

On the Question of Narcissism



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I have often been called a narcissist, usually by my enemies but occasionally by those claiming to be allies. We could just dismiss this as another project against me, and in large part it definitely is that. My enemies have been trying to shame me into silence in any way possible, and one method is to try to convince people my self-assurance is negative rather than positive. The mainstream is promoted 24/7 in the most extravagant tones, but any promotion of me—especially *by* me—is not allowed. Which of course would leave me with no promotion, exactly what they want. Their world exists on promotion, so if they can deny it to me, they think they have won.

But let's start by looking at the actual definition of narcissism. It doesn't just mean liking yourself or being proud of your accomplishments, even to a great extent. It means being in love with yourself sexually. It is a real thing that happens to people, so it is best to get it right. Clinically, it most often happens to very attractive men who are deprived of attractive female contacts—as in a boys school. When they go through puberty their sex drive gets turned upon their own bodies, as with mirrors and other ways, and they get physically turned on by their own beauty. When they look for a partner, they look for someone that looks like them, so they become gay. Most gays don't get to be gay that way, but some do. It is a medical fact.

Also a fact is that it didn't happen to me. We all have a picture in our heads of our ultimate sexual partner: that person we would build from the ground up if we could. Mine looks nothing like me and isn't a male. She looks something like this:



Yeah, Becky Gelke from Seinfeld. That's Helen Slater, just so you know. She also played Supergirl many years ago. I use that picture just because it is at hand on the internet: as an actress, she has posted a lot of pictures. I don't have pictures of non-famous women who look like that. And I can't print out the picture in my head.

I will be told Modern psychologists have expanded that clinical definition, which tells you all you need to know. Their job is to make sure you think there is something wrong with you, to keep you quiet. Here are the nine main traits of narcissism according to them:

Lack of empathy. - Too much need for admiration. - Identity disturbance. - Chronic feelings of emptiness and boredom. - Grandiosity. - Attachment and dependency problems. - Superficial and exploitative relationships. - Suicidal thoughts.

Chronic feelings of emptiness and boredom? Couldn't be further from my experience. Lack of empathy? Again, not even close. I am so emotional I am almost an empath, reading people's thoughts just from their faces and gestures. Also the opposite of Asperger's—which my idiot enemies have also accused me of. Would I be doing what I am doing if I lacked empathy or sympathy? No. Why would I ally to the middle and lower classes? Why not ally to the ruling class and work for them? That would have been so much easier, and it is what my parents and everyone else recommended I do. It is precisely because I empathize with the downtrodden, being downtrodden in my own peculiar ways. Too much need for admiration? You have to be kidding me! I lived in anonymity for years, and got semi-famous strictly by accident, without ever pursuing it. I refused all paths of easy admiration, taking roads of abuse and neglect instead, simply because they were truer and more interesting. Superficial relationships? Again, just the reverse. I have refused thousands of easy conquests, precisely because they were superficial and therefore unfulfilling to me. I was always looking for something deep and special and occasionally found it. Suicidal thoughts? None. And I don't even understand this one. If you are in love with yourself, why would you kill yourself? I don't see what this has to do with clinical narcissism. It makes no sense. These fake psychologists working for the man just included it to give you a nudge: if you aren't suicidal, consider it.

I also have no signs of so-called bipolar disorder or schizophrenia, since I am not restless, don't have any hallucinations, and my thinking is extremely ordered, as you can see from all my papers. I have no problems concentrating for hours, as is also obvious. I never have a decreased need for sleep, always sleeping around 10 hours. I never feel empty or worthless, obviously (wouldn't that be the opposite of narcissism?), my speech is not incoherent, and I have no problems managing personal care. I do have some social problems, but those are not hard to figure out: anyone with any sense is now having social problems, since society is literally falling apart at the seams. I have a very low tolerance for fools, and zero tolerance for liars or frauds, which makes swimming in Modern seas almost impossible.

And now we get down to it: **grandiosity**. What is that, exactly?

An unrealistic sense of superiority in which one considers themselves as superior and unique from others.

Hmmm. But I thought we were all supposed to think we are unique and special. Apparently that's only true as long as our uniqueness and specialness doesn't start causing the governors any problems. But it all hinges on that word “unrealistic”, doesn't it? Did Michael Phelps have an unrealistic sense of himself when he thought he was the best swimmer in the world? Was Tiger Woods being grandiose when he fist-pumped at the Masters? No, but you see what they are doing, don't you? They are trying to predefine people like me out of the game, shaming us into believing our accomplishments aren't real until they have rubberstamped them with approval. Once I win a Nobel Prize, I can believe in myself, but not until then. I have been told that directly many times, you know. They have told me people like me don't exist, therefore I don't. They have claimed it would be impossible for one person to do all the things I have done without big computers and assistants and funding and institutions, therefore I am either a committee or my papers are mist (or something—it is hard to follow their logic here). Others have dismissed all the papers and other artifacts with a wave of the hand, claiming they are sludge to the last word. Unfortunately for them, the papers prove otherwise, as anyone who has actually read them knows.

Which all goes to say my sense of self-worth may be, and very likely is, earned. Those papers and paintings didn't write or paint themselves. Which kills the “unrealistic” tag, which turns grandiose into grand. Which means that when I demand respect and my due, it isn't from a mistaken sense of superiority, it is from an expectation of fairness and justice.

OK then, my enemies will say, you aren't technically a narcissist. You are arrogant. But again, it just isn't true. In my day-to-day life I don't lord it over people or expect special treatment or talk down to people. I am friendly and soft-spoken and very quiet, listening to others. My ego only kicks in in self-defense, and yes, in those times I can be a bear. When someone tries to bully me or those around me, I increase ten sizes, chewing them up and spitting them out. I can't tell you how many people I have shocked for the rest of their unnatural lives by the transformation. But that isn't arrogance and it isn't bullying, either. Thrashing a bully isn't the same as *being* a bully. The main difference is that the bully picks on smaller people, while I only go after bigger people. Or people who *think* they are bigger: people who are more famous or more powerful or more promoted.

But I will admit there is a bit more to it than that, since I have purposely not been shy about waging war against these people in all ways. I have used every weapon at my disposal to break them, including pictures of myself. Those “on my side” who have complained about that—supposing they really are on my side—have, in my opinion, either stepped in front of a bullet not aimed at them, or they don't understand how full-spectrum psychological warfare works. When I beat down my enemies, my allies decide to feel beat down themselves, though I don't see any reason they should. It seems to me that, as allies, they should be glad to see me thrashing the enemy, in all possible glory. Would they also complain to St. Michael as he slew the sinners with his fiery sword, because he didn't do it with enough humility? I have to think that as soon as Michael posed on top of his pile of defeated monsters and smiled, he would be castigated for boasting or for not hiding his wings or for making everyone feel small.

You will say, “At least Michael doesn't pass around pictures of himself next to his enemies”. Yes, **because he doesn't have to**. Everyone already knows what Michael looks like, don't they? He is

already famous, isn't he? He already has signs of God posted all over him and thousands of years of pre-promotion. He doesn't have to respond to claims he is self-destructing in miserable isolation, a suffering outcast of all good society, due to his rebellion against the mainstream and undiagnosed mental problems. Everyone knows he is invincible, untouchable, and arrayed in a golden light.

But honestly, did you really think that the person who arrived at last to storm the Modern castle and single-handedly defeat a century of fakes and phonies in both art and science would be a small, diffident man, obeying all the posted rules of engagement? Did you really imagine I myself would be Modern, conflicted, or harboring any least doubt of my abilities, achievements, or goals? I could never have done what I have done, alone and almost unaided, without an unpierceable armor of self-assurance, built up over decades of conflict and conquest.

Which brings us back to that. Some don't seem to have the stomach for real war, but this is war. War was declared on art and science and most other parts of civil society years before I was born, obviously through no fault of mine. I didn't start this, but I will finish it. Those who started it have driven it forward mainly by psychological means, attempting to break us—us being all real artists, scientists. . . all real people. So I don't feel I have to apologize for breaking them with my own psyche. They have been trying to break me my entire life, but instead thousands of them have been broken upon me. I have broken thousands and I will break thousands more. I am only going to get bigger, and as I do they will continue to break upon me like waves upon rock cliffs. And do you know what breaks them as surely as anything? **Those pictures of me**. Once they see that all their decades of suppression, oppression, and crushing lies have had almost no effect upon me *and my face*, but have instead turned them into monsters themselves, they are done. That, more than any paper or theory, is what finishes many of them. That is how small and shallow they are, and I happen to know it.

You will say you didn't realize I had broken thousands, and that even if I have it isn't something to brag about. Proving once again you haven't the stomach for real war. If you say that you haven't the faintest clue what is going on around you, even now. I am considered so potent and dangerous Google has to completely censor my papers. They don't do that for other “cranks” or “deluded narcissists”, so apparently this isn't all just happening in my head, as part of a “bizarre delusion”. Even 4chan deletes any mention of me immediately, as if my name alone on the lips of the faithful is enough to drive out demons. If you are just getting here and think I may be delusional, I suggest you read [this paper](#) and take some links and do some general searches yourself. Then ask yourself this: do you really think a tinfoil hat wearing crank with delusions of grandeur could have achieved that sort of penetration of the internet? Do mentally ill people commonly find their papers outranking Wikipedia and MIT and Harvard? Amazing that so many people are sharing my delusions and hallucinations, isn't it?

Of course I don't have a counter of all those I have stopped, turned, or utterly destroyed. I only hear reports. I hear the cries on the wind. I see the signs as mainstream science and art collapse around me in noisy heaps.* But it is definitely something to be glad of. While they are weak and gasping we should attack with redoubled energy and fury, until not a mainstream scarecrow is left propped up on a stick. They had no mercy as they obliterated all real fields, filling them with their puny selves and their stinking effluent. So I will show them no mercy and feel no pity as I drive them back into their filthy holes—back to the ooze they crawled out of.

I will be accused of overstating the case for effect and my own greater glory, but it would not be possible to overstate the case. One can only understate the harm these people have done throughout history, but especially over the past century. The levels of societal and personal destruction are beyond human comprehension. If you fully comprehended them, you would dissolve immediately into a

puddle of tears and horror. What shocks the gods is not the levels of my anger, confidence, or even ego, but the levels of your complacency. What shocks the gods is how much manufactured opposition I have each morning, and how little vocal and name support I have so far drawn in my crusade. For instance, we know from my online numbers and rankings at places other than Google that literally hundreds of my papers are superviral, being read widely in academia. And yet even now working scientists are too afraid to join me. They know a revolution is necessary, and what's more that it is at hand, being led strongly by me, but they still can't budge to join it. It is the same in art and poetry and history, where people could and should be stepping forward, but aren't. Some of them beg off because they don't want to be associated with an angry, confrontational man. They don't want to follow a fiery sword. But who did they think would lead this revolution: a mouse? Did they think all the waste of the past century would be cleared out by a gentle wind? No, it will only be cleared by decades of tornados and hurricanes, so they should be grateful for my gusts. They should not be trying to calm me, they should be feeding the bear within me.

Others will say that any emotional polemics, no matter how earnest, look ridiculous in the Modern age. I will be told that such bluster went extinct in the time of Cyrano de Bergerac, along with codpieces and rhyming poetry. Not surprisingly, those who say this also think art and science are antiquated, and they care not that both have been replaced with money laundering and computer simulations. Argumentation and invective are two more things they are incapable of, and therefore would outlaw for that reason. But I note that my polemics has not been without effect. My foes claim not to have been hit, while sending out for transfusions. The person who claims not to have heard of me or to have dodged my bullet is found dead the next week.

Generations sat idly by while art and science were destroyed, and now that a renaissance is at hand they can't be bothered to notice, other than to nitpick it and its author. If I haven't yet been squashed, then job one is to turn up the pressure from all sides until I am, since what prophet has ever yet avoided a squashing by his own followers? You can all sort that out later. You can be sorry for it after I am gone.

Once you have quenched my fire with your glaciers of ice and resentment, you can start calling out for the next hero to come and save you.

Some have not understood how the same person can be so sweet one moment and so ferocious the next, claiming it is a sign of psychosis or something. But that is more balderdash. It isn't that uncommon, and I am unique only in the extent of it. It isn't a sign of bipolarity or schism, it is just giving people around me what they deserve. If you are nice, so am I; if you aren't, neither am I. And my writing ability allows me to express it where most can't. What is most rare is to find a person like me at the top end of the fields of art and science, confronting the denizens parked there. They had least expected it, since those fields have long since been coopted by the least talented members of the old families, seeking their subtle and polluted sinecures. Their more useful or ambitious cousins had gone into business or politics or Hollywood, leaving the captured fields of science and art to those whose only real ability was saying yes to the Pentagon or Langley. Business, politics, and Hollywood are also captured, but things are still allowed to happen there, while art and science have been stalled and disassembled down to bare ground, having been replaced by a counterfeit decades ago. Art and science are now even more a pose and a nudge than Hollywood ever was. I have proved that Hawking was a impostor*, but the same could be said for the rest them at the top of both fields: they are all little more than puppets or simulacra. No wonder they claim to think life is a hologram, being images projected on air themselves.

It is a sign of the times that a person who had done what I have would even have to field these accusations. By itself, it proves one of my central points: the whole world has been taken over by Intelligence and dunked in a deep well of manufactured chaos. Anything real has been purposely surrounded by forests of fakery and lies, to make sure no sunlight reaches it, no water touches its roots, no bee visits it. The genuine shoot is ignored or trodden under foot, while the plastic fern is feted in a million fonts.

In the end it doesn't matter what you think of me, and the problem for you is that I know that. Enemy or ally, your efforts to define me or limit me will fail. If you find me ridiculous, that is your failure not mine. It just means you aren't paying attention. While accusing me of self-absorption, you are just exhibiting your own. I was not created by you and cannot be uncreated by you. Professional opinion, like public opinion, is fleeting and pretty much meaningless. The Phoenicians aren't the only ones who ignore it. On a higher level, the gods also ignore it, though for different reasons. The Phoenicians ignore it because they hope to create it, and they think to spin what they cannot create. But they, like you and me, are in larger jaws. All we do is written and judged in a larger book, no matter how antiquated you find that idea. Calling the world ridiculous will not turn it off. Which is to say it is the spin of the world you should be concerned with, not the spin of the Phoenicians. In bowing before the smaller master you are offending the larger, and will soon regret it.

In the meantime, the Miles Mathis Revolution will continue on apace, despite interference from Google and the government, and you can help by continuing to spread the message. I remind those who really do support me of something Google would prefer you forget: the most powerful method of information sharing is not digital, even now. It is not Google, Youtube, Twitter, or Facebook. It is **word of mouth**. It is people talking face to face, or via email or phone. So I encourage you to return to the old ways, boycotting Big Tech as much as possible. Elon Musk is not going to save you, but your big mouth might. Post milesmathis.com everywhere you can think of: in public stalls, on physical message boards, on fliers, on post-it notes, on billboards. Make it like the old "Kilroy was here". If you are at Stanford or MIT or UT, drop the "w" and send them directly to my science site. And concentrate on the youth as you do this. They are the most desperate for a new world, and they will have to live in it the longest. Though they may seem catatonic at first, given time they may recognize an exit from their nightmare when they see it.

*As just one example, I give you Alan Guth, who was denied a Nobel Prize [mostly due to my work exposing BICEP as a fraud](#). See the last page and footnote there for the short version. If you didn't know that, it is understandable, since of course the mainstream never reported it. But it is known in academia. I killed that entire project, forcing them to switch to LIGO—[which I have also seriously damaged](#). I also [killed the Hawking project](#), ending the careers of his impostors and some other number of agents.