head while everyone watched, explaining it as I thought it out. Everyone was dumbfounded. It was like that scene in *Little Man Tate*, but even better because it wasn't just multiplication. And no, I hadn't secretly studied calculus before that. I just worked it out in real time.

But the story doesn't end there. Dewey Curbo and I got crossways, because he was a bit of a tyrant. I acted up in some small way and he gave me a bunch of zeroes, worse than F's, for conduct. That should have dropped my final grade down to a B, but I guess he couldn't follow through, considering I was the best student he ever had. I slipped by in the end with an A-, as good as an A on the transcript. But I had had enough of Dewey Curbo and didn't take calculus from him. Ironical, isn't it, the only person who ever answered his question in his entire career, and I didn't end up taking calculus from him? You will say I should have been more obedient, but I still say he shouldn't have overreacted. Obedience is overrated.

And that wasn't just a one-off, since I later [rewrote the entire calculus](#). A NASA and Johns Hopkins astrophysicist, graduate of Oxford with dozens of first-author peer-reviewed papers, later confirmed that paper and wrote the introduction to my first physics book:



His blurb is the first one there. I am probably the first and only professional artist ever recommended by a mainstream astrophysicist. That is the first of about 40 books' worth of papers I have published on my science site.

Of course they used that to come down on that astrophysicist, threatening his job if he didn't go quiet on me. As I say, that is the way it really works. That kept anyone else in the mainstream from agreeing with me.

My Latin club stories are pretty rare and cinematic, too, though [I have told those elsewhere](#).

My experiences in England in my twenties would be far more cinematic than this movie as well. Such as the one when I won the Alkazzi Travel Award and used it to copy a detail of John Singer Sargent's *Carnation Lily Lily Rose* at the Tate Britain:



That took me four hours and I turned down two buyers on the spot, one of whom said he thought it was better than the original. I am not saying it is better than the original—it's not—I am just telling you what happened. The director of the museum then showed up, offering to hang it on his office wall to dry while I continued my travel award, which he did.

Or the one where I copied Van Dyck's *Corneliis van der Geest* in pastels at the National Gallery during the same trip, since they wouldn't allow copying in paint:



I did that in about an hour, so fast the guard didn't have time to stop me. He came up just as I was finishing, telling me that pastels were also not allowed, but I was already done. I left before he could steal it from me.

Or the one where I was arrested at Windsor Castle for climbing the back fence to sketch the Queen's horses. They chased me through the town with their whistles blowing, finally catching me hiding in a car park. They questioned me and let me go. I had a copy of Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience* in my backpack, which they didn't find too amusing, but it makes the story even better.

Or the one where [I wrote a letter](#) to the editor of the *Independent* and several other London papers, complaining about a Modern artist being allowed to wrap Rodin's *The Kiss* in string. I said London realists should storm the Tate Britain and cut the strings off. They did and got arrested. Imagine how that would look on celluloid.

Or the one where I was asked to take off my wool ski cap at Christmas Mass in Vienna, and declined—since all the women had on fur hats—the cardinal himself staring me down as the ultimate sinner and the ushers in a fit. After letting them stew awhile, and fearing I would stall the entire show while the police were called, I finally left, still wearing the hat.

And if you want bar stories, I have those, too. My team were trivia champions in a bar in downtown Austin around 1990, the name eludes me (it was on one of the streets with river names), and I was there early waiting for my friends to arrive. The games were played then on a trivia box, and you played online against people in bars nationwide. So I grabbed a beer and box and played several games by myself. I had a couple of perfect scores, and they throw up the top scores nationwide on the big screen, and I was at the top, with the name of our bar next to it. Suddenly this shockingly beautiful girl walked up and sat in my lap. I could see her boyfriend scowling several tables over and waving her back. He was some fratboy at a table with his buddies, but they didn't look violent so I just ignored them. I mostly ignored her, too, since she was half-drunk and stupid, not my type no matter what she looked like. She continued to sit on me while I played another game, testing me. I don't think she believed I was real. No one who looked like me could be smart, right? It didn't fit her card. So she teased me and tickled me, trying to make me foul up, but it didn't work: I scored another perfect score, and the fastest in the nation, being listed number one again. Finally she said, “Wow, you're the real thing, hunh?” and stumbled off.

Another time, same bar, a guy came up to me and asked me to come talk to his sister. She had a crush on me apparently but was too shy to come over herself. I didn't really want to, I like to choose my own dates, but I couldn't see how to say no. So I went over and talked to her. She was nice enough, but there was no spark, and I didn't feel like it was my duty to ask her out. Very awkward. Maybe not as awkward for her if she had come over by herself, though in that case I would have given her credit for initiative.

Not good enough for you? You want fist fights? I got that, too. I once hit a guy for littering. My buddy and I were crossing the street in front of Jester dorms late at night when a guy and his girlfriend crossed in front of us. He threw a 32-ounce cup of soda in the street, almost at our feet, making a huge mess, and I said, “littering ain't cool, man.” He turned on me, going, “what did you say to me?” He then charged me, posturing like he was going to hit me, so I popped him hard right in the nose. Rather than fight, he just said, “Aw, bitch!” and kept yapping. I told him to walk on with his lady, he had already made a fool of himself, and he slunk off. And, no, he wasn't smaller than me. Probably a bit bigger, and definitely younger.

Another time I hit a guy in the face multiple times for talking on the phone too long. This was before cell phones. The student union had a free phone, but it had a sign saying “limit one call when someone else is waiting”. So this fratboy, about my size, probably a little heavier, was on the phone. When he finished, he looked back at me, sizing me up, and then started to make another call. I stopped him and pointed out the sign, and he handed me the phone. I called but no one answered, so I started to walk away. But he had been stung by my superiority, I guess, and decided to face me down. He started calling me a faggot and at first I began to walk away, since it was all too stupid, but then he called me a

chicken and pushed me, so I swung around and hit him four times, twice on each cheek. He was so shocked he didn't even raise his hands to block at first, but at last just screamed like a little girl and covered his whole head with his arms. I laughed and started to walk away, but he started jawing again, so I did the same thing again, again with the same result. He then told me I needed about five guys to teach me a lesson, and that I was lucky his frat brothers weren't there. Yes, he actually said that, verbatim. I said, "Really? Five guys? Do you think that would be enough?" So this is what you are actually up against in the modern world, in most cases. Yes, there are a few guys that know how to fight, but it is mostly just bluff, like everything else in this world. Everything you see in Hollywood movies is ridiculous fiction.

I won a third fight in that period, though it lasted about as long. It was 1985, I was 22, and Halloween was coming up. Tammy, John's girlfriend, saw Irv try on a wig after a play, and we laughed because he looked like Julia Child. Irv was a bit stout at the time. She said we all ought to dress as women for Halloween. John wore fishnets but wouldn't wear a wig so he looked nothing like a woman, but my ex-girlfriend Kayla was about my size and dressed me from her closet, even giving me a purse. All I had to do is shave close and find an affordable wig, which wasn't easy. Finally I found one in a thrift shop on the east side of town. It actually had baby spiders in it when I picked it up, but I cleaned it up, don't worry. It was the right one because it was about my shade of blond, so it matched my complexion. I am an artist, remember, and when I do things I do them right. Problem is, I looked a bit too much like a woman, and I soon discovered it would be a night of learning experiences. The first place we went on Sixth Street we ran into some friends of Tammy and all sat down at a big table. They were all talking for a while and then I finally said something. One of the girls was astonished, saying "Oh, you're one, too?" She came over and sat in my lap, saying, "Gee, you're prettier than I am," petting me. It was true, unfortunately, and I had to disappoint her since I had no interest in her. Later that evening we were running the gamut on Fifth Street, and all the fratboys were out on the terrace at one of their spots. Of course they decided to call us faggots, and John, drunk, called them out. He told them to put up or shut up, so about four of them rushed us. Irv held one of them back and another saw the cops nearby and turned around, but two of them crashed into John and me. The guy who came at me was about two inches taller and twenty pounds heavier, but he was drunk and I wasn't, so I was much faster. I parried his first swing, hit him once in the nose and then tackled him, to prevent him from swinging again. The cops were on us by then and pulled me off, telling us to break it up. Which I did. But John didn't. He had been wailing on his guy, and when they pulled him off the guy kept yapping so John jumped him again and got arrested. He spent the night in jail.

But that wasn't the end of the night. I ended up going to an after-hours place, and this very beautiful girl took a weird shine to me. This time she was stunning enough I couldn't let it pass, and I ended up going out on a couple of dates with her that month. She was actually very nice, but I couldn't get past how interested she was in me as a girl. It really turned her on, so I assumed she just wasn't aware yet she was a lesbian. That was too weird for me at 22 and I moved on.

You will say those fights are pretty lame, which is true. I'm not saying they weren't. But my guess is Matt Damon has never hit anyone in his life. My point though was that any one of those stories would be more cinematic than anything in *Good Will Hunting*, the last one being a sort of *Some Like it Hot* script, but with far deeper psychology.

What else have I got for my movie script? Another time I was at the Magnolia Grill on Lake Austin and one of the waitresses who I had painted came over and sat down at my table. She said she had to come see the "sexiest guy in the world" and laughed. Apparently a new waitress—one that I didn't know and never did see—had come running into the kitchen with that description. My friend went

back and said, “Oh, that's just Miles”. And no, I didn't make that girl my next conquest. Though the story did stick in my head, for obvious reasons. Now that I am old I guess I can tell it, in defense from these Hollywood jerks trying to steal my identity.

Another funny thing happened at the grocery store near there. I was just picking up a couple of things, when these two pretty highschool girls ran up to me, beside themselves with glee. One of them said, “Who ARE you?” They had mistaken me for some moviestar, maybe McCon, I don't really know. I told them I was just Miles, sorry to disappoint them. That kind of thing was always happening to me, even up into my late 40s, when I was in Taos, with highschool girls throwing themselves at me and me having to throw them back. One woman in Taos liked to call me the blond Tom Hanks, and she was sure to point me out to all her friends whenever I saw her at farmer's market. I insisted she clarify that as the young Tom Hanks, not the bloated older Tom Hanks. There is some resemblance, I admit. I am taller and smarter, he has better legs and is much more charming in person. You see, I can admit the truth.

Another interesting story I don't believe I have told concerns the nude model for my [Harriet Shelley triptych](#).



I had scouted a good location, but it was on the grounds of Laguna Gloria Museum in West Austin, near my rented house in Tarrytown. So we had to break in at night, climbing the fence and shooting

under a street light. I don't think we made any noise, but I guess the headlights spooked a neighbor and the police showed up. It was about 2am, and I think he could see she had been nude, since she was in a robe or shawl. I still had the camera around my neck. I thought we were done for, but I fell back on the truth, which I normally do in a tight spot. I told him my name, that I was a realist artist, and that I was shooting in preparation for a big new painting of the poet Shelley's first wife. He said that he had heard of me (not sure that was true, but whatever) and he let us go with a smile. So although I have had some awful run-ins with the cops, I have also had one or two very pleasant ones. Maybe just that one.

I had several interesting things happen at Mojoes, a coffeeshop on the Drag in Austin that was popular in the 1990s. It had horrible coffee and was run by these phony guys who thought they were Modern artists, but a few interesting girls hung out there, and [Van](#) and I liked to go there and steal their girls from them. One of them was Sunny, who only modeled for me once, but she was just what I was looking for at the time.



Anyway, one night [Van and I, the Pre-Picassan Brotherhood](#), were there defending realist art and beauty, and one of the girls who overheard us got very upset. I told her she was beautiful and should be defending beauty, not mocking it. I mentioned how beautiful her long red hair was. The next time I saw her she had shaved her head in protest. That showed me, right?

Soon after that the art wars in Austin began in earnest, with several of the *Austin Chronicle's* writers

doing a series on exhibitions at the UT Art School and the Blanton Museum. All Modern, of course. You can read some of my replies in [my letters to the editor](#). They didn't fare too well against me, and ended up throwing a fit when they lost. The usual. The guys at Mojos also threw a fit the next time I came in, after reading my letters in the newspapers. They wanted to debate me, and I told them I just came in for a cup of coffee, not a debate. I told them if they disagreed they could write their own letters to the editor and I would respond. That made them furious and they asked me to leave. One of them did write a letter to the editor and it was printed, but it was short and almost illegible and only further embarrassed him. He was fighting mad and I was told he was looking for me, but the next time I saw him he was on crutches. I was told he had said something to the wrong guy and gotten his plow cleaned. That seemed to cool his jets and I never saw or heard from him again. He's probably director of the Blanton now.

What else? Well, my five weeks in Galway were far more cinematic than anything in *Good Will Hunting*. I was thinking of moving there, since I am mostly Scots/Irish and Ireland doesn't take an income tax from artists. That didn't work out, but by the second week I was dating the most beautiful woman in town, a French harpist known as the premier busker on the main street. Her spot was one of my main stops everyday, since I have always known how to focus. I also found an old grand piano on the second floor of one of the cafes, and played Debussy, Liszt, and Schumann almost everyday to keep myself in practice. After about about a week I invited Marie to lunch there and played for her, and that is how we connected. I listened to her play Bach and Monteverde and she listened to me play *Clair de Lune*. Another stop I made almost every day was the crepe cart, where one of the locals made amazing crepes. I remember that Marie hated the way I said crepes, which was like crapes. She reminded me it should be crepes, with a shorter "e", not a long "a". Yep. Stupid American from Texas. I also made friends with the crepe guy Liam and he invited us both to dinner at his house. He found out I was looking for a house and he had an old stone one out in the country to sell me for very cheap. I took the bus out to look at it, but it was falling down and out in the middle of nowhere, so, as I said, that didn't work out. But he did make us a nice meal in Galway.

But the cinematic part is just before that. That afternoon I had been watching a larger street show on the square, and one of the musicians, a big talkative fellow, sat down beside me and began chatting me up. He quickly found out I was an American, just arrived, and he clearly wasn't sure if he liked that. He invited me to come have a pint with him and his friends, to further check me out I guess, but I didn't really care for him (he had a lousy sense of humor) and I told him the truth: I couldn't regardless because I had a date in about 30 minutes that I needed to go get ready for. He felt I was blowing him off, which I actually was, and he got mad. He started making fun of my shoes, then said, "so you just got here and you already have a date?" I told him I had nothing to prove to him and walked off before it escalated more, but the leprechauns had more in store. As Marie and I were walking home from dinner later that evening, we crossed paths with him. He was walking the opposite direction across the bridge, pulling his cart with his instrument and I don't know what else. He saw me with Marie, the most beautiful girl in town, and he dumped his cart off the sidewalk into the street, stopping traffic.

Full disclosure: the thing with Marie didn't really go anywhere, either, since I found out she was living with a Swedish football (soccer) player on the Irish national team. She assured me he "wasn't her boyfriend", but even if they had an open relationship, I didn't really want to be a part of it. Great way to get cooties, as I had learned from previous experience. And yes, this was the same trip where I had two holes in one during the same round on the little golf course.

What else? I have told this story before but we will include it here as well, since it would make a great scene in a movie. I was in Munich by myself and at the main square where the puppets are, when I

noticed a beautiful girl sitting on the edge of the fountain who looked like she was waiting for someone. I watched for a while and it looked like she had been stood up, so I went over and asked her politely if this was the main fountain. She said, yes, why? I said because I was supposed to meet someone at the fountain and they hadn't showed up, so I thought maybe I was at the wrong fountain. She said, that's funny, the same thing just happened to me, I was supposed to meet someone and he didn't show. I looked upset for us both and then waited just the right amount of time before saying, "hey, would you like to go get a cup of coffee with me? We can show them both." She said yes and we did. I still consider it a brilliant piece of acting. You will say it was just some practiced scam, but it wasn't. I thought it up on the spot. I saved her from another boring evening with some busy thoughtless guy who was taking her for granted and I treated her great.

I also met a beautiful girl on a train in Denmark. Young guys now can't imagine that: meeting a beautiful girl on a train in a foreign country, when you are alone and don't know the language. How could that ever happen? It only happens in movies, right? Well no, it can happen, though not like it does in the movies. The girl isn't going to make it happen, like some stupid *Friends* episode, where a gorgeous girl hits on a sleeping Ross Geller for no reason on a train to Poughkeepsie. And the gods aren't going to throw you together, as some twist of fate. But it can happen if you talk to the right girl at the right time in the right way. In fact that is generally the only way it *does* happen. And it beats the heck out of Tinder, since you pick her personally when she is standing right in front of you, not from some picture she chose that is probably from four years ago. And it is equal since she gets to pick or not pick you, you who are standing right beside her. She can see you and hear your voice and smell you and get your vibe, something she would never get from Tinder. You can't just "Say Anything" either, like in the old John Cusack movie, though of course that beats saying nothing. I start off with a normal question, pretty deadpan. This time it was "is this the stop for Copenhagen North?" I knew it was but pretended I was lost. Lost is always good, too. I also asked early enough that we had time to chat before she got off. I had to develop a good rapport before we both got off, since you can't ask someone to grab a bite after just asking them about the train stop. I also needed the time to size *her* up, since she might have been too stupid to have a conversation about anything, and I could pass. I was looking for someone I actually liked.

Of course this was easier before cellphones. Now her eyes would be glued to some cellphone and you couldn't get her attention if you were a shirtless Jason Momoa, juggling octopi and gargling golfballs.

But I digress. She was carrying an art magazine sticking out of her bag, and I had just seen the exhibition at the Glyptotek, so we talked about Thorvaldsen. She was impressed that I knew anything about Danish sculpture, and it gave me a chance to say I was a working artist. That was enough to get me off the train with her. We actually went to a pretty fancy restaurant, since of course she knew the town. When I woke up the next morning I remembered it had been my birthday. I had been traveling for weeks and had lost track. So that evening had been good birthday present from the Muses.

The thing I remember most about her, other than the obvious, is that she had lousy taste in décor. When we went back to her place, I found that she liked everything in a cow pattern. But hey, she was young and silly, as we all were, and are. Thank God for young silly girls.

I will close with a story from today, AFTER I started writing this yesterday. Even this is more cinematic than anything in *Good Will Hunting*. I am giving away kittens this month, as I almost always am at the end of a summer, and so I was down on the green for the free concert with my furries and sign and T-shirt that says Free Kitten.



I am still wearing that right now. Every kid in the park had to come pet the kittens, which was fine by me, but it wore the kittens out. Anyway, I also had cards printed so people could call me later if they changed their mind, and along with “Kitten Dude”, my card admits I am an artist and physicist. One father looked at that and looked me up and down critically, as if it couldn't be. I said, no really, it's true. You can go to my website. He didn't look CIA, so I said, “The last name is Mathis, like the singer Johnny Mathis.” His older daughter, probably about 16, suddenly perked up and looked at me. She said, “YOU are Miles Mathis?” **Yep, she knew exactly who I was.** In this little town out in the middle of nowhere. Looks like their Chinese-style internet isn't working yet. I laughed out loud. She said, “Oh, Dad, can I have one? We can tell people we got a kitten from Miles Mathis!” It didn't work, since Dad didn't want a kitten regardless, but it was fun nonetheless.

*You may say, Aha, so it is your own fault for not being recruited by the physics department when you were 19. But if you say that you aren't keeping up. Not only would I not have created all the art, but I wouldn't have done all the novel physics, either, since as a mainstream physicist I would not have been allowed to. I would have been indoctrinated into all the spooky forces garbage, equation finessing, and ignorance of mechanics, and would have ended up another brick in the wall. You will answer, “Well, then you had to go your own way and there is no problem to solve, is there?” Only the problem of the world not letting me back in, after I declined to work on their schedule. They have been promoting only Modernism for the last century, so my career as an artist was doomed from the start, and when I finally did start working on physics, they shut me out. Too late, because only those on the degree and tenure path get promotion (and most of those don't get it either, unless they rank high enough in the families). Contra *Good Will Hunting*, no outsiders are allowed, ever, and the story sold there that Einstein was an outsider is bunkum.

But if the world wanted to learn anything from my life—which it doesn't—it would learn that people like me create the most amazing things when we work on our own schedules. That doesn't mean we have to be set adrift—we can still be encouraged and supported—it just means we should never be

yoked to some system or plan or course. No one—even Hunting—ever considered the possibility he was doing fine pursuing his own interests in his spare time. All they needed to do is give him more spare time and easier access to more input (books, etc.). He would have tripped over more Earth-shattering discoveries that way than any other, as I have proved. At that point all they have to do is publish the discoveries, pat him on the head, give him a cookie, and put him back to work.