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DARK MOFO



by Miles Mathis

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Warning: I include here some pictures of very offensive art, to show you what is being promoted with your taxdollars. I think you have to know what the world has become, and is becoming, in order to know how to respond to that world. So far the response has been way too anemic. Art has been killed while you slept or looked away, and it is time to wake up. Today Hobart, tomorrow your town. . . and your house. . . and your mind. No, scratch that. *Yesterday* your town and your house and your mind.

MOFO is short for MONA FOMA, which is short for Museum of Old and New Art, Festival of Music and Art. Which is a misnomer, since MONA includes no old art. Unless you think art from 1975 is old. Mofo is a project in Hobart, Tasmania, started in 2008 by David Walsh and “curated” by Brian Ritchie. Later they added a summer festival in January and a winter festival in June. The winter festival is *Dark Mofo*, since most of the events are scheduled at night. It is sold as pagan by its promoters and Satanic by its critics, but I will show it is neither.

I will start by admitting I have no problem with tree hugging, flower power, or nude swims, night or day. I am all for them. That sort of paganism I am all for. However, this isn't what Mofo is really about. Mofo is about promoting Modern Art and Music—meaning garbage and noise—and extending [the old Theosophy project](#) into the 21st century.



In other words, it is about undermining Christianity first and all other religion and morality second, so that the merchants can be even freer to rape the world without any religious or legal restrictions. It is also about destroying art, science, and all other forms of beauty and rationality, in order to crush the Modern mind and further break the will of the Gentile slaves. Although these projects are promoted as expressions of freedom, they are precisely the opposite. They are not expressing freedom, but manufacturing chaos, and those two things are not at all the same. As such, this is just another project of worldwide Intelligence, put together by the request of their Jewish/Atheist masters. [If you think that is another leap to a conclusion, just hold on.]

In this way, Dark Mofo is a lot like Burning Man and Glastonbury, but here the project has been thrown into a higher gear. We have not yet seen inverted red crosses at the other places (as far as I know—I have never been near the events), but we have at Mofo. So let's take a closer look at who is responsible.



Brian Ritchie is formerly of the Violent Femmes, an American punk rock band formed in 1981. One of the other members is Guy **Hoffman**, which surname gets us started. But we really don't need it, since we may assume Ritchie is a Ritchie like **Guy Ritchie**. The Ritchie's are crypto-Jews descended from the Riches of the British peerage, who were Jewish bankers imported from Germany (formerly Ritschels or Reichs) in the 16th century by Henry VIII to help him destroy the monasteries in England

and steal all their assets. I have previously shown that Guy Ritchie has close ties to the peerage, and may have a title himself. He is a **Stuart**. His step-mother is a baroness and his grandmother is Doris McLaughlin, a cousin of Kate Middleton.

Brian Ritchie's bio is unavailable and nothing is known of him before age 27. Is his middle name also Stuart? Or Cohen? No parents are given, nothing. He moved to Hobart in 2008 and Mofu was immediately born, indicating a project. Ritchie looks like a near-perfect incarnation of an Intelligence spook to me, down to the leading stories he likes to tell. [Like this one](#): while in Milwaukee, he was arrested because the cops were looking for a murderer named Brian Ritchie who looked just like him. . . and had the exact same date of birth. But we are told they let him go because it was a different big-headed Brian Ritchie, born November 21, 1960. Really? We are supposed to believe that?



David Walsh, right, is even creepier. He supposedly got his money as a professional gambler, which is an obvious cover story. He clearly comes from great wealth, and the usual sources, though we get the common lie about him growing up in poverty. His mother's father was supposed to have been. . . are you ready for this? . . . a possum trapper. That's a new one. Also notice what Walsh says of his father: [“all his stories were untrue”](#). All these people are pathological liars, as we know. Which leads us to note the contradiction in the surrounding sentences, where in one sentence this father is an asylum orderly, and in the next he is training greyhounds for the last 45 years of his life. Really? Do impoverished asylum orderlies normally become greyhound trainers? Greyhound racing, like horse racing, is a hobby of the wealthy. A few paragraphs later, we are told that as a boy, Walsh learned to grind his own telescope lenses from a teacher at the Friends school. And you believe that? As for the gambling lie, we are told he is a leader of the world's biggest gambling syndicate, a group of **17** called the BankRoll. Funny how that adds to eight, isn't it? In the article linked above, we are told Walsh got all his money from card counting he learned from an old book. Not a chance. You should know this, since they reference it on TV and in films all the time: casinos are on the lookout for card counters, and they find some excuse to ban them. So the idea that casinos would allow Walsh and his 16 buddies to waltz in month after month, year after year, and become millionaires at the casino's expense is ludicrous. Walsh is supposed to be a great mathematician, but my guess is he doesn't know squat about math. Compare his blogs to mine. I actually do hundreds of pages of math, whereas the most math he does is count the number of fake vaginas in his fake museum. If you read that article closely, you will soon come to realize it is all fiction. It has that same taste we have come to recognize: the taste of a Langley subcommittee. It has the same voice as the *New Yorker* article about Adam Lanza or the Wikipedia page of Jack London.

So nothing important or believable is known of Walsh before about 2001, just a few stories told in the press that cannot be verified. He apparently dropped out of college in 1979 and then crawled out of a hole 22 years later in 2001, founding a museum. He is a “rabid atheist”, which—with famous people—normally translates as “non-practicing Jew”. He funds local Quaker schools. [Figures](#). He says he

created the Museum to “piss off the academics”. Ridiculous, since the avant garde *is* now academic art. The academics have been promoting this crap for almost a century, so Walsh is strictly bourgeois and status quo. The last academics of the sort he is talking about died in the 1920s. If he wanted to piss off the current academics, he would do a huge one-man show for me. I get under their skins like no one else. We see this is true in other articles, where they admit the curators at both the Metropolitan and MOMA visited Walsh's museum and swooned over it. This is because they were instructed to. They are from the same Jewish families and their job is to make their talentless cousins looked important and interesting.

Walsh's first wife is not given at Wiki, but his second wife, Kirsha Kaechele (probably an alias) is the daughter of a high-level RAND employee. Again, indicating spooks. Her bio fails to give the names of either parent. We are told she “mentored with” a who's who of spooks, including John P. Allen, Albert **Hoffman**, Tom Robbins, John Lilly, Oscar Janiger, John Perry Barlow, Peter Nadin and Rodleen Getsic. She just happened to live in Sur (Tyre), where she was an observer of Hezbollah. Yeah. And an honorary Phoenician, I guess. In 2010 she was reassigned from New Orleans to Tasmania, where she was instructed to act as Walsh's beard and eye candy. And does she look Jewish? You tell me.



Mouth smiling, eyes not smiling, indicating a conjob. According to her Wiki page, Kaechele is supposed to be an artist, but I found no indication of that. Only [this personal website](#) where the “art” consists of paper bags taped to a wall, an abandoned house with sticks poking out of the roof, a neon sign that says “OK”, an empty room, and couple of other unidentifiable images.

Walsh owns the vast Moorilla Estate, where MONA is also located. This estate began as a winery, which—interestingly enough—was previously owned by Claudio Alcorso (purposely misspelled at Wikipedia as Alcorsco). Do you want to guess how Alcorso got his money? I will give you two guesses. No, he was not a banker. Yes, he was a textile merchant and industrialist. See the companies *Silk and Textile Fabrics* and *Sheridan*. Alcorso was also a big patron of the arts, so my first guess would that Walsh is actually related to him, and perhaps inherited the Moorilla Estate and his money from the Alcorsos. Was his first wife Caroline Alcorso?

[Claudio Alcorso](#) was an Italian “Jewish refugee from the Mussolini regime” who had studied at the **London School of Economics** and Harvard Business School. At Moorilla, he built two avant garde houses designed by Roy Grounds. Note that Claudio died in 2000 and David Walsh climbed from the sewer in 2001. Coincidence?

This begins to tell us why the town of Hobart would put up with inverted crosses lining the streets. Like all other towns large and small, it is owned and controlled by the very wealthiest people, so we may assume Hobart city council is a puppet of the Moorilla Estate. No doubt Walsh, the Alcorsos, or some other relatives (Farrells) own the newspaper, the mayor, the police chief, and the city council.



Regardless, we are told some contradictory things about these events. On the one hand we are told that thousands of people come to Mofo, generating millions of dollars of business for Hobart and Tasmania. But on the other hand we are told that David Walsh is losing money on the events. Both can't be true. My assumption would be that attendance figures are inflated, to make it look like more people are interested in Modern art and music than really are. We have seen that happen over and over. And money may be “lost” on the enterprise, but it isn't coming out of Walsh's pocket, you can be sure. More likely, the project is black-funded by Intel, which means Australian taxpayers are footing the bills without knowing it. That is how these things normally work. See Frances Stonor Saunders' book *The Cultural Cold War* and my [previous papers](#) for more details on the method.

Yes, the Christian citizens of Tasmania and Australia are paying to offend themselves here, without knowing it. They are paying for their own propagandizing and the miseducation of their children. . . just like you are.

In fact, proof of that is [easy to find](#). In 2017 *The Guardian* admitted that although Walsh initially funded the museum and festivals, they are now **underwritten by the government**. So the Australian government is underwriting Nitsch's crucifixion scene above and the inverted red crosses covering downtown Hobart. Good to know. The museum and festivals are also promoted hard by *The Guardian* and other international newspapers, who are constantly extolling and defending both Walsh and the pseudo-Satanic festivals. Why would *The Guardian* be so keen to defend inverted red crosses? You should really ask yourself that. The people of Tasmania can't possibly want this, and newspapers are

supposed to represent the people, which must mean the newspapers are forcing this on the locals at the behest of the billionaires and trillionaires.

Tasmania has a black history, much like that of the US. The indigenous people were wiped out by whites, and the main city Hobart was named after Lord Hobart, British Secretary of War. He was the Earl of **Buckinghamshire**, which shire we just saw yesterday in my paper on Colbert. You would think I planned that, but I didn't. His grandfather was a Bertie, Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven.



There is Bertie, just so you know. He was also Earl of **Lindsey**. And no, that picture is not stretched.

Also of interest to us is that Hobart is an Antarctic gateway city, being the port for both Australia and France. This gives it a spooky character once more, since all sorts of secret things are going on in the Antarctic right now, I would assume most of them having to do with illegal mining. . . and perhaps illegal dumping.

The Monthly article linked above does tell a small amount of truth about Tasmania:

The island became not so much a democracy as a mediocracy, in which the worst kept their power by destroying the best. Corruption scandals that were never properly investigated or punished came and went; a savage, self-deceiving complacency became the ruling creed; a culture of cronyism became the norm, and backwardness became self-perpetuating. Governments of astonishing incompetence had for many years no policy other than the blanket support of a rapacious forestry industry run on scandalous subsidies.

That and the gambling industry. But of course that paragraph doesn't just describe Tasmania, does it? That paragraph describes the entire world now. It describes the world surrounding me here in the US.

Which leads us to ask whether David Walsh in Tasmania is related to the David Walsh, CEO of Canadian mining company Bre-X. That David Walsh was about the right age to be the father or uncle of our David Walsh here. If you remember, Bre-X crashed in 1997 when it was discovered the company had defrauded investors with fake gold mines in Indonesia. Walsh then faked his death the next year in the Bahamas, at age 52, to avoid the outcome of lawsuits. That faked death now looks unnecessary, since investors' lawsuits failed to recover any damages. It looks like someone bought out the law firm hired to prosecute, [since in 2013](#), 16 years and \$12 million in billing later, that firm (Deloitte and Touche) claimed that "it had run out of money and probably wouldn't win anyway".

Hmmm.

"Biggest fraud in Canadian history and no accountability. It's very sad. We'll never know [what happened]."

The courts couldn't find any assets of Walsh or the other heads of Bre-X. They were allowed to leave the country and drain their Canadian accounts. [They didn't even take](#) Walsh's \$3 million estate in the Bahamas. The media is running interference for Walsh to this day, making him out to be an innocent dupe. Sort of sounds familiar, doesn't it? Same thing that happens in all these cases. No viable targets, I guess, like they said in the Heath Ledger faked death. The dog ate all the paperwork and the cat shredded all the lawbooks. And this David Walsh's birthdate? 8/11/45. Chai.

Also see David I. Walsh, Governor of Massachusetts and US Senator from 1914 to 1947. We are told his father was a comb maker who died when David was 12. Yet somehow he ended up attending Boston University Law School. His parents' names aren't given, and we don't know his mother's maiden name. This Walsh was gay and was involved in the "worst scandal ever to affect a Senator". Nazi spies allegedly infiltrated a gay brothel for US Navy personnel in Brooklyn, and Walsh was a fellow customer. Although others were convicted of being enemy agents and Walsh was suspected of passing information, the FBI and Senate covered for Walsh. Geni also scrubs Walsh, giving us no info on his mother or grandmothers. A famous governor of Massachusetts and Senator: another ghost. Wikitree has a page for him, but doesn't even list parents. And what was his DOB? 11/11/1872. Tellingly, Walsh was one of a handful of Senators who protested the failure of the United Nations to invite a Jewish delegation to its first conference. Interesting that he was so concerned about Israel.

David Walsh is a common Jewish name. See [David Walsh](#) of the World Jewish Congress. He also writes for the *Times of Israel*. Also see [David Walsh](#), VP of the Reform Synagogues of Great Britain. David Bowie's 2g-grandmother was a Walsh. What about Joe Walsh?* He is sold as Scottish and German, but look at him:



He could be Robin Williams' brother. Turns out he was adopted by his stepfather, as usual. His

mother's maiden name is not given. Geni has a page for him but scrubs all three parents. Geneanet also scrubs his mother. But we are told his real father was a Fidler or Fiedler, which is Jewish. So we may assume all three of his parents were Jewish. Why not admit that?

Which leads us to ask who are the Walshes in the peerage? They were originally Benns, but the 1st Baronet took his wife's mother's name in about 1780. No information is available on these Walshes either, other than one was the Governor of Fort St. George in India. If we go back another couple of centuries, a Sir Walsh did service to Henry VIII and married a **Woodville**. His father had married a **Forster** and been given Little Sodbury manor by her father. We are not told where he came from, but I suspect these Walshes were the same as the Walsinghams. Walsingham was Queen Elizabeth's spymaster, remember. Anyway, these Walshes supported William Tyndale, who translated the Bible into English—something that had been up to that time outlawed with a penalty of death. Anyone so much as having a Wycliffe Bible in their possession would have been killed at the behest of the Pope. But Tyndale had the protection of the king, since Henry wanted to use this Bible as a wedge with Rome. We find another interesting story here, since the son of the Knight Walsh married a **Vaux**, and he and his entire family were allegedly killed by ball lightning during a storm. As the tale goes, a “sulphurous globe” entered through an open door into their home during a storm, killing everyone. Only a son Nicholas who was not present survived. True story? It is doubtful. More likely Nicholas, who wanted the inheritance, hired someone to kill the lot.

But let's back up a bit. The 1st Baronet Walsh's son married a Lady Jane **Grey**, daughter of the Earl of Stamford, and became the Baron Ormathwaite. Through the Greys they were also related to the **Cavendish-Bentincks**, Dukes of Portland; the **Noels**, Earls of Gainsborough; the **Harleys**, Earls of Oxford; the **Villiers**, Dukes of Buckingham and Earls of **Anglesey**; the **Howards**, Earls of Suffolk; the **Saunders**; the **Armstrongs**; and the **Booths**, Earls of Warrington. The 2nd Baron Walsh married a **Somerset**, of the Dukes of Beaufort, so these Benns moved up very quickly in the world from nowhere. They must have been bankers. The 3rd Baron Walsh married a **Pratt**, daughter of a **Spencer-Churchill**. The 5th Baron married a cousin who was both a Grey and a **Douglas-Home**.

My guess is David Walsh of Hobart is also linked to the Farrell family, which owns Federal Group—which owns all casinos and gaming rights in Tasmania, as well as a bulk of the hospitality (including hotels) and retail business there. You may want to study how casinos got into Tasmania. A vote was organized in 1968 to see what the citizens thought, but seeing that they were going to lose the vote, the Farrells pushed a bill through Parliament *before* the vote, making it moot. Even Wikipedia admits much corruption and bribery was involved, especially regarding Tasmanian Deputy Premier Kevin **Lyons** (son of Australian Prime Minister Joseph Lyons). Of course these Lyons are related to the Queen Mother, who was a Bowes-Lyons. Lyons was bribed by Federal Group and British Tobacco to ensure the casino vote, being paid for a book that he never wrote.

Do you want to guess what Joseph Lyons' middle name was? Take your time. . . .

Aloysius. See [my paper on Hitler](#) if you don't know why that is interesting.

And where was Joseph Lyons born? **Stanley**, Tasmania. Named for? You guessed it, Lord Stanley, 14th **Earl of Derby** and 3-time Prime Minister of the UK (1852-1868).



That is supposed to be Joseph Lyons standing outside his childhood home. You have to laugh. He looks awfully small, doesn't he? Was he a leprechaun? They sized him wrong when they imported him into that paste-up. Really sad. The Lyons were extremely wealthy: they wouldn't have stored their polo mallets in a house like that.

Although they posed as pro-Labor, the Lyons were of course cloaked fascists, like everyone else in government in Australia and everywhere else. The premier of Tasmania before Lyons took over was Albert **Solomon**. So, as usual, the Jews were running the place from the beginning, though they never tell you that. We now know the Lyons/Windsors are also crypto-Jews, since [I have previously traced](#) the lines of the British royals back to the Jagiellons of Poland as well as the Medicis of France and Italy.

What about the Farrells of the peerage? What can they tell us? Surprisingly, they are not Baronets themselves. I had expected them to be. However, the first Farrell I clicked on gives us some good links. William **de Courcy** Farrell married in 1946 the daughter of a **Fleming**, scrubbed. These Farrells were also related to Dashwoods and Beamishes. This Farrell later married a Viditz from Vienna and a Jakobik from Berlin, both probably Jewish. Somewhat earlier, we find a Thomas Farrell marrying the daughter of a Plunkett, Baron Louth. Somewhat later we find a Lt. Col. Thomas Farrell marrying the daughter of Baron **Morris** and his wife, a Jean **Maitland Crichton**. These Crichtons descended recently from **Stuarts**. As we have seen, the name Maitland links us to Jimmy **Stewart**. Jean later married Cyril **Salmon**, the Baron Salmon, obviously Jewish.

We also find Farrells in Ireland recently, one marrying a **Preston**, Viscount Gormanston. Then there is Maj. Charles Farrell, who married the daughter of a **Paget**, Marquess of **Anglesey**, and his wife, a **Manners** of the Dukes of Rutland. Best guess is the Farrells of Tasmania are related to these folks somehow. Finally, we find a John Farrell of New South Wales, related to Whatmans, Roes, Purcells, Reynolds, and Barbour. Thepeerage.com has little to say about these people, and we do not know why they are listed. They link to no peers, so something has been scrubbed. At Geni we find a James **Pierce** Farrell of NSW, which helps because it links us to the Pierces—who are related to all US

Presidents. Barbara Bush is a Pierce, for instance. Farrell's daughter married a **Hopkins** of Stratford-upon-Avon, which is also suggestive. Their daughter married a **Fielding**, but all these people are pretty well scrubbed. Her brother married a Rowe, which should be Roe, linking us to the John Farrell above. Another brother married a Cross, daughter of a **Boyce**, taking us to a Valentine Boyce of Somerset and probably linking us back to the peerage. At ancestry.com, we find this Valentine Boyce's mother was a **Hoare**, confirming my guess there immediately. This links us to the Baronets Boyce, who did indeed come over to New South Wales. See Charles Boyce who settled at Taree. So this is where the Farrells of Tasmania came from. They descend from the peerage, as I predicted.

As it turns out, the citizens of Tasmania are bilked of hundreds of millions of dollars each year gambling, much of it at pokies (poker machines) which are allowed in clubs and pubs. There has been much talk about ending the Federal Group's monopoly on casinos and pokies, but as of now nothing tangible has happened. Just a lot of blablah. David Walsh has come out against pokies, but since he supposedly made his money gambling, that line doesn't hold much weight, does it? It looks to me like Walsh either wants a piece of that pie, or he already has it and is playing the pretend opposition. Probably the latter. Like I said, best bet is he is related to the Farrells and is playing the foil somehow.



That photo is to remind you that they are actually sacrificing live bulls at Mofu and calling it art. That's right, the blood in the mock crucifixion scene above is real. You will say they kill bulls everyday by the thousands in the slaughterhouses, so why is this any different? Walsh says that this performance art by Nitsch is meant to challenge meat eaters. Which is another lie. That isn't what the piece is about at all, and everyone knows that. If that is what it is about, why the crucifix? It is the ritualistic and sacrificial elements of this that disturb people, and should. Both the bull and the woman appear to be sacrificed to some god, but we know it isn't a Christian, Jewish, or Muslim god. So who is it?

Walsh says the bull was going to be killed anyway, so what's the difference? Well, he could say the same thing about a human sacrifice to some unnamed god. The person was mortal and was going to die anyway, so why not die in glory for the god? In fact, as we know, that *was* the argument given in the past, by the Aztecs or whoever you like.

The greater point is, surely, that people have to eat, but they don't have to degrade themselves by taking part in fake and disgusting art. Even if we all become vegetarians, bulls will continue to be in the food chain, getting eaten by lions and tigers and bears, oh my. But lions and tigers and bears are too noble to ever find themselves in such a museum, in the company of such vulgar people.

Regardless, we now see that Tasmania is one of the most corrupt places on Earth. I knew that as soon as I saw the inverted red crosses strewn across downtown Hobart. In a town with any autonomy, the

city council would have been able to nix that idea in a single day with a single vote, since we can be sure the locals detest it by a large margin. The locals must be completely under the thumb of the plutocrats, and we should be in solidarity with them, since the same thing is happening in your home town, though perhaps not yet as obviously.

As usual, I start with guesses, but proof is easy to find. That 2017 *Guardian* article I linked above is titled, “**Now I am what I used to criticize**: Mona's David Walsh plans major expansion”. Walsh wants to move his museums and festivals to the coast (Launceston), where he will build a huge hotel. Do you really imagine that isn't linked to the Farrells somehow? I predict the same thing will happen with the pokies, where Walsh—who used to criticize them—will install them in every room in his hotel. I bet he builds a casino next door to his hotel. And I bet it turns out somewhere down the road that he was secret partners with the Farrells all along. Anyone want that bet? How about you, Mr. Mathematician Walsh?



Here's something else to take from that article:

He continued: “In all honesty, I would rather not do this sort of thing ... I’ve now moved into a world that I don’t understand, and that’s the nature of risk and innovation, I hope ... for example, I’ve been told not to say things, and now I don’t say them. That used to not happen.”

I encourage you to pause and chew on that for a while. Ask yourself who told him to shut up. Walsh doesn't seem easy to shut up, does he? He loves to run off at the mouth, saying things no decent person would say. He loves most being a very conspicuous jerk. So why the big change? Because it is as I have told you: he is the creation of higher powers. He is a lesser member of big Families, and is mostly a front for them. Like the rest of the people in the news, he is an agent and actor, the face of covert and far more evil overseers. I still do not think they are Satanic, since they haven't the charm, brains, or boldness of a god. Lucifer wouldn't have them. But they are very bad folks nonetheless. The future they have planned for you may not be as dark as hell, but it will be far shallower, since it will be a reflection of their own formica-thin souls. As they gain more and more power, the world will be more and more an extension of their tiny minds, and you will be trapped in that tight and suffocating future with them.

How do I know? Because that world is already here in most respects and I have been living in it all my life. I was a born-artist, born into a world where art had already been killed fifty years earlier.

The rich appear to have been damned to live their lives blind to all beauty and meaning, and their only solace is to force you to live it with them. But it will never work. The people that show up in Tasmania were the fellow-damned to begin with. Who else would enter the doors of such a museum, or stay in it for five minutes once they figured it out? Who with ears that hear could listen to such “music” for a moment? So Walsh and Ritchie and the rest are only sniffing the choir and stealing from the other damned. You and I will never live in that world, because our minds cannot tolerate it. It would like forcing cats to live in an aquarium filled with water. But these people cannot comprehend that, and they will try to spread their interior hells as far as they can. They have already taken the governments and the media and the museums and the universities, and the lower schools are quickly following. If you don't stop them now, there will be nowhere left to hide, and your children will soon drown. Are drowning. Have drowned.

A few like me can create our own beautiful worlds from within, with no help and against a strong tide, but most people cannot do that. They need the support of a society. That society can be rebuilt by real scientists, artists, and other natural leaders, if some small path is cleared for us. But currently we have far too few allies. The decent masses are asleep or drugged or otherwise looking away. They have to get up and shake themselves, because I can't do this alone. Do you think I am going to call for the revolution with no one behind me? Do you think I am going to march on Langley by myself, storming all the centers of power with a paintbrush, a bike wrench and a few cats? That isn't how it works, my friends.

Some will tell me the world has always been a cesspool run by these Rotorooters, so why bother dreaming of revolt. While we have seen that is true to some extent, in other ways it isn't true at all. They run a lot of current projects to make you think things don't change or that now is the best of all historical times, but both are false. In science and art, things were much better just 100 years ago. Just do a quick search on the famous art at the end of the 19th century, and the famous art now. No comparison. Or study the state of science then and now. Again, no comparison, since science—like art—is now a vast conjob of fudged equations and false promotion. The same Jewish families were in control back then, but for some reason they had not yet crashed and burned creatively. Their privileged children were still able to produce the goods to some extent. Now they no longer are. Due to centuries of inbreeding and pampering, they imploded, taking the world down with them. The Families hollowed out, becoming nothing but a crust of money surrounding an airy Twinkie filling. They have become brittle and plastic with age, and are slowly crumbling like styrofoam left in the sea.

You will say, “But what can I do?” Previously, that question has made me a bit angry. I have responded that it isn't up to me to tell you what to do. There are thousands of things to do, so pick one. But I have changed my mind on that, you will be glad to know. I am no longer such a hothead on that subject. I often wish someone who knew something would assign me a worthwhile task, so I have decided to read that question that way from now on. I will suggest some doable tasks, and those who feel like doing them can do them.

On this question of Modern art, some of what needs doing is rather small things that can be done locally. So you can do them. Wherever you are, there are Modern art projects being pushed in your home town, or in a nearby larger city. So what you need to do is push back. Whenever a newspaper or magazine promotes this stuff, write in and tell them you don't want it. Tell them none of your family, friends, or acquaintances want it. Start a petition, gather as many signatures as you can, and personally

deliver them to the newspaper and the museum/college/school. Makes signs and picket the museum or newspaper. Show up at city council and tell them you don't want your taxdollars funding Modern art projects. Find some way to be very visible and very vocal. As you do this, be careful how you frame it. You want to welcome as many people into your crusade as possible, so frame the question very broadly. Do not frame it as a religious or moral question. They want you to do that, so that you can be dismissed as a “fundamentalist Christian” or something. Do not frame it as a Jewish question, since most people won't have read my papers and won't know what you are talking about. Stay on point, the point being good art versus bad art (or non art). Be calm and reasonable and say you are happy to have real art promoted in your community, but that you do not want this propaganda posing as art. Say you want art by truly talented people, not these avant-garde art-school posers and punks. It is OK to frame it as a CIA-question, since that fact needs to be publicized. People need to know that the CIA is behind this promotion of Modernism, and has been since the 1930s. But if you put that on your signs or in your letter to the editor, you better be prepared to answer questions. You better be prepared to call up my papers [stoner.pdf, beat.pdf, papa.pdf, wolfe.pdf, ramp.pdf] immediately on your phone, so that people can read about that; and you better memorize a short list of top facts, to get people in. Such as the name of Frances Stonor Saunders' book *The Cultural Cold War*, the 1995 London *Independent* article [[“Modern Art was a CIA Weapon”](#)] where it is admitted that the CIA is behind Modernism, CIA agent [Tom Braden's admission](#) in the 1967 *Saturday Evening Post* that this was happening, and so on.

Another thing you can do is make fliers with the title “Modern Art is a CIA Weapon”, linking below that to my papers and the London *Independent* article. Post it on every public bulletin board you see, especially in schools, colleges, and libraries. Or, if you are a young person with a bike, do what the bands do: just ride around town stapling it to telephone poles and similar places. If you are really brave, walk into the local Modern museum and hand deliver the flier to the director, curator, and staff. Hand deliver it to the mayor and city council. Hand deliver it to the editors at the newspaper. Walk into any avant garde gallery and hand deliver it to the owner or director. You don't have to say a word, just let them know we are on to them.

Remember how a Modern artist wrapped Rodin's *The Kiss* in string in London, and I wrote to the London papers saying someone should cut the strings off? One paper published the letter, and someone *did* cut the strings. He was initially arrested but then let go without charge or fine. He took it right to the limit of what you can do without getting in real trouble and without generating negative publicity. I don't recommend violence, and I don't recommend destroying art—even if it isn't art. But everything else is fair game. Monkeywrench the project in any way you can. Mostly, talk to people. Educate them. Get them involved. Get them off the couch and into the streets. And once you are all on the streets, beware the infiltrators and fake events created to divert you. For they will soon arrive.

*I don't mean to pick on Joe, he just landed on my plate today. I have no major problem with The Eagles, and don't mean to imply that this music is Modern, in the way the Violent Femmes is. You can be sure David Walsh is not playing The Eagles on the loudspeakers at his Tasmanian festivals.