

[return to updates](#)

THE DEATH OF POLEMICS

by Miles Mathis

Not only has [physics died an ignominious death](#), polemics has as well. We see this from the quality of [my opposition](#). Polemics is the art of argumentation, and like all other arts, that art is now defunct. I take a look around every six months or so, to see who is attacking me, to discover if any worthy opponent has arisen—someone I might be interested in responding to. In my decade of looking, I have found nothing and no one. To make these short papers on my opposition readable I have to manufacture all interest on my own, since they are no help. As Whistler said once while debating an unworthy opponent, “I could cut my own throat better.” I think I have said that before on this site, but it is a quote worth repeating—you don't see Whistler getting quoted these days, and he deserves better.

Although there is no quality commentary out there, there is an amazing quantity of it. Several entire websites are devoted to attacking me. Many man-hours have been spent by many people, writing a lot of sentences and gnashing a lot of teeth. A troop of other people—[most of them nameless trolls](#)—have apparently been hired to post sophomoric comments everywhere comments are allowed: youtube, Amazon, forums, etc. This is a clue in itself. If these people were correct, and if I were just a crank and a crackpot and a deluded dabbler, it wouldn't really be necessary to create all these websites and follow me around spraying graffiti everywhere I pause, would it?

Just ask yourself this: if you read a paper online that seems to you to be completely worthless, written by someone who doesn't know anything about what he is addressing, or who seems to be a genuine crackpot, do you have any impulse to send him an email or build a website answering him or to go forums and attack him personally? I don't. No one needs to email crackpots, since crackpots are clearly cracked. They are their own worst enemies. Personally, I would only take the time to respond to someone who was making a strong argument, or who was influential, but who I thought had made an identifiable mistake. I would make every effort to identify that mistake to him in the clearest possible language. That is what my papers are, in fact: responses to influential people, past and present. So whenever I get an angry email, I take it as confirmation that I am either making a strong argument or being influential. Otherwise, why email me?

Although the response to my ideas confirms that I have hit a nerve, that response has not also been substantive. The few negative emails I get are all of a pattern. Almost none bother to identify an error, much less to make any argument. Although some come from universities or other institutions, these responses are not more likely to have any substance than ones from anonymous trolls. They are just sarcasm and invective and non-clever *ad hominem* remarks. Despite the cultural saturation of psychoanalysis and deconstruction, these professionals can't seem to psychoanalyze themselves, even to the point of seeing that they are just admitting *to me* how much I bother them. And why do I bother them? I am just one guy, not even one of their rubberstamped peers. Shouldn't they feel secure in their centuries-old knowledge, surrounded by thousands who think just like they do? If I am so clearly wrong on a first reading, how could I possibly threaten all that? How could I possibly deserve an email?

The greater world of physics and math is already gated and moated. Everyone in academia is already inside the confines of the castle, chanting the appointed chants, anointing the prescribed idols, sitting meekly in the proper pews, behind walls of stone and beneath great rafters of oak. So how could one man threaten all that? They let other lone travellers pass beneath the battlements without firing on them, since these scribes have no weapons that can harm them, and they know that. So if I am just one more passing scribbler saying nothing to the point, why is the castle buzzing? If my arrows are not clearing the walls or are falling harmless within, why are so many sent to the crenelations to fire upon me? You cannot claim someone is a waste of ammunition while you are firing on him. We can deduce from the response that they are lying about my reach. Not only are my arrows making it over the walls, dozens of them must be sticking in the hearts and necks of princes, bishops, and top knights. The entire palace must be swimming in blood and gore, and it would appear the pages and churls are the only ones who can still lift weapons.

So while I am gratified to find they at least know enough math and physics to know I am a threat, and to order every person still standing to rush to the defense, I could wish their aim were better. They are such poor shots, I don't even have to duck. I can stand still in a hail of bullets and ill-aimed cabbages, checking my watch and tying my shoes, and then stroll away without a scratch. The game doesn't even afford me any exercise. After several rounds of that, you would think they would get tired of pulling the trigger and hurling the wormy fruit, but they don't. They just keep firing the same faulty bullets with the same bent-barreled guns, glorying in the noise and smoke.

I will give you an analogy, to show you what is really going on. I am a bicycle rider, and the great opposition of bike riders is dogs on the loose. For many years, I thought these dogs chasing me and barking were angry and vicious. But I finally figured out they just wanted to play. Running alongside and nipping at my heels was their way of playing. That is what dogs do. They also don't really mind when you crack them on the head with your pump. It is all part of the game, and I think they actually look forward to the beating.

I see these website guys in the same way. It doesn't really matter to them that they look ridiculous, running after me with their tongues hanging out and nipping at my heels. They just want to play. They want to be noticed. And most of all they want to be cracked on the head by my stick. I know this because they email me, begging me to come over to their site and lay waste to it. Their greatest disappointment is not that I should defeat them, but that I should refuse to be diverted by their yapping. They are being paid to divert me, and they are not only failing to earn their money, they are failing to get their masochistic jollies at the end of my stick.

I will throw these dogs a bone here, if only to amuse myself. But I will throw the bone over the heads of Fido and the rest, hoping to hit their masters. When you sicced your first mutts on me years ago, and I sent them away bloodied and limping, I told you you were going to need some bigger lions to go into the cage against me. Instead, you have sent smaller and smaller whelps. I can only suppose that this is because the whelps, being young, can't see when they are overmatched or when they are beaten. They can't even read properly, because if they could they would see from studying my papers closely that they are in water too deep for them. But the young are ready if rough, and they will jump in any water, given a whistle and a command, whether they know how to swim or not. When they inevitably drown from the weight of their own clumsy paws and wagging tails, do not blame me. I would rather dive in and rescue the poor pups from their own enthusiasm—but since I didn't order them into the water and haven't the time to swim to each individually before they all hit bottom, we will have to let them be.

Their fates are immaterial anyway. It isn't these mongrels we should be looking to, it is the princes, bishops, and top knights of the castle that set them upon me. While the pups are filling themselves with river water, the princes and others are still bleeding to death on the palace stones, pierced by my well aimed darts. Although they prefer to remain quiet behind the high walls, feigning health and continuing to send out press releases claiming confidence is high, we know their souls are about ready to depart their battered theories and unarmored texts, leaving physics to a more sensible future. *Vae victis, ut res magis valeat quam pereat.*