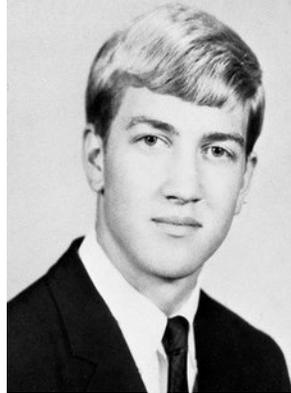


[return to updates](#)

David Lynch



by John James

First published December 28, 2020

I got the idea for this paper after watching an interview with Lynch where he said he did not want to talk to people in the film industry who were in it to make money. That's when it clicked in my head: *David Lynch*, as in Merrill Lynch. I already knew what I would find in his biography: the commoner-to-celebrity variation of the rags-to-riches life story. Given his last name, we may assume his fame is due to being from the ruling families.

I will start where Miles usually starts: with the genealogy. David's mother is listed at both Wikipedia and Geni as Edwina "Sunny" Lynch (née Sundholm, which is a Swedish name with rare spelling in the USA). Wikipedia lists his father as Donald **Walton Lynch**, USDA research scientist. Already we have a couple of blueblood names. Interestingly Geni has his father listed as Private. You can see why it's private with Walton Lynch in there. The man is not to be found by searching Geni either.

So I did a quick websearch with DuckDuckGo and found a site named AncientFaces, which lists Donald's occupation as US Navy Lieutenant during WWII. So that's what he was doing before the USDA/Intelligence. Another site named OpenDurham has his college years at **Duke University**. The websearch also pulled up his obituary from Legacy where we get a biography,

Don was born on December 4, 1915 in **Fort Benton**, Montana to Austin E. Lynch and Maude (Sullivan) Lynch. His early years were spent on the family farm with no electricity or running water and where the farming was done with horse drawn equipment. He graduated from the University of Montana prior to serving four years in the US Navy during WWII. During his Navy experience, Don was the chief engineer on the destroyer USS Mugford. He reached the rank of Lieutenant. After the war, he married Edwina Sundholm, completed a doctorate in forestry from Duke University and pursued a career with the US Forest Service.

I thought it was USDA? Now it's USFS. Next they will tell us he was with HUD. Notice how it's insinuated he was either living in poverty, or had it hard because the family farm had no electricity or running water, and used horses for plowing in *1915 Montana*? Tractors did not become common until after WWII, so even if true that was no sign of poverty. He also went to a university *before* the GI Bill. His family also owned a farm.

Let's look at his parents Austin E. Lynch and Maude (Sullivan). Neither can be found at Geni. MyHeritage has them as Austin Eugene Lynch and Maude Mable (Sullivan) Lynch. MyHeritage lists Austin as the son of Alexander **Harris** Lynch and Mary Ann Lynch (formerly **Stewart**). Bingo. Maude Mable (Sullivan) Lynch was born to Samuel Parker Sullivan and Eliza Ann Sullivan (formerly **Walton**). Bingo again.

MyHeritage doesn't have Mary Ann (Stewart) Lynch, so it's back to a websearch. Findagrave comes through with a picture and parents:



Miles: that's a very strange "photo", since it has been pasted together and almost completely repainted. Nothing about it is right, and the white collar may be the worst of it. It doesn't look like a restored photograph, either. You restore old photos by a little inpainting, not by pasting them into other photos and repainting 90% of the image.

Her parents are John Stewart and Mary Jane (**Bradford**) Stewart. Mary Jane was born in **Bradford** County, Pennsylvania, to unknown parents. So they founded the county. John was born to Elizabeth Stewart and Unknown in Dauphin, Dauphin County, Penn.

Back to Alexander Harris Lynch. He was born to Patrick Henry Lynch and Margaret Crawford (Harris) Lynch. Ancestry has Patrick born 1805 in Kilbride Parish, Cavan County, Ulster, Ireland (Northern Ireland today). **County Cavan isn't Northern Ireland.** His parents were John **Lawrence** Lynch and Mary Scanlon.

Margaret Crawford (Harris) Lynch was born to Alexander Harris and Margaret Crawford in Green, Kentucky. I thought women weren't named after their mothers? What's interesting is Geni has her listed as only "Margaret Crawford Harris" even though it mentions she married Patrick Lynch.

Margaret Crawford the Senior was born to James Crawford and Catherine (**Howell**) Crawford. Catherine (Howell) Crawford was the daughter of Thomas Howell and... Catherine Howell (no maiden name given at Geni). So we have two daughters in a row named after their mothers.

Alexander Harris was born to James Harris and Mary Anne McKinney (I'm assuming that's her maiden name). James was also from Ulster. Both he and Mary Anne were born around 1740, and have no parents listed. She has no birthplace listed, but I will assume it was in or around Ulster also.

Now back to David Lynch. Do you think this guy comes from money yet? He's got Lynch, Walton, Stewart, and a bunch of others in his veins. His success is presented as if anyone could have the opportunities he had. That's how it always is. Anyone can make it to the top. You just need to work hard enough and have talent, and with a little luck you will be among the stars. Oh yeah, and you have to be born into it.

To his credit David doesn't give us a sob story about his childhood **yet**, and he puts down school as "destroying the seeds of liberty" (funny he spent years in art and film school afterward, though). He did become a Boy Scout, but said he joined just so he could quit and put it behind him. So he went all the way and became an Eagle Scout. A rather late quitting, I would say. He was there with his troop at JFK's inauguration, which coincided with his fifteenth birthday. This was after his father stopped moving around with the USDA and they settled down in **Alexandria**, Virginia. You know, Alexandria, VA, hub of the USDA and USFS.

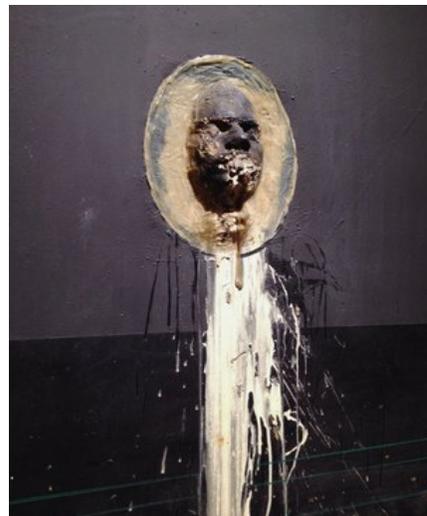
It was there he decided to become a painter, and he was accepted into Corcoran School of the Arts and Design in D.C. He then quickly transferred to the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston where he was roommates with Peter **Wolf**.

I did not know who that was, but Wikipedia mentioning his name tipped me off to look him up. He is a famous musician who helped establish the biggest rock radio station in Boston (WBCN). He was in the band who did the songs “Centerfold” and “Love Stinks”, J. Geils Band, who also got lots of airplay on MTV during its inception. You can check out his Wikipedia article if you don’t know about him. He’s huge. Anyway, both he and David Lynch just *happened* to be roomies.

Lynch left the MFA School a year later and decided to tour Europe for three years with his friend Jack Fisk (now a major motion picture production designer, art director, and director), whom he had known since childhood (where exactly, Alexandria?). Fisk was studying at Cooper Union in Manhattan. As an aside, do you think maybe these small expensive art schools are spook factories? They returned to the US after two weeks when they couldn’t find the **expressionist** painter Oskar Kokoschka. **Two weeks? These Phoenician babies only lasted two weeks in Europe before calling Mommy to send them a ticket home.**

He then enrolled in Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia with his friend Jack. At this point you should be scratching your head. How is he getting into these schools so easily? You will get a glimpse of his portfolio in a moment, and he certainly wasn't getting in on talent.

It was there he met Peggy Reavey aka Margaret Vosburgh Lentz. I think she remarried someone named Reavey, and that has been transposed into Lynch’s biography **to hide the name Lentz**. It’s not clear as there is not a whole lot of info on her. She has some modern art type paintings of Anne Frank shooting Hitler on her website so I’m going out on a limb and assuming she is Jewish. **Yes, though you aren't out on any limb. Lentz is a common Jewish name.** Speaking of which have you seen Lynch’s paintings?



Keep in mind this guy was accepted into many fine arts schools. The Pennsylvania Academy was a realist school (non-Modern) back then, so he must have got in on a bye.

While he was at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts he bought a 12-room house in the Fairmount neighborhood of Philadelphia for \$3,500 in 1968. A good deal, right? Lynch explains,

We lived cheap, but the city was full of fear. A kid was shot to death down the street ... We were robbed twice, had windows shot out and a car stolen. The house was first broken into only three days after we moved in ... The feeling was so close to extreme danger, and the fear was so intense. There was violence and hate and filth. But the biggest influence in my whole life was that city.

So there's the required sob story. I get the feeling this is exaggerated, but can't find any data about crime in that neighborhood from back then. I can only offer conjecture, which would be if Lynch is from old wealth would he really move into a neighborhood with his wife (and baby daughter at this point) where they would be in serious danger? Or better yet would his parents or handlers allow that? The number of rooms is right, the price is not: it was only included in the story to add to. . . eight.

Let's fast forward to Lynch's involvement with the American Film Institute. First off the AFI was created by Lyndon B. Johnson in 1965 through an Executive Order. It is Intelligence top to bottom. Here are some of their alumni, straight from their website,

Andrea Arnold, Darren Aronofsky, Ari Aster, Sam Esmail, Brad Falchuk, Liz Hannah, Patty Jenkins, Janusz Kamiński, Matthew Libatique, David Lynch, Melina Matsoukas, Polly Morgan, Rachel Morrison and Wally Pfister, among others.

Anything stand out about those names? Aster (Astor), Lynch, Morgan, Morrison? And all Jewish.

The AFI agreed to fund Lynch's next film after he submitted a copy of *The Alphabet* to them. Go watch that short on Youtube and judge for yourself. He was then granted the money to film *The Grandmother* (running time 33 minutes). I'll be honest, I fast-forwarded through it. As with his art, it is not clear why anyone was underwriting this stuff.

There's some more to this AFI story, and I'll throw it in. He joined the AFI Conservatory and tried to produce a film named *Gardenback*, which he quit after "taking too much advice" and ruining the script. He then quit the AFI Conservatory, but was encouraged to rejoin by the Dean, because he was "one of the best students." Based on what? Not on *The Alphabet* or *The Grandmother*. So he set his own terms that his new project would not be interfered with—even though it was only advice that ruined the last

one. So we see he was privileged, demanding and being given autonomy before he had done anything worthwhile.

That was when he produced *Eraserhead*, which was shot off and on from 1972 to 1976. A two-minute short named *The Amputee* was also stuffed in there in 1974. He completed *Eraserhead* using a \$10,000 grant from AFI and a loan from his father, while supporting himself by delivering the *Wall Street Journal*. Is this our hint he is CIA? Delivering their propaganda like a paperboy? We can be sure he never actually delivered papers on his little Schwinn one-speed, so this story is being included as another sob story meant to convince he was normal folks. He split from his wife sometime around 1972 with the daughter's main custody not mentioned, and married Jack Fisk's sister in 1977.

What's funny is that after he submitted *Eraserhead* to the Cannes Film Festival there were many critics who called it trash. It was refused for screening! Some people had taste back then. The New York Film Festival also rejected it, but of course the LA Film Festival showed it (AFI Conservatory is in LA). Here is a quote about how *Eraserhead* was promoted,

Ben Barenholtz, the distributor of the Elgin Theater, heard about it. He was very supportive of the movie, helping to distribute it around the United States in 1977, and *Eraserhead* subsequently became popular on the midnight movie underground circuit, and was later called one of the most important midnight movies of the 1970s, along with *El Topo*, *Pink Flamingos*, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *The Harder They Come* and *Night of the Living Dead*.

Proving you can promote anything. I won't get into Ben Barenholtz other than to say he was a Polish Jewish film "exhibitor, distributor, and producer" in New York City who also discovered the Coen Brothers. Is Lynch starting to seem a little Jewish? Barenholtz, Coen, Lynch, two (actually four) Jewish wives... but also check out the creators of every one of those movies. They are all either officially Jewish or crypto-Jewish. The films are also like an outline of Project CHAOS.

We can assume *all* of his films are part of Project CHAOS, and most of Hollywood's films. I have only seen three of his films that I can recall, and out of those the only one I would re-watch is *Lost Highway*. I do not care to re-watch *Blue Velvet* or *Wild At Heart*. *Blue Velvet* wasn't bad—it just doesn't have much replay value to me beyond a few scenes. *Wild At Heart* has none at all. I have never wanted to watch the much hyped *Mulholland Drive* or *Twin Peaks*, and have read some analysis of the latter but won't repeat it.

I have read Jay Dyer's analysis of *Twin Peaks* and *Lost Highway*. Apparently you have to research Gnosticism at the least to truly understand the films, which isn't a selling point as far as I am concerned. I will stick with the Bible.

In closing keep in mind one aspect of the destruction of art that Miles has uncovered, which goes for all fields also: it allows the children of the oligarchs to masquerade as the cream of the crop.

Miles: John made a good start on Lynch, but there is so much more. He was born in 1946, so another Langley test tube baby, I guess. His "other name" is **Judas Booth**. That couldn't be more spooky if he tried. You know about Judas, and I remind you of [all we have discovered about the Booths](#). They are Jewish and from high up in the British peerage. Lynch's middle name is **Keith**, and that is also a transported surname, linking him to the Keiths in the peerage. Remember Governor Keith from [my paper on Ben Franklin](#). They are upper nobles in Scotland, closely related to the Hamiltons, Douglasses, Grahams, and Stewarts. So the Stewart in Lynch's ancestry is not an accident. The name Keith doubles it.

John also forgot to check the Lynches at thepeerage.com. They are now the Baronets Lynch-Blosse, still closely related to the Stewarts through the Maitlands. Think actor Jimmy Stewart, who was a Maitland. The Baronets Lynch-Blosse are from the border counties of Ireland, including Cavan and Mayo, linking them to David Lynch's ancestors. These Baronets are related to the Gores, Earls of Arran, meaning David Lynch is a cousin of Al Gore.

John found the Crawford in Lynch's genealogy above, but he stopped too soon. They go directly back to Col. David Crawford, who, with his father, helped found Jamestown, Virginia. They came over from **Kilbirnie**, Scotland, in Ayrshire, which means they were **the Earls of Crawford**. These Crawfords were also the Lords of Kilbirny and Dumry. This linked them directly to the Lindsays, Hepburns, Grahams, Blairs, Campbells, and Hamiltons, and to the **Stewarts, Earls of Bute**. They were descended directly from Robert II Stewart, King of Scotland.

Although Lynch was at the Pennsylvania Academy, one of the last bastions of realism in the 1960s, he was never a realist. He was a Modern, and we can tell this by the awful *Six Men Getting Sick*, which reminds us of Bruce Nauman. This 1967 work is called Lynch's first film, but it was just a looped one-minute animation of guys barfing to the sound of a siren. It resembled art not at all. Nonetheless, Lynch shared first prize with hyperrealist [Noel Mahaffey](#). This signaled Lynch's career path.

You also need to be told more about *The Alphabet*. This was Lynch's wife Peggy reciting the alphabet and then bleeding to death in gore in her bed. So a mix of Bruce Nauman and Tracy Emin. Lynch should actually get far more credit in influencing contemporary artists than he does. Which is not a good thing.

The Amputee is another gross-out short film in the Andy Warhol vein, written in one night and lasting four minutes, of a woman writing a letter while a nurse tends to her stump legs.

These great artistic achievements led to the underwriting of *Eraserhead*. If you haven't seen it, don't. It is one of the worst things ever put on film. It includes a chicken gushing blood, a mutant baby, a decapitation, and lots of pointless and disgusting hallucinations. You might as well go to sleep and hope to have a nightmare.

His next project *The Elephant Man* wasn't really Lynch's movie, since he had nothing to do with the script. He was just set up as director to vault him into the big time in Hollywood. Everybody in Hollywood—from Mel Brooks to George Lucas to Stanley Kubrick—was in love with Lynch, though it wasn't clear why. Now it is: he was a Stewart, so they had to suck up to him as part of their birth contracts.

Dune was written by Lynch, and it is pretty universally agreed to be garbage. It is one of the biggest bombs ever, making back only about half its costs. It is the first appearance of Kyle MacLachlan, who must have been sleeping with Lynch, since there is no other way to explain his casting. He is more wooden than wood, and makes Keanu Reeves look like Robin Williams. They admit the fault was Lynch's, since they had to remove a lot of his footage for the final cut. So yes, it could have been even worse.

Not content to be a terrible artist and director, Lynch then got into comics, publishing his “Angriest Dog in the World” in the *LA Reader*, *Village Voice*, and other mags. There is only one drawing in nine years, and nothing ever happens. It is supposed to be minimalist/modern, but it is just a waste of space. I doubt Lynch even wrote the blurbs. They could have been written by a highschool boy on weed, or by a computer program.

Finally in 1986 we get Lynch's “masterpiece” *Blue Velvet*, where Dennis Hopper, playing Frank Booth, rapes, fists and humiliates [Ingrid Bergman's](#) daughter Isabella Rossellini. Our hero—again the wooden Kyle MacLachlan—rather than saving Rossellini—also starts an S/M relationship with her, beating her and doing other disgusting things. Why? Just so the sick people in the audience can watch, I guess. Hopper then kisses and beats MacLachlan, to be sure everyone gets some. Hopper then lets MacLachlan go, to be sure the plot also makes no sense. At the end everyone gets shot or lives miserably ever after. Yes, you can see why the film is so well loved. I am just surprised my Christian writer John found it watchable. No decent person from

previous times could have sat through it. Can you imagine your grandmother watching *Blue Velvet* or *Eraserhead*? My grandmother would have left after five minutes and been traumatized for weeks. No person from the 19th century would have imagined such films would ever be possible.

If, after seeing or reading about any of the above, you decided to watch *Wild at Heart*, well, you deserve what you get. And you wonder why you are so screwed up.

I leave this paper open-ended, so if you want to add something to this, drop me an email. Don't bother telling me you loved *Blue Velvet*, since I don't want to hear it. Love it if you want to, but don't expect me to support that lobby. Yes, Hopper made a great psychopath, but that isn't due to acting. It is because the Phoenicians specialize in that role. To fall into it, they simply **stop acting**.