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Modernism is Fascism



by Miles Mathis

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I haven't written art counter-criticism in while, having had my fill of the culture cretins years ago. I bowed out of the art market in about 2004, fed up with predatory galleries, clueless critics, soulless models, and an anti-artistic milieu unparalleled in history. For about fifteen years now, I have only made direct sales and taken private commissions, and I have taken very few commissions. I decided to just paint for myself and let the world rot—which it is doing with evermore abandon. Yes, I have been keeping up the good fight all along, but I don't even try to enter the mainstream anymore or play by its rules. In the meantime, my art counter-criticism has blossomed into a broader social and historical criticism, in which I can attack on an array of fronts at the same time.

However, a reader just sent me a link to some current art criticism, and—feeling too weak from Spring allergies to do any real work—I thought I would waste an evening flogging the shameless. I don't run across art criticism anymore, since I gave up on mainstream media long ago as well. I don't read any newspapers or magazines, don't watch TV, and don't follow the news online, except when my readers prompt me. Most promptings I ignore, since current events usually aren't even worth a look or a reply. But today I felt differently. Reading this latest round of misdirection from the hired pens made me remember I have learned something in the past decade—my views of 2004 aren't really the same as my views now. So it is best I update my readers. They are here to benefit from my years in the wilderness, so I had best deliver.

I am going to go line by line through some current articles, as is my norm, ripping them into tiny shreds. But first I want to prepare you by reminding you what we have learned since 2013, say: we have learned that the art critics and historians and galleries aren't the top goats. They are just the handmaidens, the hired help, the fronts. They do what they are told and read from the scripts and Teleprompters and earpieces. The writers and talkers aren't hired because they know anything or have any talents. They are hired because they are young and have nice hair and are from the top families. The fat old spiders from the ruling class comb their youngest generation in search of pretty flesh they can put forward as the poster boys and girls who will fool us for another decade. So don't limit your disgust to these frontline poseurs. Remember that they are groomed by hidden hands. They don't make the rules and customs that bind you: they too are bound. They were to the manor born, and likely find

it even harder to change than you do. You have been suckled on blue pills from birth, but their homes are built with blue pills, their clothes are sewn with blue pills, their very bodies are blue with ancient pillage. Resist them and pity them.

Likewise, we have learned that the theories are fronts as well. You may think this is about Modernism or feminism or some other ism, but isn't. It is about money. These people discovered many decades ago that destroying art and destroying sex were profitable. Since these ruling families care nothing for art or health or sex, these things are much more useful to them as schemes of control and profit. Real art was replaced by Modern art because it was found that the latter was easier to launder. Much more money could be made by using art as a front than by selling art directly. A real straightforward art market might only gross the ruling families a few billion a year, while Modern art as a money laundering front makes them hundreds of billions. Since art means nothing to them, the math is easy.

And since miserable sex-starved people spend much more money than happy couples, that math is also easy. The rulers decided long ago to purposely split the sexes, to keep them from gratifying each other for free. The rulers could then insert their million products into that dry and dusty gap, selling the sad people everything except that which they wanted and needed.

So keep that in mind as we proceed.

The article my reader linked me to is published online at thecut.com. “The Cut” is a subheading of *New York Magazine*, which has another subheading entitled “The Intelligencer”. That should get you started. It tells you who we are dealing with before we have to deal with them. *NYM* is edited by Adam Moss, Jewish of course, and from 1976 to the 1990s it was owned by Rupert Murdoch—crypto-Jewish billionaire. Later it was bought by Bruce Wasserstein, investment banker and—you guessed it—billionaire Jew. So keep that in mind as we proceed also. Almost everyone who writes for or works for this magazine (and all others) is Jewish. Note the names wherever you go, since they are always clues.

Michael Slenske and Molly Langmuir are writing about art here, so I guess they are supposed to be experts. A search on Slenske finds him in a lot of Social Register pics with other young rich posers, but I found no list of qualifications.



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He writes a lot about art for top mags, but from what I could tell by reading his pieces, he seems to know nothing. Since he writes about modern artists—who aren't really artists by the old definition—he doesn't really need to know anything, does he? He just needs to run in the right circles. This has been

the only “qualification” for over a century. Art critics used to need to know something about art (in the time of Walter Pater, say), but knowing anything about anything now just gets in the way.

Molly Langmuir is an assistant editor at *Elle* magazine. So I guess she is just here to fill a slot. At The Cut. You can't write about such things as a man without a woman as your co-writer, apparently. Men by themselves are just provisional beings, allowed to exist only in the presence of women.

This makes sense in context, I guess, since Slenske and Langmuir are about to argue that men shouldn't be allowed to paint without the expressed written consent of all women. Slenske could hardly be allowed to post this article under his own name. Given the subject, he has to have a female co-writer to give his words any ballast.

Yes, the title of this piece is “**Can a Male Artist Still Paint a Female Nude?**” The first sentence is:

Part I: “I quit doing figures. I'm only doing abstract art.”

So we can already see this is just a continuation of the long project. They have been trying to shame artists like me for a century, and it is nothing new. Because the answer to the title is: “Of course a male artist can paint anything he likes. It is a free country, and outlawing nudes would be obvious fascism. It would also be anti-progressive, anti-liberal, ultra-conservative, and thereby a bold contradiction, as promoted by self-styled leftists”. You can't outlaw nudes, so the next best thing for these people is shaming the artist. If enough societal pressure can be applied, men won't even think of painting nudes—so the deed is accomplished. So much pressure has been applied over the decades that very few men now do paint nudes, and those that do must do it tongue-in-cheek, or hiding behind politics, or under cover of a female gallery owner (like Mary Boone, say). The number of male artists who have the balls to paint what they wish is vanishing, and grower smaller by the week. We may expect the phony #MeToo movement to scare the last known practitioners into extinction, and by this time next month I may be the last one in the world.

Because I ain't goin' nowhere. This will only cause me to paint *more* nudes, if anything. Thanks Michael and Molly. I needed the kick.

The second sentence in the body of the text is:

Of course, as art historian Linda Nochlin famously [observed](#), it was difficult for women to paint nudes when historically they weren't even allowed to attend figure-drawing classes because of the naked people necessarily present.

What does that have to do with the subject of this article? It has nothing to do with the question at hand, since women have been allowed in figure-drawing classes since the mid-1800s. That was 150 years ago. Plus, it contradicts the thesis here, since Slenske and Langmuir are trying to outlaw nudes. How does it make sense to try to outlaw nudes, while at the same time complaining that women weren't allowed to paint them in the past? It is like arguing against pedophilia, and then complaining that women weren't allowed to be pedophiles at the same rates as men in the past. These people need to make up their minds. If they think there is something immoral about painting nudes, they should just say so; but if that is the case, then they can't also complain that women were shielded from this immorality in the past. They should be thankful women couldn't paint nudes in the past, because they were thereby saved the sort of generalized character assassination and slander we now witness.

We are told that “female critics have pointed out the shortcomings of the male gaze”, but that doesn't mean these female critics are right. It just means they have written books and articles that no one has read. The whole idea of the “male gaze” as something sinister, predatory, and sexist is absurd. Although some males may be sick, twisted, or sinister, that doesn't mean the generalized male gaze is. It would be like me claiming that because some women are harpies, everything a woman says or does is thereby suspect. That is where the real sexism comes in: the theory of the “male gaze” is as sexist as anything that has ever been promoted, since it is an obvious false generalization. It is the pathetic and transparent bid to tarnish all males with the crimes of a few. A few men are creepy, therefore every time a man looks at something, he is being creepy. That's the basic argument, isn't it?

What would the world be without the male gaze? What would *women* be without the male gaze? Are they claiming they wish we wouldn't look at them and admire them? What good would that do? What would be the point of that? The truth is, women *want* men to look at them and admire them. It is one of their greatest joys. That makes the world go round: that and women looking at and admiring men. Yes, it goes both ways. One of the greatest joys of men is being looked at and admired by women. It is called biology. We need each other, and admitting that is not sexism. Sexism is *denying* that. Sexism is denying that while promoting these terrible lies.

Next, Slenske and Langmuir play a second, more powerful shame card, telling us they tried to interview contemporary artists who painted nudes, but couldn't get anyone to respond.

Presumably, they worried about unintentionally saying the wrong thing that would then echo endlessly across social media, damaging their reputations. For emerging artists, there is the fear of a possibly career-derailing gestalt fail.

See there: fear, fear, fear. Artists should be very afraid to paint nudes, since what will people say? Their reputations could crumble, their careers could end, their pets might pack up and leave. My guess is these writers didn't try to contact anyone. They just needed to publish that pair of sentences. They needed to plant a deep seed of fear in young artists reading their magazine. Our culture doesn't proceed on laws, it proceeds on peer pressure and planted fears.

Let me defuse this bomb.** Social media is mostly planted and controlled. Its power is vastly overstated. Its real power over real people is minimal. The mainstream creeps have been trying to bury me for decades using all their media tricks, to no avail. They have been trying to shame me, to no avail. My reputation has not been damaged, it has only been buffed and shined in the fight. My career has not been derailed, it has only been pushed into a far more powerful path. So do not cave into the fear. It is illusory. It's a bluff. You can either ignore these jokers or take the fight right at them: either way you can advance at whatever rate you wish. There will always be a market for good work. There is a huge untapped market right now. There is nothing but room at the top, since the Moderns all exist in the basement. The moment you create the tiniest bit of real art, you are beyond and above them.

Next, we are linked to [the nudes of Kurt Kauper](#), which Brienne Walsh at *Forbes* found lacking. I won't link you to her article, since it isn't worth reading, but Kauper's nudes are lacking—though not for the reasons she gave. They are lacking for just the opposite reason: **they lack admiration**. Although technically sound, they are clinical. They look like illustrations for a textbook. That isn't art. Art is about a personal connection, a shared feeling, some emotional depth. There is none of that in his work. But can you guess why? He was *scared* to do that, because if he had done that, he would never have found a gallery in New York. It isn't allowed, because it isn't Modern. Modernism is about critical **distance**, which Kauper has a lot of. He seems miles away from caring about his subjects.

Here, he can claim his gaze is cold, and therefore pure. But that isn't what we want. We want a warm gaze of some kind. More than that, we want depth. Skimming the surface won't do. Love or hate your subject, but give us something.

We see that from his choice of subjects: one white girl, one black, and one brown. A committee selection, or three tokens.

Kauper even admits it:

I was trying to put the viewer in an uncomfortable position of not knowing quite where they stand in relationship to these paintings physically, conceptually, and in terms of the genre.

Yes, but why? I will tell you: because that is the Modern program. It is politically correct to create this sort of discomfort with a nude, because then you can claim to be *doing* something. You can claim to have some plan of deconstruction or psychologism or politics, dodging the slur of voyeurism. But do you think any viewers actually like being put in an uncomfortable position in front of a painting, or get anything out of it? Of course not. Who gets in the car and drives to a museum or gallery to feel vaguely and pointlessly uncomfortable? No one except the sick and pathological. If Kauper wants a clientele that won't constantly pull him down, he best paint for someone else.

Walsh complains that Kauper doesn't “empower” his women. But how would he do that to suit her? Have them depicted winning a Nobel Prize in the nude? C'mon! Art isn't about politics. It isn't about empowerment. Empowerment is a stupid word. Do men ever talk about empowerment? No. Why not? Because we know that empowerment is a meaningless word. No one else empowers us. We power ourselves. Any power we have comes from within. I don't wait for any man or woman to empower me. I don't go to art—my own or any other—to be empowered or to empower. I go to art to feel.

Walsh also said Kauper demonstrated a white male view of art history, full of “gaping holes”. What is full of holes is Walsh's understanding of art. Art and art history are two different things. An artist does not paint to demonstrate *any* view of art history. An artist paints to demonstrate his own view of what is before him. Art history, theories, and politics are subjects for historians, theorists and politicians—i.e. paid liars. Art belongs to the artist, who alone decides what it is for him. Any time he spends listening to writers, historians, critics, theorists, politicians, gallerists, or curators, is wasted time.

I do agree with Walsh in one respect though: she doesn't like the “shorn vagina” and neither do I. I agree with her that it betrays a nod to porn culture. But I disagree with her assessment that it is a result of a patriarchal society. It definitely is not. In fact, it is a result of our rising *matriarchal* society, since it's not men that have a problem with pubic hair. Young women are uncomfortable with their own body hair, for reasons of their own, and it has more to do with a discomfort with biology than anything to do with patriarchy. The women are shaving for one another, not for men, and I have this straight from the porn masters themselves*, who have admitted it. They have tried to get women to quit shaving, since they get so many requests for pretty bush. Same with tattoos. They recommend the young women quit shaving and quit tattooing, but they do it anyway. According to polls, most men prefer women without tattoos, since nothing is as beautiful as a woman's skin. In the same way, men prefer women with some hair down there, provided it isn't out of control. And for people who like sex, body smells are mainly a plus, not a minus.

So, I know that Kauper probably painted his women shaved because they were *already* shaved. It was

likely the model's choice and decision, not his. But did Walsh look into it? I doubt it. The male is always in a lose/lose situation, and that is the way she wants it. For instance, if it had been me, I would have looked for models who didn't shave. More than that, if they did shave, I would tell them not to. I would wait for them to grow it in. Of course Walsh would take me to task for that, telling the models what to do. Lose/lose. Shaved: patriarchal. Bushy: patriarchal.

But isn't that patriarchal of me, telling my models what to do? No. For it isn't like I am forcing them. They don't have to work with me. They can work with someone else, or with no one. I am just telling them my requirements as an artist. This is the picture I want to create: they can help me create it or not.

What about with my lovers? Isn't it patriarchal of me to tell my lovers not to shave? Well, it doesn't really work like that, as you can imagine. I don't *tell* them anything. I suggest to them that it would please me if they didn't shave, and if they like me, they usually get around to doing that. In the same way, I do not mind if they tell me what they like. If I can do it without much effort, I do. If they hate one of my hats, I don't wear that hat, no big deal. This is what a relationship is. You try to please each other.

Which brings us back to that word “voyeuristic”. Would that word even have a meaning in a society that wasn't sexually repressed? What healthy person doesn't enjoy looking at beautiful things? Who is really sick: the man who looks at a beautiful woman as she passes by, or the man who looks away? Whenever I hear the word voyeur, I know I am in the company of sickness.

Next we learn that Manchester Art Gallery in England has recently removed Waterhouse's *Hylas and the Nymphs* from view, due to political concerns raised by the #MeToo fake movement.



Why? Because some have said it is pornographic, or even pedophilic. Who? We aren't told, but we must assume they are addled old ladies or 30-year-old virgins: people who don't know exactly what porn is and have never seen it. They also don't know what pedophilia is, apparently, since these maidens depicted obviously aren't children. The clue: breasts. Having breasts means you have gone through puberty, and if you have gone through puberty you aren't a child. Yes, these girls look about 16, which means they would be under the legal age in the US, but since no one is having sex with them in this picture, that point is also moot. Nothing even remotely resembling porn or pedophilia is being depicted here. We just have five teenage breasts here. And according to the actual myth—which nobody bothers to know—the man is the victim, which sort of turns the whole argument on its head. Hylas was the beautiful lover of Hercules, so beautiful all men and women wanted him. He was

abducted by these nymphs, not the reverse. According to the story, Hylas ended up being glad he was abducted, but if I were like these fake feminists I could just dismiss that as early example of the Stockholm Syndrome. These vicious little nymphs should be hauled wet and naked before a court and charged with rape.

Next, we see the fudged statistics being dragged out: only 27% of major museum exhibitions are for women, etc. What these fake statisticians fail to tell you is that there are far fewer working women artists at this level. If we take into account the actual number of people in the field, women are getting more than their fair share of shows. For instance, when you look at a percentage of people chosen, you have to consider that as a fraction of people who *applied*. Say 100 people apply for an award, and 80 of them are men. If 30 of those chosen for the award are women, then you could say women were given an unfair advantage for some reason by the selection committee. If the winners had been chosen at random, only 20 women would have been selected.

We are told that only five of the 100 top-selling artists are women. So, what are we supposed to learn there? That the buyers are sexist? Doubtful. Auction houses are sexist? Doubtful. If you look at the actual five women (and I suggest you do so), you will come to the conclusion it is simply because they aren't any good. But neither are the 95 men, so we have to come up with something else. The real answer is that all 100 are children of the very rich, and most female children of the very rich prefer to do something else—like acting. They aren't interested in pretending to be artists, to their credit.

In part II, we hear from a bunch of women artists. I looked for part III, where we heard from even one male artist. I am still looking. Sexist. Instead, we have a part III where we are supposed to guess whether the Modern painting of a nude woman is by a woman or a man. It is pretty easy, since every painting where the woman looks good is by a man. All the ones where the woman looks bad are by women. I definitely see some uncomfortable politics there, but not the uncomfortable politics I am supposed to see. I am supposed to see bad men there, not painting what they are supposed to; but what I see is crazy women, painting crazy. Why are female artists so crazy? It is a good question, but I don't think the answer is, “because men are keeping them from being empowered, or stopping them from loving themselves, or stopping them from painting viewable images”. As I have shown in many previous papers, I think the answer is “women are traumatized and crazy for the same reason men are: we have all been victimized by the ruling class, split from one another, and driven to the very brink of sanity for profit. Our miseries benefit the billionaires magnificently, and they carefully tend our gardens of neuroses and psychoses. They have antidepressants to sell, among a cornucopia of other compensating products”. The only difference is, men and women often go crazy in different ways. Men act out and women act in.

Plus, you have to remember that the famous women artists are *selected* for their pathologies by the market. Some women artists paint like I do, but you don't hear about them. They get squashed and ignored just like me, and for the same reasons. They don't make it in LA or New York, because they aren't crazy enough, or aren't willing to pretend to be. The ones who become famous are famous for being crazy or acting crazy, just like their male counterparts.

You would expect professional writers to know some of this—since they exist in the middle of it—so why don't Slenske or Langmuir ever state the obvious? Yes, Langmuir cites one female artist (Ghada Amer) who sort of agrees with me, and Slenske quotes Eric Fishl, but their short sections get lost in the main thesis and under that title: *Can a Male Artist Paint a Female Nude?* As presented by Slenske and Langmuir, the implied answer is NO. Clearly, the desired response is the one promoted in Slenske's concluding paragraph: although “cracking down on male-painted female nudes may seem pointless”, a

“thoroughgoing change” is underway. In other words, nudes are being phased out, one way or another. So are real males.

As a last piece of parting propaganda, he quotes Marilyn Minter, a #MeToo supporter, who says the Neo-Nazis are a greater threat than nude paintings. Without reading several times, it is difficult to get a clear meaning from that, since #MeToo isn't about Nazis, it is about powerful Jews like Harvey Weinstein—and I don't think anyone has accused Weinstein of being a Nazi. I guess she is referring to some of Trump's supporters, who have been propped up in the news as bogeymen. But I have shown my readers all this is just more theater. Trump is an actor, the Neo-Nazis are actors, the #MeToo people are actors, the mass murders are fake, and most of the sexual harrassment is faked as well. All to mess with your mind and cause you to shop more. The real Nazis or fascists in the Modern world aren't the ones they sell you on TV, they are the people taking down paintings and publishing these articles. What could be more fascist than taking down *Hylas and the Nymphs* and using its removal to coerce people into having a conversation about a manufactured controversy? What could be more fascist than an article in a major magazine about forbidding males from painting women? One artist in the article says the response is Victorian, but that is misdirection as well. The sexual pathology and social fascism on display here is far beyond anything the Victorians ever dreamed of. Victorian art was saturated with nudity, male and female, and though the Victorians may have been repressed, they made a much better show of it than we do. In truth, the new fascists are outdoing even the Nazis in regard to art, since the Nazis never considered banning the nude. They banned degenerate art, but that wasn't realistic nudes, it was crazy Modernism. The German Nazis loved their nudes. They preferred their naked boys, since they were a band of poufs, but some also collected paintings of nude women. So the current ruling class is far more fascist than the Nazis with regard to art. The Nazis never would have thought of destroying the entire history of art for profit. No ruling class in history has been that decadent, degraded, vulgar, or greedy.

In the last hundred years we have witnessed the greatest top-down control of art since Medieval times. And since the definition of fascism is top-down control, this period has been fascist. Modernism *is* Fascism. The hired writers have tried to flip that, selling it as progressive, but Modernism has never been the least bit progressive. [The mainstream now admits art](#) has been under the control of the CIA since the 1940s, and I have proved it was controlled by the same entities long before that. And who was the CIA controlled by: the wealthiest families, who were controlling society for their own profit. Again, fascism, by definition.

These people weren't controlling art to combat decadence, as we are told the Nazis were. No, just the opposite. They were controlling art to *promote* decadence, and they were promoting decadence and confusion in order to spread chaos and misery. Chaos, like war, is wildly profitable. This, too, is now admitted. See Project Chaos and Project Cointelpro, which have been partially declassified. These were, and are, heavily funded premier projects of CIA and FBI, explicitly created to foment and spread chaos. Modernism has been a central stone in that architecture from the beginning. Art has been used as a frontline tool in Project Chaos back to the 19th century. Articles like these at *New York* magazine are simply a continuation and acceleration of that project, and everyone involved are witting agents. They may or may not have actual cubicles at Langley, but they are on the payroll one way or the other. *New York* magazine, *Elle*, and all the others are now just fronts for Intel. All important content is channeled from there, and as we have seen in previous papers, most content is created by Intel committees and writing teams, with these young writers like Slenske and Langmuir just used a fronts. We have no way of knowing whether they are actually writing anything or not, but I would guess not. All the magazine writing looks pretty much the same, and this is why. It is all written by the same committees.

So you can see how fascism has progressed in the last 150 years. Yes, the Victorians were also controlled by Intel and inundated with propaganda, but nothing like now. The mass media was in its infancy then, and the controllers didn't have the means for a 24-7 blitz like they have now. Today you are swimming in a high tide of propaganda and lies from the moment you open your eyes in the morning, and it continues non-stop until you collapse from exhaustion at the end of the day. No, it continues even after that, since your very dreams are infected with this blue-pill world of illusion. Your brain isn't even allowed to create its own dreams, since the governors have pre-set those for you as well.

However, the news isn't all bad. The solution is easy and is what it always was: refusal. Tell the governors and their hired minions to fuck off. Don't believe what they tell you, don't buy what they sell you. Just say no to all the beribboned neuroses and psychoses. Pass on the chaos and confusion. Order your own world on simple principles of some sort and find a lover. Treat her well. Seek normalcy and truth and calm and subtlety and warmth and health. Shield your children from the vipers and monsters in the media. And get on with your life. Do not work for these people. Do something that needs to be done, even if it is just sweeping the streets. Make food, make clothing, repair things. And spread the truth. It is the most powerful weapon on earth, and the rulers rightly fear it. If you do this, the gods—whoever they may be—will be on your side. The ruling class believes it inhabits the apex of the pyramid, but it doesn't. This is just more hubris, and the ultimate example of it. There is more in Heaven and Earth than is dreamt of in their sad schemes.

*I have talked to Petter Hegre and some of the photographers at MET, if you must know.

Just for fun, I will defuse another bomb. As it happens, I rewatched *Ferris Bueller* today, as part of my allergy convalescence. By the way, how gay is Matt Broderick? Don't get me wrong, the movie is funny and Matt does a good job, but rewatching it now that I have finally grown up and my eyes have opened was a trip. Yes, I have always been Peter Pan and I guess I didn't really grow up until I hit 50. I didn't have much of a clue about gays or Jews or a lot of other things until recently, and I admit it. Which is why I can be fresh on these topics, I guess. I am the ultimate outsider, almost an alien, in so many ways. I guess most of us could say the same thing: we have been blind to so much that was right before us. Anyway, I laughed at the part where the principal is complaining that Ferris has been absent nine times this semester. In 9th grade, I think I set a record for absences due to illness. I was absent something like 28 times that year. And you know what, I wasn't sick one of those times. I just hated school. My Mom let me stay home whenever I liked, as long as I made straight A's—which I did. The classes were so repetitive and dumbed-down I could have skipped every day but the first and last and still made A's. I came close to proving that in college, where I pushed the limit as far as I could. You may have seen my resume, noticing I graduated *summa cum laude* in three years. Most people assume I was a grinder, and many assume I still am. No, dearies, just the opposite. I tested out of about a year and half of coursework, and then kept my eye open for philosophy classes where the entire grade was determined by papers, not tests. I could then write something like three papers, never coming to class, and still get an A. In that way I could take 21 hours a semester without breaking a sweat. And my life is the same now. I am the opposite of a grinder. I take it quite easy. Yes, I produce a lot of these papers, but I don't see that as work. I write very fast and my first draft is my final draft. I just type and publish. The bomb being defused here: **you don't have to live by their rules. If you have any sort of natural ability at anything, you can set your own rules. Yes, you have to go along to a certain extent when you are younger, as I did. You look for ways to bend the rules or walk around them, rather than break them in plain sight. But as you get older you can pretty much ignore the rules. I knew what I wanted to do and I just did it, no matter how many people told me it couldn't be done or shouldn't be done. You don't need a blinding intellect or a world-class talent to proceed. What you need most is . . . yep, courage. I have been my refusal to listen to those who tried to frighten me or shame me that has been my greatest asset. You have to be able to do what you know is right and turn off everything else. That's why I am a bit late getting to some of this stuff that other people already know. When I was younger I was following my Muse, on my path, blinkered and

blinded. I had things to do and I knew how to do them. What anyone else was doing or thinking didn't concern me. Only once it was done did I begin to look around. I had to find a place in the world for these things I had created, so I had to actually study that world. Which has been quite a learning experience, as you know. The world isn't what anyone would want it to be, and is upside down in so many ways. But what are you going to do? Back down and let it roll over you? Not me. If these people want a fight, I'll give them a fight they'll never forget. I already have. You can, too.