

WELCOME HOME: THE ART CITY MANIFESTO

by Matty Mo (and friends) – We are The Most Famous Artist.

For more than a decade, I've been chasing a vision I couldn't quite name. A feeling. A fragment of something bigger. Last night, it clicked.

Art City isn't just a place. It's not a business. It's not even mine.

It's a movement.

In ten years—maybe less—Art City will be the largest cultural force and landholder in the world. A global network of artist-led micro-cities. Campgrounds turned creative sanctuaries. Welcome centers for the displaced, the dreamers, the doers.

Think “WeWork meets Burning Man,” minus the debt and delusion. Think “Marfa with a moat.” Think “glamping meets grounded utopia”—in every state, every country, every mind in the universe.

Let's start with building 100 sites. Fifty acres each. Two per state. Space for 100 or more humans per site to live, camp, create, and connect. At \$500 a month subscription to access any site to camp and hang out, that's \$60M in ARR—just on membership. We also own the land, the IP, the vibe, and a network of 10,000 creative thinker-doer-humans. That's 5,000 acres of radical hospitality and scalable culture.

But this isn't about money. Not really.

This is about meaning.

Right now, we live in a world with two growing populations:

1. Those who've been left behind—living in vans, tents, and borrowed time.
2. And those who've made it—flush with cash, starving for connection, and willing to pay for realness.

We sit at the intersection. We are the bridge. And we are building places where both can belong.

The New Cultural Operating System

The festival isn't Coachella anymore. It's 20 people around a fire pit. A birthday in a dry lake bed. A story told over shared soup, tears, rituals, silence, fire. What's emerging is post-institutional. It's sovereign. It's sacred. And it's *happening*, whether the cities, museums, and governments like it or not.

Art City is not a reaction. It's a prototype for what's next.

I've always said: I want to help 10,000 artists make \$100K a year—independent of gatekeepers, grants, or gimmicks. That's \$1B/year in decentralized cultural production. And I want to build an estate—an eternal studio—so The Most Famous Artist can keep creating long after I've left this planet (or just moved off-grid to Costa Rica to raise goats and children).

TMFA was never about me. It was a vessel. A meme. A provocation. A permission slip.

Anyone can be—and should be—the most famous artist. All it takes is attention, intention, and the courage to create with what and who you already have. That's art. That's wealth. That's life.

This is the plan:

- We buy underperforming RV parks, motels, and forgotten Main Streets.
- We partner with Burning Man camps to pop up infrastructure year-round.
- We activate locals, invite travelers, and build instant communities.
- We turn demographic collapse into creative opportunity.
- We don't wait for institutions—we become the institution.

What we're doing is no less than **city building by artists**. Cultural infrastructure as a business model. Art as hospitality. Real estate as restoration. Community as currency.

We're not *just* building an empire—we're building a distributed, resilient, regenerative *network*. One that benefits artists, travelers, and investors alike. One where upside is shared, value is felt, and every dollar drives deeper connection.

The Art World is Over. Good.

Collectors don't care about objects anymore. They have bitcoin for storing wealth. No free port needed.

They want experiences. They want alignment. They want cultural equity with a cap table and recurring revenue. They want to invest in *meaning*—not masked money laundering.

TMFA was never about the white walls or art fairs. It was about finding home. About replacing fame with connection. About reminding people that they can make their own myth, live their own legend, and shape the next world.

Burning Man is Dead. Long Live the Fire.

After nine years in Black Rock City, I finally saw it: Burning Man was never supposed to stay in the dust. Larry didn't want 70,000 people on a single plot of alkaline land for one week a year. He wanted a world touched by the principles. But it never escaped the frame.

We're going to finish the job.

By commodifying the latent infrastructure—yes, commodifying it—we distribute the gifts. We make the spirit of Burning Man not only visible, but viable. Because gift consciousness can't scale without a shell to pass round between tribes. And the shell is Art City.

This is the time. This is the model. I am the guy.

I've built companies. I've raised millions. I've gone viral. I've crashed and burned. I've meditated on the mountaintop and thrown raves in the desert. I've watched family fortunes disappear before I was even born and clawed my way back to center.

All I've ever wanted was space. Time. Safety. And a place where creation is the default mode of being.

This is it.

Art City isn't a side hustle. It's a spiritual-industrial complex. It's a billion-dollar enterprise disguised as a summer camp. It's how we solve for loneliness, climate, automation, collapse—and still dance.

If you're reading this and your heart's beating faster, it's because you know.

You know the old world is fading.

You know the new world needs stewards.

You know this is your moment.

So: come home.

We're building it now.

And you're invited.