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The Marfa Lights

and the Taos Hum



by Miles Mathis

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I was scanning the news at BBC.com today when I ran across [some strange promotion](#) of Marfa, TX. For some reason, the BBC is calling the Marfa Lights one of the greatest mysteries in the US. This lodged in my eye because Marfa came up in recent conversation. Someone I met on a plane over the holidays was telling me about his daughter who had moved to Marfa for the art scene. I said, “Beg pardon?”—not being aware that Marfa now had an art scene. The last time I was there was back in the 1970s, and it didn't appear to have much of an art scene back then. Of course I was only about twelve at the time, and I was there to get my knee stitched up after a fall at Big Bend Park. So I didn't catalog much about the town. . . except that I do remember the Marfa Lights were being promoted even then.

Anyway, as it turns out there *is* a bit of a Modern art scene in Marfa now, though I wouldn't recommend you go out of your way to see it. It is centered around postmodernist Donald **Judd**, so you better do a search on his work before you gas up the car. The person on the plane telling me about Marfa admitted Judd was the main draw, which allowed me to peg the whole project immediately as a major con of some sort.



As you already see from the surname and the images, Judd was simply another person from a prominent Jewish family who wanted to be an artist, despite the fact he had not a speck of talent in that direction. But as we know, that doesn't stop them. They own all the galleries, so if they want to be famous artists there is nothing you can do to stop them. They will be sold as fascinating by their cousins and aunts and uncles, no matter how little evidence there is to back that up.

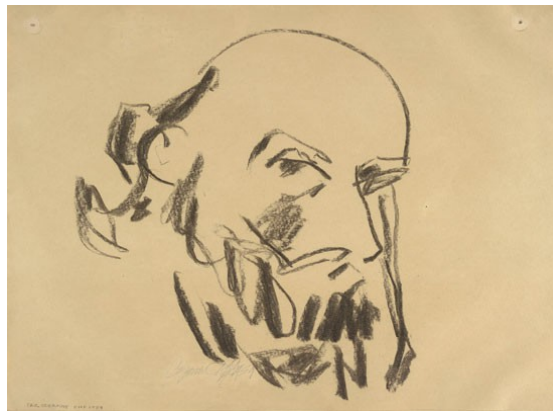
Well, as it turns out, Judd is the big clue to this Marfa Lights mystery, and once I took a look at the evidence I could see that pretty fast. The lights are now sold as either of alien or supernatural origin, with doubters dismissing them as distant car headlights. Neither explanation appealed to me, and I think I have a better one. Which is why I am here on this page today.

Judd arrived in Marfa in 1971 and soon bought the huge abandoned military base there, including all its buildings and extant runways. Coincidentally? this is when a great uptick in Marfa Lights sightings occurred. Moreover, by studying the maps I was able to discover that the viewing area for the Marfa Lights is near Judd's property. If you watch the videos at BBC, you find that in order to see the lights, you must look along a certain line in the distance; and guess what, that line is directly towards the old military base. Strangely, no one ever divulges that pertinent fact, and I had to find it out for myself.

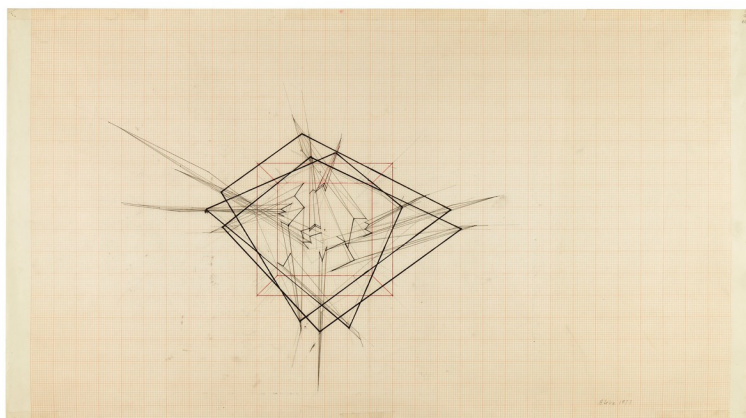
Knowing that these Modern artists often work with light shows, the thought popped into my head that perhaps, just perhaps, Judd had created the Marfa Lights in order to draw attention to the area. I am not the first to suggest that the lights have been used for that purpose, and the BBC material even alludes to it. One of the local oldies of the town admits that the lights have been used to draw tourists. Problem is, Judd is not known for light shows himself. *However*, a quick search got us over that hump, since other Modern artists had long been showing with Judd in Marfa, including. . . Dan Flavin. Flavin was another old-timer like Judd (b. 1928), being born in 1933. And [his Wiki page](#) is a goldmine. In 1952, Flavin **and his twin brother** joined the Air Force. And get this: while in the Air Force, Flavin trained as “an air weather meteorological technician”. That looks redundant, but don't blame me, it is quoted from Wiki. I guess you can see the connection to our current mystery, since someone trained as a meteorological technician might have an inside track to faking meteorological phenomena—especially if he later became an expert in light shows.



Flavin also studied at the New School for Social Research, and we have seen the New School is another Intel front, run with Jewish money from the Rockefellers and Halles. In the 1960s Flavin worked at the Guggenheim Museum and MOMA, and like others (see Robert Ryman) he was allegedly discovered as an artist while working as a guard or elevator operator at the museum. Since that is not really believable, we have to come up with a more logical explanation. I suggest these guys were working there as agents, initially being low-level ops of some sort before graduating into “art” production. While Ryman became famous for completely white canvases ([sort of like Agnes Martin](#)), Flavin started around 1960 by producing assemblages of crushed cans he collected on the streets. But someone soon had the idea of making fluorescent light shows, and he stuck with that for the rest of his career. We are told Flavin did some portraits, but this is all I could find:



That is allegedly a portrait of Paul Cezanne. Flavin's other drawings are more along this line:



So we can see why he went in for light shows.

As for Judd, he also has red flags all over him. He also came out of the military, serving as an engineer after WWII. It should go without saying that real artists don't come out of the military, since real artists never considering *going into* the military in the first place. Nothing could be more contrary to the artistic sensibility than anything to do with the military. In the 1950s Judd was at Columbia working in art history under Meyer Schapiro—who I have covered [here](#). Real artists also do not go into art history, because they don't *need* to. Real artists *are* art history. It would be like Michael Jordan coming out of the school of basketball history.

From 1959 to 1965 Judd was an art critic, which also tells us who we are dealing with. You will say I am also an art critic, but I'm not. I'm a *counter-critic*, and I only started writing to protect myself from these people. That is to say, I have been an artist since before I could walk, but I only started writing about art once I hit deadends in the art market. At that point I could see that I needed the power of my pen to clear a path ahead for myself—and to some extent I have accomplished that. So my progression and intent has been the precise opposite of these Modern art critics. While they were destroying traditional art on purpose, I have been trying to save it.

In 1963 Judd started making the boxes and stacks he became famous for. According to Wikipedia:

Throughout the 1970s and 1980s he produced radical work that eschewed the classical European ideals of representational sculpture.

You can see what that means by studying his works above. In 1971 he bought 60,000 acres in Marfa, none of which was open to the public. Although Judd died in 1994, the Chinati Foundation still houses a large permanent collection in Marfa, spending a substantial amount of money to continue to promote Judd and other Modern artists. Which explains why the BBC is now promoting Marfa: it is just a small part of the worldwide promotion of Modernism by the wealthy Jewish families who run the field. And why are they promoting Modernism instead of real art? See [here](#).

In 2013 the Foundation brought in artist Robert Irwin as part of their exhibition schedule. Irwin (also Jewish, of course, b. 1928 and still alive) just happens to be another light specialist, so it looks like they may have needed help keeping the Marfa light show going. Like Judd and Flavin, Irwin came out of the military. In the mid-1950s he spent two years in North Africa, although we aren't told what he was doing there.



By 1970 he was working with lights. We are told he was also a painter, but this is the sort of thing I found:



So if you thought he was in Africa painting the natives or the scenery, you would be wrong.

Now, I don't *know* that these people faked the Marfa Lights, and I am not accusing them of it. I simply put some evidence in front of your face: you can make the call for yourself. As usual, I think it is best you have all the facts at hand before you decide.

While I am here I want to touch on the Taos Hum, another mystery sold by the mainstream as fascinating. One of the first things I did when I moved here in 2007 is try to get to the bottom of this, and it didn't take long. Since I am a night owl, I used a summer night to investigate directly. I waited until about 3:30 in the morning, then got on my bike and road south away from the town center. Not only could I hear the hum, I could hear which direction it was coming from. It was dead silent otherwise, since Taos is a small town where people like to go to bed early. And since I was on my bicycle, I didn't even have to deal with the sound from a car engine.

To get you into this, consult a map, where you will find Taos is surrounded by close mountains on three sides. Taos Mountain is to the northeast, just beyond the Pueblo, but lower mountains skirt the eastern edge of the town, wrapping to the south. Behind these are taller mountains in the distance, including the Truchas peaks. Truchas is even taller than Taos mountain, being almost the same height as Wheeler Peak in the ski valley—the highest point in New Mexico. So, given an initial source of noise, these surrounding mountains would naturally act to reflect and enhance it. And, given that Taos is so quiet at night, those with keen hearing would be able to pick out any source of noise, even though it wasn't that great.

Well, as I said, at that time of night it wasn't hard to hear the hum. As has been reported by many, it is a definite hum, low but not too low, and containing a buzz. Almost like your refrigerator, if you have a quiet one. But we know it isn't the frig, since we continue to hear it when we go outside. It is often described as having a mechanical feel to it, so my assumption from the beginning was that it *was* mechanical. Most have said it can't be pinpointed, and although the sound did seem to drift, sometimes coming from all around, I was able to ride my bike in its general direction. It got very slightly louder if I rode in one direction rather than the other, so I just continued to ride in that direction. Beyond the south end of town I found the source, though you will be disappointed. It turned out to be the Taos water treatment plant, which of course continues to run all night. It creates exactly the hum that has been reported, and standing next to the plant I could hear the sound bouncing off the mountains. In all other parts of town the sound was mysterious and echoing, just above audible. Even just a few hundred feet away from the plant, it wasn't loud, and I guess the machines are fairly efficient. But for myself I

was satisfied I had solved that mystery. I can only suppose that the reason it hadn't been solved before was one of two: 1) no one wanted to solve it because the mystery was nicer than the solution. We need these mysteries to give life its flavor; 2) no one else wanted to ride his bike in the dark in the middle of the night, braving dogs, coyotes, aliens, and invisible potholes. The full moon made the avoidance of potholes easier, and I rode slowly. I heard a few dogs, but I had my stick and knew how to use it. I had no trouble from coyotes or aliens. . . as far as I remember.