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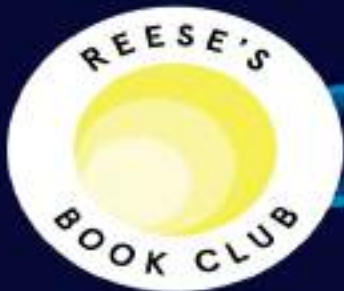


A NOVEL

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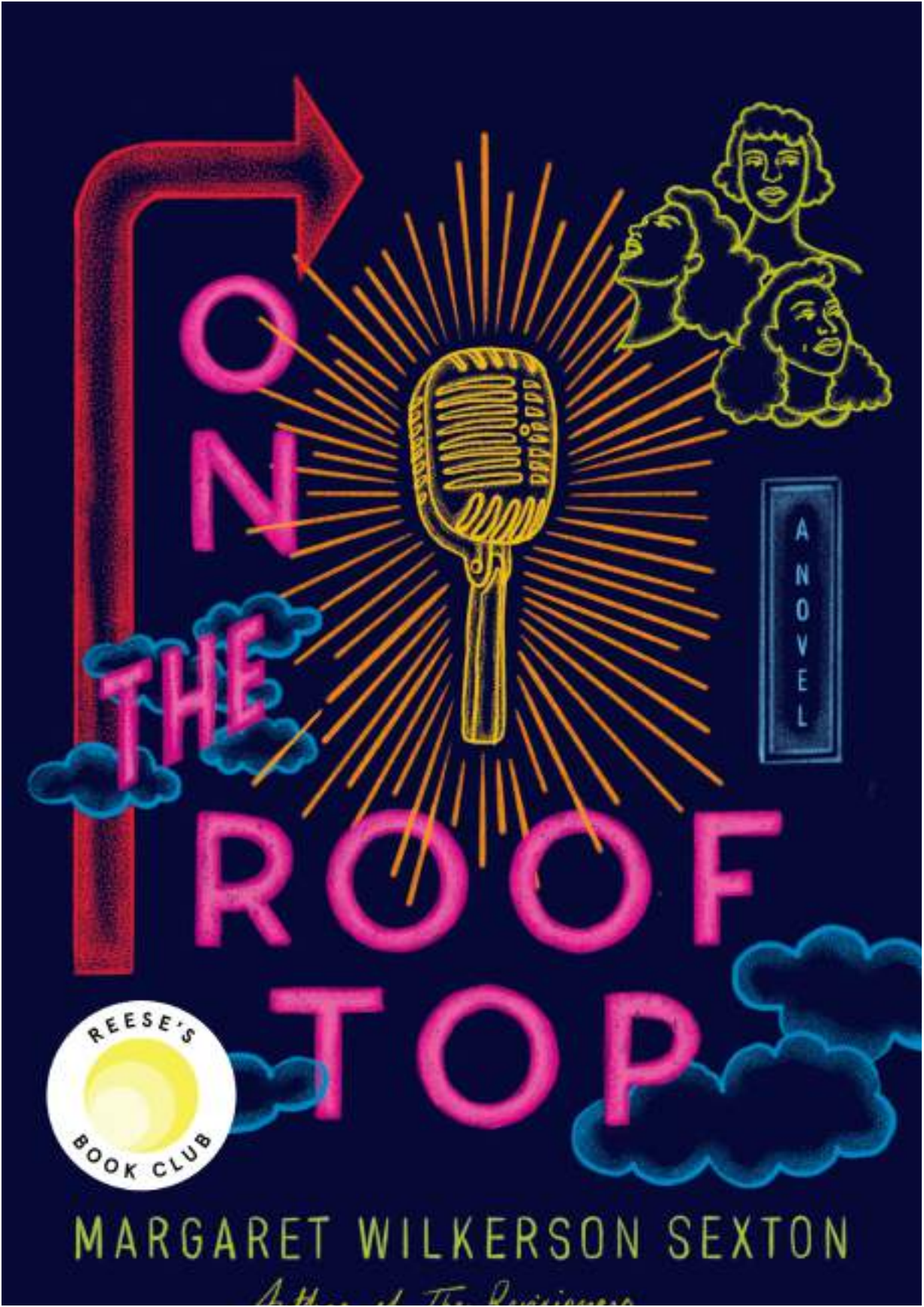
ROOFTOP

TOP



MARGARET WILKERSON SEXTON

Author of The Revisioners



ON

THE

ROOFTOP

TOP

A NOVEL



MARGARET WILKERSON SEXTON

Author of The Reveries

Authors of the Resolutions

ON THE
ROOF
TOP

A NOVEL

Margaret Wilkerson Sexton



An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

Dedication

To Thomas, for everything

Epigraph

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

—PSALM 137: 1-4

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Part One

Vivian

1953

Vivian didn't mourn St. Francisville, Louisiana. On the contrary, her memories kept watch against nostalgia. Still, she would never be used to the Fillmore's weather. She had anticipated mild and sunny. She had expected it would never rain, and it was true that it didn't dip below freezing, but she hadn't prepared for the summer chill, the fog and wind. She'd waltzed outside to work in a sleeveless dress her first June there, dipped her toe onto the sidewalk, then swung right back around for her front door.

She hadn't known a soul then who could have warned her.

That had been twenty-five years earlier. Now, she rounded the intersection of Fillmore and Post Street with her cotton car coat over her crisp white nursing uniform, past the looming theater, the Austin A40s lining the sidewalks, the streetcar perched at the stop sign awaiting Negro men with long coats and top hats. The bookstore let her know she was almost home, and she waved hello to Horace, who ran it; then next door to Miss Edna, who posted the winning numbers just before dark so the night ladies she ferreted out could anticipate their due; Mr. Gaines, the butcher, with the roaming eye; Miss Fox, with no teeth, who cleaned for them all in exchange for food. The beauticians at Gladys's were distracted, their gossip circling the parlor, but if they'd seen Vivian, they'd have called out her name, nearly inaudible beneath the dryers' hum.

It was the people she'd just passed who'd rebirthed her once her husband died. Vivian had begged Ellis to move her from Louisiana after a Klansman smashed her bedroom windows with shotguns and dragged her daddy to his death. Ellis had been her boyfriend then, but as soon as they crossed the state line, he'd married her, given her three children, then died, and she'd grieved, but her neighbors carried over stews and roast and

potatoes and string beans. They bathed her children and greased the little girls' legs; more than that, they sat with her. When the pain was so deep she feared it would overcrowd her heart, they sat still beside her. If it hadn't been for them, she wouldn't have made it.

And there were the others, of course, two of whom she waved to at the intersection of Webster and Ellis, one whom she didn't recognize. In any case, they were all middle-aged white men who worked for the City, whose bellies stretched past their gray flannel suit pants. They'd drive west from downtown every two weeks with their clipboards in their hands, their hats over their eyes, and they'd peer through half-drawn curtains and ask children to number their bathrooms, then list the family members who used them. They pretended to be nice enough, even nodding now as Vivian passed, before they made note of the trash spilling out of the neighbor's garbage can. There had been talk years ago that if Mr. Gaines's meat had soured, if Miss Edna's girls ventured out too early, if her numbers weren't washed off her cloudy kitchen window, the men might move them all somehow, shut them out of their new homes, tear their haven down to make room for the unimaginable. But that talk had just been talk, ensconced in the City's incompetence. Anyway, Vivian never worried about it outright, for God had promised her her latter days would be plenty.

She was approaching the evidence of that same promise now. She could see her girls from where she stood, grazing her front steps in distinct positions of rest. Something about their lulls always heated Vivian up inside.

"I thought I told y'all to set out that garbage before I got home," she called from half a block away, and the sound of her voice sent them shuffling, two across the stoop, and one inside. They moved like they were synchronized, onstage somewhere, trying to convince an audience there was only one of them. Since she had them, it had been like that. Even when none of them made a sound, there was some guidance that lived inside their minds and joined them, and they'd wear the same color to school three mornings in a row, or style their hair in a French twist to the right, though they didn't share mirrors, or rooms for that matter; they didn't need to do so. They finished each other's jokes. Four years stood between the oldest (twenty-four) and the youngest (twenty), yet they all began menstruating the same day. It was why they were a perfect trio onstage too, why men and women shot their heads back, let their mouths hang; why the applause

roared in like a freight train; why people didn't want to let them go. Vivian had never seen a show of theirs where they hadn't been begged for an encore, or where they hadn't ultimately acquiesced.

Vivian's neighbor Mary sat with them in her hard-back rocker, her feet on the base of it shifting back and forth. She lived next door, but visited so regularly she kept her designated chair on Vivian's stoop. Mary's son stood behind her, handsome, chocolate, with bushy hair, trimmed and neat. Vivian noticed he stood in touching distance to her oldest daughter, Ruth, too, but then again, Ruth had more old-world sense than a backwoods midwife—they were only friends. The boy's stability had saved Ruth after her father passed. He had been a gentle but strong child, and he had grown into that kind of man.

"At least we picked up inside." Chloe, her youngest, bounced back from the kitchen.

"Thank you, love. I can always count on you." Vivian kissed her baby's cheek. Chloe, being twenty, would still allow it. But it wasn't only that. The two of them breathed a different patch of air than everyone else. Ruth was her helper in action: combing the other girls' hair, ensuring they got off to school or work on time, but Chloe was Vivian's partner in spirit. She knew to smile when Vivian's boss had worn her down. She knew to praise her when she felt like she was flailing in every angle of her life. The thing was, Vivian hadn't been supposed to have her. She had been in a car accident when Esther was still taking milk, and the doctor had said she wouldn't give birth again. Ellis had been driving and Vivian swore he never got over that, the guilt. A year later, he'd died from a heart attack. Vivian had found out she was pregnant on the one-month anniversary of his passing. She'd handled the child as a miracle ever since.

"Go on in and finish setting up for dinner, though." She was talking to all the girls now.

"You took the fish out of the freezer?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And you washed the windows?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And you shined the floors?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And you scrubbed the baseboards?"

And something about that final “Yes, Mama”—the predictability of it and the solace, as the girls drifted inside, and Gerry walked upstairs—caused Vivian to smile. Something in her told her it would be okay to sit down for a spell.

“You reminding yourself of your own mama, huh, girl?” Mary was only seven years older than Vivian, but she could have been the woman’s mother. Part of it was her look. Though she still set her hair and sat under the dryer every Friday so it would be crisp and curled for Sunday’s service, the gray had overtaken it years before. Mary fought everything else: the postman when he was late, Miss Fox when she drank brown liquor, Lena’s when the meat came to her white instead of dark. More than that, she spoke with authority on even the most benign subjects: whether you ought to brown beef before you roasted it, how long to hang the sheets from the line, whether a baby should take a bottle or the breast. She didn’t ask questions she didn’t think she knew the answer to already. She delivered her suggestions like expectations. “It might be time to prune those lilies” came out like “Girl, you better fix those flowers before I snap them off.” So it had been astounding to watch her submit to the change at the top of her head.

Another thing about Mary was that she smoked cigarettes, and she held one now. She was careful to exhale in the other direction, but Vivian still felt dizzy from her seat beside her. She waved the air in front of her face before she answered.

“Hard not to these days.” She smoothed her hands over her uniform, which had grown snugger in the last few years, especially in the middle.

“None of that. You’s a fine woman, Vivian, you know that, though. I see you walking to the bus stop, walking back. Seem like every block there’s a new gentleman trying to make your acquaintance.” Mary had not only let her hair gray, but a shadow lined her upper lip. It, more than the gray, was likely the reason she hadn’t had a man of her own since Vivian had met her. She had never mentioned Gerry’s father, not once. Still, she seemed to be enlivened instead of threatened by Vivian’s admirers. And Mary was right, they were many. Not that it mattered.

“Well, I ain’t got time to stop in the street and I damn sure ain’t got time for no whole man, Mary, you know that. Not with those girls. We’re at the Champagne Supper Club every Friday. And that’s just the beginning for us. I’m not even thinking about stopping there; even if I wanted to, I couldn’t.

Not with their talent. I mean, I'm talking the Dunbar Hotel in Los Angeles, the—”

“The Blah Blah in the Blah Blah, the Bleh Bleh in the Bleh Bleh.” Mary made a point to blow the smoke in her face, hard.

“Hmph,” Mary said now. “Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. You got some fine venues here in town. But I guess if it ain't Preacher Thomas's house, you ain't interested.” That was a running joke between them, and the girls got in on it too sometimes. Vivian laughed—of course she did. And she supposed she wouldn't have been caught dead in the sanctuary of Shiloh Baptist without her lashes and her good brassiere. She supposed she caught him looking at her as he spoke to his congregation. Yes, she supposed in those moments she'd been looking at him too, but she'd been a friend of his wife's, a good friend, and it had been only three years since the woman took sick, and finally, mercifully, passed. And then there was that part she had just mentioned to Mary: she simply did not have the time.

“What? You see how ragged these kids run me already. We got rehearsal and shows, and I still got to go to work to earn a living. I don't know where anybody else would fit in.”

“Hmph.” Mary repeated herself, then paused. “There's one man who came by,” she said after it seemed a whole hour had passed, “who you might want to pay some attention to.” She was smiling.

Vivian turned to her for show. Like she'd said, she wasn't interested. “Oh yeah?” She paused. “Who?”

“A businessman. He had on a suit you wouldn't believe, and Stacy Adams shoes, and he didn't need to clean them with no Clorox. They was shining on they own, and girl, he wore a diamond stickpin and a long coat and I thought he was a man from a dream, I'm telling you I had to pinch myself. If I hadn't closed shop downstairs, I would have—”

“Mary!”

“Oh, excuse me, Vivian, I forgot you was sitting there.” She fanned herself and crossed, then uncrossed her legs several times.

“You said he came by looking for me, Mary?”

“That's what I said alright.”

“Well, what did he say?”

“Say?”

“Yeah, what did he say he wanted?”

“Oh, girl.” She waved her hand at Vivian like only a fool would need to know what he had said. “Oh, girl, I didn’t talk to him, just saw him through the window is all.”

“You didn’t?”

“No indeed, you expect me to go out there looking like who dunnit, and why? My rollers were in, my hair bonnet was on. I had only sat under the dryer for thirty minutes, and you know this style got to last me to Sunday school.”

“Oh.” Vivian sat back deflated in her chair.

“Yes, ma’am, Mr. Franklin Dyers. Name even sound like money don’t it?”

Vivian whipped her head back around. “Mr. Franklin Dyers? Mr. Franklin Dyers? Mr. Franklin Dyers came here and you weren’t going to tell me?”

“I just told you, girl, don’t put all that on me. You wasn’t asking the right questions, not outright.”

“Oh, Mary, hush. How do you know it was him?”

“How do I know it was him? He left a card. Once my stories were through, I walked down and retrieved it.” She pulled a small, opened envelope from her bra. Vivian reached for it without thinking and snapped the paper out of the flap, skimmed the words.

“He says he wants me to meet him at the Champagne Supper Club.”

“Um-hmm.”

“Tomorrow night at eight o’clock.”

“That’s what the man said.”

“He says he has a proposition for me.”

“I know that’s right.”

Vivian sat back in her chair. The pillow on its seat was thin and faded. The back was missing at least two rungs. Still, it was like the weight of her early years slid off her shoulders, and she felt unfazed for a minute, like someone whose life had been smooth and there was no reason to expect a bump up the road, like a new version of herself possibly. If Mr. Franklin was contacting her for the reason she imagined, and there could be no other plausible explanation, not really, it meant he wanted to manage the girls. He’d managed a boy from their youth group four summers ago, and that boy was a man now, and on the radio in regular rotation. He had only released a couple of singles so far, but his mother had bragged at last

month's revival that he'd signed a deal with Columbia Records. And now the one who'd made it happen had set his eyes on her, on her girls rather. So far, she'd done well for them on her own: they performed at every club in the city, and just last month, they'd opened for the Caravans at the Oakland Auditorium, and met the manager of the Dunbar Hotel in Los Angeles. He had promised them an audition by the end of the year. Now she wouldn't have to hold out that long. Yes, He had graced them all with change this afternoon. Even Mary seemed to notice the shift.

"I'm happy for you, girl," she said. "If anybody deserve it, it's you."

"Thank you, Mary." Vivian said it cautiously, though. Mary didn't deliver praise. Vivian felt fatter on the inside because she knew this time it was seriously due, but she didn't quite feel comfortable accepting it either.

"I'm serious," Mary went on, but Vivian was already past all that.

"So you think he wants to take on the girls?" She asked it softly, slowly, like saying it might make it even more unlikely to be so.

"Of course, why else would he come by? Why else would he leave such a note?"

"Wow." Vivian stood and grasped the paper to her chest. She didn't spin around in a circle, but she considered it. She might have even snapped her fingers at her side and two-stepped.

"Should I bring the girls with me, then, when I go?"

"No, don't bring the girls. I read it two times myself and don't nowhere do it say bring the girls. Nah, do just what the man tell you. You don't want him thinking you hardheaded right off the bat."

"Alright, alright." Vivian nodded. "And what should I wear, Mary?"

"Now that's on you, girl. You the one who showed the block about those Chesterfield coats, pencil skirts, satin pumps. You better press that hair, slide on that red lip. You know you walk out here looking like cold hard cash."

"Right, right." Vivian settled into the news. It felt like she was slipping back into her ordinary self now, but the dimensions had been altered since she'd been gone. She had always operated as a crab, tough on the outside because the interior could bend, but now she could feel herself softening in her person. For instance, it was just a small thing, but instead of screaming, she turned for her front door and, from the entrance room, called out to the girls with a lilt:

"I thought I told y'all to pick up in there." She nearly sang it.

“We did pick up, Mama. We just didn’t put it back again.” That from Esther, the smart mouth, smart in general, but she could be melancholy too. The moods had started when she was in middle school. To this day, Vivian didn’t know what had caused them.

“Alright now, clever girl, don’t make me force you to pick those teeth up from the floor.” Vivian stood in the kitchen with them now.

They laughed.

“Oh, Mama, can’t we ever stop cleaning up? Cooking, cleaning, cooking, cleaning, is that any way for a girl to spend her life?” This from Ruth, the dreamer, only sometimes Vivian didn’t know if the child’s dreams matched her own.

“You forgot singing. Did you practice today?” she asked.

Silence.

But Vivian’s calm sustained her and she almost smiled.

“Jesus, how are you going to surpass the Andrews Sisters if you don’t practice like the Andrews Sisters? How far down the road you plan on getting without ambition? Huh?”

More silence.

“You hear me asking you a question, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mama.”

“‘Yes, Mama. Yes, Mama.’ Don’t ‘yes, Mama’ me. Give me ‘Please Tell Me Now’ in three-part harmony.”

The girls glanced at each other, then drew together. Vivian closed her eyes and listened.

“There you go,” she said when they were done. “There you go. When you girls sing like that, it makes me forget all my worries. That’s what you’re going to do for other people too, just like Billie. You think Miss Holiday ever forgets to sing?”

“Sounds like from her songs if some man tells her what she wants to hear, she’ll forget her own last name,” Esther said.

The girls laughed, and Vivian found it hard not to.

“Alright, funny girl, maybe I got you in the wrong line of work, maybe you should be behind somebody’s stage, writing jokes? In the meantime, finish cleaning up this house. You know Preacher Thomas is coming for dinner tonight.”

The girls smiled between themselves like she couldn’t see them.

“And Gerry,” Ruth said.

“And Horace too, after he closes down the bookshop,” Esther added.

“All the more reason, set the table with my mama’s china. Put out the nice silver, Ruth. That fish ain’t done. Lord, these potatoes, you could have smothered them a little more, but I suppose they’ll do. And the green beans? From the can, but you added bacon, right? Alright, alright. Well, get yourselves ready then. Let me slide out of this uniform, put on something nice. My nose is shining, but I suppose I have a minute to powder it.”

In the house Vivian rented on Webster, across the street from the New Home Market and the Crocker Bank, there was a hallway where, had the dinner guests not been just like family, they might have waited for one of the girls to escort them through the front parlor to the family parlor, then through the sliding doors to the dining room. As it was, they had all filed straight in to eat. The dining room wasn't as fancy as a predecessor might have kept it, but it was generations ahead of where Vivian had grown up, with its drawn-back velvet curtains, built-in china cabinet, a gold framed mirror opposite the table, and the silver Vivian's grandmother's mistress had left her laid out atop a bureau. They sat in armless chairs around the long oak table, a candelabra centerpiece between them, Vivian at the head across from Preacher Thomas, Gerry beside her, then Ruth beside Gerry, Esther beside her and Horace across from her, and Chloe next to him, then Mary so close to Vivian their knees touched. Their cloth napkins grazing their laps, their plates idle before them, they waited for Preacher to bless the table.

"Father Almighty, we ask you to preside over this meal, over the food itself that Vivian poured her heart into, her soul really," Preacher started. He was darker than Ellis had been, with straight hair that had thinned since she'd known him. Despite the thinning, virtually every woman at Shiloh had taken him pies with unspeakable hope baked into the filling. Vivian couldn't say she'd never been tempted to be one of them.

"We ask you to preside over the people seated before you anticipating their fill, but let them know that it's not just their physical hunger you're satisfying, Lord."

Esther and Horace side-eyed each other.

"Yes, Lord, let them know it's their thirst for you that they need to quench and that's not coming through this food, not through this drink either, Lord, no, it's not coming through their bodies, Lord. Not even the fittest among us are going to get satiated from that short thrill—" And he looked at the young men now. "And Lord—"

Esther cleared her throat.

"I beg you to fill them up with the water of your spirit, Lord, to infuse them with that holy fire, to let it burn through them, all the weakness, all the

gluttony, all the sinfulness, all the pride, all the lust, all the earthly components of our indomitable nature, Lord Jesus, let it burn.”

Esther and Horace were full-on laughing into their fists now, and Vivian shot a glance at Esther, who elbowed Preacher, and he looked up and threw his hands in the air, as if in acknowledgment that he had dragged.

“Oh, yes, Lord, and to not be attentive to this lovely woman’s feast would be a different sort of sin, and so let’s eat.”

“Let’s eat.”

“Let’s eat.”

“I just hope Miss Viv didn’t burn the catfish with all her holy fire,” Horace said, and the people next to him snickered, and Preacher pretended not to hear, though Vivian thought she might have glimpsed a gentle smile.

There were a few minutes before every one of Vivian’s meals where people didn’t speak, their senses and faculties were so absorbed by the stimulation coming at them, and that happened again now. It made no difference that she hadn’t cooked this meal. She’d shown all three of her daughters how to simulate the experience in the kitchen. It was Chloe’s turn today, and she was best, but the truth was any one of them could run a house. Vivian had made sure of that, that while she rolled egged chicken in flour and waited for the oil to sizzle, her daughters were behind her knowing, just as she would, when it was time to drop the meat into the pan. When they were ten, they could blend a roux until their shoulders ached, could mash cinnamon and milk and banana for the moistest bread. Today they had baked a whole fish, and snuck kernels of corn into batter for muffins. There was red rice and gravy and green beans fried in bacon fat, and it was the final note of the prayer really to be swept up by it all. When someone spoke, it was like waking from a dream.

“This is something, Viv,” Preacher said. “I’m mighty grateful, mighty grateful indeed. See, a man living on his own doesn’t get to feast on home-cooked meals too often. This is a rightful treat.”

She smiled. It didn’t get old, the praise. And it didn’t just move her; it felt like it connected her back to her mother, the past they shared that had been Vivian’s life: hauling water and gathering eggs on the farm; accepting her first Communion in an old white dress the woman had restitched in lace; devouring fried fish on Lent Fridays, her napkin wet with grease; riding the streetcar tracks the summers her mother worked in the white woman’s kitchen. On the way there, they sat, but by evening, it would be

too crowded. The conductor would remove the COLORED sign, and they would have to surrender even the back. She had moved here to escape that part, and now Mr. Franklin had come. She would see him the following evening, in fact, and she reached for the appointment to coat herself. Things would be different now, not just for her, but for her girls too. They didn't show it, but she knew their yearning pressed so hard against their chests sometimes they ached. Especially Ruth.

"You got any news from home?" Preacher asked. He himself had come twenty years before from New Orleans with his wife, but she had woken one morning three years earlier with a lump in her throat that swelled until she couldn't talk or eat. It was only a few days after she stopped swallowing water that Vivian got the call, and she sat with Preacher that night. He didn't say a word then for eight hours straight, but his bottom lip never stopped shaking. Now he was smiling at her.

"None worth mentioning." Vivian shook her head. "Brother's working at Ford. Steady work," she added.

"That's good," Mary said.

"For now," she said back. "Anything resembling security down there bound to be a trap." And that was all she would say about that. She didn't like to talk about home, almost like it would call it back up, like she'd go to bed on the side of the country she could trust and wake up in enemy territory once again.

Anyway, the corn bread was divine, and she was about to tell Chloe as much when Horace cleared his throat. He was a big eater, and most of these meals he attended, he kept his head down like if he shifted his eyes away from his plate, someone might steal the contents. Today, though, he took a gulp from his glass of lemonade, wiped the remains from his mouth with the back of his hand, and then, as an afterthought, with his napkin, and began to speak.

"I got some news," he said. "My cousin live down there in Baton Rouge. He just got the City to pass an ordinance letting Negroes sit at the front of the bus if there's no whites there. It's something." He paused. "I'm on the lookout for similar progress out here." He took another gulp, neater this time.

"My daddy got lured here with empty promises and he was fool enough to believe them, we all were. They said, 'Work in our war.' They said, 'We'll protect you when it's over.' And yeah, I ate good for a few years, but

almost ten years later, look at us: half of us opening doors for white people, shining their shoes, and the rest out on the street. They got us bottomed out in these slums”—he gestured toward the block outside—“and we just supposed to feel lucky. At least they didn’t force us in those camps the way they did the poor Japanese.” The Japanese—Vivian fought an urge to shake her head against the subject. She didn’t like to talk about that either, not ever. One of the women who had been made to leave during the war had been her friend. Not like Mary or anything like that, but they had traded food: smothered okra for sukiyaki; red beans and rice for udon. Then one day she’d looked out the window and that woman was gone. It had been eight years now since the war ended, and when Vivian closed her eyes at night, she could still see the party streamers in the air, smell the victory. All of the rest of it, well, it was over now.

But Horace continued. “We might as well be back in Texas or Louisiana for that matter. Y’all might as well a stayed right where you were ’cause I’m afraid the improvement they promised you here is an illusion and it cost you a trip.” He leaned forward in his chair and burped softly, then swallowed it back.

Nobody spoke for some time, and Vivian turned to her daughter sitting across from the man. Esther stared up at him like he was Jesus Christ Himself returned preaching the Sermon on the Mount. Vivian herself had to admit she’d been captivated all the while he was speaking, but now in the silence, for some reason, she felt afraid. He was an intelligent man, that much was clear, but all this energy and passion, wasted. She looked at Preacher. Preacher looked back at her.

“My mama used to say to my brother, ‘Boy, you is an educated fool,’” she said finally and they all laughed. Even Horace seemed to smile a touch.

“I’m serious, though,” she said as the uproar subsided. “You ever been in a house when it was firebombed?” she asked. “Ever seen the skeleton of it once it was all done? Maybe you ain’t never seen a man beat beyond recognition, and don’t get me started on the lynchings, so many at one time, my mama wept every time my daddy left the house. You see any of that in San Francisco?”

Horace seemed ashamed.

“I’m not trying to embarrass you, son,” she said. “We need young people with heart, but don’t say there hasn’t been progress. It breaks my own heart to hear you say that ’cause I see the fruit of it every day.”

“And thank God for the fruit,” Preacher said. “And thank God for this beautiful meal,” he added, “and the hands that prepared it.” He glanced in the direction of the hands he was referencing when he said that, clasped in Vivian’s lap, and for less than a minute he let his eyes linger at that level beneath her waist.

“And the hands that clean up after it too,” she added, nodding at her girls, and he moved his eyes to hers, and they laughed.

SHE HAD MADE A JOKE ABOUT THE GIRLS, BUT THE TRUTH WAS THAT SHE cleaned behind them if she could. She didn’t need to be as strict as her mother had been, pouring everything but milk into those white women’s children. No, Vivian had it hard but not impossible. She worked twelve-hour shifts three days a week, one of two Negro women in all of the French Hospital, assisting Dr. Michaels and Dr. Phillips in pulling babies into this world. And there were the after-parties too. There would be one tonight in fact, where she’d serve jambalaya and finger sandwiches while the girls sang the neighbors’ blues away. But those were more like homecomings than work. The rest of the time, she could oversee her daughters, their mood and their sound, their feel and their look, the eight-bar intros, the sequins and jewels she sewed atop the polyester fabric.

She let them sit now that the guests had gone. They enjoyed the remaining petit fours and warm tea, and even with her back to them as she scrubbed the pots and pans, she could tell when Chloe spoke that she was smiling that yard-length smile of hers. She could tell Esther was picking at her dessert, and Ruth, her firstborn baby, she could tell she was brooding over something, her brow furrowed, her hands clenched up in her lap. She had been that way for months now. When she was a child, she shared too much: “Mama, I’m nervous to sing. Mama, no boy will ever love me.” It had worn Vivian down, all the counseling she’d been made to do, all the stories, all the questions, all the “Look at me, Mama,” from the morning she woke up to the time she beckoned the child to sleep. But if Vivian had had foresight, she would have warned herself, it was better when the children were talking. It was when they stopped that you had to worry, and that was where she was now. Ruth was hiding something. It was only a matter of time, though, as the Good Book said, before secrets would be made manifest. Everything hidden would become known.

“The corn bread was good, Chloe,” she called out from the sink.

And the girls all groaned in agreement.

“Not a single square left,” Esther said. “That’s how you know.”

“Did you see how many pieces Horace reached for?” Chloe asked.

“I wasn’t looking,” Esther said.

“You wasn’t looking, yeah, alright, you wasn’t looking, and I’m going to swim across the Pacific tonight, dip my hair under the water and all.” This from Ruth. She was only kidding. She had a sweet disposition and it came out as such, but Esther was more sensitive than she let on, especially when it came to her older sister. She took everything Ruth said hard, then doubled down.

“Oh yeah?” Esther looked up fast. “I saw how many pieces of bread you ate, Ruth. Could you even fit in your swimsuit?”

Ruth’s mouth trembled.

“The men at the club seem to like my new curves. I didn’t see a single one checking for you.”

“I wouldn’t let those lowlifes touch me with a stick.” Esther leaned forward.

“And they wouldn’t let themselves either.” Ruth pressed her back against her chair.

And it would go on like that if Vivian didn’t step in. When those two were younger, they couldn’t be separated; then their hugs turned to punches, then their punches turned to commentary, and that didn’t seem to heal like the marks did. She didn’t know what had provoked the rift, only that the slightest look by one of them would unleash all the resentment that had tangled and hardened.

“That’s enough of that now,” Vivian shouted, turning back.

“You both get more looks at the club than I do,” Chloe said.

“Every one of you would be a fool to count on that,” Vivian went on. She still gripped a wet spoon in her hand; she swung it as she spoke, and a drop of water flew to her wrist and curled down. “Every one of you. As much talent as God graced you with and you got the nerve to hang your hat on your looks, beautiful as you are, what’s wrong with you? Now apologize to your sister, both of you.”

They grumbled apologies, and Vivian made them repeat them, louder this time. She told herself she should be starting the greens for the after-party, at least washing the chicken, soaking the beans, but she didn’t have

the oomph for it, not right now. She was relieved when the girls started up again.

“Preacher sure seemed like he was in good spirits, huh, Mama?” Chloe asked.

“What was it he said, ‘God bless the hands that made the meal,’ huh?” Esther asked. “I bet he want to do a whole lot more than bless them.” Esther and Ruth were both laughing now.

“If by bless them, he mean wrap them inside his own and never let go,” Chloe said.

“If by bless them, he mean soothe the weight of his soul with them,” Ruth said, and she and Esther slapped each other’s palms.

“Nah, see, y’all getting along now when it’s you against ol’ Mama, huh?” Vivian dried her hands on the dish towel, walked over, and sat down in the empty chair between Chloe and Ruth. It was true what she had said, that they were all beautiful, if distinct. Chloe was black as her daddy, with Vivian’s slight soft features; Ruth was Vivian’s complexion, so white she might pass, if the very thought of it didn’t sicken her, but she had Ellis’s hair. Now it was the style to press and comb it, but when Ruth had been a baby, Vivian had plunged her hands deep into her daughter’s curls and felt an ecstasy at every kink, almost like God had found where she’d been lacking and through her daughter compensated her in full. Esther had come out as red as the dirt on Vivian’s grandmother’s land, Vivian’s hair straight down her back. Sure, a certain kind of Negro man would always pick one of the older girls out in a crowd, on account of how he was made to detest his own skin. And sure, Chloe had had trouble for that reason, but as young as she was, Vivian could discern a sensuality inside her that was only a few moons from blooming.

“We not against you, Mama.” Chloe leaned her head against Vivian’s shoulder.

“Yeah, we love you, Mama,” Ruth said, leaning in too.

Esther didn’t repeat her sisters’ reassurances, she never did. Still, she walked over and rubbed her mother’s back.

Vivian started to hum “Underneath the Harlem Moon,” and Ruth picked up the tune with her words. It was the first song the girls had learned, the only one they all still adored.

The other girls followed like taking in air.

Vivian had been a little girl herself when she heard a group of ladies from Mobile, fair-skinned too, singing this ditty. They'd come to entertain at a July birthday party her mother was working. Vivian was supposed to be setting out plates for petit fours, but her own birthday had been only two days before, and the fantastic nature of it still lingered, so she did too, next to the table, her mouth spread wide. One of the girls sat at the piano, the two others surrounding her in maid uniforms. The uniforms didn't lay on them the way they laid on her own mama. It almost looked like the women wore costumes. They were as lovely as the white ladies present. Their faces were as made up, their skin as smooth, their figures as tight. It was such a sad song, but they sang it like they were happy, their fingers snapping, their toes tapping the hard floor. If it weren't for their eyes, Vivian would have bought the act entirely.

The white woman Vivian's mother worked for danced in the center of the room. She wasn't old, but she was on her way and she hadn't realized it yet, with the low-cut blouse. She raised the hem of her skirt when she moved, stuck out her splotched thigh. The rest of the group cheered, some with mocking smirks. The sister at the piano watched while her fingers sprawled over the keys. It took a while for Vivian to mark what it was in her eyes. She only recognized it when the white woman's daughter, Vivian's own age herself, snapped at Vivian to get to work: "This ain't no nigger party." Vivian followed the girl back into the kitchen then, but she peered through the door each time it was opened. The ladies sang the whole night through, the woman and her daughter giddy off their show, and Vivian knew the feeling she had had trouble placing was rage.

She thought about those girls every night for years after, sang the song they'd sung, danced their dance. She had a feeling that she had been ordained to see them. She didn't have sisters. It was just her and her two brothers, Lowell and Egan. Still, she clung to the image of the singers, the unexpected surprise of the Negro women there looking just like her, the miracle of their talent lifting the room so high even the whites needed a part of it. All of it had restored Vivian so the white girl's taunts couldn't reach her, not all the way.

When she had one daughter, then another, then another, it occurred to her it might be fate, that that day over a decade earlier might have been the foundation for their destiny. Then she'd heard Ruth one morning in the sanctuary of Shiloh Missionary Baptist, with the press Vivian had combed

in the night before glistening, belt out "Precious Lord" like a woman Vivian's own age, one who was tired, weak, worn. Vivian had yearned to sing as a child, and her mother had told her she could sing alright; she could sing as loud as she wanted while she sacked bags and bags of cotton. Vivian had clamped shut, but Ruth's melodies had picked up where she'd left off. The next morning, Vivian had led her two daughters onto the roof of their building, a smooth 1,500 square feet of concrete that they accessed through a fire escape set off from the kitchen. It was precarious walking up, especially in the winter morning's cold, but Vivian bundled the girls up in coats and scarves, and the children were brave and eager to learn. "See those houses to the north," she'd call out. "That's where you set your sights, you stick with this, you'll be there." She taught them about pitch and intonation until lunchtime called. Later, when Chloe was ready, there were three. The Salvations, as they called themselves, had spent two hours a day on that roof, rain or shine, every day since. As they aged, rehearsals dragged until sunset sometimes, and those nights, in the distance, the lights of the Nob Hill hotels sparkled.

Yes, Vivian had trained those girls as furiously as she'd twisted the cotton from the boll back home. But it would all be worth it one day. The Lord had promised her when Ellis died that He would repay her double for her trouble. There wasn't a day that went by that she didn't envision the reward, the baby blue Cadillac, the mink coats, the diamonds in her ears nearly the size of her fists. She wouldn't need to stand between a white woman's legs urging her to push out a child that would grow up just to tear her down. She wouldn't need to inform the new mothers she wasn't there to mind the babies, only to keep them alive. She'd buy the house Ellis had rented for her, just like Mary had bought her own years earlier, only she wouldn't need roomers to pay the note. The South would fog over into somebody else's memory. Of course, the material effects were just the top layer of her imagining, the fat at the top of milk that got skimmed for the real substance, because it wasn't that at all, was it? She already had an inclination the thrill didn't linger. It was the renewal of her faith she was anticipating, the final leg of a journey she had started out blindfolded over twenty years earlier, no plan in sight and \$200 to her name taped inside her gingham dress. She had made something of it on her own. This last act would cement all she'd yearned for as hers, bind it to her so there'd be no turning back. The nursing degree, the white frocks and caps, the rubber

shoes she tugged off each night were like signals to her that there was more coming. He had whispered that very message in her ear.

Now she stood for the dishes once more, still exalted from the card Mary had pulled from her bra.

“Hey, Mama.” Ruth pushed back from the table, her chair legs abrupt against the hard wood. “I told my study group I’d meet them. We got the biology exam next week.”

Vivian started to say no, then stopped herself. The girl was about to graduate from nursing school, and Vivian was proud of that, she was. Sure, sometimes it worried her too, how committed Ruth was to a backup plan. It was like the Good Book said, you couldn’t serve two masters, but Ruth was a careful girl, always had been. Disciplined, methodical, *ambitious*, which had turned her into the star really. Of course, they all had talent. Esther’s came through tireless effort, and even then, she’d stumble over lines, and Vivian had stopped letting her lead songs because she’d chime in off-key. Chloe’s gift was pure, her range was wiiiide, delivered direct from God Himself, but she didn’t have the power you couldn’t describe in words, but that you couldn’t mistake either. No, without Ruth, Vivian knew, deep in her heart, though she’d never utter it aloud, the life inside the dream would expire.

“Go ahead then, but be back soon,” she said. “We got the after-party tonight.”

“I know,” Ruth said without looking back. And the door closed on the remaining two girls rounding out their final verse.

Ruth

Ruth and Gerry stood in an alley off the butcher shop, and she could still glimpse the unplucked birds and pig heads from the side window. She only had thirty minutes. It was Friday, and every Friday for the past five years, Mama had hosted an after-hours party in their basement. Ruth would need to boil beans in preparation, cut the chicken, not to mention curl her hair and squeeze her gut into a gown. It had been getting harder and harder to do that lately.

“I’m so sick of it,” she complained even now. “The late nights, the nasty men, the liquor on their stank breath, the cigarette smoke on my dresses, my hair. The other day, I threw up after a show, Gerry, barely made it outside before it all streamed out, buckets of it. I can’t sleep at night, I’m having nightmares about the performances—not like in the beginning, when I’d dream I’d open my mouth up and no sound would come out. It’s the opposite. I’m seeing myself on stages hitting notes to perfection, and I wake up weeping. I don’t know how much longer I can keep this going. I really don’t.”

Gerry stood against the butcher shop’s brick. She leaned into him. They’d been kissing before they’d stopped for this conversation. She’d been wanting to have it more and more lately, and they’d ridden the same words down different tracks for weeks. Now he took her hand.

“I fell asleep in family nursing this morning,” she started back.

“Shh.” He put his finger to her mouth. “You know I’m going to take you out of there,” he said. “You know I’m going to marry you.”

“When?” She was tired, and the word came out with a desperate tinge. “I don’t know how much longer I can wait.”

“They about to promote me.” He was a tall brown man with light brown eyes. He’d been skinny as a child, but he’d grown muscles now, muscles and a beard. He had a tic that made him nod when he spoke; he’d developed it when they were nine and a roomer had tried to step to his mother. He’d raised a baseball bat to the man’s face, vowed he’d use it, and the man had fled, but the tic had lingered. That nod always reminded Ruth of the power of his word. He nodded again now. It was hard for her to touch him without wanting him fully.

“Myron aiming to open his package liquor store any minute. It’s all he been talking about. Ain’t nobody else to fill in for him. Nobody that know the business like I do. Ol’ Barrett last week almost lost his finger to a handsaw. No way Mr. Gaines would put him in charge after that. No way in hell.”

Gerry was confident, but he was fighting to be, and that worried Ruth, that there was an opponent on the other side of his conviction.

“It’s not just that. I’m going to own my own butcher shop one day, just like Mr. Gaines. He started same way I did, apprenticing, then four years later, the shop on Post belonged to him. Then this one a few years after that. And cutting meat is like cutting hair, like burying bodies, there’s going to always be a need for it, baby. It’s not the bright lights”—he lowered his head—“but I promise you, you’ll always be fed.”

“I don’t want all that,” she said, lifting his face with her fingers. “Just enough light to see you by, that’s all.” And she kissed him again, harder that time.

“Just give me a few weeks,” he repeated, and she nodded. She always backed down around this bend of the conversation because the truth was, if he proposed tomorrow, as ecstatic as she’d be, she couldn’t begin to conceive of how she’d break it to her mother. It wasn’t that she hadn’t yet summoned the nerve; she didn’t know if she had the capacity to. Even if all the courage in her body rose to its feet like an army inside her, she didn’t think it would be enough. She had never been the type of person who just did things because she wanted to do them. There were people she knew like that, like Nubia, who yearned to be a star with everything in her, or even Katherine, who confessed she was born to bear children, but Ruth didn’t know how to lead a vision from her mind into the world. All this time, her mother had been telling her to project her voice, to smooth out her steps, to mind her sisters, to boil the rice, to sort the bills, to run the house, and she

had followed on her own mostly. But still, the drive of it had come from someone else, and along the way, her own will had been dulled, subsumed.

She was praying the proposal would give her some momentum. She was praying for certainty, a sign that might tell her when to move, what order the words should step out in to best capture her mother's agreement, a sign along the lines of the miracle at Cana in Galilee. Something she wouldn't be able to unsee or misremember later. But here she was outside the butcher shop counting the minutes until she'd hustle off to chase somebody else's dream.

Gerry sighed, shook his head, but he kissed her too.

He pulled her against him, then pulled back, focused on her middle. It was true that she had gained.

"Getting thick with it," he said. "I like it."

"It's all those bologna sandwiches." She nodded toward the meat inside.

"What I'ma do with you?" he asked, laughing.

"I don't know." She rubbed her hand up and down his hard chest. "But we only got ten minutes left to find out."

Ruth had known Gerry her whole life. When she was young, she would have sworn her father had sent him to her to protect her in his absence. She had been about to turn four when the man died, and she was twenty-four now, but she carried the memory of the day of his death with her everywhere she went with a freshness, a vigor, that belied its age.

The details were always the same no matter how many times she revisited them. Her parents had gone out for dinner, and Mary walked next door every ten minutes to be sure Ruth and Esther hadn't wandered from their beds and, once, to pour Esther a new bottle. After Esther gulped it down, Mary left again, and Ruth sang the toddler a lullaby she'd learned from their mother. She only had to finish the first verse before the child's heavy breathing resumed.

*A-tisket, a-tasket
A green and yellow basket
I wrote a letter to my friend
And on the way I dropped it*

Later, Ruth awoke to Mary hunched over on the edge of the bed whispering to herself, "Lord, help me, Jesus." Then Ruth was out again, and

to this day, a small, buried part of herself wondered if perhaps that was the reason he had died. Maybe there was something she would have been able to do with her mind, with her spirit, should she have asked Mary what was wrong, should she have peered over her shoulder into the sitting room, where her father lay flat, her mother rushing to the window for the ambulance, rushing back.

When Ruth finally did get up, the details were hard to assemble into a story, her mother in a heap in the kitchen in front of the new icebox, Mary beside her rubbing her back, and Esther crying, wailing really, that interminable wail that wouldn't let up for months after. Every memory of that period seemed to have been infused with it. Even now, when she thought of her father, it wasn't the man with the soft hat, the mustache, or the bold cologne, the scratchy almost-beard struggling in; no, it was the sound of her sister's voice, Mary whispering, Mama in a heap. That last detail was the hardest to stomach. To this day, she'd do anything to keep that woman standing.

And she didn't hate singing as much as she hated performing, the frantic pace, the undying nights, the eyes on her, the expectations so heavy, and there was no satisfying them when they came to her so deep. Not that it mattered. She'd been in the youth choir since she was old enough to say, "No thank you," and Mama didn't expect anything out of it at first. It was more like holding your own bottle or buckling your own shoes. But then one day, her friend had to stay home sick, and it was Ruth whom the saints associated with her. They told her to get up on the pulpit and sing "Precious Lord" the same way Rosetta had sung it on the record, and so she shot her head back and she did just that, without any particular intention, or fear for that matter, only the way she cleared her plate when her pork chops and rice were finished, or ran the water for her bath. Though she stumbled over the line *Let me stand*, singing "*Let me sand*" instead, the church had erupted that day, and she was still so young she didn't know if their roar of applause was a blessing or a chastisement.

After that, she and Esther were on the roof every night, and for some time, Chloe was too young, but she'd watch. It was supposed to be a two-girl act, that was it, until one day, the baby girl who couldn't even use the bathroom reliably sang two octaves above middle C without strain. Her mother shook her head, smiled to herself, and looked up into the air like she did when she was conversing with Daddy, and she said, "Alright. Three?"

Alright. Three.” Chloe joined, and they were the Salvations. Before Ruth could pronounce “intonation,” she was sleeping with a humidifier to hydrate her larynx; gargling with salt water to prevent infections; jumping rope to ward off breathlessness. Even now, God forbid Mama caught them smoking, or drinking, or spreading too much mayonnaise on their deviled ham sandwiches, or shouting, or doing much of anything besides three-part harmonizing on the roof’s concrete, watching the world beneath them press forward.

Gradually it had all become too much, and Ruth hungered for the girl who would hum along to the Soul Stirrers in the backseat of the car, for the Sunday morning sessions with her sisters, all “Just a Closer Walk with Thee.” That would have been more than enough. Indeed, Mama had shepherded them from the roof to the basement to the high-level stages, but Ruth yearned to travel backwards. Most of the time she was crooning to jazz or gyrating to R&B onstage, she was reflecting on the simple things: breakfasts at Gerry’s house on Father’s Day because the holiday was less than meaningless to them both, drives with him to the Outer Sunset once she turned sixteen. Then there was the future beckoning: the click of the door weekday evenings, Gerry at the threshold, her children underfoot, the miracle of her husband making it home for supper yet again.

Back home, Ruth’s mama sidled up beside her. She’d been acting funny since dinner and she kept it up now, held her hand over her heart, her eyes watering, bright red, and she walked up close to Ruth, and she cupped her face in her right hand.

“What’s wrong with you, Mama?” Ruth asked now. “You coming down with something?”

And the older woman said, to Ruth’s surprise, “No, no, your mama just got a little more hope in her cup than usual, that’s all.”

Then Vivian sat at the table beside her, and she didn’t ask Ruth to get up either, though a hundred people were going to be in the basement in two hours looking for something to drive their hunger away.

“Who are you, and where is my mama?” Ruth asked.

And her mother laughed, in a loud, irreverent way that was not of her, though lately even Ruth had to admit she’d seemed looser, younger. Sometimes at night, she’d light a cigarette after rehearsal on the roof, and she’d talk about her early days with Ruth’s father, how they’d walk to the general store for ice cream, how she knew she would marry him because

when her mother was too sick to move, he'd lift her like she was a child, the way she knew he would one day lift his own children. Ruth would forget then she was talking to her mother, or any woman she knew for that matter. She felt the same sentiments, that she knew with Gerry by the way he took care of his own mama. Mary could be vengeful. She was known to start fights she couldn't finish, but each time Gerry would usher her away like she was incapable of harming a fly. Ruth started to say as much, but that was the thing with her mother—if Ruth inserted herself during these moments, Vivian would remember the usual order of things and pull back. She'd say, "Times have changed. The silliest thing you could do right now is chain yourself to a man." They wouldn't be like girlfriends any longer, and that wall between them would erect itself once again. For that reason, Ruth had learned to silently cherish the times her mother forgot herself, times like now.

"Who are you, and what have you done with my mama?" she repeated, just to hear the woman laugh again.

"Nothing's wrong, baby," she said, still in that same soft tone. "I got news is all. Good news this time. News that will change everything. News that we'd been waiting on, and I had just been about to doubt God, but no." And she shook her head and looked up to the ceiling like she did when she was grateful.

"What is it, Mama?" Ruth asked, though she knew. It was likely another audition, maybe the one at the Dunbar Hotel in Los Angeles, maybe somewhere farther away, maybe something worse. She almost shuddered. She loved her mother more than any other person in this world besides Gerry and her sisters, of course, but they were fundamentally opposed. Mama preferred Sarah Vaughan's fullness to Ella Fitzgerald's flexibility. She thought potato salad was what the devil prepared for his guests, and Ruth could devour bowls. She said idleness should have been rebuked in the Ten Commandments, and Ruth would just sit sometimes when her mother was at work and examine the thoughts in her mind, one by one, because when her mother was present, she swore the woman was privy even to them. Vivian was terrified of open-faced, raw emotion. Once she had glimpsed Ruth and Gerry beneath a door frame. They hadn't been doing or saying anything at all, but that had given it away, the way they'd been smiling like idiots over nothing, and the look in Vivian's eye, Ruth would never forget it.

Since Vivian seemed to have been lifted by her news, Ruth feared—no, she *knew*—that whatever it was, news like that would box her in, weigh her down, hold her back.

Her sisters scuffled in, Mary behind them carrying a fresh chicken from Mr. Gaines's. Mama stood to carry it to the counter, and Ruth took that opportunity to stand herself: "I better get to washing those greens." The girls followed her lead, headed upstairs to change. Vivian walked over and rubbed her arm. Ruth thought about telling her then about Gerry, preempting her news with her own, getting it over with, letting the what-ifs drift behind her.

"What is it, baby?" Vivian asked, rooting through the refrigerator now for the greens. "You always get nervous before a show," she hurried on. "The more nervous, in fact, the better you seem to do. You're going to soar up there. The thing is"—she whispered that part, probably so her sisters didn't hear; she didn't like to breed competition among them in that way—"you're a star, baby. And there's nothing you could do to change that, even if you wanted to."

"Yes, Mama," Ruth said. The collards were tough—Ruth could glean that from where she stood. Her mama passed her the bowl, and Ruth set it down in front of her, ripping the leaves from their hard stems piece by piece.

Gerry had spent more time than Ruth could measure setting up an after-hours spot in the basement, building a bar on the far end of the floor and drilling stools along its counter. Then a wooden stage with a red sequined curtain Mama had sewn and hung behind it, jutting out of the wall in the back. And every Friday night, he lined the frame of the room with chairs to free up the floor. Neighbors streamed in after places like Club Flamingo and the Gourmet Theater Restaurant closed, when they still needed a place to feel on each other or they needed bread to soak up their good times. Or they needed more of something else, anything else, a thing they could neither verbalize nor had ever located, and they were intent on finding it in the heat of Mama's done-up basement. Ruth understood, partly. She hadn't been able to claim that thing either, but she couldn't fathom searching for it there.

Anyway, she'd always been the one to start the food for the late nights, and they hadn't always provided dessert, but people more and more had requested something sweet, banana pudding or pecan pie. At first there hadn't been more than a trickle of folk, and the girls would rouse themselves from bed and perform in their regular house clothes, rollers in their hair, but as word spread, they began to treat it the same way they'd treat a formal show. The thing was the girls had built a following on their own, and now Ruth got the feeling people were there for them more than the corn bread, not to say her mother didn't put her foot in it, her foot and half a cup of sugar. Still, some of the audience didn't even eat; they just pulled their fold-up chairs to the tip of the stage, closed their eyes, and let their mouths hang, waiting on Ruth and her sisters to carry them elsewhere.

The noise downstairs started as a hum, but by the time Ruth had drizzled oil and vinegar over the tomato salad and poured milk in the biscuit batter, the hum had advanced to full-on song. That was her cue to head upstairs. Her mother and Mary would remove the greens from the fire once they were so tender Miss Fox with half her teeth gone would be able to swallow them whole. It used to be that Vivian would stand over the girls while they dressed, her voice straining with instructions: "Don't you want to paint your nails red to draw more attention to that microphone?" And the girls couldn't gossip and joke with each other the way they did ordinarily, not with their mother shouting: "Rest your voice now, that's your power."

Mama had to take up more responsibility downstairs, though, what with Mary and Miss Fox prone to starting fights with the other customers, and now, left to their own devices, the girls were free to bicker and complain. For instance:

“Is that Lil Viv?” Esther asked when Ruth opened the door. “I thought you had run off with Gerry, as late as you are coming in.”

“Oh, stop,” Chloe said.

“Yeah, before I tell Mama you want to sing an extra solo tonight,” Ruth snapped back, shutting her bedroom door behind her.

Esther didn’t say anything to that; Chloe only laughed.

There was an hour remaining before they’d head onstage, but Chloe was ready, perched on the edge of the bed, wagging her kitten heel pumps, tossing out compliments to Esther like she did, like she could build the girl’s mood from scratch. And the thing was, though Ruth seemed to bring out the worst aspects of her sister, sometimes, for Chloe, it worked.

“You might as well go ahead and get married in that dress, Esther,” Chloe went on. “Just need to change the color.”

Esther wasn’t moved, not yet. “It’s the same one you’re wearing,” she said. “Same one Ruth’s wearing too.”

“Yeah, but you not going to have to suck your stomach in neither, not like me. I made the mistake of stopping by Lena’s on the way home. You know it’s lemon butter pecan cake on Fridays, and I swear I can see it on me, like I didn’t even digest it, like it just lodged itself in this roll”—and she squeezed the part of her stomach that folded over itself. Ruth tried not to laugh.

“Doesn’t matter,” Esther cut her off. “Ruth could walk up there in a garbage sack and she’s all they’d see. Especially Mr. Gaines. Unless, of course, Miss Fox tries to fight him first,” Esther went on. Mama let Miss Fox drink for free because she bussed tables, and she didn’t have a dime to her name, but she would promise them she was going to make them rich.

“I’m a get on the phone as soon as I leave here and see about my brother,” Esther mimicked her now. “He a promoter and he gon get you a deal and then you gon tell them all Miss Fox gave you that. Yeah, that came from your Miss Fox.”

Ruth and Chloe bent over laughing. Esther was funny, but it wasn’t just that—they were relieved. Her spells came and went, and it had seemed yesterday that one was brewing. Ruth had bullied her as a child, nothing

extreme, simple name-calling, more so around certain days, Daddy-Daughter dances for instance. Then there'd been that one time when Esther had gotten unreasonably close to that grown man. He'd invite Esther to stay after shows at Flamingo, and standing behind the two, Ruth would have mistaken Mr. Sterling for Esther's daddy. Their bond had poked at a tender spot in Ruth she hadn't known was there, and she'd retaliated in her quiet way. Then she'd become kinder as her own heart healed, as Gerry mended it. Still, as much as Ruth tried, her sister didn't trust her. And most of her storms ended up spiraling in Ruth's direction. Sometimes, though, they'd shift before they touched ground.

"So, Ruth, how's Gerry?" Chloe asked in that singsong voice she developed whenever the topic was boys.

Ruth kept her face composed like she hadn't been worrying about the very same thing. "He's fine, why?"

"Is he coming tonight?"

She shook her head. "He's gotta work. He's up for a promotion you know."

"Ooh," Chloe said. "Maybe that's what he's been waiting on, before he pops the question."

"Please." Esther seemed to be relaxing. "Mama would answer that question for him with a pop upside his head. He's got too much sense for that."

"Maybe not," Chloe said. "Never know what somebody will do when they . . . in love. I wouldn't know, but don't they say it's like a brick hit you, you start seeing things that ain't ordinarily there. You lose control over your faculties. Shoot, I can't wait."

"You're only twenty, you better get comfortable with exactly that, waiting," Esther said.

"Ugh, might be another ten years waiting on you two." Chloe stood up and began powdering the spaces on either sides of her nose that tended to oil. She didn't need any of it was the thing. She had beautiful chocolate skin that even on the days leading up to her cycle didn't break out into the small bumps Esther kept on her forehead or the bigger mounds that dotted Ruth's jawline. But she didn't know it.

"Not too much," Ruth said in a soft voice, placing her hand on her sister's upper back. "Unless you expecting somebody tonight." She winked, glad for the change in subject.

“Not somebody, everybody,” Chloe said. “And when they hear us, they’ll be back the next week and the week after that and the week after that. Don’t matter who else is open either.”

Esther ignored Chloe, dashing her cheekbones with rouge. “Mama say how many songs we got to sing this time?” she asked. She was getting nervous, Ruth could tell, and if it grew in strength, it would reveal itself in some onstage mishap, hopefully one Ruth could distract the crowd from noticing.

“We gon go til the people through with us, that’s what we gon do,” she said like she was irritated. The truth, though, was that she was sustained by Esther’s reticence. Her friends had stopped listening to her “made-up problems,” as they called them; her mother thought she was spoiled, ungrateful. Even she did most times. Who wouldn’t want to be transformed into a star? Esther was the only one who might have understood. She loved it like Chloe, but it ate at her too, that it didn’t come to her straight, that she had to pour more effort in than the others, and she still wouldn’t yield as much back. Ruth didn’t know why she pressed on so hard with it, why she didn’t let it go. They had never had an honest conversation about it, or anything for that matter, but the fact that it was inevitable that Esther would miss a note onstage settled Ruth’s chagrin more than she could say. Esther would be upset if Ruth left, but in all likelihood it’d be best for her.

Ruth squeezed into her blue sequined gown, same exact one as the other girls’ except hers stopped at her knees, and the other girls’ reached their ankles. Esther eyed her up and down.

“Requiring more work than usual, huh, girl?” But she didn’t seem judgmental, only interested, and her curiosity scared Ruth more. Ruth turned from her fast, snuffed her own concern out.

“What’d Mama say we singing?” she asked.

“You know I always like us to redo ‘Sixty Minute Man,’” Chloe said, lighting up like she always did before a show, “and then ‘I Didn’t Know There Was a Reason.’ That’s the three of us. Then Mama wants you to take ‘Walk Through That Door’ solo, Ruth.”

And as soothed as Ruth was by Esther’s inadequacy, the idea that Ruth would yank this hope from Chloe worked the opposite magic. Whenever she was reminded of how much the singing meant to her baby sister, she would feel like a grown woman burning the Christmas list of a child who had imbued it with the previous year’s supply of joy.

“Well, we better warm up then,” Ruth said, letting out a deep, hard breath.

And she led them in their ritual: driving up and down the scale singing “Maaaa”; aligning posture; singing “Maaaa” with more vowels at the end; yawning, stretching their faces; thinking about their ribs and glutes and backs while singing “Maaaa” with all their might. And they never went onstage without running through “I Know Jesus Loves Me” a cappella, Ruth carrying the melody, Esther the upper part, and Chloe the lower, though the truth was Chloe’s range was wider than either of theirs. Still, Mama said the men liked Ruth in the front.

It was nerves steady grinding after that, no matter how many times they performed, and they each had a different way of showing it. Ruth grew quiet now, eyeing the room for items she could organize, books off their shelves, sheets hanging beneath the mattress, but everything was in its place. Esther had it hardest, and she snapped at the girls about her lipstick. “The red color,” she shouted, “I know you have it”—and then a minute later it turned up in her bra. And Chloe twirled in the mirror, flipped her hair, smoothed her gown, hummed the number they’d sing second, all the while beaming. Onstage she would take on a different persona altogether. Mama had told Ruth once she saw a seriousness, a power, in Chloe when she sang that she’d never ever viewed inside her otherwise.

They sprayed some more oil on their hair, hoisted up their pantyhose, glanced backwards in the mirror at their asses as they sashayed, and stepped out.

Downstairs was already hot and humid, though it was only eleven—the basement filled up fast in that way. Mama was running tables with Mary, and there were fifty people between her and her daughters at least, but she mouthed to Ruth, “You’re going to be okay.”

“I know,” Ruth mouthed back like she didn’t need it, though something settled inside her when her mother said it.

“You’re going to be okay,” Ruth said to her sisters, rubbing their backs, squeezing their hands. They always started with a prayer, and she led one now.

“Lord, carry us out of our own bodies so there’s room for you to join us. More than that, move into us, Lord. Occupy our spirits, our hearts, and our minds. Be the words that we deliver, the sound that we emit, the flow we fall into, make us one with the audience so they tell us what they need and

we hear it just as it's time to let it roll, Lord. Touch our feet, may they move like we're dancing on clouds. Still our minds so the rhythm is in our heart and we know it like we know our own name. Lord, energize the people before us, take the liquor off their breath—”

“Yes, Lord,” Esther said.

“—and out of their brain so they can focus, so they can hear us, so they can appreciate the sound you and we are creating. Lord, let it be a testament to the gift you put inside us. Let us do right by you, Lord. Amen.”

“Amen,” the girls repeated.

They passed through the downstairs crowd to the front of the room where the floor had been scratched and Gerry's stage had been chipped, but after a few minutes nobody would pay attention to that. The band was ready, the drummer sliding his closed palm over his sticks one by one, the trumpeter cleaning his mouthpiece. The people beneath him were laughing, shouting, singing, dancing, though there was no music on, not yet. The girls would tame them, in time. Ruth was stepping up to do so when someone grabbed her arm, gripped it tight. She knew it was Gerry before she turned. He was supposed to be working tonight.

“I thought you couldn't make it.”

“I took off.” He nodded when he spoke. “Ruth”—and he paused here. “Mr. Gaines stopped me after work. I got the promotion. I got it, baby.”

“That's wonderful,” she said. Her foot had landed at the tip of the stage, but whatever powerful feeling his words lit up inside her didn't seem to belong in that venue. The feeling wasn't exactly joy: the decision wasn't on Gerry anymore, not Mr. Gaines either. She wasn't waiting on any outside force to save her. She stood arm's length from her sisters, and the gap between her and them might as well have been a mountain to scale.

“I don't want to put it off any longer. We need to tell her, your mama, she's going to have to know, Ruth. I love you, and—”

“I know,” she cut him off. “I love you too. So much. But now I have to sing.” She looked over to where her mama stood, Preacher beside her rubbing her back. She had said she needed to sing, but she didn't know if the words to the songs they had rehearsed would leave her mouth when she opened it. There might be an exclamation instead, a hymn of praise, a cry of alarm.

The music started, and she could hear Chloe in the back, crooning the chorus to “Sixty Minute Man.” The girls all swung their arms, snapped their

fingers. They rolled their hips forward in a slow swoon, and the crowd hollered, drunk as they were. She couldn't see them—it was too lit up onstage—but she could feel the energy, the free life, wild in the room yet directed straight at her too, and the thought of it all ending fueled her forward. It might be over soon.

And she leaned down for this part to offer the crowd the fingers that didn't grip the microphone, and the men who'd dragged their chairs to the stage leapt toward her, pitiful, though, on account of the booze, and she jerked her hand back just in time to make them laugh again.

Not that they needed the entertainment, not anymore. They were already coupled up, the song a stimulant in that direction. She could float away now if she wanted to, but there was "I Didn't Know There Was a Reason" to do, and the energy of her sisters occupied her through that, the fear of stepping on their feet, the mothering urge she could mostly manage, ensuring they maintained their notes above and below her.

They took a minute to receive the applause and to catch their breath. Ruth could glimpse Mama from the corner of her eye, chatting it up with Gerry, both of them staring straight at her, Mama calling out, "Alright now, girl." Ruth turned back to the song.

*There didn't seem to be a reason to smile
I hadn't felt this funny feeling in quite a while
But then you came and shined your light on me
And I can't take another day without you, baby*

Esther and Chloe sang the next two verses, and Ruth closed her eyes for them. In her mind, she was guiding her sisters through every note, holding their hands as they walked a narrow ledge, and it wasn't until Esther reached the final *But I must go on, But I will go on* without an error that Ruth exhaled, then called out to the audience to give it up for first Esther, then Chloe. Moments like these, she felt most intimately like her mother's child. The pride she felt watching them saunter off the stage, watching the people gaze at them, already hooked to them in that short time, well, she understood why her mother's eyes watered, why she followed them onto that roof every night. She and her sisters had been singing and dancing in harmony since they could talk, and somehow along the way, their insides had become connected too. She butted heads with Esther, sure, but she still

knew when she was sick; she knew when her heart was broken. And now, when her two sisters had been glorified, she could feel their transcendence.

This was the part of the night Ruth feared—the part when she was left alone onstage. Her sisters, after all these years, were like padding to her. When she tripped over a microphone wire six months back at the Champagne Supper Club, it didn't sting as much when she stepped off the stage knowing they had had a bad night, that was all.

At least she wouldn't have to dance. That wasn't her forte, and it was all she could do to remember the words, much less know if she should step to the right *three* times before she dipped, or twice.

The crowd had erupted seeing her sisters off, and she waited for them to quiet down before she started, low at first.

*I don't know exactly what I came here for
I don't know the reason anymore*

She could sense her mama from where she stood, surrounded by patrons, overjoyed, and Ruth used to try to be too—to find pride in being the recipient of so many people's stares, to close her eyes and blend into the sound, to call up gratitude for her luck to be gifted such a talent—but she'd learned a few years back it was futile. She'd only feel more guilt at the end of it.

*Just that what I'm getting isn't feeding me
Only that I stepped into a world that's not keeping me*

She had finally found a way to match the joy she knew her mother felt watching them perform. But if she wanted to round out that joy, she would have to steal her mother's; she would have to talk to her; she would have to activate her own voice. She had promised herself she would do that very thing too many times now to count, but at the last minute, another audition would come through, another concert opening, another opportunity they simply could not forgo.

*If this is what it is, then tell me
I've never been above settling*

Because her mother would say, Ruth knew, that she wanted more for her than a life a finger-snap away from poverty. Her mother would say she wanted more for her than to be some man's wife, some children's mother, some milk to devour, some nerves to fray, some life force to suck dry. It represented danger to Vivian, anything that didn't showcase every form of ambition, but it was the opposite for Ruth. She would tell her mother if she listened. Her whole life she'd studied other people's families. The way a father would loop his jacket around his child when the outside air swooped in the sanctuary at church, and the way her friend Nubia's mother would set a plate before her man first before she tended to her own children. Those details fascinated her, and she'd unwind them and coil them back up, only to unwind them again many nights. If her mother were to talk to a girl in the church who wasn't her daughter, she would tell her that everyone had a compass inside them showing them which direction to go. Ruth had zeroed in on hers years earlier, but she had drowned it out with doo-wops and dance steps. The harder she went, she told herself, the more she could learn to love it, but the opposite had happened instead—the disgust had sharpened because she wasn't listening to it. And she sang that next part from her gut, with the weight of the urge to steer her own life.

The crowd was cheering now. She had hit the D on the head and let it linger, and there was wonder in that, sure. There was a peace there too, a stability. She had been on somebody's stage for as long as she knew. The crowd always overflowed with praise. She didn't know why she couldn't learn to be the type of woman to let that warm her. But she had learned she could not, and the certainty of that in the moment filled her up in a way that wouldn't seep out after the applause was done.

*But if there's something different
Then let me walk through that door
Tonight*

The song was almost over. She'd sing that last verse one more time, and she'd add some words to it, some oomph as Mama called it, and then . . . The truth was she was starting to feel funny again. It had been that way the last couple of nights, but the feeling was gaining strength now, as was her suspicion.

She set the microphone back on the stand and bowed. She usually stayed for as much applause as they'd give—she earned that and then some—but this time she walked straight down the steps, past the men whose eyes were strapped to her chest, only to get a sight of her backside; past her sisters, namely Chloe, who screeched and clapped; past Mama, Preacher Thomas beside her, who'd taken her hairnet off to say she was so proud. She could see Gerry too, walking toward her, but she didn't let him stop her from hurrying up the stairs. She wanted to talk to him, more than anything she did, but the noise, which she typically welcomed, the mix of odors, hot oil, Tabu the forbidden perfume, and sweat on top of hair grease, the sounds of palms slapping other palms, or butts, in greeting, the trumpeter leading the band in improv, all of it together was too frantic for the uneasiness rising inside her. She couldn't take the risk of throwing up in this setting.

She rushed up another flight of stairs and made it to her bathroom just in time. When she was done, she noticed that her sisters had come in behind her, Chloe stroking her hair and even Esther appearing contrite. The three girls glanced at each other, and an understanding passed between them, one Ruth had been bypassing the last few weeks, but in the familiarity of this setting, of this group, she felt safe staring it down and then absorbing it. Finally, when Ruth couldn't stand the smell of herself any longer, she told them to go, and she stood and washed up at the sink, smiling without meaning to all the while. There was something different, and she would walk through that door tonight.

Esther

All the while Ruth freshened up, Esther had to stop herself from smiling. She wasn't in the habit of celebrating her older sister, and the smile wouldn't have conveyed the meaning at its root. The thing was, Esther had been praying in her own vague and nondeferential way that Ruth would somehow be displaced from her star position, that Esther would be the one to displace her. And now her time had come. Chloe was good at this singing thing, better than good, but she didn't know it, and that hemmed her up in the way she'd let her voice drop when Ruth came in too heavy or the way she'd eat too much before a show, develop a leg cramp, and only half commit to the dance steps. That and Mama's blindness were why Ruth had always been set out front. And it was true that Esther had always had to work three times harder for the same level of skill, but she held her head up high when she arrived at rehearsal an hour before, tarried an hour later. And she maintained that spirit during the show. It was why onstage she could perform on par, why recently, at the Champagne Supper Club, she had outshined even Ruth singing "I Don't Want to Go On This Way." Half of stardom, she'd learned, was the belief that it was yours.

Of course, she'd learned a few minutes ago that there had been another reason she'd been trending upward, why Ruth had been slipping back, but that knowing only stoked her hope. Because it wasn't just the pregnancy—that state would yield a child, and Ruth would be the best mother, like she'd been to Esther before their feud, like she still was to Chloe. She wouldn't be able to split the effort between her home and the roof; she would make the right choice, she always did, and that would root up a path for Esther that simply had not been there before. Again, she had to stop herself from not only smiling but also tilting her head back and guffawing.

“How long have you known?” she asked. Ruth was back in her bedroom now, on the edge of her bed staring into space while Chloe rubbed her back. She had lingered in the bathroom for some minutes cleaning herself up, but Esther could still smell her, and she stepped backwards a few feet while she waited for her sister to confess.

“Really known? As long as you have.” Ruth’s eyes fastened on her stomach or the floor—Esther wasn’t sure which. Esther wanted to extend her arm to her, maybe pull her in. It had been so long she wouldn’t know where to start, how long to draw the act out, and she decided after a second of considering it wouldn’t be close to worth the awkwardness. Instead she tried to will her sister to risk looking up into her eyes. It was the most tender Esther had felt about her in some time. Maybe Ruth could glimpse that if she looked her way. Esther understood why she might not; there had been only coldness there for years now.

“What are you going to do?” Esther asked. Her voice was softer here now, but no one seemed to notice it.

She was surprised at herself. In a matter of minutes, it was like history had changed, not the facts but her perception of them. For so long, when she saw or even thought of her sister, she could only find room for Ruth’s taunts that had at first floated around her but then, in their adolescent years, circled closer, snuck inside her. The teasing had stopped years ago, but the discomfort had lingered, swelled even, encompassed most interactions involving Ruth, even ones where she wasn’t to blame. For instance, her relationship with Mama: it wasn’t Ruth’s fault that she’d bent to the woman’s will, that Mama didn’t even have to say a word to Ruth and she’d know all the same to retrieve her slippers or her robe or whatever it was that would deliver her from her state of unease. Esther had found that state of unease to be permanent, but Ruth had worked a way around it. Then, of course, there was that man. Esther shook her head against the image of him.

Ruth shrugged, like they were talking about whether she’d finish off the leftovers from the after-party or send them home with Mary for her roomers.

“Well, you don’t know a thing then, huh, girl? You don’t know what you’re going to do, you didn’t know you got yourself knocked up, you’re probably going to say you don’t know how.” Esther didn’t mean to come out so strong. It was just that man’s face, and humor had become a reflex for her, a guard. Her mama had tried to tame her mouth, even washed it out

with soap when she was thirteen, but it didn't matter. Once Esther scrubbed the sharp taste off her tongue, she was back, switching Mama's gospel lyrics to sexually laced ones: *I need all of you inside me right this minute, Jesse* instead of *Jesus*; remarking on Miss Mary's smile behind her back, all "Be true to your teeth, or they'll be false to you." But this was not the time. She reminded herself of that.

"Of course I noticed," Ruth said. "Of course I did. Four months ago, it should have come and it didn't. But you know our cycles ain't never been so regular. And I been under so much pressure too, with the Dunbar audition approaching, Gerry's job stuff." She started to say something else and then she paused. "I'd assumed it had been stress," she went on. "I wanted to assume as much." She sort of smiled when she said that part, and Esther thought she might have noticed relief, not only that, but was it happiness? And that happiness seemed to invert itself and snake into Esther like it wasn't possible for her and her sister to match on the inside.

"Well, good for you," Esther said. "You got your ticket out. You know you never loved it, Ruth." There was more she had wanted to say only a minute earlier, so much more, maybe "Congratulations," maybe "You'd make a good mother, based on how you used to be with me, how you still are with Chloe," maybe "That's one lucky baby." But now handling it all a different way felt better, made it easier to walk out the door and slam it behind her.

Esther couldn't find downstairs fast enough. On her way, Mr. Gaines stopped her, trying to locate her chest with his eyes, but she had changed into her casual clothes now, a buttoned-up tailored shirt that nearly reached her neck.

"You sounded good," he said.

"You couldn't hear me over your own nasty thoughts," she yelled back over her shoulder. She would retrieve her coat, then be gone, but when she reached the basement, sure enough, Mama was busy trying to break up a fight between Miss Fox and Mary.

"She knew I wanted a square meal," Mary shouted. "Bringing me a slab of meat like I'm some heathen. I come in here every week and I order potatoes, greens, and steak, a square meal. You ain't never seen me in here not ordering no goddamn square meal."

"Nobody would argue with that. If anything, they might even say the meals were rectangular," Esther muttered to no one in particular, and a

couple beside her snickered.

Mama was escorting Miss Fox from the basement, and she gestured at Esther to finish leading the woman upstairs. Esther reached down for her hand; her own coat would have to wait. Miss Fox was small, and it didn't require too much effort to guide her from one step to the other. Esther could smell the brown liquor straining through her pores.

"Oo, I could just strangle that bitch." Miss Fox turned to her when they reached outside. "Then your mama, that heifer, banned me for a month. Can't hardly stand none of y'all." She lit a cigarette and handed it to Esther. Esther hesitated—she had only done it once with Horace at the bookstore—then looked around, took a long drag, and coughed the smoke out.

"Feel better, don't it?" Miss Fox asked.

Esther nodded, and the woman looked back at her like she was seeing her for the first time.

"Take another one, you might feel even better than that."

Esther reached for it once more and puffed before she heard the uproar. Mary had run out of the house and down the front steps, her arms swinging, Gerry behind her.

"You no-count geezer," she screamed, and Esther handed the cigarette back, started down the block. Last time she got caught up in one of Mary's grievances, her earring had been yanked out of her left lobe. She'd worn clip-ons onstage until a nurse friend of Mama's sewed her up again. From what she could gather, tonight would be that sort of night. Even now, she could hear Gerry, all:

"Mama, wait. Now stop all that now, Mama. You too old for all that."

Then Miss Fox:

"You lucky your son got you. If it weren't him, woulda been me."

Esther turned back for another peek. Ruth had ventured outside.

Gerry had set his mother at their front stoop and was standing beside his woman now, his hand grazing her stomach. He knew. Whether he'd known all along or Ruth had just told him, Esther would never know. It didn't matter anyway. He would be there; he would take care of it. Everything always worked out for Ruth. Esther faced the walk ahead with hot tears in her eyes. There was only one place for her to go.

FOR AS LONG AS SHE HAD WORKED AT HORACE'S DADDY'S BOOKSHOP, NOBODY called her by her given name. She was Professor Jones to Horace, and that

had embarrassed her at first. In her family, her intelligence wasn't as much a gift as it was a distraction from rehearsal, and she had to learn to take the nickname as a compliment. Gradually, as customers increased and requested her, she'd meet their needs according to the piece of themselves they showed her—Ralph Ellison to men with anger dragging their heads to their chest, and Gwendolyn Brooks to girls she might have been friends with if she gave half a shit what they thought, if she had an ounce of energy to follow a crowd rushing nowhere. Instead, she began to find comfort, pride even, in deducing what needs a philosophy or a sentiment inside a book might meet, needs a person didn't even know showed up gaping. Just as customers returned weeks later lighter or fuller according to what their burden had been, the exchanges moved Esther. A person watching might have noticed midway through her frequent walks from Webster and Eddy to Post that in anticipation of hitting her spot, her everyday hardness seemed to melt off her body. She spoke to people more, not like Ruth and certainly not like Chloe, but she delivered hellos without rolling her eyes. Sometimes, she might even stop outside the shop and listen to Drunk Freddy reflect on the size of the roaches in his childhood home, large enough to choke a mule. She'd run the description through her mind after that, marveling at the precision. There was a notebook she hid under her mattress for lines like those, lines she might apply to something later, though what it might be she didn't know.

By the time she stepped inside the store, she was a different person altogether. She was no longer the girl who trained herself raw for impeccable footwork, the girl with a Billie Holiday arch to her voice, though she couldn't always control its stretch or bend. She was not the middle sister who sank so low sometimes she didn't know if she would ever be roused, the one people fought to be friends with before they realized that nearness to someone as prickly as Esther caused harm, that no matter how hard she tried, how tenderly they approached, proximity flagged danger to her every time. Here at the shop, she could feel joined without it threatening her. She was the one to categorize the stock according to its time period: slavery or Reconstruction or the Harlem Renaissance. She was the one to remind Horace to call his wife, let her know he'd be late; then, when they'd split up, she was the one to tell him life was long, and though that made him cry harder, at least she had been there. She was the one who read books straight through not once but twice because they became like family to her.

And when business was slow, as it could be, she was the girl who wrote a newsletter every month, who snuck to print it in Horace's basement, who downplayed it when it came out because though her mother said, "That's great, dear," she wrapped her hollowed-out crawfish heads in it and plopped it in the trash before she sent Esther straight back to the roof. Esther had started the newsletter six months earlier mostly to commemorate the books she'd read, with summaries but also analysis. Her first issue had been about Gwendolyn Brooks's poem "Sadie and Maud," and she'd started with its synopsis, then critiqued the pressure applied to women to bear children. Esther had always identified with Maud, who went to college. She didn't want to go on like her, to die alone, but it was hard for her to imagine a different outcome sometimes.

Now she removed her key from her bra, opened up, turned on the light with a string that hung from the ceiling. When she oriented herself at the counter, she felt under the cash register for her current gem, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*. There was a sofa in the back room, and she carried the book there. The last thing she remembered before she fell asleep was Janie confessing to Nanny how badly she desired love. Come morning, Esther thought she caught the old woman's eyes in Horace's face.

"You knocked out in here again, huh, girl?" He reached behind her to open a window.

She sat up, stunned, though it had happened before, many times. As uncomfortable as the worn sofa was, she'd slept like a baby.

"One of those nights, huh?" he asked.

Even when she slept at home, she was the first one to arrive in the morning, and she'd turn on the lights and make coffee. When Horace joined her, they'd reflect on the *Sun-Reporter* while they downed two cups black. He tossed the paper against the counter now. The coffee would be late this morning.

"Now the City saying our neighborhood's slumming it," he went on. "Slum, huh? I read that article to my daddy, he said this was the nicest place he ever lived."

Esther stood for the bathroom. She kept a toothbrush there, and washcloths for her face.

"Goddamn shame." Esther could hear him as she splashed water on herself.

"You should write about it, Professor. In that newsletter of yours."

“That’s not what it’s for,” she shouted over the sound of the running faucet.

“Well, that’s what it should be for,” Horace said.

“I don’t get it, you want me elsewhere?” She had started to do something to her hair in the mirror, but she gave up, gathered it into a lumpy ponytail, and turned out the bathroom light. “You trying to fire me in language so shiny I don’t realize til I get home that I don’t have a check,” she joked, because the idea was unfathomable, certainly now. Ruth would be gone, and as much relief as her absence had promised her, the relief didn’t walk to her straight. Besides, lately Chloe was always off with Tony, and it wasn’t possible to hold a conversation with Vivian that didn’t involve performing, glorifying elements of it that had passed, or pining for more glory in the future, and those were the best-case scenarios. The alternative was listening to her critiques, the blocks to glory one of the girls had erected, and usually that girl was Esther. Here at the store, she worked and worked, but it was like the effort turned back on itself and graced her.

“Please, if you weren’t getting paid to be here, you’d just sit up here all day anyway,” Horace said. Esther had always thought it would be easier to have a brother, and if their relationship was any indication, she’d been right.

“Yeah, I’d have more space to lounge ’cause there wouldn’t be any customers, though.”

“Yeah right, they only started going to you when I had my baby last year.”

“And once they started, they couldn’t stop, it was like one of your mama’s hot cross buns, boy, and I ate them until I was sick, but I was never full.”

“Well, you got me sick and full listening to this mess,” he said. She stood at the register now, and he reviewed the newest shipment: *The Street*.

“It’s protest literature,” she said.

“It’s women’s issues,” Horace said.

“It’s protest,” she said back, “if quiet.”

“I know it is,” he said, and he had been about to cast it as the alternative, but she didn’t say anything more.

“Baby not sleeping, huh?” she asked.

He shook his head. “And Vanessa on my ass about it ’cause it messes up his schedule the whole next day. Like I’m poking the child’s foot in the middle of the night waking him up.” They had split earlier that fall. They

did well raising Malcolm apart, as long as he was sleeping. Horace had him Monday through Wednesday and one weekend day; Vanessa minded him the rest. From the beginning, Esther had warned him it wouldn't work out between him and the child's mother—they were too different—but she'd liked Vanessa anyway, and she'd been heartbroken to see her go.

"You're both tired," she said.

"Yeah, but don't let me complain about it. I'm not the one home all day, blah blah blah." His temple gathered sweat easily, and he addressed the issue now with a towel he stored in his back pocket. When he was done, he examined the cloth, though there was nothing visible on it, then slipped it back behind him.

"It's not just the article," he said, changing the subject. He didn't like to talk about his ex much these days. "A friend of my father's came over for supper yesterday. His brother-in-law works at the Redevelopment Agency."

"Oh yeah? Is he that one Negro I see with them sometimes? Looking like a raisin in a sea of milk. Better yet, a field of cotton."

Horace shook his head, laughed. "Girl, you crazy, but yeah, him. He said something's going down. I guess they got some new blood in there, I guess things are shifting."

Esther shrugged. "What's that got to do with us?"

"I'm telling you what, things about to go down. Something changed, he didn't say what. I mean, anybody with eyes could see the neighborhood has been struggling, and the City likes to send people in here to record the problems they created. But I never knew why. Until now. All this time, they've been planning to fix it."

"Well, that's good if they're fixing it then, right?"

"You not listening. They want to start over. They want to rebuild from scratch."

"Where the hell are we supposed to go while they're rebuilding?"

"Now you cooking with gas, Professor. Now you cooking with gas. They plan to remove us and ours. It's not just while they're rebuilding either. My daddy's friend said there probably won't be a place for us when they're done."

"Oh, boy, now you being paranoid." She waved her hand against him, his interpretation, all of it. "I can't take you seriously when you talk like that."

He paused. “Maybe you right,” he said. “I told you I didn’t get no sleep last night. Didn’t have an appetite this morning either. Had a bad feeling about something.”

“Well, I know something’s wrong if you couldn’t eat.”

She couldn’t help but think about Ruth’s news when he brought up the sleep again. The part Horace was complaining about, about the toll the baby took, that wouldn’t be an issue for her and Gerry. Esther could already imagine them gazing into each other’s eyes in the late-night hours, fueled by their creation in a way rest couldn’t match. There was Vivian, and she’d raise hell at the beginning, but she’d get over it and then Ruth’s life would be sweet again, sweeter than ever before, because she would finally have her freedom. Then again, this time, Esther would have hers too. No more feeling like worse than invisible—seen but not worth viewing—beside her sister; no more measuring herself against someone whose complaints even came out in perfect key. She started to tell Horace about her new nephew or niece—she just wanted it off her chest—but his eyes were glazed over.

“Go in the back and take a rest then,” she said. “You know I got you.”

“You sure?” he asked, but she didn’t bother answering him; he was already moving backwards.

Business was slow, so she went back to reading. A customer chimed in half an hour later with fury seeping through his smile, and Esther recommended Chester Himes and Frances Ellen Watkins Harper. The man had heard of Himes but not Harper, and Esther flipped the book to her favorite poem: “The Soul.” Then some urgent sensation she had never experienced before moved her to recite her favorite stanza to him:

*Could we drag the sun from his golden car,
To lay in this balance with ev’ry star,
'Twould darken the day and obscure the night—
But the weight of the balance would still be light.*

When she was done, she found the customer staring. She didn’t know what had come over her either.

Horace had ventured back by then, smiling all the while, and for the rest of the day, he’d called her Frances or Frankie, speaking to her about shipments and color coding through poorly rhymed stanzas. She told him as much, but that only sent him on harder.

“We all can’t be brilliant like you and Frances,” he said. He made himself laugh at that, but she didn’t. “Nah. I’m not even playing, though,

not all the way. Seeing you with that customer was something else.” And hearing that, Esther longed for the proper response, pride, but the feeling betrayed itself like an ingrown nail. As she locked up, she didn’t turn to look at him when she said goodbye.

NOBODY KNEW THIS, NOBODY, BUT TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN THE GIRLS worked the Flamingo every week, there was a man who managed the acts named Mr. Sterling. He was in his twenties and brown with soft black hair he slicked back, and every girl wearing a training bra nursed a crush on him. Esther and her sisters were the only performers each Wednesday night, so each girl got to have her own dressing room. Mr. Sterling would stand outside Esther’s, and she would see him right before a show. On the days Esther’s mother worked the night shift, he’d stand there after too, wait for her to change, then walk all three of them home. Esther was twelve years old and she’d started to think of boys, one in particular who brought double-stuffed ham sandwiches to school each day. His father worked for Mr. Gaines, and she’d watch the boy at lunch gulping down a quarter of a sandwich in one bite, and yet he always left half the meat on the table in front of him no matter how many times Miss Peters told him to clean it up. He’d stand and wipe his hands against his trousers, wind his tongue around his lips, and Esther got a funny feeling watching his tongue move. She asked Ruth once when they were undressing from church, rolling down their pantyhose and setting them in the sink to soap, what it was, that tickle down there. It seemed like if she touched it a certain way for a certain time, she could rush it to a gratifying stop.

“I’ll tell you when you’re older,” Ruth had said. This had been before Esther had changed toward her, and Ruth said it with a softness Esther felt like she could blanket around herself, inside her body too. She could reach for it standing in line with girls who whispered about her for having a flat chest, teasing her mercilessly because though Esther was never seen without a book, she was left-handed, and the teacher had held her back from first grade to correct the deficiency.

One night on the Flamingo stage, twelve-year-old Esther wore a black gown that was too old for her narrow frame, and she pinned her hair in a bun, and when she came in with “*Oh dear, I wonder where my basket can be, Oh gee, I wish that little girl I could see,*” a man in the front row reached for her leg. She’d jumped back. It had been the first time anyone

had looked past Ruth for her. Mr. Sterling had been angry and forced the man out, banned him for weeks after. That night, he dismissed Ruth and Chloe and asked her to stay behind. He'd taken note of her dancing, he'd said, and he wanted to show her more moves he'd learned. Ruth hesitated, then said, "Hurry home after you finish that practice, you hear?" And Esther sensed something new, a fear of some sort she could only interpret as jealousy. It was no matter. Mr. Sterling ordered the bartender to never leave her Shirley Temple glass empty, and he served her his sister's homemade cookies that the club was famous for, ginger molasses. Esther wasn't a big eater, but she loved sweets, and she lost track of how many times he refreshed her plate.

From then on, every evening her mother wasn't there, he sent her sisters home and kept her. Sometimes the drink was lemonade; sometimes it was a Shirley Temple; sometimes the cookies were the same; sometimes they were lemon, or chocolate chip.

Ruth would study her movements during rehearsal. A few weeks after the "lessons" had started, she approached her, felt for the groove on the other side of her elbow, and said, "I don't see any new dances. The ones he's supposedly been showing you." She paused. "I don't want you staying with Mr. Sterling anymore." And Esther had raged back at her with a ferocity she didn't know was in her. That had been the first time there had been anything between them but love, and the last time Ruth spoke on the matter.

One night, instead of giving her the snacks, Mr. Sterling asked her if she wanted to see where he lived. She knew what she was supposed to say. Her mother had warned her not to go anywhere with a strange man. "I'm not sending anybody to get you," she'd say. "If they say they're going to kill you if you don't get in their van, say 'Let me die then.'" But this man was the manager of the Flamingo. He hadn't yet, but he would gift her new skills, the secrets to her mother's smiles. And he stared at her the way men stared at Ruth, the way their eyes trailed her backside. When Ruth was in the room, it was like nobody else existed for Gerry, like he could take or leave the very world itself. Esther looked into Mr. Sterling's face and said "Okay."

Anyway, his house was only a few blocks away and they walked down Fillmore Street in silence. He led her straight to the dining room, which was much fancier than Esther's, with paintings of fruit and birds plastered on

every wall and two crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The table had been set and Esther sat across from him, watched him move his cloth napkin from the table to his lap. She did the same.

“How old are you?” he asked first. He had set out sliced ham and rolls of bread, and he lifted the meat from a platter and uncoiled the rind from the edge in a slow circle. Esther followed suit, though she didn’t like ham.

“Fifteen,” Esther lied.

Mr. Sterling smirked, but he didn’t object.

“You got a lot of friends at school?” he asked.

She shook her head. If she had had the wherewithal, she would have made up a lie. There were girls whose names she scribbled in margins of her notebook, girls whose friendship might have made life palatable.

“A girl as pretty as you, as sweet, and you don’t have a lot of friends?” he asked.

“We practice a lot,” she said. “There isn’t much time.”

He nodded. “I kept to myself too. After my daddy left. Was embarrassed for the kids to know me. I pushed them away so they wouldn’t reject me.”

Esther thought about correcting him, telling him it wasn’t about embarrassment. But she lost track of all that considering his skin. It was browner than hers, brown like her daddy’s had been, and he was eating now, and so careful about it, each bite more like a kiss than an act of devouring.

They kept on talking, and when he asked her questions, he really listened while she answered, then he thought about the response, and sometimes he leaned toward her for more, and sometimes he seemed satisfied. When he fell silent, she racked her brain for another question or consideration to prompt him, but she came up blank. Surely her mother would understand she couldn’t just leave him floating. If she stood, it would be because she or he had delivered a response with an edge to it, a natural ending. Finally, it was the meal that announced itself done.

“I better get you home,” he said. “Your mama may start looking for me.”

“She doesn’t get home until the morning,” Esther said, and that seemed to make him smile, though they both stood anyway.

“I’ll see you next week?” he asked a block from her door. And she nodded, though she didn’t believe it. She wasn’t Ruth; still, every Friday he asked her back. They ate together, and then he’d walk her home, and

Esther's chores, her crooning, and her stepping out on the roof were all entwined now with the desperation of her longing.

One night, a few months into their routine, he brought her to his house, but he sidestepped the dining room and led her upstairs. In his bedroom, he took her hand, but he was skittish with it, his head darting over his shoulder every other step, though he lived alone. Esther wasn't skittish at all, not about being seen. She felt so removed from anything she had done or had expected to do, it didn't feel like she was using her own body. Surely even if someone saw her, they wouldn't recognize her as herself.

He told her to sit on the edge of his bed and he disappeared into a closet. While she couldn't see him, she asked questions like normal, more about his mama, a subject he seemed to fall into the last time, then his sister, but he'd only give one-word answers that came out more like grunts. Finally, he walked out with only his underwear on. She wanted to cry seeing the way his private part poked out of the cloth, but she was too old for that now. He sat beside her and guided her to his lap, and she sat on him, wrapped her arms around his neck. He kissed her hard like he had meant to hurt her, only got the move wrong. He ran his hands up her chest. There was nothing there, she knew—the girls at school had told her as much—but he moaned anyway and he moved her hand to his lap, where his private part was bigger than Esther had known it could become. It was nearly black except where it was pink at the tip, and it was hard and upright now. Esther had known to expect that because of the girls at school, but she also felt more unprepared than she ever had in her life. He did her work for her, up and down and up and down, and she was relieved that she wouldn't have to initiate the act on her own, that she wouldn't have a chance to mess it up. It didn't take long before he released, then exhaled louder and longer than before. His hand was still on her chest, but it only draped there, limp. His eyes were closed, and she stared at his face. She had never seen anyone's so peaceful. She thought he might have fallen asleep, but after a few minutes, he sat up higher and looked around. He reached for a handkerchief beside the bed and wiped her hand, then her skirt, then himself.

"I'm sorry," he said, gesturing to the mess he'd made, and she said, "That's okay, I can get it out." Then he seemed even sorrier, and he got up without holding her hand now, and she followed him home. Ruth had been up that night—Esther had seen her bedroom curtain rustle. When Esther made it up the stairs, she waited in front of her older sister's door for some

time before she knocked, not once but three times. The third time, she even called out Ruth's name, but she didn't answer. The next week at the Flamingo, Mama accompanied them. Esther started to sing, and her throat began to close in on itself, though everyone was watching, including Mr. Sterling. Ruth took over her part, and Esther ran off the stage. After, Mama burst into her dressing room, shouting.

"You think Dinah Washington leaves a packed crowd for any reason at all?"

Esther just cried into her hands. Ruth knocked on her dressing room door, three times just like Esther had with her, and just like before, Esther didn't respond. She had spent the night after Mr. Sterling sobbing into sleep, then waking only to return to sobbing again, and in the break between her cries, she had wanted her sister. Then shame of what she'd done merged with the disappointment of her sister's silence, and by the time she woke up, she couldn't tell one from the other. After that, it was just a matter of time before she told herself that the look Ruth had given her when Mr. Sterling's interest sprouted was not of fear but of knowing. When she didn't hear from Mr. Sterling after that night at his house, it was only a matter of time before she believed Ruth to be smug over his absence. She didn't know what wrong thing she'd done to turn him away, but she knew that sort of thing wouldn't have happened to Ruth. Even with Gerry by her side, the men clamored for her and had to be told to leave.

The next week, they weren't asked to return to the Flamingo. That was when Esther's moods started, when she started finding fault with everything Ruth said, did. Sometimes she even imagined the girl's thoughts and took issue with them. She had calmed some once she found the bookstore, but that evening, the way Horace looked at her, with awe if she read it right, her resentment had returned with majestic vengeance, an unexpected summer storm.

Now, at home, Esther kept up with her sisters on the roof. It was clearer—as Esther knew the source of Ruth's impairment—how she had changed, how long it took her to catch her breath, how her stomach juttled over her pants when she dipped backwards. Still, it was Esther Mama focused on. "That's not the note," she'd call out. Or her favorite: "Ambition, girl. Not contrition."

As invincible as Esther had made herself out to seem, she couldn't access that sturdiness when she was singing. She was more the type to need

reassurance, and after every show, she hurried backstage to her mama. Vivian would always say something positive—“Those swoops sure did improve” or “I could see where you practiced that C note”—but she didn’t beam the way she would at Ruth, or even Chloe, and sometimes Esther felt like she wasn’t dancing on the roof as much as she was chasing something, even now, tracking her mother’s eyes to see if she had reached her target.

The woman only sighed. “Maybe we should nix it this evening. Y’all don’t seem like you have it in you tonight.” Still, she didn’t call Ruth’s name. She never would. “You can run a few scales, then go on to bed.”

“You sure Mama?” Esther asked. She wanted to linger, to coax something, anything, out of the woman, maybe a compliment—she’d killed the high steps—but most likely she would let her down. Her mama didn’t see her yet, not all the way, but she would.

IT HAD BEEN TEN YEARS, AND ESTHER STILL SAW MR. STERLING AROUND. At first, she had waited for him to approach her, relieve her shame, but he never did. At last, she stopped hoping. It had been easier that way. It had been easy too to hate Ruth, not just to hate her but to show her she did. The girl was tireless on the roof and outside it, pretending to be second mother, but like their first one, she didn’t understand the role. Once, only once, Esther had needed her, and she hadn’t opened the door.

After the incident, Esther had started to write songs, silly ones at first, pining after a man she learned later had defiled her. And then angry ones pinned at that same man. Now she wrote to unwind after a long day, to fill her heart up when it seemed wrung out, to match the mood she’d steal from a particularly resonant book, a high she hadn’t located elsewhere. She’d shown her best work to her mother, and Mama had said someday she’d select one for the group to perform. The time had to be right, though, and so far it hadn’t been. No matter; Esther took out her pen now and started.

Vivian

Vivian freshened up before she left to meet Mr. Franklin, pressed baking soda under her arms, and slipped on a pair of pantyhose, reaching through the closet for the form-fitting sheath dress she'd worn to Flamingo the night Fatso Berry hosted the talent show. People from all over San Francisco had come in dressed to the nines, and after the cowboy movies, the girls had won first place singing the Mello-Moods' "Where Are You (Now That I Need You)."

That had meant fifty dollars and a paragraph in the *Sun-Reporter*. She and the girls had rotated that excitement between themselves for weeks.

Vivian had washed and set her hair the night before, and the curls still held, more or less, though they'd fallen some. This was her favorite look actually, the second day's. There was more bounce around her face, a halo. It seemed to draw attention from the circles under her eyes she'd started to brush with powder, the lines on either side of her mouth. Oh well. She dabbed blush on her cheeks, slipped into her cloth coat with the deep fur cuffs, and then drew on another coat of lipstick and dabbed at the oil on her nose. She peeked once more in the mirror; circles or not, she still had it. She passed the same people on the street she always passed on the way home, Horace, Miss Edna, Gladys, Mr. Gaines, and Miss Fox, and they all called out behind her:

"Good evening, Vivian. What you know good?"

She started to say, as she always did, "Can't complain, no use in it," but this time, a different answer rose to its feet and she allowed it to preside.

"We shall see."

Mr. Franklin had asked to meet her at the Champagne Supper Club where the girls sang every Thursday and where *the* Miss Eartha Kitt had

performed just last month. Vivian hadn't repeated this to her daughters—she didn't like to breed competition among them—but something about the woman's self-assurance as she sang "C'est Si Bon" reminded Vivian of Ruth so vividly she got chills. There was a line in front of the club today, mostly men congregating beneath the awning in suits, wide-brimmed hats, and smooth leather wing tips. The sign on the marquee read SHOW DANCING, but Vivian knew some of the major acts just ambled in without notice. There was no telling who would be playing tonight. Vivian made her way through the crowd, felt the men's eyes burrowing into her backside, and aimed herself at the door. There stood the owner, Mr. Bailey, a stout man with a deep voice and a hard smile, and he led her inside to the bar.

"Our best champagne." He nodded at the bartender, a quiet red man, tender when he did speak, though.

Vivian reached for her purse as both men waved their hands.

"You sure?" she asked, knowing neither would budge.

"Mr. Franklin's on his way in." The bartender slid the glass over to her, its bubbles sizzling on the top.

"How'd you know I was waiting on him?" she started to ask but didn't finish. It was the way it was in the Fillmore, the way it had been in St. Francisville too, but the twenty-block stretch of land here was narrower and news traveled within it like lightning.

"Lucky you," the bartender said without answering the question. "Most people come in here to meet Mr. Franklin leave smiling wider than when they walked in. Most people."

Vivian smiled, not all the way, though. She didn't allow herself that, but she tipped the man half a dollar on her way to a booth.

Mr. Bailey led her there by the elbow. She had arrived early she'd been so excited, and the place was packed already with men dressed not unlike the ones outside, and women in slender or wide-skirted evening gowns and velvet bathing cap hats. Mr. Bailey stopped at a small round table draped in a white cloth right beside the stage where the chorus girls did splits in lace bras and panties. Pork chops were the special, he said, and she nodded, though she knew she wouldn't eat much; she couldn't. He left, and a waitress walked by with a big bottle of champagne. She poured Vivian a glass, and Vivian wanted to lunge for it. Still, she waited until the girl was out of sight. Then she looked around some as she sipped. The club was swanky inside, not like some of the places they'd sung in early in their

careers, the kinds of places you'd have to leave early before a fight between a pimp and one of his ladies broke out.

No, this was a place for working people who had just been paid, especially considering Miss Edna had called the numbers. Men were out with their wives or their girlfriends, and in some situations Vivian noticed it was both, but there was laughter and yelps and women leaning into the breast pocket of a man and just resting their heads. Yes, this was the place for the high-end streetwalkers who occupied their own table. Their men would be the ones who could afford to drive them someplace with a view, but the ladies still had to steel themselves up for what would unfold, and glasses lined their table like rows of soldiers.

This was where the amateur trumpeter and horn man, hungry by the side of the stage, tapped their feet, patted the palms of their hands against their sides. They would get on soon, and it was only time and circumstance separating them from the greats. You would see that sometimes when Monk or Satchmo showed up and their sound blended together so seamlessly with the no-names you couldn't discern them as individuals any longer.

This was the place for the whites who came for the music, for the dancing—not to take part but to witness—for the food, for the cocktails the bartender doubled on instinct, and they sat off to the side and absorbed the regulars' soul.

This was the place for the young women who couldn't take a sip without a man signaling to the waitress that it was time to buy another. One of those men even approached Vivian, all "Oh, you sitting by your lonesome?"

And Vivian nodded, "For now," and she let the space around what she didn't say linger until the man understood her meaning and walked away.

Because this was Vivian's place too, hers and the girls'. Every Thursday, they slept right after dinner, set the clock to wake them before midnight, and then they dressed in the dark, hustled over in the cold just as the chorus girls exited the stage. They'd yawn through the comedians and the Samson and Delilah act. Then it would be time for their show, and they'd come alive for it, like they'd slept for years in preparation, and after, they'd linger for the greats. Then, even Esther, who'd complained every foot of the block there, would tear up listening to Ben Webster on the saxophone.

They didn't sit at tables like this, though, so close she could smell the baby powder one of the girls must have sprinkled between her legs before the show. Not only that, those nights were for education, and Vivian took notes, on how Miss Kitt moved like she was sneaking and that made it harder to look away, or how she made eyes with the audience like she was letting them all in on a story for their ears only, or how her voice dropped like a man's while she presented so thoroughly like a woman. That dichotomy was mind-blowing even for Vivian; the men might as well have flown away. Still, those nights with the girls were frenzied times and she didn't have the presence of mind to wonder if she belonged. Now she had the space for discomfort. All this time she had been waiting for something major to shift in her life, and yet all of a sudden she found she could have done without it. Maybe it wasn't worth it, the fear of all the dangerous ways this dream could implode; maybe she was alright as she was. The girls did well in school. Ruth was already studying nursing like her mother had, and most Negro mothers would have been ecstatic. Maybe Vivian could learn to be that type.

A red comedian she recognized but whose name she couldn't remember replaced the chorus girls onstage and recited poems ending in some sort of double entendre. The audience erupted each time. Vivian was observing them, wondering why she couldn't catch the joke, when she saw Mr. Franklin walk in. Mr. Bailey nodded at him in her direction, and he walked toward her, stopping at several tables to kiss a pretty woman or shake hands with a suddenly more serious man, a man who suddenly had reason to slip his shoulders back. When Mr. Franklin finally arrived at the table, she stood like one of those men and embraced him. The comedian finished up:

"And I told that man not to *ass* me any more questions."

More applause and laughter, but Vivian was sealed in from it now. The man in front of her was tall and brown with a slight paunch and gold jewelry on every part of his body like he measured it and there couldn't be more than six inches on his person that wasn't shining. He wore dark glasses with large frames and a bright purple tie. She had heard enough about him, and the information cycled through her mind now: he played with his own jazz band years back; he moved to Los Angeles but still had family in the area; he visited every now and then to scout new talent; there were even rumors he had found Etta James. Vivian had seen his signature baby blue Cadillac in the neighborhood weeks earlier, gossiped about the

color to Mary, in fact, who said, “Only a real fine man would choose such a soft shade of blue,” but she hadn’t brought herself close to thinking anything about him could involve her, her girls anyway.

She pulled back before he did, but his smell was still on her, the smell of extravagance, and it was a tad too much, sure, but that made sense to her when she thought of it. It was probably impossible to hold back at that level. It fit him, and she inhaled.

“Well, damn, Vivian, if I didn’t know it was you, I would have thought you had sent one of your daughters in your stead,” he said.

“Aww, shucks, Mr. Franklin, stop all that now.” But she welcomed it. She had to admit, it was difficult growing older. She had an aunt in New Orleans who never married. Vivian’s whole life, people referred to the woman as the most beautiful in all of the 7th Ward, and every summer weekend night, Vivian admired her, watching her dress for a date. Anything Vivian wanted from her at this time, she could ask. Her new alligator handbag, yes; a coat from Woolworth, yes; a box of beignets, yes. The woman would submit because she held so much hope at that hour—Vivian never understood why. She never understood either why she returned home with her makeup worn, why, as time passed, she’d pull Vivian aside and ask if her outfit made her look too old or too young, depending on the day. Vivian always delivered the answer that would feed her, in exactly the tone that was needed, but she didn’t understand the pain at the root of it at all, not until now, staring down fifty as she was. She had a feeling when it was finally all over, when her cycle stopped once and for all, when she didn’t even expect the second glances out the car windows, when the urges that she saw to some nights had subsided, it would be a great relief. But the anticipation of the loss caught her every time.

“I thought about it, about bringing the girls, but my neighbor, the one who found your card, she said just do what the man says, go alone.”

“Yeah, best for now, I think. I’ll meet the Salvations soon enough. Saw them perform last week at the Town Club. If I had closed my eyes, you couldn’t have told me Ruth wasn’t Bessie Smith standing up there. Whole lot better-looking than Bessie, I’ll tell you that too.”

Vivian tried not to blush. It was like he was talking about her after all, in a way—Ruth was hers, she had created her, and as grown as Ruth was, Vivian still considered her an appendage more than a separate entity, which was why Ruth’s new brooding irked her soul. She had the talent all on her

own to be a superstar. If Vivian had had only half, if it had been a different time, if she'd had a mama who could have afforded to pass more than a second outside the fields—well, that part was over now.

“Oh, yes, no question she can sing, almost like a man, I mean with that power, but she can bring it down too, soften it, that's what makes it so shocking when she increases the force again. People have compared her to Bessie before, but not just Bessie, Eartha, Mahalia, it's like the instrument is not diluted, you know, the instrument God gave her. Training her, I see, she sets her intention on the sound she wants to deliver and she aims it and she hits the target direct, right on the money, I mean you can't teach it. You either got it or you don't.” She realized she had been talking too much, too fast, and she paused. The host was announcing the main act.

“The lady who's about to grace this stage needs no introduction. She has toured with the Count Basie Orchestra, performed at New York's Club Ebony and Carnegie Hall. If I listed her hits, I'd be here til six a.m. and you wouldn't get to lay eyes on this beauty herself. She—”

Some folks from the crowd interrupted, “Sit down, big man. Get off the stage.”

“You said it yourself, we knocking on daylight, and you still talking.”

“Alright, alright, alright,” he went on, “I am honored as ever to welcome her, our own, the immeasurable, the indomitable, the incomparable Miss Lady Day.”

Everyone rose to their feet, Vivian included. Mr. Franklin leaned over and whispered through the shouting, “I know her, know her real well. Tried to get her to record with a friend of mine, but she went with Decca. See how that turned out.”

The applause had subsided, but Mr. Franklin was still going:

“Maybe for the best: drug problems and such. You can see it on her now.”

Vivian didn't respond; she was too enamored. When you stared, you could see the phenomenon might have lost weight, sure, but Vivian wouldn't have noticed it on her. She didn't evaluate her like that, like she was an actual person. It was more like Vivian was in Paris at the Louvre, or in Egypt beholding the pyramids, and whatever the creator had intended was fine. She certainly wouldn't burden His creations with her own expectations. Mr. Franklin was still rattling off his connections when the woman started “I Cover the Waterfront.”

Vivian leaned in to Mr. Franklin, lowered her voice.

“We’ve been talking about Ruth, but you should hear Esther. It’s a coincidence really that we’re here on this night because people actually compare her to Lady. She’s not as powerful, no, not by a long shot, but she has a voice that can travel, sweet as a baby’s chortle, and when it lifts, oh my God”—Vivian brought her hand to her own heart—“she can hit notes that could break a windowpane, you have to hear it to believe it. She performs her own version of ‘I Was Doing Alright.’ Starts it out the same, but the second verse she raises it up an octave, and that *But I’m doing better than ever now* comes out so smooth, so sharp. The funny thing is I started to name her Ella, but—” Mr. Franklin wasn’t listening; his eyes were on the stage. Vivian’s were too, but watching anybody sing up close, royalty or not, always brought up her children.

“Yes, I saw her,” Mr. Franklin said finally like she’d just asked the question, his voice flat, his gaze elsewhere, and Vivian saw he was motioning for another drink for the two of them. She was nearly finished with her first, and she told herself to slow down. *Slow on down, girl*. She hadn’t even gotten to Chloe, and she was the one who had come out a mix between the two other girls, the bridge between her sisters, the older girls’ perfect sum. Esther was the life of the party when she felt like it, but she could sink too. Lord, could she sink into moods so dark, Vivian couldn’t get her out of bed some days. Ruth was kind, steady, sober-minded—Vivian could count on her to take the meat out of the freezer in the morning; to lay out clothes for herself and the girls, freshly ironed, in the parlor at night. She had been making groceries and assembling meals since she was eleven. But Chloe brought the joy, the wonder. It was Chloe whom Vivian could always depend on for a sweet word, for an “It’s okay, Mama, I know you didn’t mean it” if she had lost her temper. Vivian sometimes heard her from her bay window on the stoop with Tony or her other friends, nurturing them like she was somebody’s mama. It was funny to hear such deep love coming from her little-girl voice: “I wish you could see yourself the way we see you.” Vivian marveled at it because Esther wouldn’t have been asked, and Ruth would have quoted the Bible without context, but Chloe, from the day she was born, filled up a part of Vivian’s spirit that had been empty. She couldn’t dance like Esther, and her voice wasn’t as mighty as Ruth’s, but that was why there was a group to stand up beside her. And anyway, it was like she had learned to glide between her two sisters, to occupy them in

parts and to merge them inside her own spirit, and Vivian had never seen anybody, Miss Sarah Vaughan included, with more vocal range. She could visit three octaves in the course of one sitting. When Mr. Franklin saw that, it would bring him to his knees. She started to say as much, to try to figure out how to condense the sentiment into words, but the drinks arrived and the man took one long sip and then looked up at her again.

“You probably know why I called you here.”

Vivian shrugged and smiled. “Of course I surmised—”

“That girl up there, Ruth, singing last week, what song was it, ‘Stormy Weather,’ and I almost started crying like an infant on his mama’s ninny. Brought me all the way back to that farm, let me tell you, the crowder peas we picked, the hens we chased.”

Vivian smiled. She did have that power. It was the power of her daughter, sure, but it had been cultivated in her and passed down, and it was the power of song too, of course, the reason Vivian had fled to it and locked herself inside.

“I knew right then, I had to have her, not just her, all of them. See, it’s got to be a girl group, that’s the wave of the future, and that’s the trouble too. Sure, you can find one who can sing, even two, but three? Nearly impossible, and every month I scour the country, East Texas and Baton Rouge, Chicago, Detroit, back rooms and motels. You wouldn’t believe the places I’ve dug through just to find somebody, anybody, black, white, yellow, red, who can make me forget myself, all my trouble, and all this time they were hiding in my own backyard. Congratulations, Mama, you created them. Wasn’t for you, we wouldn’t even be sitting here right now. And three is a good number, a biblical number, the three gifts, the angels. And that girl Ruth, well, there was Jesus, there was the Holy Ghost, and there was God. Without her, why, you’d lose the one at the sacred helm.”

Billie kept on alongside the compliment, and Vivian had to close her eyes to take it all in, she had to.

“And I hear you’re quite the manager too. That you trained them yourself, taught them everything they know, got them performing onstage at Jack’s, Flamingo, even here.” He clasped and unclasped his hands as he spoke. “Yes, my dear, you’ve done fine for them by yourself. But if you want to take it further, you’re going to need some help. Anyone would. And I’m in a position to provide it.”

Vivian had to take a drink on that note, a long one, and she was a different person when she set the glass back down on the table than she was when she'd picked it up.

"See, I'd like to take them around the country," he kept on. "Ultimately the world. It's one thing to be in the top places here, to have the people scream for you here, but the farther away you venture from home, the more people know your name, the more you get paid for gigs, you know that, darlin'? You getting paid yet, sister?"

Vivian paused before she spoke.

"Some," she said, her eyes aimed right at him, though it was hard to keep them level.

"Well, alright, well, alright, I'm just saying, I don't want to step on your toes, but you get to a point where you got to release your children to the world if you want them to be worldly, you know what I'm saying? There's no reason we know Dinah and Sarah and Billie up there, but we ain't never heard of Ruth, not until last week when she sang that ballad so smooth it rounded out my heart."

"Now if I was their manager," he went on, "first thing I'd do is arrange bigger gigs for them, all over the country. I'm not meaning this chitlin circuit. I'm meaning more the likes of where Sam Cooke performs. I've been in Los Angeles for going on ten years now, but I'm not just talking there either. I'm talking the Apollo Theater in Harlem; I'm talking the Howard Theatre in DC, the Regal in Chicago. And that's just the beginning. See, I got connections you could only dream of, young lady."

"I have a friend at Columbia Records," Vivian interrupted, and the use of the word "friend" was a stretch, but she felt compelled to even their hand, to show off her own ambition.

"That's what I mean, that's exactly what I mean. What's Columbia Records going to do for them? I'm not talking about no Columbia Records, I'm talking about Chess, I'm talking about Wexler, they know Negro DJs. They know the way to actually get these girls on the radio. But I'm getting ahead of myself, first thing we'd need to do is hook them up with a musician, maybe a jazz bass player, of course I know too many to count. He'd make a demo for the girls, I'd drop it off at Wexler's doorstep with my own two hands. The rest would be in Jesus's hands, that's how smooth the process would flow, that's how ordained it would start to feel. You understand what I'm telling you, girl?"

And Vivian turned back to the stage, where Billie had started to beg.

She could have stayed that way forever, but Mr. Franklin had finished another drink, and was impatient for the waitress's attention, impatient for hers too. She got the feeling he had asked her another question aside from the one he had stretched out toward her a few minutes earlier, and she hadn't heard it. She found his eyes with her own.

"What do you say?" he asked. There was wetness around his lips, and he wiped it with a paper napkin, then crumpled it up and set it next to the now empty glass.

For some reason Vivian couldn't have foreseen, she didn't know. A fear had sprung upon her. Looking at Billie, she'd had to mentally command her eyes to focus, she was so stuck on envisioning herself in the cities he had named. She didn't know where to start in either of them, only pooled together images she had glimpsed in magazines, stories she'd overheard. Each city melted into the other and became a large fantastic one, Chicago's World's Fair Sky Ride ferrying millions of riders to New York's pea green beacon of hope. Vivian had the feeling she had had upon laying eyes on California, before she realized the streets were not actually paved with gold, that the rats were even bigger than they were in Louisiana, faster too, that white people were just white people, that the ones in the West had watched the same minstrel shows as the ones in the South. All they had room for in their imaginations was what had made them chuckle. But now . . . The deep, inexpressible wants she had been denied over the years always congealed in the center of her chest. From the first slight, the moment she worked up the nerve to tell her mother she would sing and that woman laughed like Vivian had never heard her laugh before, like she was free, through the moment she knew her husband had slipped off into another world, she felt the pain anew each day upon rising. Years ago, she had accepted she would go to her grave with that knot. Yet here was the analgesic she'd been searching for, and all she had to do was say yes.

"The girls and I always dreamed about traveling to New York City," she nearly whispered, clutching her mama's pearls at her neck.

"I would imagine, but it's a tricky lifestyle, especially in the beginning, living out of suitcases, in hotel rooms when we can secure them. I know people in almost every city I travel to who can put us up, but even then it's only back rooms, and after a month of it, it feels like you might kill

somebody for a home-cooked meal.” He shot his head back and laughed, a low heavy jingling of grunts.

And she tried to laugh with him, she did, but no sound would come out because, yes, it was true, all her life she had envisioned the big city. All her time as a mother, she had envisioned the four of them taking it in together. But that vision wouldn’t pan out. She had work and bills and work again. This next step she had prayed for had come upon her, but it would not include her.

Billie was finishing up now. Vivian had sat at the base of the record player listening to this very song. She knew every inflection, every accent, every dip or leap, but the tone was gloomier now the way Billie was rendering it. Her voice was deeper, earthier, laced throughout with pain. The whole of all that had gone wrong shot through every word.

“You don’t seem as excited as I thought you’d be.” He smiled some more, motioning to the waitress again, and before Vivian knew it, she was on her third drink. She took a sip and felt more lonesome on account of it.

“It’s not that, Mr. Franklin, it’s not that. This is everything I have dreamed. It’s just that . . .” She paused. “It’s just that the thought of sending them off to the other side of the globe without any kin, well, it’s . . .” She paused again, lifted her head so her eyes were level with his. “It’s unimaginable.”

“That’s ’cause you don’t get it.” He stopped smiling, but he wasn’t angry either, only methodical and patient. He was just getting started.

“That’s ’cause you don’t get it. Not yet, anyway. It’s not just bright lights, baby, it’s not just limos and furs, it’s not just applause so loud you can’t hear yourself think either. That’s only the surface of it, that’s just what the people who haven’t been there have the capacity to imagine, but it’s deeper than that. You know what it feels like to have a dream materialize, Vivian?”

He sat back in his chair and pulled a cigar out of his breast pocket. He offered her one, but she shook her head, though in the haze of the third drink it did seem appealing.

“There’s two different types of people in the world, Vivian,” he said, “two types only: people who know how to call up a desire, and command it into stone, and people who don’t. I can show your daughters how to be the first type. Can show you too. If you’ll let me.”

And Vivian didn't know if it was the drink or the air wafting over from his smoke, but it was like she froze then, like time stopped, and she could see two parallel versions of her eldest daughter's life splayed out in front of her. In one, Ruth was headed down a road dizzyingly similar to the one Vivian had walked to the general store in St. Francisville for milk and eggs on credit. Maybe the face of it would be different, maybe it had been paved since Vivian had traveled west, maybe Ruth would wear heels instead of her brothers' hand-me-downs, but the feel of it was the same, the fear and the despair and the exhaustion. And maybe the way she would cope might vary, but the reason for coping would be the same, the need to excuse herself from the relentless monotony, the babies streaming behind her and a husband latching onto her inside the four walls of a kitchen piled high with dishes, bills, and with worry. At least Vivian had had this hope, something lofty to lift her from the mundane, the dreary, but now this man was offering a hand and, yes, charging too much, too too much for it, but maybe it was worth the cost. She'd outlined the girls' futures to herself too many times to count, but the picture was always limited, faded. The other road blurred even now in her line of sight. This man in front of her had reached it before. He had walked it even and could lead her along it just as easily as he signaled for the drink, if she would only say yes.

She took another sip and studied the room once more. The alcohol had cleared her in a sense, and she could see now that even here at Champagne Supper Club, one of the Big Three in the city, the stage was dusty, the chorus girls' wigs were slanted, their recent baby pooches hanging over their panties. The johns were losing their patience with the night ladies who took their time. Last week, Vivian had written FINAL ACT AT CHAMPAGNE down on a sheet of paper and taped it to the icebox as their next big dream, but now, in the last hour, she had begun to want more for her daughters, a hell of a lot more, and if sending them off was the path there, she would have to let them go. Maybe it was the only opportunity they'd get.

She looked up. "Yes."

"What's that?" Mr. Franklin asked.

"Yes," she repeated, feeling like she was coming to.

"Is that so?"

She nodded. "You got it, it's a deal." She stuck out her hand—and she was glad she had taken the time to polish her nails that evening, cherry red, just like her lips—and he squeezed it tight.

He was the type of man who seemed to always get his way, but he appeared surprised now, pleased but surprised.

“You serious, aren’t you?” he asked, standing. No doubt the other people in the club thought they were forming more than a business alignment.

Standing too, she could feel how much she’d had to drink. She had to hold on to the edge of the table before she joined him in an embrace. When she pulled back, he signaled again to the waitress, this time for a round for everybody in the place.

“I’m managing her daughters,” he yelled out to all of them, and the chorus girls were still shaking their behinds. They’d taken off their gowns, kicked them flat on the front of the stage, and they leaned toward the audience and shimmied their chests, their overflowing coconut bras jiggling.

“He’s managing my daughters,” Vivian called out to whoever hadn’t heard, and the chorus girls cheered on their way offstage, arm in arm now, snapping their legs up to the ceiling in unison.

In the audience, a group formed around Vivian. The news had brought everyone to life: the bored wives, the impatient johns, the ladies of the night who had shielded themselves alright, shielded themselves five drinks deep. By now, these ladies would have celebrated a murder, but luckily it was goodness tonight that called their names. Even the whites stood and clinked their glasses.

The band joined onstage and played “A-Tisket, A-Tasket,” and Mr. Franklin took her hand, and they came together and circled while she kicked her legs in short quick jerks, and then he extended his arm to swing her out, and watched her switch her hips on her own, and then he brought her in again, only to lift her and spin her on his back while the crowd cheered.

A lady usher at the church who cooked for Lena’s Barbecue Restaurant accepted the hand of Deacon Washington, and they came together so tight there was no room for Jesus, but everyone was too mirthful to care and the likelihood was it wouldn’t get carried back to Shiloh the next day. And then a john took a lady of the night, and then a man took his own wife, and then a different man took a different man’s wife, and the whites didn’t know the moves, but they switched their hips to a distinct pulse of their own, and the chorus girls who had been onstage earlier jumped back on and sang.

And then the trumpeter switched the tempo, and they weren't playing anything any of them knew. Now it was the saxophonist meeting eyes with the pianist and the drummer nodding back at the clarinet, and it was Vivian too, and not just her, but all of them, the collective soul of the place—the news Vivian had shared, the johns' hopes, the wives' fears, all melding into one frequency—it was driving the sound, which was also in their bones, and without realizing it, they were all kicking their feet out at the same rhythm, snapping their bodies into their partners' and back out again onto the floor, swerving and hopping and floating really, and the joy of having formed something streamed through Vivian, lit her up, made her feel like she was shining, and she had had that feeling before, when she was married, quick and simple as it was, and when she'd borne each of the girls, of course, she had slipped above the ordinary world for a moment, and then the most recent time, she was at Jack's in the front row, watching her babies sweep a room up into their command and she'd gone silent for some time, staring, in awe. And here it was again now. She could sell this moment, she knew. People would pay everything for it, she would herself if she could learn to carry it beyond these walls, but for now, it was free even to the whites who ventured down to the Fillmore for the barbecue and the blues, and who today for the first time had lingered.

BY THE TIME VIVIAN LEFT THE CLUB, THE DAY WAS BEGINNING, BUT NOBODY knew it yet. She had access to this hour when she worked her night shifts too, and on the way home, she'd sing quietly to herself, but this time she was alone and she shouted it out: "*A-tisket, a-tasket.*" Anyway, she still felt like celebrating, drunk as she was, and she realized she hadn't been so apart from her own senses since she was her oldest daughter's age, nearly pregnant.

She began to skip down the sidewalks, bypassing the old, scattered newspapers and bottles of pop, the food beginning to stink, streaming out of the cans on the corner.

Then she was twirling down Post, Club Alabam on her right, empty now, imagining a line of chorus girls beside her taking her hand. They'd lift each other, and she hopped into the air herself and tapped the heels of her shoes together as she'd seen them do, and she laughed when she landed. Then she heard a scream from the side of a house to her left and she

screamed too. She almost broke into a run when she heard someone say quietly, then louder, “It’s just me. It’s just me, Freddy.”

“Oh.” She relaxed when she saw the man, his face smeared with dirt and the scent of liquor like a halo around him, not that Vivian could talk. Freddy was the neighborhood drunk, a Negro from Baton Rouge who’d moved there to work in the shipyards. When the war ended, he stopped making rent, and Vivian knew his people back home. They would have loved to have him return if only he’d go. She’d ask him sometimes why he didn’t, offered to pay for a train down South, and he’d say, “I’m not walking backwards.”

He stumbled over, and Vivian caught him by the wrist.

“Celebration, huh?” he asked. Vivian filled him in. “Ahh, that’s wonderful, hope for the youthful. I remember that, I do.” His eyes watered, but he stopped them in their place, and he danced around Vivian, of course not as sprightly as he might have moved before life had chewed, then spit him out. Vivian joined his dancing beside him, not a dance she had done before, but it was easy to catch on, bouncing really from one foot to the other in a circle. They held each other’s arms just as she’d held Mr. Franklin, and the smell of vodka didn’t bother her as much as it had minutes before. Once, Vivian nearly tripped on a curb, and it was Freddy who lifted her before she fell into a pile of peanut shells, and the two looked into each other’s eyes and laughed.

She stood, and they walked along, Freddy gulping swigs from his drink and Vivian already feeling the agony that would await her later in the day. They passed the corner of her street where police cars sat sometimes at this hour, picking up Negroes for vagrancy when there was nowhere else to go. Today, she recognized the officer inside. White but decent—he would offer her a ride sometimes after her night shifts, and he rolled down the window now to bid them good morning.

“Good day,” he said. “You’re out late. Coming in the wrong direction for it to be work.”

“My daughters,” she said, and she told him what had happened.

“Wow, congratulations. You deserve it. That’s what I love about your people. You always find something to celebrate. Even in the darkest times.”

“What’s so dark?” Freddy slurred, his eyes on hers while he spoke.

“What? You haven’t heard about the redevelopment? Oh well, I hate to tell you now then on such a special occasion.” The officer looked

elsewhere, away from them both.

“What redevelopment?”

“Well, it’s just that the City’s redevelopment agency released a report.” He still wasn’t looking at them. “Your neighborhood was labeled as blighted.”

Oh, yes, of course, there was always that talk. What did it have to do with the price of beans? Not a damn thing, Vivian had learned. She almost said as much, but she knew the order of things, and besides, the officer kept on.

“Now the agency’s hired a new man, Mr. Belmont, just moved here from DC. He’s taking the matter a bit more seriously than his predecessor.”

“Talk, talk, always gon be talk,” Freddy said.

“Yes, but tuberculosis is on the rise and there’s overcrowding and fire hazards and, and”—he paused—“other moral issues.” He paused again here like he might not say the next part. “I’ve heard talk of starting all over. Beautifying the city.”

Freddy took another long swig of his drink, and Vivian was grateful for the distraction.

“That’s enough of that,” she said, reaching for the bottle the man hadn’t even bothered to wrap, and Freddy snapped his hand back so fast, Vivian almost fell forward.

“You two be careful now.” The officer’s tone had straightened, and Vivian smoothed her dress, looked up the street to her house, which was beckoning.

“I’m always careful, Officer,” she said, looking away. To Freddy, she called, “I’ll bring some supper by this evening, leave it out.” She said it like a question, though she did it many times a week.

“Didn’t want to upset you,” the officer said. “Just want you to be prepared. You’re not like the rest of your people, and I don’t want you to be taken by surprise.” He was talking to Vivian’s back now.

“I’m always prepared too, Officer,” she said, uninterested in the rest, because if there was one thing she knew, it was white people, their whims and their fancies, and she wouldn’t dream of taking action based on them. It was God who told her she would be safe here, that she’d earned a reprieve; God who’d given her a second home, that first one inaccessible to her now. And look how He’d shown out tonight.

She had reached her stoop, and she looked upstairs where her girls would be sleeping, no doubt presuming they would wake up beside their textbooks, the same girls they'd been before their eyes shut. Without them knowing it, their world had been transformed. And it would only be a matter of time before they started pulling in dough. Mr. Franklin had assured her of that sometime in the night. She wouldn't need her job forever. She would be able to join them. Vivian felt giddy just considering the turn.

Later, she would walk back outside with a blanket and spare ham sandwiches, dry because mayonnaise made Freddy sick. For now, she could barely wait to get inside. She didn't know what she would do when she was in there. She was a private woman. That tendency had been bred in her, and she couldn't forsake it now if she tried. She wouldn't knock on Mary's door or call her, not yet. She wouldn't yelp the way she had with the liquor hot inside her, but she might undress slowly in front of the glass. She might pick up the phone, pretend she was the kind of woman who'd call Preacher at this hour; she might lay the phone back down. She might touch herself and think of something other than those lights, that applause, someone, maybe him, she didn't know. She rarely sang these days, and when she did, the tune was wound up with her mother's hurtful laughter, but that song from the night before, which already felt like a lifetime earlier, was still hanging over the forefront of her mind, and she might slip inside it, no, but she might, no. That would be taking it too far, but she would stare into her own light brown eyes, her body the most youthful it would ever be, and mouth out:

*Will the one I love
Be coming back to me?*

She might recite the words aloud like she were reading a scripture. She might feel a surge of affirmation inside.

Chloe

Chloe opened the front door, which was never locked, half expectant. Most of the times she returned home from school, Ruth was at the library, Esther was at the bookstore, Mama was working, and she'd enjoyed the small moments to herself. She'd prepare a double ham sandwich, drink Coca-Cola without her mama's side-eye, but today was different. It had only been two days since Ruth's news, and Chloe had stayed behind long after Esther left the room, slamming the door behind her. Chloe had even congratulated Ruth, told her she'd make an excellent mother, that she'd been mothering them all anyway; then she'd rubbed Ruth's back while she cried. At first she thought her sister was bereft, dreading the emptiness that awaited her, but somewhere along the way, something about the shallowness of the sobs, the way in between she'd sigh, Chloe realized it was the opposite. Ruth was relieved. It was only Chloe who felt that the rigor was all worth it when she was out on that stage and the lights were on her, obscuring the crowds. Those times, she'd be singing to them, yes, but mostly she'd be singing to her maker, who had gifted her with the call. It was all she could do to respond with the breadth of her song. That was the best way she could think to say thank you. All this while, those moments apart from the world were the closest Chloe had found to heaven, and Ruth had been pining for a way out. Well, she'd found it. Gerry and that baby had come to rescue her. But who was going to rescue Chloe? She had had to fight off the urge to ask her sister, even as she sobbed, if she was going to stay in the group, if her leaving meant there would be no group anymore after all.

Now she dragged herself upstairs and collapsed into bed. Friends and family alike knew her to be the lit candle, the one on a stick that Preacher

boasted gave light to all around it, but it seemed like a great big bushel had barreled in and put her out.

HOURS LATER, THE PHONE STARTLED HER AWAKE. SHE KNEW IT WAS TONY before she answered, and he started in on her before she could speak.

“Girl, if you don’t get out that robe and put on some lipstick . . .” She could imagine his finger wagging from her end of the line.

“How’d you know I was wearing a robe?” she asked.

He didn’t even bother to answer that, just kept on: “It’s the Champagne Supper Club tonight, baby. I heard Sam Cooke was there just last week. You wear something lucky, he might spot you in the crowd and send you somewhere, if you know what I’m talking about. And there ain’t no chance you gon be seen from inside that house hugged up underneath Vivian, on that roof screaming your lungs out, not with no fluffy robe covered in gravy stains and cobwebs. I’m talking about one of those party dresses, red or yellow. Don’t think I didn’t notice that black you came out to Flamingo in last night. I don’t know what’s come over you. It’s like you grieving somebody. Somebody died, Chloe?”

“It’s ’cause I was on my cycle and had been eating so heavy,” she started. “It hides the extra—”

“Well, don’t bring the fork tonight. I’m talking about strappy heels, baby, and short white satin gloves, and a rhinestone necklace. I’m talking about fiine.”

“Boy, I ain’t got no rhinestone necklace.”

“Well, steal one, do you hear what I’m telling you? Sam Cooke was in the building last night. Or the other night before that. He might be there today. Girl, if you don’t take him, I will.”

“Alright, alright, alright, Tony, for God’s sake, I’ll meet you there at nine.”

“Um-hmm. Don’t ‘alright’ me. Matter fact, ’cause of that, you better make it eight thirty.” And she heard the click of the handset meeting its base.

SHE TOOK HER TIME GETTING READY ALL THE SAME. TONY WAS RIGHT IN some ways. She reached for her new yellow number. She needed to pop tonight, for her spirit more than anything. There wasn’t anybody she was looking for—men didn’t take to her the way they did to Ruth and even Esther, and

she knew why. It was her color, a vestige of her daddy, but she would have preferred the man himself. When she went out with Tony, though, she could ride the night past its normal edges. She found that days later, even, she could smile and laugh. She could linger in the room with Ruth and Gerry without wondering when her day would come.

Chloe could boast of more hair than her sisters combined and Mama had pressed it the Sunday before, but it still took some time to curl. She painted her nails a neutral color so as not to outshine the dress. It was cold for strappy heels, but she could manage if she borrowed Vivian's fur. Ruth and Esther complained that Mama wouldn't have dreamed of letting them go out at night by themselves when they were her age. They called Chloe the golden child, but she didn't think it was that. She always reminded them Mama felt safe with her out with Tony any time of night on account of his tendencies. She wouldn't be popping up married or pregnant. Not only that, the older woman was getting tired. She was still as beautiful as she'd been marching Chloe into the first-grade schoolhouse. But if Ruth complained about rehearsal dragging, she ended it without quoting the Good Book, without referencing ambition; just last week, the woman had slept in her uniform, unheard of, and sometimes Chloe would walk into her room unannounced and catch her seated on the edge of her bed, staring hard at something, only nothing would be there.

Tony hadn't been the only one with the idea. The line to get into the Champagne Supper Club swerved and dipped around the block. Chloe didn't mind. Her favorite part of going out was surveying the other people, their swing dresses, overcoats, pencil skirts, gingham pants, backseam stockings, pearls, and button earrings. It was always lively on Fillmore, but tonight it was like you could reach out and touch the excitement brewing, like inside this night in particular lay the secret to eternal joy.

Of course that joy started with the bar. Often, on nights like these, Ruth would be tailing her. Even when Chloe went out with her friends, it wasn't uncommon for her to see her sister out of the corner of her eye, just come in with a girlfriend of hers and winking at Chloe. Chloe would be happy to see her—she had never stopped being enthralled by her, and more than that, she'd feel like she was in the proximity of a base, like she could reach out and touch the edge of safety should some threat arise. Before, with Ruth there, she might have taken one sip of Tony's drink, tops, but Ruth had stopped venturing out months ago. Now Tony knew to place her order as

soon as he walked in, along with his own gin and tonic, his favorite until nine, at which point brown liquor kept him on his feet. And by that hour, there was no telling what he might do, where he might do it, or with whom.

“To a night of surprises!” Tony raised his glass, and she met it with her own. “I’m so tired of knowing what’s coming from one day to the next.”

“You want to be surprised?” Chloe asked, sipping. “Not me. I want to see the same people we always see and dance to the same music we always dance to. I want to be rocked.” She held her arms around herself now, swinging in place.

“You need to be rocked alright,” Tony said. “But you gon have to drink up if there’s any chance of that happening.”

They turned to face the stage, their backs to the bar, guzzling. Red velvet drapes separated them from the main room where people sat on mahogany furniture or stood talking and laughing. The owner, Mr. Bailey, sat at the centermost table surveying the room, T-Bone Walker wailing in the background.

Mid-drink, a plump woman from the block stopped by to ask after Chloe’s sisters. Then she turned to Tony.

“Boy, when you gon find somebody?”

“I don’t know,” Tony started, and Chloe could tell from the sparkle in his eye the rest wouldn’t be good. “You tell me. Yo’ mama been awful busy lately. You call her and tell her I’m waiting on her, hear?” And that was all it took for the woman’s man to hustle over from the corner, and skinny, medium-brown, handsome Tony would have gotten his teeth socked out of his mouth if he hadn’t offered to buy them all drinks. They were back at the bar doing just that when Tony pointed at the door, in a strange man’s direction. Chloe followed where Tony’s finger led, and it was true what the gesture had implied—the man was beautiful by any standard. Tall and lean but not too much so, with brown hair and a slight mustache, and he was dressed to kill in a plaid button-down shirt and slacks that narrowed in the leg. He was white, so of course Tony had locked in on him immediately—most white men didn’t step into that club alone unless they were interested in other men. Yes, Chloe had seen this part play out before. The first time she’d been sickened by it, not because they were two men, but because of the line around that particular man’s ring finger where he hadn’t tanned; because he wouldn’t call or see Tony again and Tony was okay with that; because when she went to sleep at night, she dreamed of a man who would

give her a life, and he dreamed of one night at the most. It didn't seem fair, and Mama would have said it was a sin, one worth loving, though. Preacher would have agreed. But mornings after, Chloe was the one who sat on the edge of Tony's bed and listened to him weep. One time the man had been in town on business and given him a whole week. Tony had let his imagination soar. Chloe didn't think he would ever get over that one. It was love that he was feeling. There was no other explanation for it.

"You see him?" Tony asked. "Two o'clock."

"How could I not? He's the only snowflake in here."

"Yeah, but it's still early." And he was right. More would come. Mostly they lived in Pacific Heights and Nob Hill. They walked in with their wives, and they sat in the back. They ordered martinis and they cheered for the band, but they kept to themselves otherwise. This one, though, like all the other ones who came for Tony, was alone.

"As many clubs they got in San Francisco, as fancy as they be, he got to peek inside the Fillmore."

This was regular too, Tony dumping on the boys before they approached him. It was how he would manage his nerves, how he would stand in their face and wink, bat his eyes, fling his wrist, and when it was time to go, say something smart like "It's time for me to get off my feet."

And her part was to agree with him. "Dumpster diving," she might repeat on her fourth drink and sliding into her fifth. Or she had been known to keep it positive: "Those downtown men ain't got a thing on you, Tony," she might say. Or "They're coming back 'cause you're the real deal. Ain't nothing sweeter."

They might dish out variations of that conversation for an hour some nights, louder and louder each serving, but this new man was shuffling over already, his head down, his hands in his pockets, when most of Tony's men came in hot.

T-Bone had taken a break, and one of the waitresses stood up there now singing "All I Have to Do Is Dream." She closed her eyes; her long fingers drummed against her waist. She was light-skinned with straight hair that reached her back, but that was all there was to it. If Chloe had been one more drink deep, if she was smart-mouthed like her middle sister instead of sweet as pie, as the neighborhood knew her to be, she might have succumbed to her sudden need to snatch the microphone from the amateur's skinny hand.

The song ended, and the audience roared. Tony was one of them, his head back whistling, demanding an encore, rolling his eyes all the while, and the girl had gone backstage, but she'd be back for T-Bone's next break. Chloe knew the deal. The white man had reached them, but he wasn't clapping as hard as everyone else, almost like he had been privy to Chloe's disdain. She studied him a beat too long, and he caught her. His eyes stayed with hers then, and that was strange, but it happened from time to time. Even in Negro corners, these men still needed to put on a show.

She turned away once more, toward Tony, but he was in his groove now, in whatever slot he snapped into when he was a few inches from a future lover. It was the happiest, the most confident she'd ever see him, but its lifespan was short, and at this point it was best for Chloe to grab another drink and stick to the sidelines. She reached the bar a second after a girl from Ruth's high school class. When the girl had paid, the bartender started toward Chloe; then his eyes shifted to her right. She turned. The man had walked up beside her. Chloe could see the bartender determining who to serve first. The man jumped in—

“She was here,” he said.

Chloe was too taken aback to respond, and the bartender chimed in for her. “I already know you're a rum and Coca-Cola kind of girl.”

“Another round for Tony too,” she said once she had regained her bearings.

“My treat.” The man shifted closer to her. She looked away. When the drinks came, she grabbed hers and reached for Tony's, but it was too late; the man had beat her to it. He had ordered a gin and tonic for himself too, and without saying a word, he followed her. Chloe glanced back several times to make sure they hadn't been separated, and each time she found him biting his bottom lip. There was a dab of sweat on his upper. He was nervous about something. Maybe it was his first time with a man. Chloe knew enough from Tony to know it wouldn't be his last.

When they reached Tony, she thanked him in a flat tone.

“Do you mind if I join you?” he asked.

“Who you trying to boss around? We all free in here,” Tony said.

And the man became red in the face and he took a sip of his drink before he said, “I know that, I'm so sorry, I wasn't trying to imply anything at all.”

“He’s just kidding,” Chloe said because Tony would have let him stumble over himself all night. “He does that,” she added, “to everyone.”

The man glanced back at her with a disproportional amount of gratitude. Without meaning to, she held his gaze for a second, then, again, looked away.

Tony laughed his high-pitched raucous laugh, bending and patting his knee. “Let’s go sit down,” he said after a while, and they chose one of the only tables available, on the outskirts of the center of the room, farthest from the band, where T-Bone was steady moaning.

“A West Side baby, huh? Yessir, Mr. T-Bone, yessir,” Tony called out.

And the whole while he was yelling, his eyes were steady fixed on the new man, moving from his eyes down to his waist.

And the man, if Chloe caught it, was doing the same, only to her. But he must have been shy, or in denial up until the final moment—Tony had told her about those kinds.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“James,” he said.

“I’m Chloe. This here’s Tony. Nice to meet you.”

There was silence then, and Chloe kept on to cover it.

“Where you from?” If she was honest, she was also trying to soften him. Tony was like a brother to her, and she hated that she knew how the night would go, from the loose, linked hands on the walk home to the silent, brooding days that would follow, but he depended on the rhythm of it, even its pain.

“I’m from Washington, DC,” the man said, smiling now, relieved almost. “Is it so obvious I don’t belong?”

“No, not obvious at all, I expected you to say Pacific Heights or something like that.”

“That’s where we’re living. My father and I. My mother’s moving up shortly. She just wanted to get my sisters through the end of the school year.”

“Yes, Lord, so it’s just you and your daddy,” Tony said, and he placed so much weight on the word “daddy,” lingered over it so long, the man’s face turned even redder than it had been before.

If Chloe could have blushed, she would have too, for the discomfort of it all, the oddness. It usually didn’t go like this; the men were more deliberate, more focused. She’d never said more than two words to any of

them, in fact. It was like the man here was at war with himself. He wanted Tony, that much was clear by his presence, but he needed to resist it to the end.

A group of girls approached them then, Regina and Betty, and Claris right behind them. Chloe was somewhat close with these girls, but it wasn't like with Tony. They got dressed to go out together some nights. They carried Lena's pie to each other's mothers when they visited, but they wouldn't know how she longed for her sisters. She wouldn't invite them in to feel the ache, and she wouldn't offer to let them fix it either.

She squealed to see them now, though, and it wasn't an act as much as she was delighted for a reprieve from the awkwardness.

She stood, and each of them pulled her in with a sweet embrace, all "Where you been girl?"

"We been looking all over for you tonight. We couldn't hardly stand it."

"Did you see old Debhora on that stage? Look good enough, but can't hardly hum as well as the junior choir."

And they all laughed, but Chloe didn't, in her typical way, and she said, "Aww, she wasn't as bad as all that."

"Oh, Chloe, you always see the good in everybody," Betty said. Then she lowered her voice, peering out the corner of her eye.

"Speaking of, who is that?"

"You know, one of Tony's friends," she said, flinging her wrist.

"That's what I thought too, but he keeps looking over here." They giggled, and Chloe looked back. Sure enough, it did seem like he was eyeing her.

She and the girls talked more about who would win talent hour at Flamingo, and then the girls snickered at some of the audience around them. Once again, Chloe was the one to lay her shine on the ladies who needed it, like the girl whose mama had just died and poor thing didn't have a penny to her name. It was no wonder her clothes didn't fit proper, that her stomach oozed over her skirt, but Chloe understood it. Her own dresses had had to be taken out a few weeks earlier, and Mama hadn't said a word, only grimaced and sucked her teeth when the needle grazed her waist, and Chloe cried out. She could sense another session like that coming around the bend sooner rather than later.

Then her friends' eyes drifted back over to her table again, and Claris said, "Let's go see about old Tony." They crowded around him, and the only

space for Chloe was beside the new man. For a minute they sat in silence. Then:

“I hope it’s okay that I joined you,” he said. “I didn’t mean you any harm. It’s just that I saw you when you walked in, the way you danced when that girl up there was singing. If you ask me, you could have switched places with her. You should have been the one on that stage, and she should have been at the base of it, you know what I mean?”

“I do,” she said, her words coming out slower and slanted where they had been firm. She was nervous suddenly now that she saw the girls had been right. She didn’t think it was about his color, more the way he had been watching her, and the way he’d admitted to it. It had been hard growing up beside women who looked like Josephine Baker. People liked Chloe’s kindness, they liked her spirit, they liked her courage. They said things like “She’s never met a baby who didn’t cling to her, an animal neither,” or “It’s impossible to be in a bad mood when you around that Chloe.” It was natural for her to be that way, for the most part, and where it wasn’t, she had learned to play on what people liked. This man hadn’t known any of that about her, though. He’d seen her sipping on her drink, laughing with Tony, shifting her hips, nothing more, and had been moved somehow. She knew her mother would say his interest was certainly none of her business. But there had been a way she’d been feeling before he walked up and a way she was feeling now, and she was too tired to turn back.

“She do sing on that stage most nights is the thing.” This from Claris across the table.

She’d been ear hustling. The man looked from Chloe to her, then back again.

“It’s true,” Chloe said. “I’m a singer myself, dancer too, you’re clever to pick up on it. I’ve sung on that same stage in fact.” The girls had meant to insult his ignorance, but she shifted it. Something in her wanted to shift it for him.

“I’m not surprised at all to hear that. Not at all,” he said.

“You sure seem surprised, red in the ears like that.” Regina.

And again, Chloe felt the nerve to bolster the message before it reached him. She understood why the girls spoke that way. There were only so many times in a Negro woman’s life she’d hold the authority to talk to a white man like he worked for her. Some people might not get one chance at

that at all, and the girls had leapt upon this one, seeming to know even at its height it was already waning. Chloe didn't differ from the girls much in that respect. But he was gazing at her still, and his steep interest in her brought her loneliness forward and sat beside it, reached for its hand.

Then the bickering started, as it tended to: "You called yourself borrowing my dress, but you ain't never returned it," Claris said to Regina.

"Maybe I was doing you a favor, look better in it anyhow," Regina said back. Claris was silenced by that, but Regina kept on. "I mean even tonight you stumbling. You must have felt like Lena Horne when you was choosing your lipstick color, huh? I think a darker hue might do you better."

And the man cut in. "If I may," he started, "I've met Lena Horne up close, and if you don't mind me saying, that lip color looks beautiful on you. I mean, in that shade, you could really give her a run for her money."

The comedian came back on, Redd Foxx this time, and Tony loved him, but he was too dirty for Chloe. She finished off her last drink and whispered goodbye into Tony's ear.

"This one might not be worth the time I've spent," he whispered back, still none the wiser, and she shrugged and patted him on the shoulder. She glanced back before she stepped into the night air, and the man was still watching.

THE TRUTH WAS, CHLOE WAS LUCKY. HER MOTHER AND SISTERS HAD ALWAYS encouraged her optimism since she was the baby of the family. And in the Fillmore, Negroes occupied a world among themselves. The butcher was a Negro; the seamstress was a Negro; the baker was a Negro, as was the loan shark. Her mother had told her stories her whole life about down South: the men who rode horseback with white sheets over their heads, the broken windows, the snapped necks, the beatings, the bashed heads, the blood. It was why she had moved here, to be rid of all that. Once, Preacher had told her mother that those stories weren't suited for young minds, but they fell like lullabies in Chloe's ear. They were what she'd grown used to hearing before she slept, and even now she repeated them to herself, flipped through the images to feel safe at night when she was alone. The contrast of her real life—the warm bed, the soft sheets, the full refrigerator, Miss Mary next door and nobody coming to get her, nobody who would—that was the music to her dreams every time.

Still, she knew to look down when the whites passed. She knew to let them sit on the streetcar first. She knew to stay on this side of Geary. And she knew, even if one was staring her down like he had some interest, it was out of the question, a hard no, an absolute. She reminded herself of that as she skipped down the street. Negroes and whites visited the Champagne Supper Club or Bop City or Jack's or Flamingo every night, and sometimes after three drinks they'd even leave together, hurry to the Negro person's house because the alternative would have been unthinkable. An hour later, if you watched for them outside, you'd see the white leave with a bouncier step, an air of relaxation that was missing before. It was unclear what the Negro was left with—Chloe would never find out. Still, that night inside her house, tucked away on the second floor, sealed into the blanket Mary had knitted for her fifth birthday, she remembered what the man said about her replacing the act: "You should have been the one on that stage, and she should have been at the base of it." He didn't know she had one sister, not to mention two, and he had imagined her up there, the audience hooked into the trance she had set for them. She and Tony had made a reasonable assumption—most white men didn't step into that club alone unless they liked other men. But maybe he wasn't like most white men. His words ventured back to her again. This time, she imagined herself singing the song instead of that waitress. There was no question that she would have let her voice climb to the highest note, and she would have delivered.

Vivian

The weekend had slid by and Vivian still hadn't relayed the news. She had imagined rushing to tell the girls, but Sunday morning, it had been like she couldn't lift her legs. She'd told herself any minute she would rise, and she tried, but by the time she'd made it out of her nightclothes, the girls had gone. She'd have been lying if she said she wasn't relieved. She didn't have to accept they'd be leaving if they didn't even know it yet themselves.

Now, there was no question they were home. They'd been arguing since Vivian woke up. In the kitchen, Chloe sucked her teeth at the bacon, which Ruth hadn't fried extra crisp. And when Ruth hummed "This Little Light of Mine" while she stirred butter in her grits, Esther snapped at her.

"Does everybody in this house always got to be singing?"

And the sweet whir of sound went flat.

"You didn't have to say it all hard like that, Esther," Ruth said. She still seemed to be brooding like she'd been the last few months, but she set the table anyway, spooning an extra helping of grits onto Chloe's plate. The second mother. She'd had to be when their father died and Vivian worked at the drugstore during the day and attended nursing school at night, and Mary always watched out for them, but there was only so much tending she could do, raising a son herself. Vivian would worry at first because she'd notice Mary would send the girls to school with bits of cracker around their lips, sleep in their eyes. It wasn't long before Ruth started to wet a towel after breakfast and dab it onto their faces. And Vivian learned things from her oldest. Like when Esther crashed the car and had to wear a boot on her right leg for some time, Vivian had lost it off the bat. Ruth, cool as midnight, turned to her before they'd left for the hospital and said, "She learned her lesson, Mama, you don't have to pound her over the head with it."

Now she would be leaving soon, what Vivian had always pined for, and yet her mind wouldn't let her celebrate it. Maybe it wasn't her mind. Maybe it was her heart.

Vivian sat beside her oldest, her coffee mug in hand.

"You sulking today, huh, girls? What, you didn't sleep well?"

"I was going to ask you the same thing, Mama. We didn't even see you come in the night before last." This from Esther, and Vivian play swatted at her, though the way the words had come out, it was almost like the child had meant her harm.

"Did Preacher get a taste of holy water?"

"Oh, please, don't start with that again." She swatted her harder this time. "You know I haven't seen Preacher Thomas, not like that. He's still grieving."

"It's been three years, Mama," Esther said.

"Well, maybe I'm still grieving." She laughed, but the sadness couldn't escape the sound.

"It's been even longer for you," Chloe said.

"Eons longer," Esther said.

"Preacher Thomas is a good man, now that's all."

The girls snuck glances at each other, and Esther was the one to speak.

"Did you learn a little bit more about how good?" And then the giggles started, and soon Vivian joined in, relieved for the change in their mood, but Ruth was silent all this time, staring down at her plate, alternating between it and the door like she was waiting on someone. Vivian's news would lift the child's spirits, that she knew. Maybe that was reason enough to let it out. Once she did, though, the plan to move them would be set in motion, and there would be no way to call it back. As happy as it made her, speaking it aloud would announce another loss, and she was running out of strength for that.

"I have something serious to share with you girls." She set her mug down.

The mood in the room shifted again, like a cake in the oven when you peer in at the wrong moment, or a child screeches too loud, and everything you poured inside the pan falls flat.

The girls glanced at each other again.

"What is it, Mama?" Ruth asked finally, but she didn't seem excited, only sad, and Vivian pressed her hand against hers.

“Well, it’s serious, but it’s good too, so that’s something. You remember, Mama went out the other night. No, no, not what you thinking,” she hurried along. “I went out with Mr. Franklin.”

“Mr. Franklin?” Esther asked.

“Mr. Franklin? The one at the Champagne Supper Club all the time?” Chloe asked.

“I thought he moved to Hollywood.” Esther rolled her eyes, scrunched up her face.

“Ooh, what did he want, Mama?” Chloe led the pack here. Ruth was the first to gripe about the practices, the spins and dips in four-inch pumps, the late-night routines, back-of-the-bus trips to Las Vegas each year. Esther didn’t gripe, just had trouble keeping up all the while. But Chloe understood—Vivian could tell by how she handled her shoes, shining them in the morning without being told, by the care she took pinning sequins to her skirts. She wasn’t the star, didn’t have that power in her, but once, she didn’t know Vivian was looking and she’d cried because her hair wouldn’t flip into a backwards curl.

“Shh, shh, girls, okay, listen.” It was happy news, she reminded herself. People would do any manner of things for this level of joy. She would have been one of them if her heart weren’t breaking. “Okay, so listen, you know how I always tell you life moves forward in stages? You won’t always see the end from the beginning, and when something big is happening, you have to learn to take it slow, you have to learn to not judge the whole experience by whatever aspect of it you’re standing in at the moment. When I moved out here, I had—”

“Yeah yeah yeah, Mama, you had two dollars to your name but a millionaire’s share of ambition. What about it?” Esther asked.

Ruth stayed silent.

“Well, so you’re right, Mr. Franklin saw us perform last week and I guess we made a big impression on him, girls, you made a big impression on him.”

She had expected Chloe to start squealing and even for Esther to smile, but that didn’t happen. Nor did Ruth say a word. If Vivian could read it right, the girl seemed afraid, but she was always good about peeking into her mother’s thoughts and maybe she had sensed Vivian would be staying behind.

“He wants to manage you. He wants to introduce you to producers, get you a record deal. He wants to take you on the road. It would be without me,” she went on. “But Mama’s going to visit.” She rubbed each of their hands as she spoke. They were still babies in her mind’s eye sometimes, and those newborn gurgles came back to her now. They were probably as keen to wrap themselves in her arms. Chloe looked up at Ruth, second mother, with what Vivian assumed was sadness, but not all the way; there was something else she couldn’t name in Chloe’s eyes. If she didn’t know better, she might have read it as anger. Ruth was steady silent. Esther seemed to be smirking.

“To Los Angeles?” Ruth asked. And it was Chloe’s turn to take her sister’s hand now.

“No, sweetie.” Vivian could almost cry at this moment. “It won’t be just Los Angeles, it will be all over the country.” She stood and swept her free hand across the room to indicate the scale of everything she was describing. In her other hand, she clamped her mug tighter.

She could see tears gathering in Ruth’s eyes. The other girls looked back at her again. Chloe was about to speak, and Vivian begged her with her eyes to be the voice here. Sometimes her youngest daughter could make sense of the thickest jumble of life, and as she started, Vivian could feel the tangles separating, like hair that has been plowed through for knots, and now it could be combed through straight.

The doorbell rang, followed directly by a “Yoo-hoo.” Gerry walked straight through the front parlor. Of course Ruth stood and ran to him. They had grown up together was the thing, sleeping in the same bed until they were five, and once, they had awoken and shared the same account of a dream, Gerry in Mary’s house, Ruth in Vivian’s. Vivian and Mary had happened to compare notes that day; otherwise, she might not ever have known. Still, the way Ruth was clinging to him now was different. Vivian supposed she needed something, someone, familiar. Vivian understood. Even now, she wondered if Mary was free, if she could go sit on the edge of her sofa and lay out every word, or say nothing at all.

“Ruth, baby, tell Gerry the good news.” She waited, but the girl didn’t say a word, just looked between her mother and Gerry, then back again.

“Fine,” Vivian went on, almost angry now at the ungratefulness. “Fine,” she repeated. “I’ll tell him. Mr. Franklin wants to manage them, Gerry. He knows the right people who can get them a demo made. He even has

connections for a deal. They'll travel all over the country, not just California. To fulfill their dreams. Finally. To be stars. Isn't that wonderful?" she added because no one had said a word.

Gerry looked at Ruth like he'd been socked. Ruth nodded. Vivian thought she heard the boy whisper, "No, baby." Then, "Are you sure?" Ruth nodded again and gripped his hand and walked them both toward Vivian. Vivian looked from him to her several times trying to imagine a situation in which that gesture would make sense.

"I can't leave, Mama," she said.

"What do you mean, you can't leave?" she asked, missiles in her eyes, and not all of them were aimed at her or at this very moment, but they might as well have been.

"I mean, I can't leave." Her voice was stronger this time around. "I aim to marry Gerry."

Vivian was too shocked to respond. Gerry gripped her daughter's hand, tighter.

"I aim to make her my wife," he said.

And it was like the two worlds Vivian had been able to visit that night with Mr. Franklin at the club sprang back upon her with even more color and precision. In one, her daughter performed onstage at the highest arena, a venue Vivian couldn't have imagined on her own, but she felt Ellis in the center of her thoughts, guiding her to the soft billows of seats surging beyond Ruth, applause so loud you couldn't hear your own fear, and her name spelled out in bold on the marquee. There was no question her daddy had a hand in it. It was too magical to have been made by their work alone, as dutiful as Vivian had been, as faithful and diligent.

And then there was the alternative, and the closer Gerry moved toward Ruth, the more vivid the details within it sprang to life. She could see a baby, for instance, not just hear it, a daughter who favored Gerry in her coloring and even in her temperament. There was nothing wrong with the man; Vivian adored him. He was dependable and trustworthy and reliable and safe. But his vision woke and slept within these four miles, and there was nothing she wanted less for her daughter than to be the sole carrier of ambition. Ruth would think she was okay through the thrills of the big stomach and the first cries, and then even the next life she brought in might spark a flair, but over time the dullness of it all the vagueness the sameness the recurrence would eat her alive.

“There’s no way.” Vivian walked toward the man she had bathed with her daughter more times than she could count. “You know me, and you know Ruth, and you know there’s no way in hell she’s going out like that, not while I got something to say about it.”

And Ruth stepped forward at that moment, holding his hand even tighter, and she placed her hand on her own stomach and she said, “I want him, Mama. I always have. Gerry’s working full-time at the butcher’s, promoted to manager even, and he’s able to take care of me. Enough for rent, and I’d keep on at the hospital. I never wanted all that, the bright lights and the big stars, I just wanted a home and I just wanted love and you gave me that, Daddy did too before he died, but now I have someone who wants to extend it, and—”

“No, hell no,” Vivian cut her off where she stood. “You talking to me like you lived in this world as long as I have and you got information on it you been storing up, but it’s the opposite.” She heard herself getting worked up, and she tried to drop her pitch, the way she might instruct the girls who had veered past their note. “But it’s the opposite, baby,” she went on. “I know everything about the situation you’re in right now, and you think it’s wide and deep enough to fill your life, but in a year, maybe two, tops, it’ll constrict, and all you’ll have left is your longing, your should-have-beens, your could-have-beens. They won’t let up, I promise you they won’t.”

“Mama, it doesn’t matter. I’m prepared—”

“Just listen, okay, instead of talking, just listen to me now because I’m hitting on something you’ll only hear if you’re quiet.” And Vivian was filled with a grace all of a sudden that steadied her tone and slowed her speech.

“I know you, I know you better than you know yourself. I saw your eyes light up when you heard your first song, saw how proud you were at your first dance recital, and to see you now onstage, to hear that deep voice, that earthy, wise, that heavy voice come out of a girl not even twenty-five, I know there’s a spirit in you and it takes over when you perform. I need you to pull on that part of yourself right now and listen to me from that spot. I need you to reach deep inside and find your ambition. Can you do that for me, baby?”

Vivian felt good about where she was headed, no, where she had landed. Her daughter was really seeing her. Even Gerry was attentive. Vivian was good at this sort of thing, always had been. People had accused her of

planting her own dream inside her children, but it wasn't that as much as she had been so prescient about observing it in them and plucking it out, conveying how delicious it was, and they had decided to taste and see for themselves.

“Mama, I'm pregnant.”

And that's where Vivian's comprehension stalled. She tried to smile, but she couldn't complete the act. That other world with the lights and the sparkles and the applause so fierce it made your head spin had dimmed, so powerfully it might as well have been a different person's vision in the first place.

Chloe stood behind Ruth, Esther beside her. Neither child looked surprised, and their reaction to Mr. Franklin's news began to make more sense. Ruth stood straight across from Vivian, holding Gerry's hand. Mary had ventured in, and she walked over and stood next to Vivian, rubbing her back, up and down, and up and down again.

“Be cool,” she whispered. “Be cool now, girl.”

And Vivian wanted to, she tried it, she did. For a minute, she thought she might achieve it even, but then that hope was gone. The mug she was holding wanted to fall to the floor, and she allowed it its descent. A splash of heat slapped the backs of her calves. Then she walked through the kitchen and up the outside stairs to the roof. She sat and watched over the city to the north, up a hill of houses in Pacific Heights, where the roofs didn't leak, where the trash was picked up on time. Her eyes didn't see it, though. No, she might as well have been in Louisiana, wandering the rows, twisting the cotton from the bolls, beginning the terrible trek back home.

She didn't know how long she had sat out there when she heard Mary behind her. Maybe she didn't hear her; maybe she felt her. Either way, the older woman scooted her chair closer to her, grabbed her hand, and set it in her own lap. Sometimes the two women would sit in those very chairs and listen to the girls with their eyes closed, swimming inside their own private visions, whatever desires and silent exaltations the songs carried them to, but that was over now. Mary pulled out a cigarette and handed her one. Mary had been smoking since Vivian first knew her—her voice came out like gravel and people routinely mistook her on the phone for a man—but Vivian hadn't partaken since Ellis died. Now, though, she inhaled and let it out, then inhaled again. She did feel calmer somehow. Her hand shook and Mary squeezed it.

“Looks like we ’bout to be grandmothers,” she said.

Vivian waited for her to say something else, but there was only silence.

She would have gone on about the imprudence of it all, the unsteadiness, the plainness, the mediocrity, except Gerry was Mary’s son, and what could she say?

“I know you wanted something different for Ruth,” Mary went on, stomping the cigarette out on the heel of her shoe. “We all did. I love that girl like my own. But we go against it and it’s just going to make them stronger, you know that. I don’t want them going through this next part of life alone. It’s hard enough. Gerry will provide for her. I know that like I know my own name. If he has to work five jobs, walk ten miles in each direction for each one, he will see to it she never wants for anything.”

“I know that, Mary,” Vivian said. “I know that.”

“Well, sometimes we have to be grateful for that,” Mary said.

The noise downstairs began picking up, the neighborhood coming to life off of Ruth’s and Gerry’s news, no doubt. They listened to the fervor building for some time before Mary stood.

“I better go out there,” she said, and Vivian nodded in her direction. Of course she couldn’t join her; it would have made her sick to try. She stayed put, listening to the loud whoops and shrieks, peering out sometimes at the dancing on the sidewalk. The music blared out the open windows and doors. “A-Tisket, A-Tasket.”

She hated that song. She willed herself to stand, and after some minutes, she rose to her feet. When she reached her bedroom, she took her time undressing. More than anything, she wanted to be asleep, but she didn’t have the energy to rush. Finally, she took to the bed, but there was only so far down she could dip before she’d get yanked back into the new reality she’d entered, the music outside, the congratulatory shouts, and disappointment like a piece of wool layered it all. She needed to drown it out, so she got up and rifled through her old records, Nat King Cole’s “Straighten Up and Fly Right” and Louis Armstrong’s “Do You Know What it Means to Miss New Orleans?” She could tell you where she was when she heard songs from each of them.

Then she went for the pictures she kept in shoeboxes. The girls at Easter, their patent leather shoes shining bright, and gaps where Ruth’s top front teeth should be. She talked with a lisp for months after while they grew back. All the girls had two plaits, one on either side of a part down the

middle. It was easier that way, and Vivian remembered how tired she felt that holiday, an exhaustion that she knew would never leave her, even once the children were grown. It was a function of stepping into the territory of mothering, and yet she couldn't have imagined how easy she had had it then, shipping them off to school on time. Sure, there were small tiffs getting dressed in the morning because Esther could be so tender-headed and Chloe never did take to math, but who cared, she could see now. The world would become more complicated. She wouldn't be able to tap their little legs when they didn't clean their rooms on time; she couldn't catch them in a lie by glancing back at their faces. No, they were their own women now, Ruth at least, and she held her own secret life inside her. It would have been one thing if Vivian had known she was being cut out, but the suddenness of it, of coming apart from the child who had grown inside her—she didn't think she would have had children in the first place, in fact, she swore she wouldn't have, if she had known the shock would insert itself so deep.

And down, down in the bottom, because she didn't want to burrow into them without planning, lay the pictures of Ellis at Ruth's christening, him in his fur felt hat and trench coat. She had thought they would have so much more time, and "disappointment" wasn't the word for that realization that came not just the day of his death but every day after as she sat up in bed realizing she was facing the world alone. She hadn't learned the correct word for that despair yet, but at least the singing had held it at bay, and now here it stood, front and center, threatening to take her out.

"Oh, Ellis," she said as if she were praying. Her mama had always said, "No man can be your rock," but he had been, and maybe that was where she'd gone wrong. She fingered the photograph, brown at the edges, where his face had already dulled. She supposed she didn't need him. She could predict what he would say if he were there, that the child had to live her own life. If he were there, he would remind her that her mother didn't want her to move out West, that his mother didn't either, and where would they have been if they had stayed in Louisiana? *Not much would be different now, though*, she'd say back. *Not so*, he'd respond. *We'd still be picking cotton on a sharecropper's farm, deciding at the end of the month if it was worth standing up for the extra two dollars I was owed, if it was worth going to sleep and waking up with the white sheets outside ready to burn me alive.*

Yeah, she would say back, but the Klan just wears suits and ties out here, that's the only difference. Isn't that what Horace was always mouthing off about? No. Ellis would be adamant on this one point, she knew. Maybe our family hasn't reached its destination, but there is no question that here, we are closer.

She must have fallen asleep preparing her next argument. Ellis's picture lay beside her pillowcase when she woke, his eyes floating up toward his hat, his hands resting on his double-breasted front.

It was Sunday, which meant she'd boil water for coffee, then read her Bible in the time it took the bubbles to form. She always chose the scripture based on how she was feeling, and this was a day for Psalms, 27 to be specific:

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

And that was where she stopped. She liked her coffee black, two cups, and she left the remainder out for Esther. The other girls didn't like the taste. Normally at this hour, she'd be whistling along to Clara Ward, and she and the girls would play around, clutching serving spoons in their fists like microphones.

She'd be the one to cook those mornings, let the girls rest their feet, fried bacon and drop biscuits and liver and onions over grits. They always attended the second service so they could afford to take their time ironing their blouses, applying polish remover to stockings, serving as mirrors for one another, asking one if she could see her panty line through her dress or if her skirt was too tight. But today she set her hot rollers and dabbed on her blush alone. She sat out in the moss green Pontiac when it was time to leave and turned the music on loud, loud when the girls filed in. They arrived at church early and were able to park right next to the preacher, and Esther made a joke about sliding in beside him in other ways, and Vivian pretended she didn't hear it; she certainly didn't smile.

Everyone she passed, Sister Henry and Deacon Bryant and the girls from the junior choir and the young ushers and even the youth group, congratulated her, and she nodded and smiled at them to be polite, but she snuck inside the prayer and petition room shortly after arriving and only slunk out when Lena stood at the podium to list announcements.

The woman seemed to drag on and on this morning—fish fries and prayer retreats and sick and shut-in visitation and book drives, and Mr. Franklin was kind enough to donate \$200 for a talent show prize and would be in church the third Sunday of next month to review the acts.

Vivian normally took notes throughout the sermon, she depended on it so. Once, years ago, when Preacher Thomas was a young man, his late wife still meditating on the pulpit in a chair just beyond him as he preached the word, he said with a stammer in his voice that there were seasons in life. All of life was filled with seasons, he said, and there was a season for sadness and you had to tend to that season just like you would tend to the season of joy. You had to nurture yourself, you had to let yourself cry out, you had to soothe yourself. But whatever you did, you couldn't rush it, you couldn't gripe about it, you had to extend it respect. Back then, she still cried for Ellis every night, but sure enough, when the war was over, it was like a light shined on her, and it wasn't just her; it was the neighborhood. The next five years were some of the most pleasant she'd ever seen. She still thought of him every day, of course, but not with the sadness that filled her up and took her out, no. She still thought of home too but with the same buffer. Sometimes she'd tell Mary stories about her mother's crawfish boils, how hot the summers could burn, how she and her brothers would chase each other and forget they were born poor and Negro.

Today she only heard halves of phrases, meaningless without their counterparts—loneliness was like a poison, for instance, and forgiveness let it out, and death was really new life—and maybe if she could have held on for the remainder, she might have been delivered from the heaviness inside her, but her pain would whisk her away each time.

At the end of the service, she stood, though normally on the first Sunday, she was the one to walk the offerings basket around before Communion, then stay later to tally up the amount and source. As she was sliding back into her coat, Preacher walked toward her and reached for her hand. He nodded toward his office, and she shook her head, but he squeezed her wrist, so gently, then beckoned toward the room again, and she turned in its direction.

He would have to see to the rest of the congregants first, and she paced the room while she waited, dragged her fingertips along the window, peering just a touch behind his desk, staring for not so long at the picture of his wife in the corner, an eight-by-ten of the woman before she'd taken sick.

Truly there had been no one as beautiful. Vivian could hear the events ministry outside setting up for a picnic, laying out the baskets of fried chicken and the bowls of god-awful potato salad, the pitchers of lemonade. There was a second where she wondered what they'd be celebrating before it hit her again, and she had to sit down in one of the seats across from his.

Preacher's voice carried from the hallway now, consoling a mother whose child hadn't come back from the war many years earlier.

"I know it is," she could hear him saying. "I can't even imagine it and you're entitled to feel it, but what do we know about feelings?"

The mother said something in a voice so low Vivian couldn't make it out, though she was stretching her ear toward the door.

"They come and then they go," Preacher said. "They come and they go," he repeated. "Even the ugliest can't stay, they just can't, it's not in their nature. They're paths to lead us toward God. What do we know about God's nature?"

And whatever the mother said must have been correct because she heard Preacher: "That's right. Praise God, that's right." They agreed to meet up the following Wednesday, and then Vivian heard the doorknob twist and the door budge. There was a flutter deep in her gut, but she didn't turn her attention to it. She looked back, and seeing him, she started to weep. She had never been that kind of woman. She could count on one hand the number of times even Ellis had seen her cry, and two of those occasions had been during childbirth when squeezing his hand and biting her lip were not sufficient to ward off the unfathomable. But now, seeing this man come in, feeling the tenderness wafting off of him after his conversation with that poor, poor woman, knowing the same nurturing lay in wait for her, she let it all out, and he walked over to her and clasped her shoulder. He didn't say a word while she cried there, her hands in her face, because as much as she trusted him, she couldn't let him see her. When the cry sank a little deeper and her sobs grew more guttural, he would sigh or squeeze her shoulder, or he would groan in commiseration, but otherwise he stood over her in silence, every now and then gripping her tighter, somehow knowing when the pain threatened to carry her off somewhere with no hope for return.

"I know it's stupid," she said. "I ought to be rejoicing. My first daughter getting married. That lady won't see her son again on this side of glory. But I had just been so excited." She filled him in on Mr. Franklin.

“Shh,” he said. “Pain is pain, you know that. Don’t care how you classify it, still eat at you the same, no?”

“Still,” she said, her voice steadier, her breathing less bunched, “you hear the people out there. God must find me mighty ungrateful. They all using it as a reason to praise Him further, and I’m over here collapsing. I ought to be happy.” The crying intensified then, and he sat down in the chair beside her and observed her like he was watching a beautiful sunset or a river’s gentle rocking, and that just made her cry more. Then she surprised herself and calmed again.

“You’re right,” she said, “about what you told that woman, that feelings come and go. I remember that after Ellis died. I thought I’d never get over it at first. That ache was horrid in the beginning, it was too massive, I didn’t think I’d ever be able to shake it out.”

“Me neither,” he said, “with Mattie. It was the same, but now, it’s not that I don’t miss her—”

“No, not a day goes by I don’t think of Ellis, wish he were here.”

“But you learn to live without them. It becomes routine, measured. Yes, you find the places in your heart where you can clear enough space to let some light in. Those spaces keep clearing, keep growing. The light brightens.”

“But all that effort? Every day, Preacher, every single day, I was on that roof with them. There wasn’t a day that went by that I wasn’t. I sewed the dresses. I bought the makeup, the most modern shades, I can’t tell you how much I paid, it didn’t matter, and the shoes, I became a cobbler myself, setting and resetting the heels. The nail polish, the wigs, the jewelry, I’m still paying off that piano, the song lyrics, the dance moves, I know the jitterbug better than any young girl in here.”

He laughed at that.

“But I don’t care about that, if I never see a dime of that investment, I promise you it wasn’t about the money.”

“I know it wasn’t.”

She paused then.

“I just don’t know what I’m going to do with all my hope,” she said. “What’s going to fill it now it’s gone? You don’t understand: it turned my head; it occupied me; it welcomed me to the day; it sang me to sleep at night. It steadied me; it filled me up.” She paused again before she repeated the last part. “I don’t know what I’m going to do without it.”

“I know,” he said, and she caught his eye. She had expected him to lay out scripture. There were so many to choose from—he knew better than anyone—that would slide right into this moment, nudge itself into a perfect slot.

But he hadn't, and somehow the omission fed her more.

“You got more teachers signed up for Bible study?” she asked.

“Barely. You know Miss Fox was first in line, but”—and he lowered his voice—“people are complaining that she repeats herself, talks in circles.”

“She is sixty, and then, of course, there's the bottle. Let me guess, is her favorite verse still ‘Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts’?”

“No, I think this time, it's ‘Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.’”

They laughed together for more time than the joke warranted, and then, against her own wishes, she stood.

“I guess I better run back for Ruth.” She studied her watch. “She's got work in an hour. I want to catch her before she leaves.” She paused. “To apologize.”

“Good for you.” He seemed like he wanted to say something more, but she waited for a minute and nothing came, so she thanked him and turned her back. She felt replenished somehow. Nothing had changed since she'd spoken to Preacher. The sadness she'd described had every right to linger still, but his fingerprints were on it too, holding it back, showing it who was its master.

When she got home, Ruth was in the front parlor changing into her oxfords. Neither woman said a word. They just fell into each other's arms before Vivian even closed the door behind her.

“I'm sorry, Mama,” the girl said.

“No, it's me who's sorry, baby. It's a life you're carrying now. We're going to celebrate that just like it's Mr. Franklin, more even.” It was hard for her to get the words out, but she managed; she finished. The girl pulled away.

“I'll be late if I don't leave now,” she said as she tied her shoes. “Oh, but what are you going to tell him?” she asked.

“Tell who?” Vivian slid out of her trench coat.

“Mr. Franklin.”

And the coat nearly fell off the hanger.

“I’ll figure that out, baby,” Vivian said like the question was inconsequential, the answer too. “You get on to work.”

When Ruth was gone, Vivian hurried into the kitchen and picked up the phone. Preacher answered on the second ring, and she started talking like she was only continuing a conversation between them that had never stopped.

“You said Mr. Franklin is going to be here next month? For the talent show?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Well, I told you, we had made it a deal, and now I don’t know what to tell him.” The excitement dashed across her chest again then was gone fast.

“I don’t understand. Can’t he just take the others?”

“It needed to be a girl group.” She felt herself slipping backwards, but she reined it in. “He won’t take the two. He needed three,” she repeated. “And he had set his sights on Ruth.” She paused. “Of course, he’s not the only manager in the Fillmore, not in San Francisco either.” That hadn’t occurred to her before, but the idea was here all of a sudden and so was that hope. She recognized it, though it was a stub of an emotion now; she, more than anyone, knew how to grow a feeling. “But I don’t want him blacklisting me in the industry, well, not me, but the other two girls I mean,” she went on.

Preacher Thomas didn’t say anything else for a while. Vivian could imagine him folding and unfolding his hands.

“Mr. Franklin is an interesting man,” he said. “Can quote the Bible backwards and forwards. Goes to church every Sunday. Not always here, but he’s always in somebody’s front pew. Tithes regularly, and generous to a fault. What I’m saying, Vivian, is I’ve never met a man of such means who’s as obedient.”

“Well, great, sounds like one of His most noble servants is an enemy of mine.” She twirled the cord between her fingers as she spoke.

“No, I wasn’t saying that, was saying he’ll listen is all. I’ll get him right in service if you’ll let me. No matter what happens, I’ll make sure he doesn’t hold a grudge.”

“I couldn’t ask you to do that.”

“You’re not asking me,” he said, and the pause that followed—well, it was heavy, and if she had doubted her daughters before this moment, she wouldn’t again.

“Let me talk to him first,” she said. “I should be the one to tell him. It’s my own word that I’m breaking.”

“Alright then, when it’s my turn, you just say the word.”

“I appreciate you, Preacher,” she said, and she was twirling the cord much slower now.

“I appreciate you too, V,” he said. “You don’t know how much.”

Ruth

Esther had only ever made snide remarks to Ruth since the year she entered seventh grade, but now she didn't even do that. There was just a silence that pierced the atmosphere whenever Esther walked into a room Ruth was in already or Ruth tore into a space that had previously felt safe for her sister. Ruth had grown used to that, but even Chloe, whom Ruth would sometimes tell Gerry she felt she had raised, would only half smile when she told a joke instead of belly laugh. When Ruth told her she wanted her to be the child's godmother, Chloe said she would, but she didn't spend much time with the exchange. She was off to another part of the kitchen where Mama hunched over the sink scrubbing plates.

The rest of the block helped her put it out of her mind—Mr. Gaines, with his extra helpings of ham hocks and pork roast, and Lena, who already wondered how many layers of buttercream cake she'd want for her shower. Lena had bought a new instrument that allowed her to etch roses into the frosting, she said. It was pricey, but for Ruth, her favorite girl, she'd make an exception. Ruth's girlfriends would beg her every lunch hour to tell the story of how she stood up to her mama, their mouths spread into an O, especially at the part where Ruth recounted pushing her shoulders back and declaring with all the heat in her body that she was going to be married. Miss Gladys pulled her in, sat her down in the finest beauty parlor chair, spun her around to the mirror, and practiced different styles for hours. Ruth hadn't decided yet which one she favored.

Now she showed Gerry pictures of models with French twists. Vivian was off at work, and Mary didn't tolerate shacking up either, but the old woman slept hard. She permitted herself one vanity and wouldn't leave her room once she removed her teeth. Once Ruth had had to ask her to give an

unruly boarder his ten dollars back, and she knocked and knocked on Mary's door for ten minutes straight before finally opening it herself. Mary was still out cold, but her teeth in the glass of water beside her seemed downright buoyant.

"I don't know which one flatters my face best," Ruth said, and Gerry had been good about indulging her since they'd gotten engaged. They'd rehashed what color his suit would be, how their vows would read, and the rings! They hadn't selected them yet, but they'd pored over the details, the cut of the diamond, the metal of the band. Once he responded to her about her hair, she planned to remind him to schedule the appointment with the jeweler. But Gerry was elsewhere, she could tell, even as he nodded at her questions about lipstick and eyeshadow. He was looking at her, sure, but his mind had begun its roam. That had been happening lately.

"What is it?" she asked again now, and he shook his head.

"Nothing, baby."

"I know it's something," she said. "The wedding? It's a lot to put together. I'm the oldest girl and Mama will want it done up right, and we have to rush on account of . . ."

"That's not what it is, baby," he said. "Marrying you is the best thing that's ever happened to me, the best thing that will ever happen to me, that I know." He paused to kiss her. She had unbuttoned her pants, which, though they'd stretched, had grown too snug, and he pressed his lips against the base of the stomach, which had started to jut out.

"It's work," he went on.

"But you love it."

"I do, I guess I'm just amped up to prove myself. Mr. Gaines has always been like a father to me and I don't want to let him down. I don't want him to think he made a mistake promoting me."

She rubbed his back. "You're going to do fine, I know you are. You were like this when you first started, and look how you soared. You'll see, after a few weeks, it will be like second nature to you. You'll start feeling like you were born to be manager of that shop. I believe in you," she said.

He kissed her.

"Maybe," he said. "For now, it's enough to come home to you, to my baby inside you." He lifted her shirt, and it was a relief to make love and know there wouldn't be a consequence. She felt herself relax beneath him,

and she moaned louder than she normally did and pressed his backside harder until all the space inside her had been filled.

When they were done, he went to sleep off the bat. He was like his mama in that way. Though he had all his teeth, he would be out until the morning. She tried to join him, she did, but as exhausted as she felt during the day—so much so the other nurses had volunteered to stand in for the tail end of her shifts so she could rest her feet—come dusk, her energy would lift. One of her coworkers had warned her it would happen, that the body prepared itself for waking up to feed and change the baby, that starting at the fifth month, Ruth would be famished for more sleep but unable to slip inside it. Sure enough, more often than not, she'd find herself propped up beside Gerry until long after midnight, sometimes just watching him breathe. At least, she found a peace in the sound, its predictability, and sometimes she'd envision herself walking down the aisle to that rhythm of shudders, and sometimes she'd go over that moment she'd relived with all her girlfriends, where she sure did push her shoulders back and her chest out before she insisted she had a right to own her life.

Now she didn't feel like either. She could hear her sister Chloe out on the stoop returning from somewhere, probably a club with Tony, and she felt a sudden pang of sadness that she wouldn't be in the kitchen waiting for her, inhaling the elements of her night like she'd started to do once the first-trimester nausea had set in. She hadn't allowed herself to believe she was pregnant then, but she knew standing up too long made her dizzy, and alcohol on the breath made her want to retch. She'd stopped going out and started looking forward to Chloe reviving the night for her as much as she'd enjoy dressing up and dancing and cackling with her girlfriends herself. Those nights already seemed like years ago, but in Chloe's hands, at least she could reach out and feel their skin, hear what derogatory name Tony had called the man he'd wind up sleeping with, how long it had taken for him to feel powerful enough to let him lead him home. Ruth glanced beside her at her clothes, which Gerry had only had time to half yank off.

She stood and tugged a robe around her and headed off to the shower down the hall. There were two bathrooms on this floor. Because Gerry used the one adjacent to his room, Mary forbade most roomers from entering it. Sure enough, Ruth knocked and found it was empty. When she was done, she slipped back out into Gerry's room, tugged on the clothes she'd been wearing just an hour before, and hurried outside to her own house while it

was still hers. There would only be a few more months when she could walk in without feeling like a visitor.

She expected it to just be Chloe inside the kitchen, but she walked up to the doorway to Esther's voice. Ordinarily Esther was the opposite of Ruth and Chloe. She spent more time in her bed than outside it. She slept surrounded by books, and oftentimes it was Ruth who turned the lamp out and slid her glasses down her nose, placed them folded onto the bedside table. Esther didn't know that, though. Now Ruth heard her say she'd been awake for the past two hours.

"That's not like you," Chloe said.

"I know. I got stuff on my mind, I guess."

"Is it Ruth?"

"No," Esther said, too fast, though. Too fast. "I mean, yeah, sure, it started to feel realer when she told Mama. I started considering the options more. I went up to Mama after and told her that it was okay, that I had been working hard and was more comfortable taking the lead, and she shook her head. She said Mr. Franklin wanted a girl group, and we're not a girl group anymore. She seemed so hopeless."

"Mama wouldn't stop over one man," Chloe said, but again, it was too fast. "I mean, do you even know her?" she went on. And she pretended to laugh, but Ruth knew Chloe too well to believe it. "She wouldn't be Vivian without us singing and dancing; she wouldn't have a place in the world without the roof."

"Yeah," Esther said, "that's what I thought at first. And then I thought more about it. Have you noticed, since Ruth told her, she hasn't mentioned rehearsal? I guess it didn't cross my mind that Ruth leaving might mean the end."

Chloe didn't respond for a while, and then, in a low voice, Ruth heard:

"Well, maybe we could still get Mr. Franklin to take us on, just the two of us, Esther. It might go different for you without Mama breathing down your neck. I always thought part of the problem was that you clashed. I always wondered if it wasn't the anxiety of it causing you to slip up sometimes."

Esther must have pushed her chair back or scowled or only sighed because Chloe stopped right there.

"Mr. Franklin only wants girl groups," Esther repeated with an edge to it now. "Look at that last act he signed, four ladies. Fat as cows but can sing

better than Jesus. And Ruth just didn't consider—”

“It's just that we had made so much headway in the last few months,” Chloe cut her off. “The Champagne Supper Club, opening for the Caravans. The Dunbar audition is still an option. It wasn't all Ruth. We were there too. You were there too. That has to have counted for something. You have to believe that. You have to love it all enough to trust that belief.”

Ruth waited for Esther's response, her hand clutching the front door like she might walk in, though that was no longer a possibility. Finally it came in a near whisper.

“I do,” Esther said. “I do love it enough. Maybe that's the problem.”

There was silence for a while after that, and Ruth realized Esther had walked upstairs. Just as sure as Ruth knew Chloe was still at the kitchen table, she could peek inside her little sister's fantasy too, the glow of the stage she'd be dreaming of, the audience she'd imagine at her feet. It was all too much, and Ruth turned her back and tiptoed next door so she wouldn't be heard.

When she tucked inside Gerry's room, she took off all her clothes, even her panties, and lay down beside him. It had been hot at night lately, 80 when they'd grown used to 60, and she didn't wake up with a film of sweat over her when she lay down naked. In bed, she didn't watch him sleep like normal, and she didn't reenact her bold display to her mother. Suddenly, it didn't feel so bold. It wasn't that she regretted the baby or being with Gerry, that was what she wanted, but she hadn't wanted it to cost so much. She hadn't wanted to be acquainted with the price.

She closed her eyes, and there Chloe's view was again, the lights, the audience, but Ruth was there this time, and though she tried to squeeze her eyes shut against herself in the center of the stage—and how it shined—it was like her pumps were stuck to the stained wood floor. There it all was, the steps, the sound, the beauty. There was no wonder the people screamed, and their applause, she let it ride over her; she let it glide inside; she let it fill her up and push her higher. The feeling she'd had just an hour ago beneath Gerry didn't have anything on this—plus, it had been over so fast. But this, that rush she could access anytime she sang for a crowd, there were only so many moments you'd get like that in a lifetime, and now hers had been spent. She had always been like a mirror to her sisters' hearts. When they were in pain, she was too, and walking back home from her

mother's front stoop, she had assumed the sorrow she felt was on their behalf. Now she wasn't so sure.

Esther

“Stupid heifer-ass slut.” Esther slammed the books into the used and discounted bin. “Fucking ho-ass tramp. Bitch-ass, frontin’-ass cow.” And another pile was established with a dull thud. It had been a week since Ruth had changed all their lives, and Esther had expected her older sister to be pummeled with shame. Most women who got pregnant before they were married didn’t tell a soul. You only knew by their mothers’ tired eyes and downward glances at the church supper, the fabric stretched taut across their daughters’ middles. Once, Lena’s sister, Miss Beverly, faked a pregnancy to cover for her daughter, and that baby was ten years old now, and none the wiser. Then too, Mama had always whispered about an old woman fifteen miles from her in Louisiana who, for a fee, could send a baby back where it came from, wherever that was. It wasn’t that Esther thought any of these approaches were sound. She was undecided on the existence of God and sin, at least in the way Preacher Thomas waxed on about it. Mama had even told them over dinner a few days before that she’d decided they needed to move forward. She had been trying to convince Mr. Franklin to take Esther and Chloe on, arguing that a duo constituted a group. So there was hope. Esther had expected to be relieved by that hope, but no. What if she couldn’t hold a candle to Ruth after all? And that was the part that made her want her sister scorned.

Esther couldn’t see the door from where she stood, and she hadn’t stopped muttering when Horace walked in with his baby on his hip.

“Everything okay?” She nodded at Malcolm once she heard them enter. Horace cherished his breaks, and he only brought the boy in when he had no choice.

“I should be asking you the same thing. Who you in here cursing about? Somebody stole your bicycle?”

“Boy, nobody. Is everything okay with Malcolm?”

“Yeah, Vanessa had a doctor’s appointment, that’s all.”

“Oh.” Esther didn’t like the little people, but for some reason she could tolerate this one and he seemed to know it. Every time he saw her, he stretched out his arms and babbled, drool slicking his chin.

“I got Lena’s.” Horace handed Malcolm to her, and she had no choice but to accept him while his daddy sat at the other end of the counter and emptied an overflowing paper bag. “Fried chicken for you, grits and the pepper sauce too.”

“I ate my mama’s breakfast.”

“I figured. But maybe for lunch. You don’t eat enough.”

“You already know you gon eat my order and probably go back and get another.”

“You might be right. You might be right.” He had made the sign of the cross before he started, and now he dipped his fork in the container, closed his eyes, and moaned. “You had the gumbo there yet?”

That was what he was eating now. Esther ate like a bird—everyone in the family said it. She often said she wished she could take a pill instead of going to the trouble of preparing a meal, but she did remember Chloe raving about the food, and of course the girl had been gaining weight to match. When they were younger, people would tease them, saying Chloe should pass some of her excess weight over to Esther, who needed it. Ruth was perfect in the middle. Of course, Esther would always say something smart back, like “And your mama need to transfer some of her mustache to your daddy’s bald head.” Whoever overheard her would erupt. But the laughter seemed to only double her own pain.

“Now you know I don’t eat everybody’s gumbo,” Esther said.

“Well, yeah, but that’s what I’m telling you, you need to be eating this one. Lena was spooning tomato paste into hers and I stopped that. She wasn’t using oysters either. People are coming asking for two bowls off the bat now. Her revenue went up 15 percent since I started learning her.”

“We get it, we get it, you can cook.”

“I don’t know how you can smell this and not want a bite.” He stood and held his spoon out to her, and she laughed and backed away, set the baby down on a rug in the center of the floor.

“Boy, you crazy. Leave me alone with all that.” He chased her to the back room, the spoon so close to her face she could smell the oil in the roux when the bell on the front door chimed. Esther didn’t pay it much mind; she more than assumed it would be Mr. Gaines or Lena, who ventured in during breaks to shoot the shit. She kept running, letting Horace approach closer each round. Then she caught the men out of the corner of her eye, and her mood drained on the spot.

There were three of them, all white, staring back at her, two she recognized and one she didn’t; she supposed he was the new man she’d heard about from Horace. “Nice shop you got here,” the new one said, and the baby started to cry. Horace and Esther both hurried to lift him and collided. Esther lingered next to her friend for a second longer than necessary for the comfort. White men didn’t come into this store. They just didn’t.

“Can I help you?” Horace stood up taller on the spot, and she could feel the men, white as they were—suited up and slack-bellied as they were, tweeded up and wing-tip-shoed as they were—become intimidated, and they backed up.

“I’m Mr. Belmont. How do you do? I’m looking to speak with the owner of the store,” the new man said.

“That’s me.” Horace’s words shot forward like they wanted to knock the man down. “My father passed it to me when he got too sick to run it.”

“Family business, the cornerstone of the American dream.” Mr. Belmont smiled.

“Something like that,” Horace said, not smiling.

Mr. Belmont fixed his face too. “Is there somewhere private we could go to discuss matters, man-to-man?” he asked.

And Horace seemed embarrassed, though he was a big man and Esther had never seen him flinch, even now. She knew him well enough to know he was warring with how powerful to hold himself out to be.

“I don’t have a problem with that.” He passed the baby to Esther, and it seemed he was pleading with her with his eyes not to say anything too flip. She hesitated before she took Malcolm—she’d run through the other options in her mind and, out of protectiveness of Horace, she dialed them all back. She watched the men retreat to the back; then she carried the baby to the children’s section, where she sat him against a bookshelf and read an alphabet book in high-pitched voices she’d sworn she’d never use. Her

hands shook every time she flipped a page. Of course he squealed for her to read the book again each time she finished. She was on her third rendition when the white men walked out. She stood abruptly. She could see Horace was angry, red in his eyes and tight-lipped, but he opened the front door for the men anyway.

“Don’t think too long,” they said, and they winked at Esther and the baby and were on their way.

Esther started screaming before the door shut.

“Men’s talk?” she said. “Men’s talk? And I can’t believe you accepted that. You, of all people, know how much I give to this store. I know our supplies backwards and forwards. I’m the one who opens in the morning. Most nights, I’m the one who closes too. I’m the one you call when you need a rush from the distributors. I’m the one the customers depend on to get them the right cure at the right time.”

“I know all that, girl.” He walked over and held her arms to her side where they’d been swinging before. The baby switched his head from one to another like they were characters on a big screen.

“But those were white men in there,” Horace said. “White men. I wasn’t thinking is all. I just wasn’t thinking.” He had lifted his hands from her now and was pacing. “I’m sorry, Esther,” he said. “I know I couldn’t do this without you. You know I know that.”

“Thank you,” she said. She had lowered her voice some, and the baby seemed bored by the calm, started to fuss. “I’m sorry too. I shouldn’t have blown up. I just hated that I couldn’t be in there with you. I was scared for you, Horace. What did they say?”

“They said they want to buy the store. They want to offer me money for my daddy’s building, the only thing my family got left and the only way I feed that boy there.” He nodded to Malcolm on the rug. His food at the counter where he’d been sitting had firmed and cooled. He broke off a piece of corn bread. “That new guy, Mr. Belmont or whatever, he offered a price.” He pulled a white sheet of paper out of his pocket and passed it over to Esther. She gasped and covered her mouth. “They aim to buy up this whole block,” he said.

“But I can’t believe that,” she said. “All these years, and nothing. Why today?” She had gone back to the books midway through their talk, and she focused on them now; organizing them in alphabetical order established a stability inside her.

“I wonder if there was a misunderstanding,” she said. “I mean I just can’t believe—”

“Believe it,” Horace cut her off. The baby had crawled to his daddy’s chair, tugged on his shoes, and reached up for him now. Horace lifted him, offered him corn bread, but the baby was busy grasping for his daddy’s ear, trying to stuff the lobe in his mouth.

“That’s more money than I ever seen at one time, Esther, but I’m not a fool. I’d take it and be through with it in a year, maybe two. Then what? It took my daddy his whole life to save for this lot. I’m not throwing it away for a chunk of change.”

“Everybody will feel that way.” Esther felt shielded by her words.

“I don’t know,” Horace said. “A lot of people starting to fall on rough times. The shipyard jobs dried up. They not hiring us otherwise.” The baby had grabbed a hardcover, plopped it between his lips, drool darkening the pages.

“You could talk to the neighbors,” she said. “People listen to you. You could organize them, convince them what they’re holding is worth more than what they’d get. We know that to be true. I mean if it weren’t, white people wouldn’t be offering it.”

“That’s for sure. White people ain’t never struck a fair deal, and ain’t no reason to expect them to start now.”

“Amen”—they said it at the same time.

“I could help you,” Esther said.

Horace raised his eyebrow, seeming as surprised as she felt.

“I mean, just because I already send out the newsletter. I could include an article in the next one.”

“I thought it wasn’t for that type of thing,” Horace said.

“You want the help or not?” she asked.

He didn’t answer her for some time, and they both just observed Malcolm. They’d have to air the book out to dry. Not a thing else had changed in his world.

“Alright,” Horace said. “We ain’t got nothing to lose, I guess.”

“Alright,” Esther said, and it came out more as a question, so she repeated it, tried to deepen her voice this time. “Alright.” She paused. “It’s just that the store means so much to me,” she went on. “I don’t want to even imagine who I’d be without it.”

OVER THE NEXT WEEK, THEY WORKED ON THE NEWSLETTER ARTICLE together, a call to their neighbors to consider their legacy over short-term reward. Esther found that Horace had more animation than even she'd known, more spirit and more fire, but she had to pull his thoughts out of him one by one. Once she laid them down beside each other, she had to position them in the order that would maintain each one's shine. It reminded her of her mother orchestrating a sound, lining her and her sisters up so they'd blend, but this was different. She and Horace were equal here: she made them so by rooting for the stuff inside them both that was the same, the same frustration, the same hope, the same fear, and she distilled that on the page. When she was done, they looked at each other like they had been somewhere. Esther finished the September newsletter with Horace's story on the front, "Negro Ownership Is Negro Power," and within days, the neighbors began swarming in during their lunch breaks for copies.

The next week, they made their rounds. Of course, everyone they spoke to seemed to have already built a rapport with Horace: Lena, whose pies filled their bellies for every wedding, funeral, and baptism, and even Freddy, whom her mother spoke to sometimes but who otherwise wandered the Fillmore streets in silence. Horace greeted him like he was any other person, where even Esther's mother maintained an air of courtesy that read like superiority around him.

Not only that, Horace encouraged everyone to keep their property according to who he knew them to be, slanting his message so it was aimed at each person accordingly. To Mr. Gaines, he said, "I'm so tired of these people trying to reach in our pots, take all the meat out for themselves before it could provide any flavor," and the man turned his head up, considered Horace's words, and nodded.

When they visited Miss Gladys, whose hair stuck up in every direction, though she took such care with everyone else's, she pushed back, "But that new man, Mr. Belmont, is a gentleman. Always bringing the candy for the babies, always with a smile." Then, "We could sure use the money. If the price is right, shit, I might consider." She glanced around the salon, which was crowded like always, with women in various stages of improvement.

"It's not just about you, though," Horace started. "That's where you go wrong, when you start thinking about it that way, what might work for you, what might satisfy yours. And yeah, you know, maybe you're right, maybe

that lil check they write you will tide you over til retirement and you been wanting to get off your feet anyway.”

“I mean, he said it,” Gladys said. She stood over a lady in a full roller set, and the two laughed together.

“Yeah, maybe so,” Horace went on. “And maybe you could even find another spot of land elsewhere, if you did want to continue on, and maybe it’d be smack-dab in the middle of a sea of Negro heads, Negro customers. Maybe.”

“From your mouth to God’s ears.”

“But it’s like a stack of dominoes. How many ladies you got in that salon washing hair, drying hair, cutting hair, adding hair? Three, four?”

Gladys smiled a cautious smile. “Six some weeks,” she said with pride.

“And what’s gon happen to them when you sell? They gon be out of work. How they gon pay their rent? And it’s not just you, when you sell, everybody else gon say, ‘Well, she getting hers, we might as well get ours,’ and then the whole block’s out from under us.” Gladys seemed embarrassed.

He turned to the woman beside her sitting under the dryer. She raised the hood to hear him better. “Then what you think they gon replace everything with?” he went on. “They been scoping out this neighborhood for years now, trying to steal something of value out of it. You think they gon replace it with another beauty salon like yours? Nah. It’s gon be dolled up, sugarcoated, fanciest of the fancy businesses for them, businesses we can’t afford, restaurants with food on the menu we can’t even pronounce or banks where they won’t let us borrow. Or maybe it will be a shopping center or a parking lot, and what you think gon happen then? You think they gon let those shiny white patrons come in here with the likes of us? Nah. They gon raise the prices on all this, on our storefronts, on our homes, and how many of us you think gon be able to afford it? How many?” he repeated.

Most of the customers were listening now, and a few passersby had lingered by the doorway.

“Pretty soon, it’s not gon be the Fillmore no more; we won’t recognize half the people we pass on the street; pretty soon, we won’t be able to walk half a block for pecan pie or fried oysters; pretty soon, we’ll have to start locking our doors, and that’s the people who are able to stay. Pretty soon,

you'll walk around these streets and you won't see yourself reflected back in it."

He turned away from Gladys toward the others, who had silenced their morning gossip and complaints to hear him. His voice rose.

"See, we can't just be thinking about ourselves. That's the way they do it, but Negroes have survived only off the strength of each other. And if we gon keep surviving, we gon have to keep nurturing that mentality. I'm not just thinking about me, I'm thinking more about your mama, your grandmama, your daddy, your sister and brother. And we don't have no choice but to be generous like that in our intentions 'cause nobody else is coming for us. If we don't build each other, we're going to be at the bottom of the barrel for the rest of our lives. That's what they want, Lord knows that's what they want, but we can't stand around and let them get their way. We can't let them take our basic rights from us. We've got to demand what we deserve."

He went on longer than the original comment warranted, and people listening absorbed him; they didn't want to let him go. It wasn't only them.

Horace caught Esther's gaze then, her total and absolute surrender to his words, and she was embarrassed, but not as much as she would have thought she'd be. She didn't have time to pretend, so she let her face be, and it seemed like Horace held tears in his eyes as he smiled.

"YOU WERE AMAZING," ESTHER SAID WHEN THEY WERE BACK INSIDE THE bookstore that evening. It was hard for her to look at him. There seemed to be light falling off of his person. "Where did you even get all that from?"

"It wasn't me," he said. "It was your newsletter. I never would have put all those ideas together. I wouldn't have been able to if you hadn't laid them out so easily."

"You're being modest," she said.

"I mean it. When I started, I didn't know what I was going to say, but it poured out of me as soon as I opened my mouth. I just saw myself talking to you, and when the words stopped flowing, I knew it was time to be silent."

Every night after that, she would go home and tug her notepad out of her mattress and craft lyrics. Later, she'd sit on the edge of Chloe's bed and hum the melody the way she envisioned it, and after a few runs, Chloe

would sing over them. Chloe seemed to cherish them all, but one was her favorite, Esther's too:

*You may see me as a distance runner
A fast-paced juggler on the road to a blunder
Oh no
Oh no
The world is changing fast*

Then Esther would join her in harmony:

*People are different now
No matter where you turn
The world is changing fast
No matter where you turn*

"I feel this deep in my spirit," Chloe said when they finished. "Where did it come from?"

"I don't know," Esther said back. "I don't know."

Horace kept on canvassing the block, sharing the newsletter, urging people to ignore Mr. Belmont. Inevitably, his urging would evolve into a speech. At first there were just a few others in attendance, then crowds developed, and after a couple of weeks, people started to look for him. Esther would open up the bookstore in the morning and they'd be waiting outside the door. He'd apologize to her, but she'd shake her head. She didn't mind not being seen in lieu of him. Standing onstage next to Ruth her whole life had lowered her, but this was different. She was glad to see Horace getting recognition. She'd been the lone recipient of his brilliance for too long. Now he'd practice with her while they worked, outlining ideas, and she'd fish through her purse for her pen and clean his thoughts up, set them upright. That kind of thing had come so easily to her all this time, she hadn't known it could somehow be useful. And they were succeeding.

Gladys had been convinced that first day; Lena was on board. Mr. Gaines had all but agreed, and though he fussed and whined about it, Esther assured Horace it was just how he was. He would do the right thing. The only person they worried about was Mr. Bailey. He was known for forsaking any and everything for a dime, and the Champagne Supper Club was prime real estate. Horace had sat outside the club three days in one week, then traipsed back to the bookstore each time after with a worn-down expression on his face.

This last time, Esther had been angry at Mr. Bailey on his behalf.

"That ol' evil-eyed greedy piece of—"

"Not in front of the baby," Horace said.

"I'm just saying. You too nice to these people. You ought to let me go in and tell him what I think."

"That's exactly what we don't want," he said. "You saying something he won't be able to forget."

"Everything I say is unforgettable," she fired back. "This time I'll try to make it sweet too, though."

"No." He was serious, Esther could tell. "This is my daddy's shop. Let me handle it."

And she was hurt to hear that, of course she was, but she shrugged and said, "Fine, fend for yourself."

She didn't talk to him for the rest of the day. When he asked her questions about stock, she'd direct the answers to the baby in a singsong voice. She made a big to-do of shelving, though she knew he liked his quiet while he read the paper and drank his second cup of coffee. Finally, when it was time to close up, he stopped her at the door and gripped her wrist.

"Alright," he said. "You can come. But promise me you'll be on your best behavior."

"I won't say a word," she said.

SHE DRESSED UP FOR THE OCCASION, NOT ANYTHING LIKE WHAT SHE'D wear to a show but a basic shawl and a pair of slacks. She caught a reflection of herself in the club's window, and if she didn't know better, she might have thought she was her mother. She and Horace waited outside for an hour, and the whole while, people strode in and out of the club, mostly cooks and a bartender who had offered her a ride home one night. Everyone recognized her and nodded in her direction, asked about her mama and sisters, and with Horace there, she smiled and chatted with them like it was the most natural thing in the world, human connection. She was in the middle of a conversation when Mr. Bailey pulled up.

Horace stood and waited for him to step out of his dark blue Roadmaster Skylark. When he finally approached, Horace held out his hand, but Mr. Bailey looked past him to her.

"I'm Esther," she said in a soft voice. She reached out for him with a limp hand; seeing him there had whipped her back ten years at least.

"I know who you are," he said. "Come in off the street. I never do business outside."

The office off to the side of the entrance was pristine. Before they sat down, Mr. Bailey called for the nice bartender to bring him a whiskey straight. He didn't ask if they wanted anything. Once his drink arrived, he took a long sip, then set the glass back down on the chestnut desk. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and then he looked up at Horace and Esther.

"I got a busy day ahead of me. How can I help you?"

Horace told him what he'd heard about the offers being made all over the block. He said he knew the club had been targeted too. He handed him the newsletter.

Mr. Bailey shook his head.

“It don’t matter. I’ve already decided.” He shrugged. “The price isn’t near what I’ve built, but then again, business is slow. Especially since that girl got knocked up.” He nodded in Esther’s direction. “Didn’t realize how popular you were, huh? I can’t fill half my seats without you there. Too bad what happened with your sister.”

“She’s been blessed.”

“Is that what they’re calling it these days? Anyway, business is business. She got hers, I got mine. I figger these white people think they can come in and do it better, I might as well go on and let them.” He held up his hands. “I tried.” He gestured for the bartender again and pushed back from the table. Esther felt like they should leave, but Horace kept on with the same points he’d been dishing out to the neighbors. There were Mr. Bailey’s workers to consider for one, and then the Negro people in general. But it was futile; the man was unfazed. In the middle of Horace’s sentence, the bartender interrupted with a pile of pancakes and bacon Esther had smelled frying. Mr. Bailey gestured to him—“You can see them out, Edward”—and first Esther, then Horace stood.

They were silent on the walk home. Esther took jabs at Mr. Bailey, the scant patches of hair he tried to disperse over his scalp, the gold rings barely visible on his fat fingers, but it only upset Horace more.

“I guess that’s it then,” he said.

“How can you say that after all we’ve done? How can that be it?” Esther said back.

The truth was, she didn’t know if Mr. Bailey would change his mind, and she didn’t know what would happen if he didn’t, if that would trigger the rest of the block to concede too. All she knew was she had found something independent of her that demanded her attention. It was like a plant she’d need to water, a baby she’d need to feed, and she felt urgent in a way she hadn’t in as long as she could remember. She couldn’t give it up. She wouldn’t.

AT HOME, CHLOE SAT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, SPOONING LARGE HEAPS OF gumbo into her mouth.

“Lena’s?” Esther asked, sitting too.

Chloe nodded, wiping her mouth with the cloth napkin on her lap.

“I understand Horace made it,” Chloe said, in a singsong voice Esther had been trying to avoid.

“Is that right?” Esther looked down to hide her smile.

“You been seeing a lot of him lately, huh?” She plopped a slice of smoked sausage in her mouth. Esther didn’t love gumbo, but the way Chloe was eating and her knowledge of who the source was pressed on her stomach. She stood for her own bowl and spoon.

“It’s not him,” she said. “It’s the cause, it’s the movement. They’re trying to run us out of here, starting with our businesses, and if they go, it’s just a matter of time before we’re all out on our feet.” She spooned half of Chloe’s remaining food into a new bowl.

“You sound just like him,” Chloe said, “the little bits I’ve heard from the bookstore stoop. Seems like it’s working too. Seems like everybody is in agreement.”

Esther shook her head. “Everybody but Mr. Bailey.” She was eating now like she hadn’t in days. She spoke between bites. “We just left him. He’s still mad about Ruth. He says his business went downhill since we’ve gone. He said he’s lost half his customers. He said, ‘You didn’t know how important you were, huh, girl?’ Something like that.” She was figuring something out as she spoke.

Chloe finished and got up to wash the bowl, dry it, and place it back in the cupboard.

Esther could hear her mother turn her key in the lock.

“Other people have said the same,” Chloe said, sitting again. “It’s not only that for me.” She paused. “It’s just been so lonely without it.” She rushed through the words almost like she wanted to get them out before her mother could hear them. There was a look in her eyes Esther recognized but couldn’t name. It was odd. As much as Esther had devoted herself to the routines, the practices, the steps, the songs, as much hope as she’d had around taking the lead, she didn’t miss it as much as she’d thought she would.

“It’s been over a month,” Chloe went on, and Esther found she was surprised to hear how the time had flown.

Her mother stood in the kitchen now.

“Everything okay?” she asked. And the girls nodded.

She joined them at the table and the conversation stopped in its tracks. Esther ought to have been used to this new silence. It had been over a month now with Ruth pregnant, over a month without rehearsals, over a month of wordless suppers, the relief at the end so enticing she’d rush

through meals, though she normally labored over each bite. Sitting among them now felt as daunting as the first time. She made the mistake of locking eyes with her sister.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Franklin can’t run from me forever,” Vivian joked. “We’ll come up with something.” But Esther could sense her heavy sadness. She had thought her mother would have bum-rushed them by now with another plan, one involving the two of them or others—she didn’t know. But the woman seemed resigned. Every day she accepted Ruth’s pregnancy more. Esther was starting to think Vivian might let the whole dream go, as unthinkable as that seemed.

And Chloe, who normally propped their moods up on instinct, looked away. Esther did too. Vivian’s joke seemed to cut through the sadness, only to turn back and double its texture. Esther took the new slice of pain as an invitation to leave. Upstairs, though, she couldn’t stop thinking of her sister. That had been hopelessness in Chloe’s eyes. It had seemed foreign to her in that context, though Esther had been intimate with the feeling for many years now. She fell asleep with her clothes on and woke up with the feeling of cotton in her mouth that even when she brushed she couldn’t escape.

“And this would further it,” she heard herself say to Mr. Bailey the next morning. She and Horace had agreed to go back for one more attempt to dissuade him from selling. They’d only been seated three minutes when she spoke. She could see Horace in her periphery staring her down, his lips pressed together, probably waiting for her to revert to cursing, but she didn’t think that was a possibility anymore.

“We could come in again, sing every week. Ruth wouldn’t be there, so maybe it wouldn’t work, but we could try it for a month, see how it goes, see if business picks up.”

Before she’d left the house that morning, she and Chloe had embraced for a long time. If she looked back, it was the way the girl had clung to her that confirmed her decision.

Now Mr. Bailey sucked crawfish heads while he read the news. He set the paper down and licked his fingers before he cut Esther off. He offered her a tail, and she shook her head.

“You think you can put on just as good of a show without your sister, girl?” he asked.

“I know it,” she said back. She didn’t recognize the certainty. If you had asked her an hour earlier, she would have said with as much conviction that she knew the opposite.

He sat there in silence again, sucking the juice from the red capsule, pulling his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiping it from his chin before it dribbled down his neck anyway. She could see Horace without shifting her head. He had never turned away from her. She couldn’t read his expression, some juncture of fear and respect.

“You sure now, girl?” Mr. Bailey repeated. “You talked to your mama about this?”

She nodded, though it wasn’t true. She wouldn’t have had to. If there was one thing she knew, it was that Vivian would have approved of chasing a dream.

“Alright, I’ll tell the white folks to hold off. We’ll see how it goes. And mind me, don’t embarrass me, girl. The Champagne Supper Club was the first of its kind, the best of its kind. The magic you find here you can’t re-create anywhere. Why I was so resistant to selling it in the first place.”

Esther was already on her feet. She reached out her hand, then thought better of it and clasped his elbow instead.

“You won’t regret it,” she said. “You won’t regret it.”

“I already regret it,” he said back, but he was smiling too, and soon, she was out the door, and Horace was on her heels. They reenacted the conversation together for some time. After, he said he just wanted to unwind. Vanessa had the baby. Would she go to a movie with him? She wanted to, of course she did, but more importantly, she didn’t have time to come up with an excuse. They saw the new Audrey Hepburn flick, *Roman Holiday*. Esther loved movies and usually she arrived early, engrossed even by the previews about Communist spy rings or biowarfare. Then she lingered in the theater after the credits ran, after the Negro men with brooms turned on the lights to sweep out the popcorn and ticket stubs, because it was so hard, harder to explain, to step back into her own small life. But this time, she stood up as soon as the theme music started. She had tried not to look at Horace when the couple onscreen kissed, but she’d shot glances at him otherwise, marveled at the way he couldn’t keep still, like his mind was roaming, and his hands couldn’t tell who to pledge allegiance to, his creased and veined brown hands. They’d lie flat in parts, and then he’d hold one and smooth it out, then shift to the other. By the end, his foot was tapping and his leg was shaking, and Esther, on instinct, the way she might have with Chloe or even Ruth, placed her hand atop his knee to calm him. He stopped in an instant and she jerked back.

When they had left the lobby of the theater, she rushed into conversation: what she would do to see the Spanish Steps, the Mouth of Truth, and the Colosseum.

“Same,” he said. “And the pyramids and Table Mountain and Victoria Falls. When I was a boy, I used to dream about the sites we’d read about in school: Yosemite and Joshua Tree and Alcatraz and Golden Gate Park. I lived right here, but I hadn’t even seen the beauty of the place. My daddy was always working. Even in the best months, you know we not making out like bandits. That was always an issue for Vanessa.”

He glanced at her fast like he wanted to catch something, like her reaction in that exact second might be monumental, might have the power to change the course of his assessment of himself, of his life. She didn’t know what to say that would meet the magnitude of his stare so she just gazed back.

“It’s good work,” she said. “Noble work. The best kind doesn’t reward you in the ways you would expect.”

And she swore she saw him exhale.

At her door, she was about to make some kind of joke to discharge the heavy silence between them, but before she could start, he leaned in to kiss her.

She laughed. She could see the hurt spread across his face.

“I’m sorry,” she said.

“No, it’s me, I’m sorry. I was just, I think I got carried away with the news today.”

“Of course, of course you did,” she said. “It’s no problem. “I’ll see you in the morning then.” She was already halfway up the stairs.

“See you,” he said. She couldn’t make it inside fast enough, though once she was in there, she wanted to be anywhere else. She hadn’t thought about Mr. Sterling in months, but he was back now, laughing in her ear. She couldn’t even remember his face anymore, just the color of his skin, so similar to Horace’s, and his eyes when he came to, full of regret.

Vivian

The Sunday Mr. Franklin was scheduled to attend Shiloh Baptist, Vivian washed and rolled her hair, sat under the dryer reading the word, then dressed in her purple three-quarter-length-sleeve knit swing dress. She set her black circle hat atop her long curls, and she rooted through her cosmetic bag for a pink shade of lipstick that accented the blush on her cheekbones. She let the girls sleep in and played her gospel numbers low. She hummed instead of singing; she fried shrimp to go with the grits, and she sat on the roof with her coffee for some time before she called for everyone to get ready. She didn't rush them. She pulled the car up to the front of the house and waited, humming all the while. Late as they were, they got the best parking spot again, the one right next to Preacher Thomas. And as if to welcome them, when they walked in halfway through the second number, the heaviest woman in the choir, Sister Nancy, fell to her knees, calling out for the Lord to hold her place back home.

*Soon one morning
I'm gonna lay down my cross*

Vivian wasn't healed, far from it, but talking to Preacher weeks earlier had peeled back a layer of her anguish, enough so that, though it still sat firm inside her, she could maneuver around it. She could smile at the patients at work, access the soft tone she reserved for the ones she favored. She hadn't spoken to her children much, but she could cook beside them; she could listen to them laugh among themselves. And when those moments too became unbearable, she revisited Preacher's words.

Because of that, when he got up on that podium, she felt like the two of them were joined. As he paced back and forth, she felt her own heart

picking up speed. And as he shouted “Can I hear an amen?” she didn’t need to respond, not verbally. It was her own mind and heart that had caused him to say that phrase in the first place, and so answering it would have been redundant.

And then he asked, “How many of y’all follow Christ?”

And they all raised their hands, including Mr. Franklin from the first pew. And Preacher went on and asked again, “No, I’m serious, how many of y’all actually follow Christ our Lord Jesus? Not in the church with your hats perched just so and your lipstick lined up and your dress sashaying in that good Northern California breeze. I’m not talking about how you rallied yourselves to get here and present like you do. I’m not even talking about the prayers you mouth back to me or the saints up there on the stage knocking their heads back, all ‘Lalalalala,’ and Lord, you know I love the singing. I love the heft of it, the surprises inside every verse, the sacredness of it, the sensuality of it, yeah, I said it, there’s something sensual about praising God. It feels almost like—yeah, you know what I’m talking about.” And he winked at Vivian, and though she hadn’t known that feeling, not from another person in so long, she could feel it now as sure as another body was inside her.

“I’m not talking about all that,” he said. “I wish I was. Don’t I wish I was. Wouldn’t it be easier? Wouldn’t it be easier if we could just buy our way to Him, if we could just impress Him with our short skirts and our manly arms? If He was moved by our learning? If we could memorize our way to Him? If I could recite my favorite verses and that would win His favor, I’d be fine. There are a few I keep tucked in my heart for my lowest moments, and we all have those moments, and they lift me during those times, but they can’t take me all the way. As powerful as they are, they just can’t get me to Him.

“Not even my personal favorite: ‘One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.’ I used to recite it every morning, but no. No matter how many times I repeated it, I’d be met with silence. Silence. And as believers, we’re going to always run up against that silence when we think we can bribe God. When we think we can say, ‘I’ll give you this, and you give me peace,’ or ‘I’ll give you that, and you’ll give me salvation.’ It doesn’t work like that.

I'm afraid it doesn't work like that. There's something more, and I'm not saying I found it."

There was a gasp from within the congregation.

"I'm not. I'm trying to find it same way you are. It's a constant quest and I need help from you today to get there, but I've had moments along the way where I've been reminded, with a conviction I can't put into words, that I'm close. And I want us to put our heads together and study one of these moments today. I have to admit, I'm almost embarrassed to reference it in front of the godly folk in front of me this evening, people who may have forgotten about youthful indiscretions. But when I'm going through something, church, I like to look back at other experiences when I've questioned Him to remind myself that doubt, weakness, and confusion are only designed to carry me forward, to Him."

The church let out a loud, harmonious moan as they were wont to do anytime Preacher spoke, and he let them go as long as they needed to, smiling all the while.

"Tell it, Preacher," one of them shouted and the others followed suit.

"Nah, I think it's safe, though, I think I'm among friends, am I right, church? Alright, I'll go on then. This story is about a woman I wanted when I was a young man. My sister's best friend. Fellas, let's shout out 'Amen' right here on the spot on behalf of our sisters' friends. I'll tell you a little bit about this one in particular: She kept up one of those Coke-bottle shapes, was a nice nutmeg shade of brown, long hair past her bra strap, and don't get me started on that strap. What? I'm a preacher, I'm not blind, church. And I would have done anything to be with that woman, anything, and I'm talking about just being with her, just talking to her, just hearing about her life. It was like my calling was tied up with how close we could be, how much I could know about her."

"But there was just one problem. She was engaged to be married to somebody else. Yeah, just one little small problem. I was young then, so I didn't know any better, and I fought it. I sent her chocolates, I brought her my mama's fresh hot cross buns, crawfish wrapped in newspaper, I even bought her a ring. Like I told y'all, I didn't know any better. I would invite her places pretending I needed a friend, like I didn't want to make her my wife. And I thought my plan was going well until I saw my sister in our living room being fitted for her bridesmaid dress."

The church groaned on behalf of his younger self.

“I know, I know, but you know what, I told myself my woman just didn’t have the nerve to tell her beau yet, that she would. I got a wedding invitation in the mail, all sparkly and white, and I told myself she was trying to save face. Then the actual day arrived, and I dressed up in the only suit I owned. Mama had to take the hem out the pants for them to cover my socks, but I looked good. I had a fresh haircut, laid the kinks down into waves with pomade, had grown in a new mustache. I was young then, church, twenty-five pounds lighter, and you couldn’t tell me I wasn’t Nat King Cole in my daddy’s church. See, my daddy presided over all the Negro weddings in the parish, and I walked inside that small brick building, through the crowds of people I’d known all my life, and I snuck toward the back where the ladies had dressed, and I said I had a message to take to my sister. I folded up a note I’d written and handed it to her, told her to give it to the bride straightaway. How many of y’all already know what the note said?”

The church hollered here, all “Read it, Preacher.”

“You know what, you know what, I won’t read it. I don’t need to embarrass myself in front of y’all again. It doesn’t matter what it said. I watched my sister walk down that aisle with her beau at the time, the man she’d eventually marry, and then I watched the other bridesmaids. Then the flower girls walked down in their tiny white gowns, and I just knew she wasn’t going to meet her father at the top of that aisle. I just knew she wasn’t. I actually stared down her groom with a hint of smugness, but sure enough, she was the prettiest bride I’d ever seen, and I bawled into my handkerchief like a baby, my mama beside me rubbing my back. I don’t think she ever realized why I was crying and I never made her any the wiser.”

The church was offended now, moaning in vicarious shame.

“Oh, Preacher, you didn’t deserve that, Preacher.”

“For a year I cried every night over that woman. I never been closer to God than that year. I read the Bible and I cried. I read the Bible and I cried and I prayed. I didn’t understand why God kept me from that lady until the day I met my wife.

“Mrs. First Lady Mattie Jefferson Way. Mm-hmm. Yes, Lord. I’m going to say it again for the people in the back. Mrs. First Lady Mattie Jefferson Way. I knew I was going to marry her the first time I laid eyes on her. We were in my hometown, New Orleans, and there was a French market there

every Sunday. I went looking for a pound of beef for my mama—she wanted to make stew for Sunday dinner. Well, this girl was standing next to her mama at one of the stands, calling out, ‘Fresh seafood for supper.’ I looked at her, and she looked at me. One thing led to another, and next thing I knew, Mama and I enjoyed a fish fry that evening. And it was like that ever since. She called up something in me that made me want to do for her, anything she needed, and part of it was she didn’t take advantage of that, she gave it back to me tenfold, and so when she died—” He stopped here to steady himself, and from deep inside Vivian’s own grief—the grief she was to this day afraid to poke at the wrong time because though it was often dormant, it ran deep—she could tell he had run up against a tender spot.

“It was like there was an envelope of my heart she opened up when I met her, an envelope I didn’t even know was there, and when she died, that envelope closed, but it wasn’t a tight seal, and anybody in this room who’s lost somebody”—and he looked at Vivian when he said that—“anybody in this room who’s lost somebody knows what I mean when I say I don’t know if it’s going to ever shut, not all the way, and that’s where I am now, church, just like she died yesterday, and I know what it means. I know what it means because I’ve been there before. It means I’ve got to get close. Church, I’ve got to get close. Because what did He say when Paul asked Him, when he besought the Lord thrice, that the thorn he spoke of might depart from him? What did God say? God said unto him—what did He say, church? Tell it.” And the congregation recited the verse with him.

“‘My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.’”

“‘My strength is made perfect in weakness,’” Preacher repeated. “My strength is made perfect when we’re close. And this is just like the last time. For years I didn’t know why my sister’s friend hadn’t become my wife, but I had to trust in those years that God knew, that God had a plan that was greater than any I could envision. And that’s what I’m doing right now, in the midst of this grief, in the midst of this despair, I’m leaning on Him. And just like last time, I’m close. I’m close, I’m close, I’m close. Look at your neighbor and touch him and tell him I’m close. I’m so close I can feel that He and I are one. I’m close when I’ve surrendered to him even in the deepest pain. It’s one thing to get on your knees and pray that He’ll relieve you, it’s one thing to beg it of Him, even to praise Him once it’s done, but sometimes it’s not in His plan to salvage you. You ever notice that, church?

That sometimes it's not in His plan to set you free just yet, sometimes there's something you need to see on your own to free yourself, and He's waiting for you to hit on it. And that surrender, that faith in His plan, in His comfort over my own, that's when I'm a follower, that's when I am indeed in Christ and He is in me. When I say to him, 'Lord, you have your way, I don't need to be joyful right now. I don't need to be in understanding right now. You take the wheel, Lord, and I'll wait on you to tell me when it's time to act.'"

The congregation was out of their seats now, winding their way through the cramped aisles, the ushers tapping on boxes of Kleenex, wiping their own eyes where they leaked or holding women up who were threatening to fall out, fanning men whose eyes popped, mangled words streaming out of their mouths. And Vivian didn't remember standing, only that she found herself upright, running up and down with the other saints, speaking in a language she had never been taught. But if someone had asked her what she intended to say, she would have been able to provide a perfect translation: that she had found in the depth of her sorrow some justification for it, some recompense, that He was with her.

"And the Lord doesn't just knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, He doesn't just understandest my thought afar off, but everybody else's too, and if I"—and Preacher looked at Mr. Franklin deeply when he said this—"if I were to take another servant of the Lord off His course, or begrudge her for obedience, though it impeded my own worldly plans, well, 'Let us not therefore judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.'"

And that was when the choir started, directing them all to sit, and the song came out a low rumbling at first:

*Let us break bread together on our knees;
Let us break bread together on our knees.*

"But how many of y'all have tried to do it your own way, tried and tried to do it your own way, and it just never materialized?" Preacher slowed his speaking down now, raised his voice a notch to be as clear over the choir. "What does a follower do when her dreams don't materialize the way they were supposed to? When things change? When God's path looks different than yours?"

Vivian clutched her own Bible to her chest.
The choir rose higher now.

*Let us drink wine together on our knees;
Let us drink wine together on our knees.*

“What about when you finally found a job that would make you want to get up in the morning and they went with the white man, didn’t even let you through the front door? What about when you poured all your heart and soul into that new restaurant and you got the best barbecue in the Fillmore and you just know the line’s going to stretch down the block just as good as it stretches for Jack’s or as good as it stretched for New Orleans Swing Club back when it opened, and then you show up and nobody’s there? What about when you made a business deal and something came up, somebody came up and stole it right from your lap? What about then, church? What do you do then? What does a follower do, church?” And this time, he was standing right in front of Mr. Franklin and he rested a hand on the man’s shoulder before he walked back to the altar, still going:

“You have to surrender. That’s when you have to say, ‘Lord, I might not get it the way I want it, but I know there’s something out there for me, and it may look different than my little mind might have imagined it, but it doesn’t mean I won’t have glory. It may not be the exact kind, but it doesn’t mean my life won’t hold favor.’”

And seeing where this message had always been intended to land filled Vivian with a grace she hadn’t known outside her daughters’ gigs. She couldn’t look away. Preacher didn’t look back, but she knew he could feel her just like she could feel him this whole time.

“And that’s the real test. Because it hurts. Everybody in here has gone through something that hurt like hell getting through because we put our everything into making it happen. It was our Eden, it was our baby, it was our ark, it was our burning bush, it was our deliverance, and we did everything we could and we just couldn’t yield fruit. But what if we just said, ‘Okay’? If we just said, ‘Okay, God, I’m going to give this over to you. It hurts me, but I’m not going to fight it anymore, I’m going to give it to you anyway.’ That’s what it means to abide in Him, church, that’s when you know your soul belongs to Him.”

And the choir took it away.

*Let us praise God together on our knees;
Let us praise God together on our knees.*

*When I fall on my knees
with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me.*

And when the ushers reached her aisle with their baskets, Vivian dug into her purse to reach for ten dollars she didn't have, and after closing announcements, she stood and shook everyone's hand hard and long. She let the other congregants greet Preacher before her and listened to them praise him, watched him lower his head with humility. Depending on the person, sometimes he smiled, and sometimes he closed his eyes, rested his hand on their backs, and offered a prayer. When it was her turn, they stood there in silence.

"That was some mighty good preaching there," she said finally. "Haven't heard it like that since I was back on the farm."

He laughed. "I'm glad it suited you."

"Yeah, there were some points I wanted to explore with you, though, some that flew over my head. Maybe you can come by and we can talk them through." She had been looking at the ground, and now she lifted her head so her eyes fixed on his.

He seemed like he was stopping himself from laughing, his eyes dancing, and she remembered that boy in his daddy's church who wanted a woman so bad he believed he could stop her from meeting that aisle.

"That'd be some nice," he said back, still smiling with his eyes.

"Well, alright then, let's plan on it."

On the way to her car, she passed Mr. Franklin in front of his Cadillac, all decked out in his gray-striped suit. He had been dodging her since she told him about Ruth, but seeing him now, she wasn't desperate, nor was she afraid. She nodded at him.

"Good day, Mr. Franklin," she said.

"Good day, Miss Vivian," he said back. "I'll see your girls at the club on Friday then?" he asked.

And she was about to tell him he was mistaken when Esther walked by, squeezed her arm, winked, and kissed her on the cheek.

"We'll see you then, Mr. Franklin," the girl called out over her shoulder, seeming like a new woman. A new woman indeed.

Chloe

Chloe wasn't fully asleep when the phone rang, but she was close, and it took a few rings for her to lift the receiver.

"You remember that white boy from the Supper Club?"

"Good morning, Tony." Her voice came out like a growl. She hadn't even brushed her teeth. It had been weeks since she'd gone out with him and they'd encountered the white man. All this time Tony hadn't said a word about him. She didn't know what had sparked one now.

"And I've been wondering why he didn't step to me. Then I ran into Betty last night, and she told me he's been coming to the club asking about *you*."

"Oh, Tony, you know you can't believe everything ol' Betty says. People see what they want to. He didn't ask me for my number. He let me leave separate. How interested could he have been?"

Tony was silent for a while like he was considering her angle, like he wanted to believe it, to accept it and roll it up into a bundle that might warm him, but after a minute, he broke in again.

"No, ma'am, I heard it direct from Betty. Chloe and white boys, I never would have thought it. I'm through with them anyway. On my way home, I got a whistle from that red bartender. Joann's brother, matter of fact. I always thought he took to men, but this confirmed it. He asked me for my number and everything. Didn't even make me work for it. We're going out this weekend. I'm glad that lil white boy was into you the whole while. I mean, at first I was embarrassed, of course, and to hear it from Betty, of all people, but the more I thought about it, the more I thought about that handsome red thang, I started thanking my lucky stars. I thought, damn, 'The Lord is my strength and my song; he has given me victory.' That's

how they say it at Shiloh, huh? That's how my mama used to say it." He got quiet then, and she knew to change the subject.

"I'll be at your house Friday for the supper."

"You better."

"And I'm singing later that night. At the Champagne Supper Club."

"I know, and ol' Red Ed gon be working too. I wouldn't miss it. You better put on a show."

She paused. "You really think Betty was right, Tony?" she asked. She regretted it as soon as it was out.

"Of course she was right. Betty ain't got but two licks of sense; ain't enough moving around upstairs for her to be inventive. Anyway, once I thought about it, it was obvious to me too. Not like it matter. Vivian would tear up your hide if she found out you were fondling anything but a microphone. And then for him to be white? Please, girl. Better luck getting a camel through the eye of a needle. Is that what they say? Yeah, that's what they say. I got to go. See you, bye."

REHEARSAL HAD STARTED EARLIER THAT WEEK, AND AS GRUELING AS IT WAS packing routines made for three into the shape of a duo, it had been glorious to find her way back to the sound, to lose time on that roof while she spun and dipped and swooped, and she'd walked down to the kitchen and declined the 7Up cake her mama pulled out of the oven. It seemed extraneous to indulge again when she had so thoroughly been filled.

That weekend, Chloe convinced her mama to end rehearsal early so she could make groceries: ham, chicken to fry, cornmeal, yams, pasta, milk, and cheese. She didn't have to read a list anymore, nor did she consult her mother's old cookbooks, her pristine handwriting in the margins. The first night, two years ago, in Tony's aunt's hot kitchen, they'd eaten, then played bid whist, then eaten again. Tony had said it was the best food he'd tasted since his mama left. His mama had kicked him out once she found his dirty magazines, and he'd moved in with his aunt, who died of a stroke two weeks later. His aunt hadn't paid off the note, not by a long shot, but it was hers, and she had left it for Tony. It had been Chloe's idea to start the suppers. She'd fix them, and Tony would stand outside every Friday at five hustling them to anybody who passed with an empty belly. The money went to the mortgage, as did collections from Tony's various men.

Now Tony hurried down his front stairs, his arms outstretched for the bags. “You got the drumsticks?”

“Of course I got the drumsticks.”

“I’m just saying. ’Cause last time you ain’t get the drumsticks. And that white meat just sat there all cold and neglected. Like a pair of perfect C cups in my bedroom.”

WHEN CHLOE WAS DONE COOKING, SHE DRESSED FOR THE NIGHT. SHE could hear Tony from downstairs hawking the meals.

“Beans and rice so good you gon swear you back in Louisiana sitting in somebody’s bayou. Make you think you Creole, Black Millie. Yeah, even you. And that cobbler, make you slap your mama. Well, not your mama, Lexington, she’ll knock your teeth out. But somebody else’s. Shit, mine, if you could find her.”

Chloe always did herself up, and today in Tony’s bathroom was no exception. Mama had trained her on that front, but this time she surpassed even Vivian’s instruction. There was the gown and the eye shadow and the powder and the eyeliner and mascara, and it was true she had put on weight, but it hit her in the right places. She hadn’t lost the hourglass shape that dripped from her bloodline, but her hips had spread out, her breasts too. She stared at herself until she could no longer hear Tony’s voice; then she made her way back downstairs.

“Hot mama!” Tony walked back in with the now empty cardboard box and set it on the counter.

Chloe just nodded, reached into her purse to re-dab her lipstick.

“What you going to sing?”

She told him and he nodded.

“One of my favorites.”

“I remember.”

“And where’s Esther?”

“Meeting me there; she had to work.”

“Had to work ol’ Horace. Nah, I’m just playing. I know she wouldn’t be late for that. Well, I guess I got to be the one to tell you to make sure you punch that high note at the end, that’s the one that’s gon send the crowd straight to the top.”

“All your advice, you might as well come out there just like Esther. Or Ruth.”

“No, lil mama, don’t get no ideas now, I was just telling you to make sure you hit the top note hard.”

“I always hit the top note hard.”

“Well, then hit it hardest tonight. I’ma go get dressed. Between you and me, we’ll give that lil red thang something he ain’t never seen before.”

OUTSIDE THE CLUB, THE WHITE MEN WHO SCoured THE NEIGHBORHOOD in their suits, silk ties, and saddle shoes stood like they were waiting for somebody. Esther and Horace had been up in arms about them. To Chloe, they were harmless just like always, though it was true a new man was with them today. They all held their hands in their pockets, sweat visible on their red brows, their eyes on their shoes, then around them again. Esther had said Mr. Bailey promised not to sell, so she didn’t know why they were still lurking.

“Don’t pay them no mind.” Tony pushed past them. “They just beggars”—and he said it loud enough for them to hear as he and Chloe stepped inside and felt the door flutter at their backs.

ESTHER WAS WAITING BY THE BAR, THOUGH SHE DIDN’T DRINK, AND CHLOE had the nerve to be disappointed. She would never admit it aloud, but the few times she had performed alone had been her favorites. She wasn’t sucked dry wondering if Esther was going to remember the bridge. And there had always been a faint resentment hovering over her spirit whenever she heard Ruth hit a note she could have surpassed if she ever had the opportunity to prove it. Still, she had come to depend on her sisters, and she hugged Esther tighter than normal. Like always, the place was packed. She didn’t drink before she sang, but Tony bought two rum and Coca-Colas anyway. “This one’s for you,” he mouthed from the bar, and she nodded, her attention elsewhere. The girl scheduled just ahead of her had started rounding out her show. She was a beautiful woman, like Ruth, and men who didn’t know the difference between a soprano and an alto had pulled their chairs up to the lip of the stage, hanging off of her every line, her every move, like it was all they could do not to jump over and rip her out of her gown. And just like always, once the bridge hit and the chorus trailed off and the two-stepping off the stage began, Chloe could feel the flurries in the pit of her belly mounting. Ruth would say, *Eat something*, and her mama would say, *Girl, if*

you don't calm down right this minute, they gon boo us out of here. But they were both gone now.

"You're going to be okay." Esther gripped her hand, and Chloe had the feeling Esther was the one who was most nervous.

"I know," Chloe said in a near whisper.

She told herself to pull it together. Tony was back beside her. He had already sucked his drink down and was sipping on hers. "They filled it up too high," he said. He seemed to sense her nerves. "That girl up there ain't got nothing on you, Chlo. You neither, Esther."

"She got the attention of all the men in here," Chloe shot back.

"Not for long, baby. Not for long."

The girl was nearly off the stage now on the final leg of James Brown.

The women in the audience rolled their eyes, staring into the bottoms of their drinks, and not many clapped. But the men raced over to the stairs just to be there when Miss Thang would descend in half an hour. Chloe and Esther would be mid-show by then, and half their audience would be occupied following her over to the bar.

The announcer was talking up the girls now.

"They have opened for the Caravans, won Talent of the Year at the Flamingo, and of course they'll be gracing our stage every week here at the Champagne Supper Club. You may remember them as the Salvations, but they are all grown up now. Let me be the first to say we are so glad they are. Please give it up for Miss Esther and Miss Chloe Jones."

They were halfway on the stage by the time he finished. Chloe was glad they had chosen "Teardrops from My Eyes." She would lead it, naturally, and she could sing the song in her sleep. Sure, she was used to Ruth's rendition, but she had soared beyond her mother's strict standards since her older sister left, practiced twice a day instead of once. Mama had been right about the jump ropes, right about running the chords, right about all of it really, the ardor she demanded, because when it came down to it, when Chloe was on top of the stage, all the self-doubt, all the worry vanished, and there was nothing taking up space in her body but the thrill. She felt like she was floating above herself, out of space and time, watching with amusement, admiration too, at the body she'd been given—who had taught it how to move like that? And that voice—even in her darkest hours, she knew she had been dreamed up by some sort of creator; she must have been to have arrived in this world with such a gift.

The truth was she was looking around too. There was Mr. Franklin to consider, scarcely visible in the back, and maybe she was being naive, but she still held out hope he'd consider them as a duo. And of course, though she hadn't mentioned it to Tony, she was half hopeful the white man would return. She hadn't seen him since the first time, but she remembered everything about him, his gray wool trousers and loafers, the fedora he wore until he'd walked over and taken it off. She remembered that his hair was a light brown color, not quite blond but close; that he'd shaved that morning, but an aggressive patch resisted, especially above his chin. And then there was the way he looked at her, like he had discovered something precious and still couldn't believe no man had come before him to claim it. Times like these, a microphone in her hand, she came close to feeling that way about herself.

The crowd floated with her now, more than usual even. And she felt the reason for it. She had found her way inside this song, to the chord that enveloped it and also the one that had prompted it in the first place, like she was with Mr. Rudy Toombs when he wrote it, sitting at his feet. Miss Brown was there too, swishing her hips and snapping her fingers, and they were all one in this wave of God they had found to ride. She wanted to soar with it higher and higher, but the tune was softening now.

And that's when she saw him, standing right in the spot he was last time. She was belting out a word here or there, and Esther must have been too, but it was like Chloe couldn't even hear her, just her own groans and moans, exhalations. Normally she felt odd delivering sounds and tones so primal, but they fit today, seeing how close she had come to the light. Any second, the crowd would be clapping. Most performers craved this part, but for her it was an announcement that she wasn't in charge anymore, that she had surrendered the miracle to the beholders, and some of them would accept it for what it was and some of them would not. She didn't know which category the man would fall in, but it mattered to her and she was only halfway ashamed.

The crowd lost it, even less confined than she'd seen them for Miss Thang earlier. They begged for an encore, and she would have done one, would have done more than one, but Esther was already offstage, and anyway there was the man whom she would have to see to. Of course nothing would happen, but the crowd's applause right now made her think that this club had accessed magic somehow, that the constraints of the world

didn't affect it, and if they spoke for a few minutes and a power flowed between them that kept her standing the rest of this week the way it had the last time, then so be it. It wouldn't leave this place. What business did Chloe have with a white man, as well as Vivian had taught her?

She took her time taking off her stockings. If she knew Esther, she would be out the door and back to the bookstore in ten minutes flat, and Chloe wouldn't want to beat her downstairs, not with the plans she was already half forming. She didn't always bring a second dress, but she had hoped to linger, and it turned out she had been right. And even that was a touch of magic that had bled onto the night because most of the things she had wanted—a boy in middle school she had named all of her kids behind, her sisters to stay with her until they were old enough to move far off together—those things hadn't come to be, not one of them.

She walked down the stairs like each one was its own destination. She was afraid of what she'd see on the other side. When she did make it down, he was there. Though there were more whites there tonight, there was no mistaking him, in a different plaid shirt and browner slacks, but otherwise looking just as he had before. Only this time she was looking back. He nodded toward the bar, then turned toward it, and she followed.

He placed an order for both of them, a rum and Coke for her and a gin and tonic for himself, just like last time. He handed her her drink. Another comedian had come onstage, and the white boy would start a sentence or she would, and then the crowd's laughter would cloak their words, and they'd have to ask each other to repeat themselves. After a while, they stopped trying to talk, but she would glance at him while he watched the stage, then turn away when he glanced back. At one point she caught his eye and stayed with it, and an interesting sensation filled her, a connection despite the odds against it. She recognized it, like in that story Preacher told, when the crowd from different countries heard the apostles speak and understood them, each in his own language.

"You were amazing," he said when the comedian finally finished up his act.

"Thank you," she said, embarrassed.

"I'm serious. It was like watching somebody with superhuman powers, the way you swept up that room. I went to jazz clubs every night back home. Crystal Caverns and the Howard Theatre and the Lincoln Theatre too. I've seen all the greats up close and I'm telling you, you're right there

with them. Of course you know this already.” He blushed. “I’m sorry, I’m going on and on about something that’s obvious to you. Forgive me, I’m just in awe.”

She smiled, took a sip. “It’s okay. I appreciate it; it’s the kind of thing you can never hear too much.” She laughed.

“How long have you been performing?”

“Since I could talk,” she said without thinking, the liquor quickening her pace. “I can’t even imagine my life without it. Of course, my mama wouldn’t let me even if I wanted to.” She laughed again. “It started out as her dream, see. My mama is more lioness than woman. She’s not of this world, not really. I never met somebody with so much energy, with so much ambition, too much for her small body, and she has to pour it into all of us. It’s just me and Esther now. My sister Ruth gave it up.” Her speaking slowed here. “I wanted to convince her to stay. She hated it, I knew she did, and I’m not usually a selfish person, but I couldn’t imagine getting out of bed in the morning without this. I just knew if she left it, it would be taken from me too. But Esther talked to the owner and convinced him to let us try this duo out. I just hope she continues with it, she’s fallen in love with writing these speeches, and if she left . . .” She trailed off, realized she’d been rambling. “We were lucky,” she finished. She looked up with that last declaration like he had asked her a question.

“Why can’t it just be you anyway?” he asked. “Today, you were unbelievable out there.” He asked the question so casually, it frightened her. Of course that had crossed her mind many times, but he complimented her like it was a fact, irrefutable. She was flattered. Still, it felt like she’d be taking something away from Esther, from her mother, if she agreed.

“Nah.” She shook her head, sipped again. “You can’t get anywhere singing by yourself these days. Mama’s clear on that. So is Mr. Franklin, why he needs a girl group, why we lost our chance.” She pointed Mr. Franklin out at the bar. She told the story of him and Ruth, the sermon and all, and the white boy laughed so hard his shoulders shook. Chloe didn’t drink for a while, beholding that. It was Esther who normally induced that level of glee when she spoke, or Tony, but here she was, altering this strange man’s mood.

“The deal is most likely off,” she said, “but we’ll see,” she added.

“So is it your favorite thing to do in the whole world?” he asked.

“What’s that?”

“Performing.”

“Oh.” And she looked down and smiled a private smile before she answered. Nobody had asked her that before. She hadn’t known it mattered.

“Maybe.” She looked up. “Maybe not as much as my mama. She wakes up inhaling music, and for the rest of the day that’s what sustains her. It’s the glory for her. But me, I’ve dug out a part of it that’s mine. Even my mama can’t touch that part. She’s never been on a stage, she’s never battled the nerves just before, she’s never sung to people whose minds were so far off the club might as well have been empty. She’s never heard the applause, not that it changes anything for me, not anymore. The feeling I get up there is the same either way. I disappear inside that song and sometimes I don’t want to come back.” She paused. “Except today, once I saw you.”

“You saw me from up there?”

“At the end.”

“Were you glad? To see me?”

“More than glad,” she said, and she didn’t take a sip that time either. “Much more than glad. What about you?” she asked, loving the banter, but already fearing its ending. “What do you do?”

He shook his head. “Nothing like this. I’ve been apprenticing for a lawyer downtown,” he said. “A friend of my father’s. He’s the one who got my old man this big job for the City, why we moved. I’ve got sisters just like you, two of ’em, but they’ll be teachers, then mothers. It’s on me to carry the name.”

“So what do you do for the lawyer?” she asked.

“Not much so far.” He looked away like he was embarrassed of something. Maybe humble. “Go to meetings with him,” he went on. “Try to look like I’m paying attention. Afterwards, I give him a lot of compliments, like ‘The way you talked to that council member, that was something.’”

Chloe laughed.

“And is it your favorite thing to do in the world?” she asked, winking.

He paused, laughed. “Absolutely not. Not even a little bit. But it doesn’t matter. I know that. My father’s made a good living. I’ll be able to provide for my family like he has.”

And that prediction hung there between them, taking different shapes according to the size of their hope and then wilting.

“He’s a domineering man. Not just to me but to my mother. The things he’s done to her. I put a stop to it when I got old enough, but he still carries

the seed for it.” As he spoke now, he looked Chloe dead in her eye. “Why jazz speaks to me so much, I guess. I feel its pain, but somehow it doesn’t add to my own. Nights I couldn’t stomach being in the same house as my old man, I lived in those clubs.”

He had bought another round of drinks, and he took his down quicker, talking about how his father had promised him he would love the move, that the new city would be sophisticated, that he would be swept up by all the promise, but that hadn’t happened yet. He was mostly alone.

“I feel alone too most times,” she said. She was picking at her fingernails while she talked, careful not to uproot the polish. She hadn’t told anyone this except Tony, and he had waved it away with a joke. This man’s face didn’t shift an inch.

“I didn’t used to,” she went on. “But my oldest sister is getting married, and my middle one is caught up by this cause; even my mama has a man she’s been getting closer to. He grew up like an uncle to us, but things are deepening between them, I can feel it, though she doesn’t realize it yet. I’m happy for her, I guess. She’s been by herself since before I was born, but I just feel so forlorn in that house, replaceable. Like everyone moved on and found something that fills them up so fat they don’t have space to remember me.”

“I know,” he said, and he placed his hand over hers. “I know.”

If Tony hadn’t come over then with the girls, she might have let him touch her all night long. As it was, she came to, dabbed at her eyes where they had watered some. The man stood up to guard her from the group while she wiped.

“You remember James,” she said to everyone.

“James, huh?” This from Betty. He held his hand out to her, and then, when she didn’t take it, to the others, but they all just sized him up.

“Um-hmm . . .” They looked from one to another. “Um-hmm,” they repeated.

“Seem like y’all had a good talk and now it’s time to come dance, Chlo,” Tony said.

“Okay,” she said, but she shot James a look as they dragged her, and he followed them to the dance floor. At first, he just stood there, sucking on his drink and nodding. Occasionally, he’d tap his feet or pat the side of his pocket with his free hand. Then he set his drink down on the nearest table and started hunching his shoulders up and relaxing them again and shuffling

his feet from one side to the other. The girls, all of them, had mastered dances like the jive and the bunny hop, and after a while, he would mimic them or try to, and they would collapse into fits of laughter. It was true, he had no rhythm, but there was a sweetness to it, how embarrassed he was. He'd look over at Chloe as if for reassurance, and then he'd look back at the girls and mimic another impossible move.

Of course Chloe hadn't forgotten he was white, magic or not inside that club, but his difference here was a reminder of it, a tangible one, and she noted it to herself for real this time. It was endearing, to see his discomfort, more so because in the street, she'd be the one who was afraid. Still, even reflecting on that distinction brought her back to what was waiting outside for them. She moved closer to Tony.

"You having fun?" he whispered in her ear.

She nodded and made herself smile.

"Just as long as that's all it is," he said. She could sense his worry. "Fun."

And she waved him off like she didn't need to be told such a thing, while his caution added to her own and gathered weight.

James bought them drinks the rest of the night. When they finished dancing, they sat at the table regaling him with stories of their world, nodding at the woman across the room, for instance, who was sitting with a white man as though she herself were white, but her sister had gone to school with Betty's brother. The man next to the stage had sex with men, Tony could verify, but he'd cry after, and it wasn't worth the scene. And the man the owner was talking to right now was Mr. Franklin, and every one of them was tied to an event he had secretly funded, Betty's mother's cousin's repast, and Tony just needed to be spotted two winters ago after his mother left him and his aunt died, and he hadn't been able to make it to a real job since.

James listened like they were teachers, and he might need to put the information to good use. He would ask follow-up questions, like how long it had been since the passing woman drifted over, and it would make Chloe think in a way she hadn't, inhabiting the world so thoroughly she hadn't questioned it before. As the night wore on and her friends became drunker and quieter, the mood thickened. She could feel it in the weight of the waitress's feet, heavy as the dead shuffling between the tables. The prostitutes' makeup was fading: their eyeliner had smeared; their lipstick

was straight-up gone, their faces washed out. Tony stood behind the bar making eyes with the bartender, and from Chloe's vantage point, it seemed like the bartender really was making eyes back.

James offered to walk her home and she said okay, but she was already home in her mind. There was nowhere this could go, and it was best, she had always thought, to preempt grief. She hadn't known it but had grown up to fear it. Her mother had let it tower over her for so many years. Despite how much they all laughed and sang and danced and sang and ate, there was always this specter hovering over their affairs, hovering over their hearts too, and she wondered sometimes if her mother had loved too hard and they were all being punished. Yes, better to preempt grief and whatever emotion might lend itself to it.

Mr. Franklin stood at the exit talking with the owner, and he touched her arm as she passed.

"Well done," he said. "Well, well done."

Chloe thanked him and turned to Mr. Bailey, but his face was hard and stern.

"I told you," James said once they were outside.

"Oh, hush," Chloe said. Then, "I'm only at Webster and Eddy. You know where that is?"

He shook his head.

"It's not so far."

"I'll walk you, then take the streetcar back to town," he said.

And she shrugged like she didn't need it.

They didn't talk as much as they had, though the truth was now she was feeling an urgency to say something that might bind him to her, and many options flooded her mind at once. She saw the block the way he might be seeing it: crazy Freddy, who was thankfully sleeping; the smell of urine that would soon be replaced by the scent of honey buns in the oven, cinnamon glazing their tops, though it wasn't that time yet. She wasn't ashamed; these were her people. This was her home. If he was going to get to know her, he would have to know that, but of course he wasn't going to get to know her. She bit her lip against the thought and could taste the blood.

"This is it," she said, stopping at the stick-style flat, the largest one on the block, only now she could see the cracks in the paint. The roof was peeling. It would be obvious to him that it leaked something awful in rainy seasons; that the house was dotted with buckets spread apart like landmines

in the place, and halfway through the day one of the sisters would need to come home to be sure they hadn't overflowed. Still, she felt herself brace up with pride.

"It's beautiful." He sized it up, and he seemed genuine about his assessment. "I had such a good time with you. The best time I've had since I moved here. Now I feel like I have something to look forward to." He leaned into her and she let him. He pressed his lips to hers and she let him do that too. No one would be watching. Even if they were, it was too dark to see. Just because it happened this once wouldn't mean it would happen again.

One kiss was followed by another, then another. And finally, Chloe stepped back. Maybe this was all he was after. Maybe he expected to be brought upstairs like one of Tony's men, but he seemed shy.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't want to pressure you."

"It's okay. I had a good time too, but I'm a lady, and this was one night." She intended to follow that up by saying it was one night and not the world they lived in, but it was so obvious, she didn't need to spell it out.

"Of course you are, of course you are." He was even more shy now, stumbling and red in the face. "I didn't mean to imply otherwise—"

"It's okay," she cut him off. "It's just that I better be going. It's so late."

"Yes, your mother must be worried." She didn't bother to tell him Vivian would be working the night shift. She would probably never see this man again. Why did he need all of the details?

She walked up the steps. She told herself not to look back, but she couldn't help it, and when she did, he was still standing there. He was still standing there as she fumbled for the key and opened the door, and even as she shut it behind her and leaned against it, just before she peeked beneath the curtain Mama had hung years ago to keep the light out, he was still standing there. She walked up the steps to her room, quietly in case her mother had decided to stay home, but no, the door was open and the bed was empty, a quilt she'd knitted when Chloe was in her stomach strewn across it. Chloe's own bed was unmade. Her mother was always on her about that. She passed it, the clothes littering the floor, the drawers half open, to look outside the window for him. But he was gone now, and she felt a wave of sadness already pulsing through her, sadness at the loss, even as she knew she would see him again.

Vivian

Mr. Franklin was so moved by Preacher's sermon, he reserved the back of the Champagne Supper Club for Ruth's wedding reception and even offered to spot all the drinks. He'd taken Vivian aside too and whispered that he'd seen the girls perform without Ruth and was impressed, that he'd consider signing the two if they proved themselves. "You know, with a gig at a club or hotel," he'd said, "someplace fancy that draws a crowd."

Vivian had nodded, but she wasn't putting stock in him any longer. Mr. Franklin wasn't God. No, God had sent him, but He'd send someone else too, someone with flexibility, someone who knew real ambition when he saw it. If she gave up before that happened, she'd be no better than the men who used to work the shipyards and who only played numbers now. Vivian would see them sometimes creeping into Miss Edna's house. She would never let the girls go out that way.

On the other hand, Vivian was so relieved by Mr. Bailey welcoming Esther and Chloe back, she could pour herself into the wedding details. What texture of fabric would go best with Ruth's skin tone? Would they have to invite Mr. Gaines's wife *and* his girlfriend? Vivian hoped Miss Fox wouldn't show up with all her goddamn kids. Just in case, she gave up on cooking herself and enlisted Lena to prepare the shrimp, deviled eggs, fondue and fresh bread, meatballs, chicken wings, beef Wellington, macaroni and cheese, and green beans sautéed in bacon fat. Lena would bake the cake too, of course, five tiers of fruit and cream. Vivian had offered to sew Ruth's dress, but Ruth had insisted she buy it from a new, fashionable shop in Union Square, white tulle that gathered at the waist, then flowed outward to her ankles. The war was over, she kept exclaiming, Gerry had been promoted, they had enough.

Sometimes at night, Vivian's disappointment would cycle back on her without mercy. But then she'd overhear the girls on the roof. Esther and Chloe had already started practicing a duet for Ruth's wedding. Chloe would sing the first verse; then Esther would take the second. There were four days of preparation remaining, and they were right at the point they were supposed to be. They could perform it right now if necessary, sure, and no layperson would be any the wiser, but these final hours were for polish. These hours made the steps seamless, the harmony tight and clear, the words like lullabies your mama used to sing, and Vivian could tell by the shuffle of their feet, the rhythm reflected on the ceiling now, that they were almost there.

THE DAY OF RUTH AND GERRY'S WEDDING, IT RAINED HEAVY-HEAVY AND hard-hard. The day before, there hadn't been a cloud in the sky, and the discrepancy spooked Vivian as she dressed and tugged the hot curlers from her hair. She and Mary hadn't picked the same dress—Mary's hung loose; Vivian's held her hips, which her children had gifted her, and clutched her stomach from behind, another unsolicited gift. She stared at herself for some time in the mirror. No, she wasn't the young girl whom Ellis had married, but he would recognize her if he came back today; she was certain of that. She thought he would be pleased with what she'd made of herself.

Preacher Thomas had arranged for the families of the bride and groom to be picked up in a stretch limo, and she, Mary, and the younger girls, as stunning as Vivian had seen them in their bright yellow knee-length swing dresses, piled in and waved at the regular cast of characters at Lena's, Horace at the bookstore, Miss Edna at her gambling house, Miss Gladys smoking a cigarette outside the shop, Mr. Gaines whistling. They would all be at the wedding too—no one in the community would miss it—but Vivian would arrive early to help set up, to help Ruth, who hadn't dressed yet and whose hands were shaking now in her lap.

"Everything's going to be just fine," Vivian said, rubbing the child's back.

"I know, Mama," she said, but she fixed one hand over the other to keep it still.

At the church, they followed Preacher Thomas to a back room off the sanctuary where Ruth would dress. There was so much to do: Ruth's makeup, which Esther had promised to apply; her scent, which Chloe had

compiled from three different perfumes; and of course they would all be needed to pull the gown over her, to adjust the bodice and lay out the train at her back, but Vivian didn't have the energy for it all of a sudden. She sat on a chair and motioned for Ruth to sit beside her.

"Come closer," Vivian said, and her daughter scooted over. "Closer still," she repeated, and Ruth sat practically in her lap, the bump of her stomach settling on her thighs.

The other girls laid out Ruth's toiletries in the bathroom. It occurred to Vivian that she didn't know how many times it had been just her and her oldest daughter together. After she turned four, Ruth had become the mother, the assistant, the cook, the housekeeper—hell, the preacher, when Vivian had no one else to turn to with her woes—and now she was leaving, and Vivian didn't know if Ruth knew all she had been to her. Maybe Vivian hadn't known it before this moment herself.

Ruth's hair had been washed and dried already, and Vivian tried to rub the back of the girl's neck without interfering with the rollers on top.

"I can't believe you're the little girl who made me a mother," Vivian said, surprising herself even.

"Oh, Mama, don't start. If you cry, I'm going to cry, and if I start now, I guess I'll never stop."

"Nothing to cry about. Just telling you how I feel. I thought you were a boy, you know," she went on. "Your daddy did too. He thought he wanted one, but once you came out, I saw he'd been wrong. Dead wrong. Wasn't nothing you could do to upset him, nothing he wouldn't alter to see you smile. When he'd get dressed in the morning, you'd hold onto his legs and say, 'Daddy, you're not going anywhere.' It's amazing, I can still hear it. When you first came out and they held you against my chest, it was like magic; something was healed in me in that moment, something I didn't even know had been wounded. You fixed me, Ruth. I wasn't all bad. I didn't drink or fool around or do drugs or nothing like that, but I doubted myself. I didn't trust my own ambition. I never would have done all this for us"—and she motioned toward the girls in the bathroom, but she didn't spend too much time on them because she meant for this to be about her firstborn. "And now my baby is leaving."

"I'm not going nowhere, Mama, just up the street." And it was true that Vivian would be able to throw a rock and hit her daughter's new window.

Still, it wasn't the same. It never would be again, and she'd be a fool to think otherwise.

"I just don't understand where the time goes," she said now, and she felt herself drifting to a place so far back she might not be able to retrace her steps and recover. "Never mind, Ruth, the main thing I wanted to tell you, well . . ." And she felt herself stumble here because she wasn't used to this part, any of it really, but she started out again, the same way she'd taught her children to stand right back up during practice when they tripped so they'd develop the muscle memory for correction onstage. "I want to apologize to you, baby. For trying to say I knew best, about your life. My mama did that to me, and I swore I wouldn't do the same to my own children, but here now . . ." She stopped herself again. And they both looked at the dress hanging in the closet. "You did the right thing, baby, I can see that now. I'm so happy for you, so so happy, and so proud."

"Oh, Mama, I am too." They embraced, and Vivian forbade herself from crying; she didn't have time to redo her eyes. Then she passed Ruth her mother's brooch. The older woman had pressed it into Vivian's hand at the train station the last time she'd seen her, told her to gift it to her oldest daughter the day she married. Doing so now, Vivian felt the impossible sadness of leaving home all over again. Her memory was already fading. At first, Vivian allowed her mother's spirit to guide her in that new city so thoroughly she could have convinced herself she'd taken her with her, but lately she thought of her sayings only once every now and then. Her mother's recipes had become her own. Vivian had had to tailor them because crawfish was indecently expensive in the city, because her second daughter couldn't abide as much dairy in the oyster soup. But she'd drift to her dresser drawer as if guided by a quiet otherworldly power every time she needed sustenance for her insides, and sure enough, she'd lift that brooch, its emeralds shining, and a word would spring to her mind, the word she needed, a word she didn't even think she'd memorized, but there it was. There her mother was, she was sure of it, and now, where would the woman be once the last item she'd touched Vivian with was gone?

There was no time to answer that question because the girls swept in and carried Ruth off. After a moment, Vivian rose and followed her, stood in the bathroom doorway.

"Be still," Chloe said, bobby pins in her mouth, towering over Ruth, who sat; firming what Gladys had twisted and gelled hours before.

“Be careful with her,” Esther said. Vivian couldn’t remember hearing her be so tender toward her sister. She was dabbing powder all over Ruth’s face now, blowing it in parts where it had congealed. She leaned in closer to line her eyes, then to brush mascara onto her lashes. When she was done, she lifted a handheld mirror from the counter and set it in Ruth’s lap.

“What do you think?” she asked.

There was so much yearning in that question. Vivian didn’t know if Ruth could hear it as well as she could.

“It’s perfect.” Ruth handed the mirror back. Tears were forming.

“Now, don’t ruin all my hard work, girl,” Esther said. Then, when Ruth calmed, she whispered so low Vivian could barely hear her, “You’re beautiful.”

And Vivian held onto the edge of the counter so she wouldn’t collapse.

GERRY WALKED DOWN THE AISLE FIRST, WITH MARY ON ONE ARM AND Vivian on another. Then Esther and Chloe followed with Gerry’s two friends from grade school, boys with soft voices Vivian had seen sprout into men. Then the little flower girls from next door, Ava and Maya, drizzled orchid petals down a white cloth runner, and Vivian had to remind herself every now and then that the festivity was all for her daughter. She had to remind herself to feel it out while it happened; to smooth the front of the program with Ruth’s full name, the one she and Ellis had given her, listed for the final time; to admire the poinsettias the ushers had taped to the sides of the pews; to absorb the warmth of the crowd gasping at the sight of her baby walking in, her shoulder-length veil covering her face. Through the veil, Vivian could still see Ruth’s eyes glistening, scampering the way they had when she was a child, when she had searched for her mother in a crowded room, but now she was searching for Gerry. That other part was over now.

Then it was time for her girls to stand on the tip of the altar and sing as they had so many times before, but it was different too. Chloe was crying before she could even get the words out. Esther’s face was like stone, but Vivian knew that meant she was feeling more than any of them.

Preacher Thomas stood up front and he winked at Vivian and she winked back. He had asked earlier if he could sit at her table at the reception, beside her, and she had said yes, of course, though now the thought frightened her. It would be the first time they would be seated as a couple in public, although people had been talking for years. Of course, she

and Preacher had flirted after that powerful Sunday message. She had said she would visit him and he had said it would be just fine. It was true that it had thrilled her to step back into that side of life after so long, like dipping her toes into warm, lapping water. But after a day or two of spending most of her waking hours reliving the conversation between them, rejoicing at the way her heart felt knowing his was open to hers if she needed it, she'd started to pull back. There was just so much pain when you ventured out too far, too much pain when you started to love, and cementing the feeling, forget about it. It had taken her too long to come back from it the last time.

"We come together today to celebrate Gerry and Ruth," Preacher started. "To celebrate their love, their bond, their commitment to each other, and we know how strong it would have had to be to overpower a woman as mighty as Vivian."

And everyone laughed, Vivian included.

"No, but we celebrate even that, the might of their family's love for them, the power of that bond, and today, when we join them, we're not just joining these two, we're joining Mary, and we're joining Vivian and Esther and Chloe, and we're announcing them all formally as a united force."

Ruth seemed afraid then, moving her hands at her side, but Gerry reached for her, and she seemed to calm. Vivian remembered that feeling, meeting Ellis someplace just as they had planned, a simple gesture. If there was a greater comfort in the world, she hadn't found it yet.

The couple drank wine from a chalice passed between them, and then Mary's brother got up and read from Corinthians, stumbling over every other word, and it was more endearing that way.

The girls sang again, then Preacher Thomas talked about how he had known the children since they were in diapers scrambling around with each other, and now, of course, there was a different sort of scrambling that would be done, and everyone laughed. There was a broom laid down at their feet, and when Preacher pronounced them man and wife, Gerry lifted Ruth's veil, kissed her, and they jumped over it so tenderly Vivian held her heart.

NOW THE RECEPTION WOULDN'T BE AS TENDER. MR. FRANKLIN HAD MADE sure the bar in the back room of the Champagne Supper Club was stocked, and Lena had laid out platters of appetizers to tide the guests over until the main event. The men drank whiskey and the women drank vodka with a splash of

grenadine, and they danced the boogie-woogie, their skirts shifting up, and every time one platter of food was emptied, another one was delivered in its wake. Even Esther and Horace cut up on the floor, and Vivian sucked her teeth at Mary, but she allowed it, the merriment of the day pressing into her better judgment. Friends of Gerry gave toasts that were more like roasts, and Chloe stood up and talked about how Ruth had been like a mother to them.

“Her disappointment hit me harder than Mama’s. Maybe because I always wanted to impress her, always wanted her to be proud of me. But her praise, I’ll always carry it with me. It was simple things, my bread pudding, my rendition of ‘A-Tisket, A-Tasket.’ I don’t know what I’m going to do without her.” She wept into her hand, and Esther rose from her seat and walked her off.

Vivian stood in place of her husband and talked about how proud he would have been on a day like today, how he’d had faith in Ruth since the beginning, and how his faith had materialized, only in a different way than she’d imagined. Then everyone went back to the dancing again, more raucous on account of the break from it. Vivian mostly skimmed the edges, accepting congratulations, and occasionally she’d get caught up in a dance. It was only midway through that she found herself in the same vicinity as Preacher Thomas. He grabbed her hand and sat her down next to him and sighed.

“You didn’t eat,” he said.

“I tried to join your table,” she started.

“I know how it is at these things. I made you a plate.” He pushed one toward her, fist-sized servings of macaroni and beef and green beans. Meanwhile, Ruth and Gerry cut the cake, but Vivian’s feet hurt so bad, she was so worn-out period, she didn’t have the oomph to stand.

“People are complimenting you, Preacher,” she said, trying not to shovel the food into her mouth. “Everybody I talk to says Preacher sure did preach that wedding today.”

He smiled. “That’s nice to know. I wanted it to be special for them. Wanted it to be special for you. You all deserve it.” He sat back in his chair and crossed one leg over the other, watching Ruth smash the icing into Gerry’s mouth.

“Young love, huh?”

“Yes, and it’s so young.”

“Well, they’ll make their way.”

“Yes, they will.”

“What about you?” he asked.

“Oh, my love is so old I don’t even remember how to spell it.”

He laughed. “That’s not what I mean.”

“What you mean then?” She paused, a new vigor coursing through her. Maybe it was the food. “You gotta say what you mean, Preacher.”

“Will you dance with me?” he asked.

And she set her fork down and wiped her mouth at the corners.

She didn’t answer, but she stood and reached for his hand.

He led her to the floor. It wasn’t as crowded as it had been. The music had slowed, and people were tending to their last drinks, homing in on their third plates, devouring cake. Jimmy Forrest’s “Night Train” played. Preacher held her close, and she felt her body sigh in his, his shudder back. She hadn’t known what a relief it would be. She thought of things she might say, but nothing came to her mind, and she’d look up at him, then down, and they’d laugh, and once, he stepped on her foot and she laughed again. He hummed the melody to the song in her ear, a nice baritone—she had known that from the many services she’d attended—but when had she started to feel so comfortable? She didn’t know. Her children were in touching distance; so were her friends. She was losing Ruth, but the other girls would step up. Look how well they had done today.

When the song ended, the MC announced there would be just one more. In the meantime, Vivian and what felt like an army began clearing through the mess. They piled the leftover food into plastic containers; they swept, then mopped the floor; they washed the tables and counters down. There wasn’t much cake, so many had worked their way into the line a second time, but what was remaining Vivian boxed and covered. Ruth and Gerry would eat this on their first anniversary, and they’d be able to count on innumerable years to come.

Even with all the hands, it was hours before they stepped outside. The rain still pressed forward, and they huddled at the doorway as they adjusted their jackets, aimed their umbrellas at the night sky. Ruth and Gerry held hands; Horace and Esther did too, but Vivian was past caring about that, Preacher’s arm looped around her waist.

Any minute she and her party would step outside into the wet cold, but as it was, it was like they were immobile, like the energy that had coursed

through them had been left inside on the dance floor and anything supplemental wouldn't be available until the morning. It was the sign of a good party. She would be sure to write a note to Mr. Franklin, Lena and Preacher too, take them sweet potato pies, her mama's recipe, one of the only ones that still came to her intact. And then, to her surprise, they all filed out, ready to brave the storm, and she was too, she supposed, her bed positioned foremost in her mind's eye. Maybe Preacher would tarry a bit in her parlor before making his way home. Maybe not. It had been so long. As she turned to close the door, she imagined his hand at the base of her spine, and the tingle that image lent her was how she missed it, why it took her longer than it should have to zero in on the white page, the typed words therein. There was a notice on the door. Even when she saw it, there was a gap between her sight and her understanding, a gap she would have extended further if she could. She gripped Preacher's hand. The gasps came out in waves: first Esther and Horace, then Chloe, then Gerry, next Ruth, who wore her after-dinner dress but still glowed like a bride.

A silence fell over the group that was unnatural in the neighborhood, in the context. Fifty of them had been screeching, had been singing, had been dancing, and then, like a curtain falling over a show, it had stopped.

"But we just walked in," somebody said, her voice rising and cracking.

"Someone must have taped it there while we were inside," another one answered.

"He said he wasn't going to sell"—this from Esther. As pleased as Vivian had been to sample her daughter's joy at the reception, it was like the child's heart had been turned over, and the other side presented as extremely, only with an opposite meaning.

"He said he wasn't," Esther yelled, facing Horace now.

Chloe held her hands to her face and cried as she had just hours earlier when she toasted her sister.

Vivian could still see Horace, Lena, Gladys waving back, on her way in this evening. So much had changed, and the most remarkable twist hadn't been her daughter marrying.

"Well, things are different now," Preacher said, and that's when the scene clarified, hardened. It was true what he said; there was no mistaking it.

Horace ripped the sheet of paper from the front door, balled it up, and clenched it with his fist.

He had been so lighthearted inside. Now he banged his empty palm against the window. No one else said a word. Vivian stared at the houses beyond this block, upright and whole, trying to tell herself she was imagining what she'd just read. The festivity, the alcohol, something was making her see those words—"redevelopment," "thirty days," "demolition"—when this was the land of the thriving. This was the land she had traveled to to make a way when there was no way to be had down in Louisiana. This was the refuge still as it withered. But she couldn't keep her eyes on the distance. She was forced to look away when Preacher gripped her hand to lead her home.

Part Two

Ruth

Ruth had had the baby four weeks before, a healthy girl, a little red thing with a head full of slick black hair and a pudgy nose like her paw. Ruth had lost the weight, and her thighs had contracted, as had the hard, then soft mound of her belly. The child drank formula some, and Ruth's supply had decreased; even her breasts had started to deflate. And Denise was a good baby, she was: she only woke once in the night, so Ruth could rise almost every morning to bathe herself, dress, and even curl her own hair. She was lucky, everyone said so, and she'd repeat those words to herself in the mirror every time she needed to remember as much.

But what Ruth didn't know, what she had begun to consider ceaselessly with no target to aim the question at, was when she would locate herself again, that part of her she sat with alone sometimes; the part that would fantasize about the life she now held with Gerry instead of taking notes in Statistics; the part that would loathe the toil of rehearsal and performance; the part that would laugh with her head stretched back and her mouth slack with her friends at the Champagne Supper Club after a show, a martini in her hand, all the while keeping an eye on her baby sister and Tony in the corner.

There was the waking and the feeding and the shushing and the rocking and the laundering and the folding, and when Gerry came home, there were his needs, distinct of course, but accompanied by the same note of obligation. There was a fist in her chest that compressed tighter over the course of the day, and Ruth was waiting for it to reduce its pressure. She thought any minute it would have to let up (how could any human thing keep up such strain for so long?), but it hadn't happened yet, and the most peace she could secure was in the nighttime, the house finally dormant. She

didn't even sleep then; she wouldn't waste such precious hours. She'd sit and breathe in and out, in and out again, with a new lightness, the weightlessness of not being needed.

SINCE RUTH'S MOTHER WORKED AT THE HOSPITAL AND ON THE ROOF MOST days, it was Mary who came over in the mornings to relieve her. She would clean up the breakfast table and wash the pot of grits and pan of eggs and bacon. Then she'd sweep the baby out of Ruth's arms and say, "Girl, don't you got something better to do?" Ruth would retreat into her bedroom and sometimes shower and sometimes nap and sometimes stare at a wall with her thoughts that didn't feel like hers, someone else's maybe, someone she knew only distantly, a face but not a name, and this person was sad and lonely and unfulfilled. Ruth didn't understand it. "You have everything you ever wanted," she'd want to shout out at the ingrate, but she didn't raise her voice, and anyway, the other woman didn't seem to know she was there. Today Ruth made up her bed and applied some makeup. That made her feel like herself. She hurried with the eyeliner, and the line above her eyelashes swerved upward on her right eye, but she didn't fix it; she didn't like to leave the baby with Mary too long. Of course she trusted her. It was just that when she didn't recognize herself when she was nursing or heating a bottle, at least it made sense—those were foreign acts. But sitting alone painting her fingernails, she had done that countless times before, and to be removed from herself in the midst of such familiarity alarmed her.

"Back already?" Mary asked only an hour after she'd relieved her.

"I couldn't sleep."

"Hmph, well, she didn't have that problem." She nodded at the baby on a cotton gingham blanket on the floor. "She's been out for half an hour now. You know what I told you. When she sleeps—"

"I sleep," Ruth cut her off. "I know, I know."

"You not acting like you know." She paused. "You not acting like yourself either. You need to get up out of this house. When's the last time you left it? Too many weeks to count." She went on without letting Ruth answer. "That's a goddamn shame. When I had Gerry, I would walk him up and down Webster. He took all his naps in his stroller. At noon, I'd wheel him into Lena's, she'd serve my gumbo piping hot. When he got big enough, he and I would share it. Those were the days." Her eyes glazed over, and if Ruth noted correctly, they watered.

Then, without wiping them or turning her head, Mary kept on as if one tender moment reached out its hand for another. “I saw Lena the other day, at the bus stop. She’s lost weight. Said she don’t cook as much without the restaurant. She’s still not skinny or nothin like that, but it don’t look right on her, like her cheeks are caving in; I can see her collarbone too clear. It’s a shame what happened.”

And it had been. Mr. Bailey had pulled out, then Lena, then Gladys, then Mr. Gaines. Now Gerry was commuting to Vallejo to work in Mr. Gaines’s brother-in-law’s butchery. He brought home more meat from there, beef, pork, and sometimes lamb. Ruth had a freezer full of anything she’d need, but Gerry hated the long hours on the road, and he missed his mentor. He’d perk up at the door for the baby’s sake, but when Denise went down, it was like he didn’t have enough else for Ruth anymore. Anyway, Esther’s friend Horace was tackling the City now. Mama said he was wasting his breath, arguing with devils. Best to let them run themselves in circles, then collapse. But Horace led protests on Webster and Turk every morning, and so far, though the businesses had closed, at least none of the buildings had been touched.

“She must be relieved, though, as much ripping and running as she was doing,” Ruth said. “She must be relieved to be able to sit down.”

And then Mary turned to look at the baby, who was stirring.

“Some people don’t know how to sit down,” she said. She looked at Ruth right in her eyes. “Lena’s one of them.

“It’s a shame,” she said again, this time in a baby voice as she lifted her only grandchild. Ruth had never heard her speak that way. People were already starting to ask when Ruth would have another. It was something, the power behind creation. Truthfully, it had been the most appalling part of Ruth’s transition to motherhood, witnessing how this person she’d borne could tear down brick walls in people’s hearts.

IT DIDN’T START ALL AT ONCE. THERE WAS A SLOW, STEADY RISING, A COMING forth. For instance, after Mary left for her afternoon stories, Ruth dug through unpacked boxes for her records. The Salvations had sung Faye Adams once at the Champagne Supper Club, and Ruth stood and reenacted the steps for her daughter now. She didn’t know who she was singing about, but the loss between the words, in the center of the melody, felt intimate, like she’d known it for some time. She was at the B section, a wooden

spoon tight in her fist, bending her knees and beckoning to the baby like she was the source of all the pain that might ebb, if only she'd take her hand, when Gerry walked through the door.

He usually hurried straight for the baby these days, but this time, his eyes zeroed in on Ruth first, and he laughed. He walked over to hug her, but she was embarrassed and she slunk away to her room. She had been planning not entirely consciously to squeeze into one of her old sequined numbers, and she was relieved he had come home ten minutes early today, that she was spared the extra humiliation of that scene. She expected him to follow her into the room, but he didn't. She could hear him from her bed with the child he'd practically spit out. He was using the same terms of endearment with the baby that he'd used with Ruth, "darling" and "sweetheart" and "honey pie," and each time he said it now, she had to fight the urge to call out to him, "Yes, my love? Here I am."

THE NEXT DAY, SHE LOOKED THROUGH THE PICTURES. THERE WERE PHOTO albums of the Salvations her mother collected, and Ruth had snuck one out the day after her wedding. Her mother and Preacher had been in the kitchen speaking in hushed tones about the end of the night. The orange tape, the sign. Preacher had predicted the rest of the block might follow suit, but Mama had protested. The last thing she would have noticed was the photos. Now Ruth flipped through the pages. She and Esther and Chloe at the Champagne Supper Club the first night they'd performed there. Mama behind them looking like if she smiled any harder, her cheeks might burst. Then the three at Bop City. That night, they'd taken home the prize for amateur hour. The crowd had started out booing because Esther had missed the intro, but Ruth had taken over, poured her vicarious embarrassment into the chords, and those people had given her an encore; they'd refused to let her go. Matter of fact, she had never been abandoned on a stage. Maybe that was what she missed. It was her decision when to turn around, when to give them more. At the end of the day, she'd always felt wanted, and she hadn't known to appreciate that.

Gerry stood at the doorway now.

"I think she's wet." He held the baby forward.

Ruth reached for her, kissed Denise on the top of her head, smelled her, really took her in. There was nothing like it; there wasn't. If she wasn't careful, she'd look back at this moment too and it would be gone.

She'd already started Gerry's dinner. There were five more minutes in the oven for the chicken, and the string beans were ready; so were the potatoes. Gerry liked his food hot, so she'd covered the vegetables in foil. She'd run them through the oven for a few minutes once the chicken was out just to be sure they hadn't cooled.

Once they'd depleted the baby topics—that Denise was trying to hold her head up, that she slept better on her back these days, that before they knew it she'd be ready for solid foods—and the sound of the fork scraping the plate became too awful to bear, Ruth stood. Gerry turned on the television and sat in front of *I Love Lucy*, and she cleared the table and washed the dishes, then set them to dry. The baby was fussy by then, so she bathed her, fed her from the bottle this time so she would sleep through the night. She could hear Gerry's laughter from the living room, and every time it sent a strain of rage through her that she let herself feel all the way through and around. She thought if she were thorough, the feeling might run its course, but it seemed to return each night on a loop.

In bed, Gerry tried something, but she said no. "That's alright, baby," he said. "I know you're tired. I don't know how you do it. I don't know what I'd do without you."

If it had been the old him and the old her, she would have clarified: she wasn't tired, she was exhausted, but it wasn't an exhaustion that would submit to sleep, she'd learned that now. And it wasn't that she didn't want him; it was that she felt like he didn't want her anymore. The ways he'd used to show it, the sweet words, the caresses, had been a straight shot to her heart, and him grazing her lips with his in the morning didn't cut it.

When she heard him start to snore, she walked over to her closet, to the dress she'd selected a few hours earlier in her mind's eye, the one with the slit up the front and the cinch at the waist. It looked better on her now than it ever had. Even with her breasts deflated, the baby had granted her a new plumpness, her hair had come in fuller, her skin had cleared. Esther and Chloe had started performing at Bop City since Champagne Supper Club had closed. She didn't plan to walk there, but twenty minutes after she slid on lipstick and powdered her face, she found herself in front of the marquee. She hadn't even been sure it was the girls' night to perform but sure enough, their names had been spelled out in full. Ruth was still used to seeing THE SALVATIONS, and there was some jealousy wrapped tight inside

her momentary confusion. She would have to accept that things were different now.

When she walked in, the lights onstage were already set low, and Ruth could imagine her sisters holding hands behind the curtain. The room was packed, and before she reached the bar, a gentleman offered to buy her a drink. She nodded and waited for the bartender to hand it to her. Then she pushed her way through the crowd, not so close to the stage that Chloe or Esther could see her, but close enough that she could breathe them in, just as the girls burst out into song.

*My loving ain't no river
That ebbs and flows with time
My love is the ocean, baby
It rises with the tides*

Ruth knew the song, had sung it in her mother's basement in fact, and it was impossible for her not to join in now, low, under her breath. Before she knew it, she was rocking in place. She bumped into a man in front of her who was about to make a scene before he turned back, nodded in recognition, then asked her if she needed anything. She shook her head.

"I'm good," she said, still sucking on her martini. "I'm good."

And it was true then, for the first time in a long time. She sniffed her old self out in the way she smiled now, not at anything in particular, but from a warmth that had lived inside her for as long as she could remember and which she couldn't help but dole out. And the way she stood with her shoulders back, the way she swung her hips. Before, she'd associated this song, the performance of it, with disgust, with resentment, with longing for a different life, and now all those same emotions were there but they were aimed in the opposite direction. She wanted to be on that stage just now, dipping as Esther would, belting out the bridge like Chloe, receiving the crowd's dreams—and, displaced as those dreams were, she knew that for a brief time onstage she could make them seem real.

She kept her head down as the lights rode up, as she trudged through the audience who was applauding for her, well, no, for her sisters now. She was almost at the door when she felt someone grip her arm. She turned back—Mr. Franklin. She hadn't seen him since her wedding. Here now, all she

could summon was her mother's disappointment that afternoon she'd told her daughters they were on the brink of stardom.

"What you doing here, girl?" he asked. She could smell the whiskey on his breath, his cologne. She inhaled the mixture and calmed, like she had ascended to his level somehow. "Don't you got a baby to mind?"

"I'm on my way back for her. Just taking a break is all."

"Un-huh." He looked at her like he didn't believe her. That was fine.

She stayed there with him for longer than she should have—Esther would be leaving any minute, and she was the last person Ruth would want to notice her here, clinging to the past. She was waiting for him to say something that would make sense of her presence there, though, her absence to herself all this time, but he had turned for the stage, the next act.

He looked back, even more quizzically, then that expression transformed into a smile.

"Your sisters are doing better than I expected, better than I could have foreseen."

"Oh," Ruth said like she was happy to hear it because her soft betrayal pained her beyond recognition.

"It's a shame what happened between us, but some gems are forged through fire, am I right? It's that little one," he went on. Ruth could see Esther out of the corner of her eye now, keeping to the side of the club so as not to be seen, the same way Ruth had done. She turned her back in her direction.

"Chloe? She's always been a star," Ruth said.

"Yes, I can see that." He took a sip from his crystal glass. "Yes. I bet Mr. Bailey is regretting closing shop now. Bop City has never been so popular. It's just a matter of time before these girls move elsewhere, to higher ground."

Esther was past her now, and Ruth turned again to avoid a final glance. She had made it.

"I'll tell her you said that," Ruth said.

"Sure. I'll tell her myself too. As soon as she finishes with that crowd." He laughed, taking another sip. The brown liquor burned Ruth's throat by extension.

Ruth looked behind her to where Mr. Franklin had gestured, and Chloe hadn't stopped in the dressing room at all apparently. She was already on the floor, surrounded by men and women both, like they could waft who

she had been for them and transport the essence wherever they needed to carry it. Ruth remembered that. Mr. Franklin moved over to the group with the same intentness as the others.

“I’ll see you later.” He stared straight ahead. “Take care of that baby, now.”

“Will do,” Ruth said, though it was the last thing she felt like doing now. She walked toward the exit as Esther had, then looked back for Chloe one more time. The crowd was still there, though slightly dispersed. Mr. Franklin had made his way through it and was shaking her hand. Ruth had never been a jealous person. She wouldn’t start now. She closed the door of the club behind her. The men outside studied her back, she knew that without turning, and she let their attention guide her all the way home.

She tried to open the door slowly so she wouldn’t wake Gerry or the baby. She held her shoes, tiptoed inside on stockinged feet, felt for the light. When she turned it on, Mary was seated on the sofa in front of her.

“Un-huh, you think you slick, huh?”

“Mary, what are you doing here?”

“Forgot my pocketbook, came in and saw you weren’t in bed. I was worried, to tell you the truth. Didn’t want to wake Gerry, he got work in the morning, figured I’d sit back and wait. And here you are. Where you been, superstar? I hope you didn’t forget you had a man and baby at home.”

Ruth stopped tiptoeing and walked over to her on the sofa.

“How could I forget?”

“Exactly,” Mary said. “Exactly. I know it’s hard.” Ruth looked at her fast. She was surprised was all. Mary didn’t abide feelings or comfort or anything of the sort.

“With Gerry, I didn’t even have time to nurse him, I had to return to work so fast, and I knew it would be cruel to treat a child to a bond I couldn’t maintain. I got out of the house every day, though. It’s easier for you in some ways, and in some ways it’s not.” She placed her hand over Ruth’s. “We all do what we can to get through. I started renting out to roomers. Brought money in, and more importantly it kept me alive.” She paused for a long time. “I don’t see any reason Gerry needs to know about this.”

“Thank you, Mary.”

“Hush. Yes, Lord, we all got to have something in our back pocket.”

Ruth kissed her on the cheek, then stood. "I better call it a night. The baby will be up whether I'm rested or not."

"You got that right." She stood too. "Oh, Ruth?" she called back.

"Yes, Mary?"

"You're not the only one with secrets, you know. Catch this. When I got home this afternoon, a little white man called himself Mr. Belmont was standing at my door, yes, he was, said he wanted to change my life. I told him, the last time a white man wanted to change my life, my daddy was carted off to jail for a crime he didn't commit. Oh, yes, he was."

Mary laughed too loud and Ruth could hear the baby gurgle.

She lowered her voice. "The man said, 'None of that, Miss Jenkins, none of that. How would you feel about making more money than you've ever dreamed of?' I said, 'I'd feel goddamn amazing about it,' and he said, 'Miss Jenkins, the City wants to buy your house.'"

"What, Miss Mary?" Ruth covered her mouth with her hand.

"You heard me. Offered me a pretty penny for it too. A pretty penny."

"But you can't be thinking about it. This is your home."

Mary shrugged. "I'm not sure. Now don't go and tell your mama," she went on. "No need for her to worry herself crazy for no reason."

Ruth started to push back, tell her Mama deserved to know just in case, and then she remembered that she'd been caught. Mary opened the door now.

"Where were you anyway?" she asked before she stepped out.

"Bop City. My sisters had a show."

"Just like I said." Mary smirked now. "We all got our ways."

She turned her back, and Ruth stayed on the sofa for an hour, breathing in and out, in and out. She thought back to the song her sisters had sung, hummed it under her breath.

*Tell me how you feel
Something to let me know you're true
'Cause I've been hurt before*

Mr. Franklin by the exit. Chloe surrounded. There was no question Ruth would go back. For the first time in a long time, she slept through the night.

Esther

Esther had expected to be the new lead when Ruth left, but it was Chloe who had taken on their older sister's role. She was running the house too, halfway managing the group, and when Mama was working, Chloe would be the one to call out, "I can't hear you from the back. You trip and you get right back up. You fall down like that in practice, you're going to fall down at the show and not know how to right yourself again." Practices dragged even longer. Mama invented more routines she wanted to edge in, different ones that would fare better with two people, and it was harder on Esther—without a third person for the audience to observe, her mistakes were clear to everyone watching, and she made more of them. Before, she had gotten by on hard work alone, but that didn't seem to be enough lately.

At the bookstore, Horace ate his meals standing so he'd have time to write his speeches. There was so much disappointment inside him at Mr. Bailey and the others folding, but it seemed he had learned how to channel it, how to let it spill out onto his words. He met with Mr. Belmont to propose that some new buildings benefit the community as recreational centers, or low-income housing. The man had nodded and smiled but had resisted committing in writing. At least, Esther often reminded Horace, demolition hadn't started yet; maybe the City was considering all he'd said. But Horace wasn't satisfied, and he'd taken to organizing protests. They'd started small, twenty-five people mostly from the blocks themselves, but then they'd advanced to one hundred, then two hundred, and Esther saw people at his demonstrations she'd never met before. She couldn't go to every one—she was a singer again, after all—but he'd walk her home from the bookstore at night, and if Vivian was still at work, they'd sit outside on the stoop. It wasn't like Gerry used to do with Ruth, where Esther would

approach and they'd pull away from each other in scattered haste, Gerry rearranging his pants, Ruth patting her hair down and reapplying her lipstick. Horace must have been confused that one night at the movies, but she hadn't mentioned the scene again, and it had blown over. No, with Horace, it was their minds that were joined. They shared their woes from the day or their wins, and when Esther had ideas, like that he needed to appeal to the elderly more—they were the ones with the most allegiance to this neighborhood—or that she could fashion newsletters out of his speeches and distribute them to the crowd at his protests, he'd pluck a pencil from behind his ear and jot it all down.

She'd walk up to her room and write songs based on the feelings their talks would stir up inside her, and they weren't only love songs anymore, inverted or otherwise; they were songs about the whole movement, songs about freedom.

Now at Bop City, thirty minutes before the show, Mama hovered over them behind the stage, doling out last-minute recommendations.

"Esther, when you cross over on that last verse and switch places with Chloe, make sure you slide your foot over delicate like, lately you been looking more like you galloping. And Chloe, don't stress your voice out too much on that first high note 'cause you got a few coming after."

Chloe took Esther's hand and squeezed it.

"You're going to be okay," she said the way Ruth used to.

And as much as Ruth had irritated her, that affirmation just before a show had always been a comfort. Even in her sister's absence, it was again.

Then Esther heard the club manager announcing their accomplishments one by one, that they were down to two members, but just as mighty, just as sweet, and when he started welcoming them to the stage, their mother stood between them and gripped their hands and said something Esther had never heard her say before.

"Forget everything I told you. Just have fun."

But it was too late for all that now.

Onstage, Chloe took the lead, and for a minute, while she sang "Oh What a Dream," Esther just beheld her like she might have if she were a member of the audience. When she observed her this way, she could see why she'd made her way to the front. It did seem like the voice of God was beckoning to the crowd from her heart.

Esther almost missed her own part she was so in tune to her sister, and when she started off that way, so rushed, it carried over into the rest of the show. She sang two of her notes off-key, then made the mistake of glancing back behind the curtain at her mother, whose face drew in so tight it appeared like she might not be breathing. Esther was always good at footwork, she had studied the greats, Katherine Dunham and Lena Horne, and that was a gift tonight, but then they got to the bridge. They had sung this song so many times with Ruth, so many times at Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church, at Mama's after-parties, at Flamingo for amateur night, so many times that she could hear Ruth coming in with an A-sharp any minute. The expectation wasn't even as active as a memory, more like an instinct, so deeply embedded that it was only when Chloe belted the part out that Esther remembered Ruth was gone. It was her part now, only she had missed it and come in late. Chloe had taken over for her, but now their voices were scrambling all over each other, and when it was time to leave the stage, the crowd didn't applaud like they normally did. They didn't boo them either—it wasn't Flamingo—but Mama didn't say a word the entire walk home, and Esther would have preferred the crowd's retorts to what she knew occupied the woman's thoughts.

At work the next day, Esther relayed the same.

"It was terrible, Horace." A month ago, she wouldn't have shared the humiliation with anybody. It was enough to know that there were real people there who would retain the sight of her failure for the rest of their lives. But he had been so vulnerable about his own cause, his own disappointment around it once half the block backed out, and she felt comfortable now saying things hadn't gone the way she'd hoped they would. They just hadn't.

"It couldn't have been that bad, Professor."

"No, I'm serious. You know my mama talks a mile a minute. You never have to worry about what she's thinking. She didn't say a word the whole walk home."

He paused, seeming to think. "Well, it's hard. Ruth's gone. You got to adjust to that. Your mama should understand as much."

"Chloe didn't need time to adjust."

"I'm not talking about Chloe, I'm talking about you. It's a lot, going from three to two. It's going to take some time for you to get comfortable

out there, I'm sure. I wouldn't expect any different. Definitely don't let it kill your shine, girl."

"You don't think?"

"Absolutely not. You've put so much into this. When's your next show?"

"Friday."

"What time?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Um-hmm, seven, that's a lucky number, my daddy always said that."

"The shows always start at seven, boy."

He walked over to her and touched her shoulder. Before she could register it, his hand was gone.

"You gon be alright, Professor," he said. She didn't believe him, but his hand there, what he'd said in general, did soothe her in some way she couldn't source, and she still replayed the night's mishaps, but only when the plot in her new book stalled.

OF COURSE, ON FRIDAY, HER NERVES WERE BACK AS YET AGAIN THEY SANG "Oh What a Dream." Onstage, Esther told herself not to look into the audience, to hold her gaze level at the exit sign in the back of the room. But before she knew it, Chloe was filling in for her missed part. Esther let her eyes drift to the crowd in front of her. The faces blurred into one. She might not have singled Horace's out if she hadn't also heard his voice.

"Alright now, Esther."

She looked down at him, and the connection, identical to when their eyes met at his speeches, steadied her, reminded her of the escape she found among the words he uttered. She flew away again now. She stood upright. She puckered her lips. There was something about him beholding her from afar that enabled her awareness of herself. He was twelve feet from her; she wasn't threatened by his presence. Rather it was there like a shield outside herself, and nothing could come close to her that didn't live in agreement with his assessment. She felt an understanding of her own femininity, an appreciation of it, gliding up her body, and when she sang that same verse Chloe had, she let that understanding infuse itself into the lyrics.

She let those lyrics ring out, but the truth was, she was elsewhere. She was running through speeches with him. She was giving birth to new words, relatives of his own. She was singing those words to a crowd this

size, maybe larger. The thrill of that dream, half unfurled already, took her to a place she hadn't seen onstage or anywhere else before.

And it was like the audience could hear the words in her mind, in her heart, like they were responding to that more than the show, which she had put on too many times to spark awe. They were on their feet now. She didn't dare stare too hard or too long, she didn't want any one face to crystallize, but she imagined Horace gazing up at her like she was gold.

She had never hit notes with as much precision as she did that last "Oh What a Dream." She looked to the side where her mother always hugged the curtains nights she didn't have to work, and there were tears in the woman's eyes. She clapped like if she poured all her spirit into it, the effort was going to land her next to Jesus.

Esther danced offstage, Chloe behind her, and Horace met her there. She fell into his arms for a moment before Vivian cleared her throat. She wasn't clapping anymore. Esther pulled back, walked closer to her mother.

"That was a good show, girls," she said like that was all it had been, not a deliverance. "We better be going now." Esther followed her off, glancing back at Horace behind her, who was still grinning. She realized when she stepped outside she'd forgotten her coat, and she hurried back into the club. The crowd had multiplied since they'd left. She didn't know which big name would be there tonight. The coat wasn't at the table where she'd been sitting before they took the stage, so she danced over to the bartender, and he said he'd moved it to the front office to be safe. She thanked him and declined his drink. She could hear voices from the office as she approached, deep ones. Big fancy men usually drank in this room and she didn't want to disturb them. She'd be quick. She had heard the shell of the talk from a distance, but there was the content of it too now that she'd come closer. One voice she couldn't help but recognize. "Those girls weren't half bad tonight, huh?" It was Mr. Bailey speaking.

"No, not bad at all," Mr. Franklin said back. Esther was nervous standing there, her name on the tips of these men's tongues, but she had done well tonight, and she had the nerve to be excited too.

"Nothing like what it was with that other one, but life goes on, like Preacher says, does it not?"

"It sure does."

"Funny thing is, I had it wrong. I wasn't looking at it the right way. My mama always said that. She'd send me to fetch something for her, a sewing

needle, or her good linen, and I wouldn't always catch it at first. She'd say, 'Boy, you got to look with your eyes open.'"

"Mine would say, 'If it had been a snake, it would have bit you,'" Mr. Bailey said.

The old men laughed like those were the funniest expressions they'd ever heard. Ordinarily Esther would have walked in then with a wisecrack that would have really made them chuckle, but she needed to hear the rest.

"I think on account of how Ruth looks, you know what I mean."

"Well, I'm a married man."

"Yeah, married, but not blind."

"No, not blind, but those hips will smite you."

The old men laughed again.

"But it's Chloe that's the star, you know that now, don't you?"

"Yeah, that had crossed my mind tonight. Not to mention the other night."

"Yeah, it's unfortunate, the mama is going for a girl group and so am I. And that other one, well, she was cut from a different cloth, that's all. Any group with her in it is going nowhere fast. I'd just take the little one, but you gotta give the people what they want, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, but man, those trends come and go. You gotta follow the talent."

"You right about that, remember that young man I signed in '51, thought he was going to be Nat King Cole, turned out he was more like his country cousin."

"Pat King Cole."

"Nat King Ol'."

The old men laughed again and Esther might have, the last joke held some merit, but she was too sick with what she'd heard to stick around; if she did, she feared she'd be affirming what they said, affirming their right to say it and their capacity to discern it. She was relieved her mother and sister hadn't waited. She arrived at home shivering on account of never having retrieved her coat. Vivian and Chloe waited at the kitchen table, but she bypassed them without saying a word. She locked the door of her bedroom, and she lay down on the cold wood floor beneath the base of the record player and listened to the song she'd just sung until she fell asleep. It had been a dream alright. The last decade of her life. What a dream.

AT THE STORE THE NEXT DAY, HORACE WAS WAITING.

“I never saw anything like that,” he said while she fumbled through her purse for her key. “You were amazing. It wasn’t even the song itself, just your presence there.” He held her wrist for a moment as she turned the doorknob. “You stirred up so much in me last night. I went home and called my cousin in Baton Rouge. You know that ordinance that passed, nobody ever followed it, but then he led a weeklong boycott. Now he’s working on a protest. They’re expecting five thousand people. Can you believe that?”

They were in the store now.

“It was like seeing all that magic in you was contagious. I woke up thinking about a demonstration out here. I heard a rumor the City’s going to start demolition on the Champagne Supper Club next week. Next Friday. But they can’t start if we’re standing there every day. We tried to get them to compromise. We said, alright, y’all going to tear down some buildings, but just keep a portion of it for our community, for our needs, but nothing came of it; they’re not hearing us. Now it’s time to escalate. And it won’t just be us. We could invite preachers to speak too, maybe the president of our NAACP. We’d need to choose a spot that could handle a crowd. We’ll need signs and megaphones. I can see it like it’s in front of me right this instant.”

He sat beside her behind the counter, rubbing his leg. “I can see people there I ain’t never seen before in my life. You were so bold last night, girl, and it traveled over to me. I believe I can do it now. And next Friday is the first Friday of the month. Payday. People will be ready for action.”

She tried to exude the excitement she would have had before she’d eavesdropped. Mama always said, “Some things ain’t for you to know,” and Esther understood her now.

“That’s wonderful,” she said, but even that came out flat. She tried to compensate. “I want to be there too.” She felt better saying that, still dismal but not as sharp.

“Of course.”

“I want to help you, with your speech, with whatever you need,” she added.

“That’s wonderful, but you been so busy with rehearsal, and I don’t want to take away—”

She cut him off. Her offering wasn’t an act as much as she’d thought it had been.

“No,” she said. “Let me help you. I need it.”

THE NEXT DAY, MAMA WALKED IN EARLY FROM WORK WAVING A PIECE OF paper in the air.

“They’re going to take us,” she screamed. “The Dunbar Hotel still wants us to audition, even without Ruth, even with the baby. God has blessed us, God has blessed us, my children.” She pulled Esther and Chloe to her hard. Esther jumped around with her and squealed; she wasn’t completely faking.

“When is it, Mama?” she asked.

“Friday, in Los Angeles.” Next weekend. The same time as the demonstration.

“And I didn’t mention it because I didn’t want to get your hopes up,” Mama went on, lowering her voice for the next part, “but Mr. Franklin said if you two get a big gig, a fancy gig with a big crowd, he’d consider signing the two of you.”

Chloe squealed. Esther didn’t cling to her mother as tightly at that, but she didn’t drop the embrace either. She didn’t have the heart to tell her there was no way Mr. Franklin was going to sign her. “Unfortunate” was the word he’d used, and he was right, the diction was precise, the whole thing had turned out to be so unfortunate.

“I HAD HOPED WE WOULDN’T HAVE TO GET TO THIS POINT. I HAD HOPED we could settle this among our own, but it was our own people who sold the neighborhood to them,” Horace said. They were in the bookstore, preparing for Friday’s demonstration. “I’m worried there aren’t enough of us fighting them off. And just based on sheer numbers alone, they’re going to win. A few of us can protest with all the force in the world, but if the rest just give our places up, not giving a hell what they’re replaced with, then what’s all our work for? Nothing.”

“That’s ’cause they’re not free,” Esther said. It slipped out before she’d even known she was going to say it. “We’re always talking about whites giving us freedom, and yeah, that would be nice, but we have to free ourselves first. We have to see ourselves from a place of power. So many of us aren’t even used to having the capacity to say no. It’s not in us. The strength was just never developed. We don’t even think we have the right.”

Horace copied what she said in furious motions, like there was something supernatural flowing through him and his fingers could clasp the

bulk if they just kept going. When she was done talking, he set the pencil down and looked between her and his notes.

“I wish I could be there,” she said. She’d told him about the audition. “It’s just that Chloe has so much riding on this. I don’t want to let her down.” As she spoke, she realized she didn’t know what would let her sister down more, staying or going.

“I know,” he said back. “But you’ll be with me in spirit.”

When she got home, she carried her notepad to the roof. There was a tune that had come to her that morning.

ESTHER COULDN’T SLEEP WEDNESDAY NIGHT. YES, THE AUDITION WAS ON a Friday, but Mama wanted to leave Thursday evening so they’d have time to familiarize themselves with the new environment.

When Esther woke Thursday, she dressed and brushed her hair. She tiptoed down the stairs and through the living room, then the front parlor so as not to wake her sister before the appointed time. She sat down and wrote a quick note, folding it into Chloe’s satchel, already there waiting. She didn’t know yet if the girl would need to read it.

She stopped at the bookstore and just sat beside Horace for some time.

He had been whistling: “A-Ticket, A-Tasket.”

“Penny for your thoughts?” he asked.

And when she only shrugged, he said, “It’s nice to see you in a better mood, Professor.”

“You too,” she said.

HE DIDN’T SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT SHE WAS LEAVING LATER THAT DAY, and she didn’t mention it either. As the hours passed, she tracked them according to what she should have been doing. At one, she might go home and prepare a light lunch on account of the long ride ahead of her. At three, she might pack, then freshen up, place the remaining toiletries in her suitcase. At five, Chloe would be on her way home from school. Esther would remove the note from her sister’s bag in anticipation—there being no need for it as long as she was where she was supposed to be. At six, they would catch a ride with Mary to the train station. Mama would meet them there. But when five thirty came, Esther was still inside the shop.

At closing, Horace asked if she wanted to go to Ocean Beach, and without thinking, she said “Sure.” She had been there so many times, but it

looked like a new place that afternoon. She sat on the large rock where they would usually throw pebbles, and she didn't just see the water; she let its rhythm move inside her.

She felt the smoothness she'd accessed that last night on Bop City's stage, and she knew she would sit where she was until she was sure Chloe had read the note, sure the train had departed. The note had said something had come up at the store and she would meet her in Los Angeles on Friday. There was still time for that second part to be true. She was guilt-ridden thinking of the state the girl would find their mother in, the state she'd find herself in, but maybe that would be for the best in the long run. Anyway, like she'd written, she'd be there. Just not today.

Horace didn't ask any questions at first. He was too focused on fretting over who would be coming to the demonstration, what he planned to discuss. Then he glanced up at her.

"So I wanted to give you your time," he said. "But what happened? Why ain't you where you supposed to be?"

She took a deep breath. "There was a delay," she said. "Tomorrow."

He reached for her hand, and she let him.

"Thank you," he said. "I know you didn't stay for me, but thank you. I needed you here tonight."

He kept on cycling through his fears; then he'd turn back around and cycle through them again from the other direction. He had never spoken in front of a group that large. What if he got stage fright?

"You never do."

"What if people don't show up like they say they will?"

"They always come."

"What if I say the wrong thing and I miss the message?"

"It also resides in your heart."

"What if this all fails? What if they all rise up against me for playing with their hope?"

"At least you tried," she said. "You'll always sleep at night knowing that, that you saw something that needed fixing and you tried to make it right. You owe it to yourself to do that, but that's all you can do."

"You're too much," he whispered. "You're too much."

And then she heard herself say, "What if I sang?"

"Do what?"

“At the demonstration. What if I sang? I’ve been working on something.” She pulled her notepad from her satchel, stood on a rock, and let him hear everything that had come to her the night before. When she was done, he lifted her and swung her around. She was so giddy, she rested her head against his shoulder.

She could see the relief in his eyes. But he said, “It was amazing. You’re amazing. But what about the show? What about your sister? Your mother? You’ve been practicing and practicing. I don’t want to see you throw that away for me.”

“It’s not for you,” she said. “It’s for the people. My family chief among them. And it’s for *me*.” She said it again because she so enjoyed the weight of the words. “For once,” she added, “I want to be there at the turning point. I want to see this through.”

She had never told him about the conversation she overheard, and she did so now.

“There’s so much riding on Chloe’s performance, yes, and that’s why I shouldn’t be there.”

He pressed her into him, and again, she let him.

“There’s not an ounce of truth in what they said,” he said. “I hope you know that. You’re going to see that for yourself tomorrow. Are you ready?”

She nodded. “I think so,” she said. And then, “Yeah, more ready than I’ve been.”

THAT NEXT MORNING, ESTHER FINISHED GETTING READY IN HALF THE time it would have taken her just a day earlier. The phone rang, her mother no doubt, but the ring might as well have been the theme song to her new life. When Horace knocked at the door, she felt like she was spinning.

“Ain’t you supposed to be elsewhere chasing your mama’s dreams?” Mary called from her kitchen window, and without a tinge of fear, Esther shot back, “I got my own dreams, Miss Mary.” She clutched Horace’s arm and pressed forward.

Horace was right about the turnout. He and his brothers had built a stage in front of the Champagne Supper Club. They’d blocked off the street, and there were at least three hundred people standing an hour before start time, some holding signs and some empty-handed, some dressed for nighttime and some in work pants and boots. The first to speak were preachers, Reverend Wilson and Pastor Brown, and she found their talks were so

different from what she'd grown up on in church. They roused their people up with logic here now, the simple and long-gone deduction that their neighborhood was every bit as valuable as the white ones; they had built the community and deserved a chance to enjoy that hard-earned plenty. And instead of the passion being directed toward praise, it was lit up and inflamed, angry.

When the time for Esther to sing had come, she watched Horace approach the podium. The crowd in the street had thickened, and Esther's nerves kicked in noticing that, but they flattened when she looked up at Horace. There was a sense inside her rising that she had nothing to do with what was about to happen. A version of her, sure, stood in her clothes, at the hem of the stage, and was even now stepping on, but she was elsewhere, sort of like that moment when Mr. Sterling put her hand on himself, and she wouldn't have made it through if her eyes had landed on her body then, if her spirit had stayed inside it.

Horace introduced her, and the crowd clapped and cheered her on. If she had been herself, who she had been, she might have recognized Gladys and Horace and Mary in the front, the high school girls some rows behind them, but as it was, she stared ahead at a void. A part of her wanted to search the stage for her sisters, wanted to prepare to scamper across the floor with them, all the while singing along to foolishness. Back then, she had always been most nervous before she opened her mouth, before the hosts even called out her name. But now, she didn't have to tell her feet to twirl; she didn't have to count out beats in her mind. This song she was about to reveal had come through her. There was no way she could forget it.

She opened her mouth and watched the lyrics take flight.

*The world can't change without me
No, the world can't change without me
When I reach into my soul
And dig out what it knows
That's the first step to being free*

On the first few lines, she had heard her voice stagger, but she didn't critique herself for it like she might have if she were singing something that had come out bolder, more natural, from Faye Adams's lips. The words themselves, the meaning behind them, seemed to preclude an attack. She

only kept on, and as she progressed through the song, her voice made it its own.

*I've scaled mountains, I've journeyed rivers
I've crossed bridges that broke me to my knees
I've endured burdens, I've been bonded my whole life
But I'm claiming today
I'm free*

And there was something about making that declaration to a group that made the words more accessible to her spirit, like teaching Chloe how to fox-trot one day had chiseled her own quarter-turns.

*There's no white man to tell me no
There's no law to make it so
There's no government to grant me liberty
There's no leader, there is no power
That trumps the one that comes straight out of me*

And she felt the glory of that belief, realized down in her soul.

When it was over, the applause overtook her, and she submitted. The people rushed the stage, wanting to be near her, but Horace swept her along to the front of the crowd, and they walked back through the Fillmore, the others behind them now.

“HOW DID ALL THAT FEEL, COMING OUT OF YOU?” HE ASKED LATER THAT night. Whatever all that was had affected her in other ways. He was in her house with her right now, for instance, in her bedroom, and she had removed her shirt.

“It was just like you said.” She traced her fingers along his side. “I started singing and it all came pouring out. It was the safest I’ve felt, being removed in that way.”

He nodded, smiling. “I told you right? Didn’t I tell you? Everybody was saying it. They want to know where I’ve been hiding you. I mean, you should have seen the people. As many as there were there, young people and babies, and nobody made a sound. And the women. Think about what it meant to them to see you.”

They kissed some more and then agreed they needed to slow down. She walked him to the stoop, and he told her he loved her as he stepped into his truck. He drove away before she could respond, but if he hadn't, she would have said it back.

She was about to walk into the house when she saw Ruth approaching.

"Mama sent me over here to see about you, girl." She sat down on the stoop, and Esther, surprised as she was, collected herself after a moment and sat too.

She was still buzzing from earlier, but it had started to wear off even before Horace left. Her mother would be back tomorrow, and it wouldn't matter how many people had been at the protest, how high she had lifted them, how high she had been lifted. And now this.

"She looking every which way," she went on. "I told her I seen you this morning, that you safe. I figure you betta be the one to tell her why you stayed."

Esther turned. Ruth had lost the baby weight, but she seemed older somehow, tired in the eyes, even more tired in the spirit. "You were there?"

"Of course I was there." Ruth rubbed her eyes like she had been privy to Esther's thoughts. "Mama's been through a lot. I can see it clearer since I had Denise. She think she got us doo-wopping for money, but it's safety she's after. She figure you on that roof, you not in somebody's bed, in no jail cell. They locking women up too, you know."

"I know." Esther lowered her head.

"I'm not saying that to scare you. I'm just telling you, if she act up when she get back, and you know she gon cut up something awful, that's why."

She paused, and neither of them spoke, but there was information streaming between them like always. Ruth had been her best friend before she could say more than a dozen words—they had had to feel each other's meanings out, and that trail that stretched from one woman to the other was worn down now, but it was still there.

"Y'all butt heads, but I believe that's 'cause you the one remind her most of Daddy."

Esther hadn't expected her to mention him, and the day had been so transformative, invoking him touched the soft spot inside her she had learned to block.

“If something happened to you, to you most of all, Esther, I believe she’d die. I do believe that.” She reached for Esther’s hand. “Either way, I’m proud of you,” she said. “The way you showed yourself, your full self, to those people, girl. I always knew you had that spirit in you. That spirit of fire. You get it from Mama, that’s the funny thing. She gon see that for herself one day.”

Esther paused before she asked the question. “And if she doesn’t?”

Ruth didn’t say anything for a while, and that trail between them seemed to have coiled back in her direction, out of Esther’s reach. Esther looked back toward the house, focused her gaze on the knob at the center of the door. She could stand up, prop herself there on the other side of her sister, preempt whatever it was Ruth was about to say, whatever it was that might sour the sweetness budding between them now. She was about to do so when her sister spoke.

“A woman like you, you’ll make her see.”

Vivian

It had been a week since Esther had skipped the audition, and though Vivian had known she wouldn't come before they'd even boarded the train—she didn't care what the goddamn note said—she still thought about it every day. The betrayal. The gall.

Vivian had trucked it to Los Angeles with her baby daughter, imagining the whole while the train rolled past sand dunes and strawberry fields what she would say when she got the chance. It was always about Esther, wasn't it? For once, couldn't she think about what it would do to Chloe to fall flat on her face? And yet Chloe, as shocking as it had been to behold, had shined. They had hailed a taxi to the Dunbar Hotel and rode in an elevator with *the* Miss Lena Horne all the way to the third floor. At the last minute, Vivian had to change the routine since there was only one, and Billie Holiday worked best, what with the mood she was under. Chloe hadn't sung by her lonesome before, but at rehearsal, she delivered the song so hard Vivian feared the next day her voice would be gone. And at the actual audition, Chloe had been more nervous than Vivian had ever seen her. But the adrenaline seemed to be like a formula for her daughter; she performed according to the intensity of it—that day, Chloe didn't just hit notes, she bent them, and when it was time for the bridge, she climbed so high, Vivian couldn't locate her anymore. Vivian couldn't help but rise to her feet. She knew standing there that the moment had been fated, yet she still felt gutted somehow.

This evening, Vivian's anger had dulled just a touch, enough for her to wait in the kitchen for Esther to come home from work. She planned to tell her in a tone devoid of all heat that there was one path to living in this house rent-free, and it was obedience. It wasn't about the show, she'd say. It

was about trust, dependability, family. What was more important than that? Certainly not this Horace character. She wasn't a fool; she'd seen them giving each other goo-goo eyes, heard he was prophesying all over the neighborhood. And for what? Yeah, the Champagne Supper Club was still standing for now, but it was only a matter of time. One day she and everybody else would walk past it expecting life, and it would be reduced to rubble. She had to prepare herself for that. Esther and Horace would need to too. Yes, best to design your own life, erect walls around it, effect change inside those walls. Vivian had learned that the hard way, and every time a white woman at work moved her files, every time she had to stand—fresh off a twelve-hour shift—the whole bumpy, windy ride home, she remembered the bloodshot eyes of the men swinging from those trees. There had been progress; sometimes it was enough just to sit with that. She was lifted from the memory by the sound of footsteps.

It was Esther, no doubt. Vivian had prepared a speech more or less, but she was taken aback by what she heard from the stoop: Esther whistling a tune Vivian couldn't place, whistling like a child, like she'd been cleansed of something. She had never known why the girl had started to fade sometime in middle school, and Mary had sworn it was just a phase, but she had never come back, not fully. Except now, she was here reminding Vivian of the child who used to squeal for homemade whipping cream, and it had nothing to do with Vivian, nothing to do with the roof.

Vivian stood to start talking—the speech was on the edge of her tongue—but the girl barreled into the kitchen, still whistling, intercepting her, and for a minute, they faced each other in silence close enough to hug, but that would have been unthinkable in this context.

“Mama, I know you're mad,” Esther started, “but Chloe told me she did great, that she'd never performed better in her life.”

“Chloe's responsible,” Vivian heard herself say, sitting. She had had to take several breaths to even out her words, to keep them sturdy. “She had a job to do and she did it, though the circumstances had changed, that's all. That's going to be more necessary than ever, at the stage she's brought us to now. But if you can't commit to it, just say the word, and I'll make my arrangements.” She was back on track now. This part she had meant to be only a threat. She had become desperate, as painful as it was to admit. There was too much riding on this. If Esther didn't understand that now, she would in some years, her own children at her feet looking up at her for

security, and yet she was a Negro woman: there were only so many avenues that could provide it.

“I can’t,” Esther said before Vivian had even gotten the last word out. “I can’t. I have news.”

And something in her expression gave Vivian pause, a sense of *déjà vu*. She suddenly wished she’d made herself a drink. She rarely indulged, of course, but now this conversation was bound to be something about a protest, or whatever all else they had planned, and Vivian wouldn’t be able to bear it without something better than good coating her stomach.

“Mama, I have news,” she repeated.

“Yes, I gathered that.”

“I found it.”

“You found what?”

“That thing, that thing, that feeling you have on the roof, that feeling Chloe seems to have there too. I found it for myself, Mama. At the demonstration the other day, you should have seen me, all that power that had been waiting to spring forth, Mama, people are still talking about that afternoon. All this time I didn’t realize how much I needed to feel good at something.”

Esther moved her hand from her side to wipe her eyes. “It swelled the part of my heart that I had let recede. It—I don’t want to just sing old covers at clubs anymore, Mama, now that I know this, now that I have this—” She paused. “I want to sing for our people, Mama, for their liberation. I don’t want to, I need to. I love it, Mama. I love it,” she repeated softer this time.

Vivian stood again, walked across the kitchen, and poured the rum for herself. She had barely eaten, but it was no matter. That fool had ruined her appetite. She wiped her hands on her apron and turned to walk toward the parlor. She would head upstairs. Something was twisted up inside her stomach. Best if she lay down for a spell.

“Mama,” Esther called to her, reaching for her, but she was too far away. Vivian was too far ahead. “Mama,” she called out to her back. “Can’t you see? It’s better this way. I did it for Chloe, I did it for both of you. Can’t you see that?”

But Vivian didn’t see anything but red, and this time it wasn’t the future; it was the past. It was the men at her door, the dogs barking and racing, the glass breaking, the shots ringing out from both sides, the fire

erupting and her mama scooping her up and carrying her out in the nick of time because there was an explosion and she would have lost her limbs. She heard her mother tell someone later, “There are things worse than death,” and Vivian had nearly been one of them. She had heard her mother beg her father months earlier: “I plead of you to stop that dangerous preaching.” But he hadn’t, and Vivian had had to flee halfway across the world.

She was up the stairs when she heard herself say, “Get out,” without even turning. “You betrayed me, you broke my heart.” She was on the landing now, leaning down, full-on shouting. “You would have made a fool of me, you would have made a fool of your sister, you didn’t care. All her hard work for nothing.”

“But it turned out alright, Mama.”

“Only by the grace of God, only because we stay ready, only because I trained you all to be the best no matter the circumstances. You stay if you want to be loyal, but otherwise, you have got to get out.”

And Vivian was surprised to hear Esther for once actually obey her. She’d expected her to tarry in the kitchen for a few minutes, then retire upstairs to her room, but Vivian heard the front door open, then click back into place. It was Vivian who reached her room and retired without brushing her teeth or covering her hair.

She tried to sleep, Lord knew she did, but it wouldn’t come. After she heard Chloe’s bedroom door close, she ventured upstairs to the roof. She had finished her first drink and then another, and she could run through all their shows now in her head if she wanted to; something in her wanted to, needed to, now. Ruth’s baby had been born months earlier, and she loved being a grandmother; she did. Denise had turned her inside out, but she missed the early days, the trio, the disparate scraps of routines that would blend into sound and dance and looks so intact, it was as if they had been crafted by someone outside herself. More than anything, she wanted to act it out here, now, relive it, convince the part of her mind that might submit that she was safe again, but she had a feeling when the song was over, she’d find herself more hollowed out than when it began. She turned back to the house to get dressed instead. She curled her hair and dabbed on lipstick, slid into a pencil skirt, smoothed it down in the middle where it lay flat; she knew where she was going. Even walking, she knew, but she didn’t acknowledge it to herself until he opened the door. If she told herself, if she

prepared for the moment in any way, she might be let down. She couldn't bear the thought of more disappointment.

"Hey," Preacher Thomas said like it was the most natural thing in the world for her to show up to his place past dark. "Come in."

He had just finished dinner and was poking at a sweet potato pie one of the congregants had brought him that morning.

"Which one?" she asked.

"Miss Thompson," he said and Vivian scrunched up her nose.

"You can't be picky when you're an old widower," he said. "Most of the days I eat, it's through their kindness."

"I should send you some plates. I didn't think about it," she said back. "We've been so busy with . . ." And her voice trailed off.

"How's it going?"

She shook her head. "Not well," she said. She sat and told him about Esther.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Viv. I know that must be so hard. It didn't ever really seem like it was her thing, though, did it?"

She paused. "No, I guess not, but I thought she would improve. Esther's the type who needs validation, she needs proof. I thought when we got to the top of the mountain, she would meet its height."

Preacher shook his head. "Not if it wasn't for her," he said. "Wouldn't be enough proof in the world."

"But this movement? That can't be it for her either. Traipsing all around the city. I already did that for her. I came this far. And she's trying to go backwards.

"And because of love," she went on. "Can you believe it? She didn't know what a protest song was a few months ago. Now she loves it, now she's got to have it, now she's so riled up she's willing to forsake everything she poured her life into."

"Love is a powerful thing," the preacher said. "When it's real. I understand that. What wouldn't you do to maintain it?" And he looked up at her the same time she looked at him and their eyes locked.

He didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. She could feel what he was telling her with everything in her. She had been feeling it all this time, she saw now. "I better go." She stood.

"Stop, V, you always do this. When we get close, you pull back, and then we get close again and you pull back. I can't keep going through the

cycle. It's too hard on me. I've been through so much loss as it is. If you can't meet me here with this, then tell me. I'll always love you, I'll always be your friend, but I can't keep hurting myself." Then he paused. She reached for the doorknob.

"Before you go, I just have one question," he said.

"Anything," she said back, because it was true. What wouldn't she tell him if he needed to know?

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Do I what?" Her head swung slowly back.

"I said, do you love me?"

"Boy, stop playing with me. We too old for all that now. What does that even mean?"

"Do you love me?" he repeated the question this time like he was reading a script and was surprised at the line written across it.

"Preacher." She placed her hand on her heart. "How can you ask me that?"

"How can I not?"

"You know how much I have on my plate. The girls, work, your wife not cold in her grave. My husband—"

"Do you love me?"

She turned back for the door, stared at the cold, hard wood. It was an easy question the way it was presented. For most people, it would have required no thought. Even her. She could say yes or no. Many questions provoked complex responses, but this one could be addressed in one syllable and filed away. In a way that made it harder.

He sighed. "You got to think about it all this time, I already know." And he stood too then and headed toward his parlor stairs.

But she stopped him. "Wait."

She still didn't know what to say. She knew the answer, of course, but to say it, that was different. It was the sort of difference that would swallow them up, all they'd been, and she didn't know how their new form would be rendered. He was the person she called when she needed prayer, the person she thought of when enough space cleared in her mind. Right before she drifted off or at the very tip of the morning, when she was already regretting coming to, he was there. Once, when she needed tuition for the girls, he had spotted her. On Ellis's birthday just two weeks earlier, the grief she'd warded off for decades had coursed back hot and tough, and he'd sat on the

line with her for hours listening to her weep. She had come here again now when everything she'd banked on had been swept out from under her and she couldn't reclaim her footing. She had known in the part of herself that led the way, though she hadn't admitted where she was going yet, that he would be able to soothe her. And he had, but now he wanted this. Did she love him?

"Do you?"

She'd brought him food; she'd watched him grieve; she'd seen his first smile months after he'd buried the woman he'd thought would never leave, and she'd rubbed his back when a month later the smile receded once more. Her girls bought him Christmas presents, cooked his favorite fish; he taught them to ride a bicycle; he didn't miss a major show. He had folded Vivian into his life and she, him. They had never said the word "love." They hadn't had to. Of course it had been there.

He was walking up the stairs finally now, and she flew from the door to head him off, reached for his arm.

"Of course I love you," she whispered. It wouldn't come out stronger. She hadn't said it to a man in so much time.

His eyes shined. "You don't want to hurt my feelings."

She shook her head. "It's not that. It's never been about that. I love you. I continue to love you. I always have."

She fell into his arms, and he tightened them around her.

"You love me," he said.

"I love you," she said. And then he led her upstairs and she didn't go back home that night.

WHEN SHE WOKE, THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER Esther in her kitchen, the proclamations streaming from her mouth. Just a minute, though, and then it returned. The shock of it, the nerve. Esther had just told her how it was going to be. No one outside that hospital had directed information at her in that way in more than a decade. But then the girl had said she'd done it for Chloe, for her too. And Preacher had said she never would have come around if her heart wasn't in it. And look how well Chloe had done. Maybe Esther not showing had been some sort of gift.

Vivian turned to her side. Preacher snored. She hadn't known that about him yesterday, but now it was something she would never forget. She stood to get dressed and he reached for her hand and groaned.

“Not yet.”

“I got to,” she whispered. “You do too. Any minute the saints will be here with their breakfast platter.”

“That’s not the kind of meal I was envisioning.”

“Ooh, Preacher.” She leaned toward him and kissed him hard. It took everything in her not to fall on her back. “The girls’ll be worried. They’ll start looking for me.” She stood, rediscovering her underthings in the sunlight.

“Nah, they grown,” Preacher said back.

“Still live at home, though, two of ’em at least.” She remembered then she’d kicked Esther out and kept talking to ward off the shame. “And I’ve got to think about the example I’m setting.”

He didn’t say anything to that, just watched her stuff herself into her bra and then her pantyhose and skirt. She tried to slow down, to stretch it out—it had been so long since somebody was watching. Downstairs, he kissed her before she opened the front door. The guilt she’d thought would greet her with the sun was there, but she found she was tall beside it.

Still, there was the regular cast of characters to consider, and Preacher lived in the direction opposite the hospital. She couldn’t just blame it on a late shift.

She walked down the sidewalk with her head up, and nobody said anything outright, only, “Oh, okay, Miss Vivian,” and “I see you, lady. It was just a matter of time.”

Luckily Mary hadn’t set her stool out on the front porch when Vivian reached home, and the girls weren’t up yet either. She eased the door into its slot, tiptoed through the parlor and up the stairs. She showered Preacher’s cologne out of her hair, off her breasts and elsewhere. She would have cried if she were in the habit of it, but she didn’t understand why. She was reminded of those moments at the clubs on the heels of a show, watching the audience go crazy for the girls, but it wasn’t exactly that; it was more personal. If Preacher’s heart was like a tree, she had reached its innermost ring. Ellis and Mattie, she thought, would say they had mourned long enough.

When she got downstairs, Esther was leaning against the counter in her robe like she had been waiting for her. They were the only two in the house who drank coffee. Esther had prepared a pot, and Vivian didn’t say a word

until she poured her cup. She was poised to speak when she sat, but the girl beat her to it.

“Mama, I’m sorry,” she started.

“Shh,” Vivian said. But she didn’t say more, not yet. She took a sip, then another. She didn’t know what would come out of her mouth, only that she was still thinking about the night before, how it had felt when she had reached his bedroom, lay down on his bed, and closed her eyes. By that time, the need had become so strong, it had gained control of her body. She had still been considering his wife then, Ellis, and the church besides—but none of it was steady enough to matter. She had taken off her shirt anyway, peeled back her legs, surrendered to the thrill of having a need matched. She set her coffee down.

“I thought about it some,” Vivian said. And it was true, she had thought about it some, but more than thinking about it, she had not thought about it. She had occupied herself with Preacher’s hands, the lines on the palms that she had always viewed from the corner of her eye but which she now had the opportunity to study and feel in private. She had been able to absorb the tenor of his voice at home, which was different than it was on the pulpit, on the phone, surrounded by her children, but it was the same too. The same spirit that occupied him there seemed to course through him in his bedroom. And when that voice grew softer and fainter, then higher and higher still, it was that same power, but she had accessed it now. It had streamed through her and filled her. Even remembering it seemed to enlarge her. Her daughter, for instance, stared at her from across the room like she had transformed into Dinah Washington, and maybe she had. Vivian shifted in her seat some, crossed, then uncrossed her legs.

“I thought about it some,” she repeated. “And Esther, you’re right. If you love it, you love it. Who am I to stand in your way?”

If she had been Dinah Washington a minute ago, she was Sam Cooke now. The girl’s mouth hung open.

“Mama, are you being serious?”

“Of course. You know I wouldn’t joke about something like that.”

“Mama.” The girl walked closer now. She felt safer, that much was clear, but she stopped at the other end of the table. “So you’re not mad?”

“Mad? No. I never was that. I was disappointed. I still am. I have my hopes. I have my dreams. If I had had the talent you were blessed with, well, it’s too late for me, but I hoped for you all. But if you don’t love it, it

will never feel that way to you, I guess, no matter how hard you try, and you say there's something you really want to pursue. How many times do you come across that in life? Some people don't even get one shot. Miraculous really to have two." She paused. She wanted to tell her to be careful, but she didn't know how to get the warning across without highlighting the need for the care. She couldn't bear it if something happened to Esther. Instead of speaking, she held out her arms.

The girl seemed to have lost herself there, rushing over to hug her. Chloe had come downstairs sometime in the middle of their conversation, and Esther clued her in in that quiet sisterly way Vivian had always envied. Today, she admired it knowing she would never be a part, and they all danced around in a circle, reenacting the moves they would have shown off on somebody's stage. They were in the middle of the small celebration when the phone rang. Vivian excused herself and hustled over, caught the receiver on the final ring. Oh. It was the Dunbar Hotel. They had come to a decision. They wanted Chloe to come back for a final audition, this time for the head manager; this time, he would meet them at the San Francisco location. And this time, they intended for Chloe to sing alone.

Chloe

Ruth had started back at work weeks ago, and Chloe minded the baby. Today Denise was colicky and fussed if she was out of her arms for even five minutes, so Chloe slept with the girl on top of her on the couch, though normally she used that time to fix supper. Today she rushed through the tasks, browning chicken on the stove, then baking it, and she knew she overboiled the rice, but at least it was tender, and at least the string beans were salty and divine. The baby plopped them in her mouth with both fists, and Chloe was the one to wipe her cheeks with the napkin.

When Ruth got home, sometimes she would sit at the table for nearly an hour in silence, just staring off into space. The baby still wasn't sleeping all the way through the night, and Ruth was working twelve-hour shifts. After smiling in people's faces all day, maintaining her voice along an upward slope, asking about patients' wives and their husbands, telling the dementia patients the weather then telling them again, she was worn down, simply worn down. She needed to retreat into herself before she could utter another word. Chloe normally let her determine when that time had come, but she was antsy today—not in a bad way, only like her spirit knew a surprise was awaiting her, and it was overtaxed trying to determine what it might be.

"Ruth?" she asked, shifting the child in her arms to another hip. The woman didn't come to. "Ruth?" she repeated. "How long have you known Gerry?" she asked once her sister glanced in her direction.

"Since before I was forming memories, you know that." She smiled.

"Yeah, I just remember you two chasing the ice cream truck together, and you'd always split the dessert."

"Ice cream sandwich."

“Ice cream sandwich. It would have melted and y’all would still be dividing it in half, the vanilla dripping down your fingers.”

Ruth came to life again at that, and Chloe could imagine how she might show up for her patients, dog-tired, but there was always a light inside her, and it was like she couldn’t help but let people tug it to the forefront.

Chloe paused before the next question.

“When did you realize you liked him like that?”

“Like what?” Ruth raised her eyebrows.

“You know what I mean, girl.” Chloe turned toward the stove, then back again.

Ruth smirked, rubbed her eyes, and held out her arms for her baby.

“I don’t know.”

“I know you started hanging out secret a few years ago.”

“You noticed it a few years ago. I had started thinking about him as more than a friend before I even got my period. I remember thinking something was wrong with me because it hadn’t come. I remember worrying that if he knew about whatever deficiency it was, he wouldn’t want me. Funny now to reminisce on it. I was only twelve years old.”

Chloe laughed, but she felt sad all of a sudden, like the experience Ruth was describing was out of bounds for her.

“Have you seen Mama?” she asked to change the subject.

“Um-hmm, at work, though, only place I see her now that she all hugged up with Preacher.”

“Don’t I know it,” Chloe said.

“I’m glad she’s happy, though,” Ruth said. “She’s been alone for so long. You’ll understand what that’s like when you’re older.”

“I understand now,” Chloe started to say, and then Gerry walked in and Ruth stood to greet him, kissed his cheek. It was hard to watch that, harder now that she wanted it for herself.

Gerry greeted Chloe next just like always, but before he could ask about her day, the baby started crying for him. Only when he had kissed her about thirty times did he turn back.

“How did everything go today?”

“Good, we walked to Hamilton Square. There was a family of geese, and she stared at them for nearly an hour.”

“She loves animals,” he said. “Maybe she’ll be a veterinarian, yes, maybe you’ll be a veterinarian.” He turned back to the baby and sang the

words at her, and it was endearing, it was, but it also made Chloe sick.

“And how’s everything else?” Gerry went on. “You got any new gigs coming up?”

She told him about the audition, that Esther hadn’t been there, that even without her, she’d gotten a second one.

“Congratulations.” He sounded genuinely pleased. She knew they both had been worried about her when the Champagne Supper Club closed, and she’d thought her dreams had shut down with it. She had been worried about herself too. She hadn’t known if it was the loss of her sister to that aisle or the loss of the club or both, but she didn’t sing for days after. She didn’t eat either. And she’d never had a bad word to say against anyone, anyone, but whenever she saw the white men from the City around the neighborhood, she cursed them in her mind, even once she’d started flourishing despite them.

“I know Vivian’s happy,” he went on. “Sometimes I catch this one”—he nodded at Ruth— “singing in her sleep, dancing in the mirror too while she’s getting ready for work. I think she misses it.”

“Boy, I always did that,” Ruth said.

“Not like now.”

“Anyway. Even if I wanted to miss it, how could I? Mama won’t let me forget I left her. You should hear her at the hospital, all ‘Chloe is a star, don’t get me wrong, but girl groups are the wave of the future, and I just hope we didn’t miss our window on account of . . .’ Then she’ll just let her voice trail off, let me fill in the rest. It’s a nightmare.”

“Tell me about it,” Chloe said. “Now she’s on the hunt for other girls, since Esther’s gone too. ‘It was fine with two,’ she’ll say. ‘But we gotta pull out the big guns now. Three is a spiritual number. Don’t get cocky just ’cause you got that one lil gig.’”

“I can hear it,” Ruth said laughing. “You’d be alright by yourself, though. Better than alright. It hit me last time I saw you sing, the spotlight should have always been on you.”

“You haven’t seen me in so long,” Chloe said, and Ruth started to refute her, then stopped herself and looked away.

Normally, Chloe started packing as soon as Gerry walked in; she didn’t want to be in the way. Ruth had assured her that wasn’t possible, that this was her home, but she didn’t believe it. This time, though, she sat. She watched the two of them. Ruth had been exhausted, but she stood to fix him

a plate. While she was arranging his, she asked if Chloe wanted some too, and Chloe nodded and said she'd get it herself. Ruth looked back at her and smiled. It was a tired smile, but it was kind too.

They all sat around the table watching the baby stuff balls of rice in her mouth, listening to Gerry describe his day. A customer had come in asking for a pound of ground beef. Gerry had given him a little over. Mr. Gaines had encouraged that type of generosity, but his brother-in-law laid into him so hard. Ruth didn't even respond, like she'd heard it all before.

"This is good, Chloe, real good," she said. She had taken a bite from Gerry's plate.

"Not as good as your spaghetti, though," Chloe said. She had woken up craving it for some reason. Mama used to make it every Tuesday, but these days, she was out with Preacher most nights.

"That's funny you say that," Ruth said. "This morning I woke up wanting that very dish, if you can believe that. Smoked sausage and all. I've watched Mama make it so many times I could run through the recipe in my sleep, you know that? I'll make it for you this weekend, drop off a platter. Would that be okay?"

And Chloe felt like she might weep.

THE CALLBACK FROM THE DUNBAR HOTEL HAD BEEN UNEXPECTED REALLY. The promoter had wanted a duo, but when Esther hadn't made it, a calm had descended over Chloe. She'd remembered how James had encouraged her, and she'd released Billie's words with all the longing and desire pent up inside her. When it was over, she felt a certain relief, a liberation from the white man who'd overtaken her very being since he kissed her on her sidewalk months earlier.

She hadn't seen him since, and that had been by her own doing. Tony had asked her to accompany him to the Blue Mirror first, then Club Flamingo, where she just knew in her spirit James would be, but each and every time, she declined. He'd stopped asking soon after because he'd been making it with the bartender, and the dual losses had been a hard pill to swallow, but Chloe filled her mind with her rehearsals, the new routines Mama had been studying, and they fit the width of her attention mostly if she focused. If she lay down at the base of the record player with her eyes closed and imagined the person she became onstage, that person who breathed cosmic air and ate moon crumbs, she didn't need anybody else.

IT WAS THE DAY OF TONY'S SUPPER, AND SHE'D WANTED TO CANCEL, BUT he needed the money. She was halfway down his block, the food in tow, when she saw the white men a few yards from his house, Mr. Belmont at the front. There was no missing the gray flannel business suits or the impudence, standing on Tony's across-the-street neighbor's stoop as if they owned it, their heads high to the sky, shoulders pulled back.

Tony opened the door, nodding at the men. "Now they coming after our houses, offered a pretty penny too. Of course I told them no, hell no, and they went on. I heard it's the other end of Webster they're focused on anyway." Chloe's side. He held a Coca-Cola in one hand and a bologna-and-cheese sandwich in the other. He wore a robe that reached his calves, and his hair, which he was meticulous about grooming, hadn't been cut in weeks.

"That mighty dollar," he went on. "How's your lil white man anyway?"

"Come on, Tony," she said, following him inside. "You know I ain't got a white man."

"Um-hmm, but you could. The way Drunk Freddy said you was locking lips with him outside your house, seem like you even considered it."

She turned back toward him fast. "I told you to stop bringing that up."

She opened the refrigerator and pulled out a Coke for herself. She gulped it down, then lifted the groceries from the shopping bag. The television was on, and she could hear Ozzie and Harriet from the kitchen.

"Speaking of guilty pleasures, I want you to meet somebody," Tony said.

"Let me guess, the bartender?" She rolled her eyes as she chopped the garlic for the chicken.

"Well, we don't call him that anymore. His name is Ed. He seems"—he paused—"nice. It's been hard to adjust to that. I'm afraid he's going to yank it all back. But then, it's so sweet. Chloe, you know I have terrible judgment in men." And it was his soft side now, which he rarely surrendered to, and she couldn't help but feel compassion.

"It's not so bad," she said.

"Stop. And he reminds me of my daddy so. My uncles too, if I'm being honest. I need you, girl, to tell me if he's good for me or not. He's probably not, of course he's not. But just in case, I was thinking I could have you two over next week."

“Oh, that’s wonderful, Tony.” She tried to make her voice smile when she said it. He deserved as much. “That you have somebody you’re serious about. I’ve never you seen you so”—she paused—“serene.”

“Yeah, that’s one word for it.”

“I’d be happy to meet him,” she said, though it wasn’t true. “You know I’d do anything for you. But your hair—” She reached out to touch the tips, which had roughened. Tony typically brushed them down with hair grease and covered them at night for waves.

“He like it like that.” He shrugged. “And nowadays it don’t bother me none.”

CHLOE HAD TURNED IT AROUND, BUT THE TRUTH WAS SHE COULDN’T ENDURE another upset. Everyone had left her in the last year, and now Tony. If she was honest with herself, she’d admit part of the reason she’d always felt secure with him as her closest friend was because he’d seemed like he’d be perpetually single. That had stabilized her more than she could say, and now even their bond would fade. Still, she felt guilty about her response. How many times had he suffered? How many times had he cried into her arms, asking her why God had made him the way he was? How many times had she assured him he would find someone, had she prayed for as much? And now it had happened, and she owed it to him to praise God on his behalf.

Later that week, she called him and offered to cook for him and his new friend.

“I’ll just pick up something quick from Lena’s,” he said. “Tonight is for you too, girl. Let your hair down once in a while.”

She fought back once or twice, but ultimately, she acquiesced. She wore a pink full-circle skirt and a white sheer blouse. She normally pinned her great heft of jet-black hair up in a bun, but today she let the loose curls hang. There was a show the next day, and on her way over she ran through the words to the song she’d chosen.

Ed was already there by the time she reached Tony’s—she could hear their banter from the stoop.

“You only got them little bitty crabs? Lawd, and ain’t there more in that bag? They look so lonely on that platter. I think I’ma jump in there and ask if they’ll be my friend.”

“Boy, stop, I got as much as they had.”

“Well, I hope you not gon be stingy with me like they was with you.”

“Hello, hello,” Chloe called out from the front parlor before she heard something she couldn’t unhear.

Tony rushed over and kissed her on both cheeks, then handed her a rum and Coke.

“Eddie made it.” He winked at Chloe and blew the man a kiss. Chloe smiled and called out hello again, but she felt that same feeling she’d known when Ruth announced her pregnancy, when Esther started preaching with Horace, when Mama stopped staying home, only now the feelings had been stacked on one another, and with this addition, she felt like they might overtake her.

It was the same through dinner: the head leans on the shoulder, the brushing of hands. Tony wrapped his arm around Ed’s waist, and once, before leaving to refresh their drinks, he kissed him on the cheek. Ed wasn’t as affectionate, but he didn’t resist the advances either, and he seemed to be a different man altogether from the one she’d known to pour the strongest drinks at the Champagne Supper Club all these years. With Tony, here, he was gentler in a way, firmer in a way too. She’d seen him laugh with his shoulders shaking and his head back; she’d seen him touch Tony’s knee when one of his jokes went too far. She’d seen him.

“Any more gigs?” he asked when Tony had gone in the kitchen.

She repeated what she’d told Gerry, that she’d been called back for a second audition, and he raised his eyebrows. “They’d be lucky to have you,” he said. “Everybody at Bop City asks about you when you’re not there.”

“Oh, go on,” she said. “You’re just trying to get on my good side. On account of Tony.”

He shook his head, laughing, though. “I’m serious,” he said. “Since that day you sang ‘Teardrops,’ they been looking for you.”

“Not the only one either,” Tony said, walking back. His voice had changed, taken on a singsong quality. She’d known him so long she knew that inflection wasn’t one he’d invoke in this group. It was more formal, the tone he’d use when he was out shopping, for instance, or when he was talking to her but wanting someone adjacent to hear what he was saying.

She turned back and saw James beside him.

She stood up fast. She didn’t know why. She didn’t intend to walk anywhere, but the shock of seeing him in a place she considered a second

home sent her upright, the way she might stand if they were inside a club or on the sidewalk. It just didn't make sense to be comfortable if he was in the room.

He seemed to think so too. He shuffled his feet; he looked down at the rug, then up again at the ceiling but never landed on her face. If he did, she could have settled herself, she knew she could have, and then—

"I hope it's okay that I'm here. Tony invited me. I ran into him at the Blue Mirror the other night and I asked about you."

"Girl, he was there looking for you," Tony cut in. "I saw him before he saw me, and every few minutes he would scan the room, like a little rat scampering out a hole for cheese."

"Not a rat." This from Ed.

"He's right," James said. "I have been trying to find you."

"She didn't want to be found. I had to take it into my own hands." Tony was talking to Ed now, and as was typical, he couldn't control the sound of his whisper. Chloe wanted to kill him. If she thought about it more, she'd see it wasn't him she was angry at. Since James had walked in, she'd felt that pull toward him, heavy and full, pleasant too, and so much of it was outside her control. She could feel shame as well. It was her mother's mostly, but it was the world's. Maybe Esther could have turned her face from it. Perhaps Ruth too, if it involved her child. But Chloe hadn't trained herself to stand apart from the group in a real way.

Now she and James were so close they could touch; she didn't know if he had moved or she had. There was a lone hair sprouting on his neck beneath his beard. She wanted to pluck it. If he were her man, she would have. At the second audition, she'd planned to sing "Angel Eyes," at Mama's suggestion. Chloe didn't know yet what kind of song hers and James's would be.

"Is there somewhere we can talk privately?" he asked.

"Up the stairs, first room on the right," Tony said. "Shit, I need my privacy too."

Chloe started up, and he followed her to Tony's aunt's old room. She sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed the patchwork quilt the woman had knitted before she died. She had heard Tony say there wasn't much else she left behind. James sat across from her.

"I've been looking for you." He repeated what he'd said in the living room.

Chloe tilted her head down. She was nervous to see him really.

“I know,” she said. “I needed some time. It was too much.”

“What was?”

“Being with you.”

She looked up, and he paused before saying, “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.”

She almost didn’t say it. “I haven’t either.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“The fact that you have to ask tells me everything I already knew.” She picked up a throw pillow and set it back down again. “We’re from two different worlds.”

“Of course we are. Nobody said we weren’t.” He paused. “But are we going to be like everybody else and let something so meaningless stop us?”

“It’s not meaningless, it’s real, James. Realer to me and my family than it is to you maybe. It’s already hard enough.” But as she said it, she knew she’d had it easy compared to her mother, who’d had it so easy compared to her own. The introduction of hope. Maybe he was right.

They were silent for some time. Chloe had never been one to argue. She didn’t think she was afraid to, only that habit had dimmed the impulse. By the time she was old enough to talk back, Ruth had already become second mother. Nobody could compete with Esther’s sharp tongue; even Mama would sigh sometimes instead of responding. Later, with Chloe’s friends, it was easier to go along with the movies they picked, the restaurants they frequented. And now she’d said what she thought. He had wanted to hear her confirm his feelings, he had wanted her to agree that their love might be powerful enough to alter the world, or, if not alter it, then hold it at bay, but she hadn’t agreed, and she felt a strength she hadn’t known was possible. It almost didn’t matter that, talking, she didn’t think she sounded like herself. If you had recorded the words, replayed them back for her and her sisters, they all would have identified them easily as their mother’s.

He seemed resigned. “So Tony heard about us kissing then?”

She smiled—she couldn’t help it.

“Who told him?”

“Probably Drunk Freddy. But it could have been anyone in this neighborhood. There’s no such thing as a secret in the Fillmore.”

“Who’s Drunk Freddy?”

“Oh, he’s just a man who fell on hard times. Drinks to get through them. I don’t blame him. Nobody does, and everybody helps him out, Mama on Mondays, Miss Mary on Tuesdays. He’ll never starve.”

“That’s amazing,” he said, “the way you take care of each other.”

She shrugged. “It’s always been that way. My mama came up from the South with my daddy, but he passed. Then she met Mary, and she was the one who took care of us when my mama was in nursing school. It’s not like that where you stay?” she asked.

He shook his head. “Well, maybe?” he corrected himself. “Maybe, and I just don’t know about it. There was one family we were close to across the street. The daughter was a year behind me in school. She still writes me letters sometimes.”

“Um-hmm,” Chloe said, sounding like a woman and liking the new shift. “What kind of letters?”

“Nothing like that,” he said, blushing. “She’s like a sister to me really,” he added. “I didn’t think you would care. After everything you said.”

“You didn’t hear me then. You weren’t listening clearly. I don’t want to care, I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to care, but”—she lowered her voice—“of course I care.”

He smiled then, and she smiled back, and he pushed up closer to her on the bed. When he leaned in, she didn’t pull back, and he kept his hands at his side except for when he reached out to caress her neck. They kissed for some time before they started talking again. He was liking work okay. Things were more peaceful at home on account of his father’s heinous job heating up, keeping him elsewhere. Even still, James was scheming, saving up for his own place.

“Heinous?” Chloe asked. “What could be so bad?”

“I couldn’t bear you lowering your opinion of me.”

“Nothing would,” she said. “My own mother runs us like dogs. I understand.”

He didn’t answer her. It was late, and when he lay down beside her, she joined him on her back. She ran her fingers over the side of his arm, where the hair was lighter than on his head, a soft yellow glistening.

He turned so they were facing each other.

“Maybe we could all go out one night,” he said. “The four of us.” He gestured to the room downstairs where they’d left Tony and Ed.

By this time, Chloe was half asleep, and she knew what he was asking, but she wasn't alert enough to dissect it. She yielded to the smoothness spreading across her mind's eye. She agreed.

They were holding each other, lying down still fully clothed, and all they'd done was kiss, but she felt satisfied.

She woke up to the sun streaming in through Tony's aunt's lace curtains. She jumped out of bed and hurried into her shoes, ran across the hallway to the bathroom to slap water on her face.

"What's wrong?" James asked when she rushed back.

"My mama, that's what's wrong. If she's not with her boyfriend, she'll have my hide."

"Just tell her you were with me," he said, and he grinned saying it, but it only highlighted the sadness between them.

On the front stoop, they kissed out in the open. The sun was up, but no one was out, not yet. Fifteen minutes later, and there would have been an audience.

"Remember what I said, about the four of us, next weekend?" he said, and she paused before she nodded. "Until next time," he said, and he looked at her like his whole life was riding on her answer to that one question.

"Until next time," she repeated. She had sounded out the exact opposite response in her mind, she had started to say it, but it didn't sound like her.

HE CALLED HER THE NEXT NIGHT AND SUGGESTED THEY GO OUT IN OAKLAND that weekend. He said he'd been thinking about her, and she said she'd been thinking about him. She screamed when he hung up the phone, then called Tony right after with the news.

"Alright now, heifer, so you moving forward with this thang, huh?"

"I didn't say that, Tony."

"You didn't have to say it. I can hear it in your voice, all pressed, 'Are you sure you're free, Tony? You can't be late.' Bitch, I'll get there when I get there."

"Look, Tony, I just think it would be nice for us all to get to know each other better, that's all."

"Um-hmm. Seem like you got to know him a lil better last night in my auntie's guest room. I saw that bed all disheveled."

"It wasn't like that, Tony," she said, and he started to say something smart back, but she heard Vivian and Preacher downstairs and she excused

herself for rehearsal.

IF SHE HAD UNDERDRESSED FOR TONY'S HOUSE, SHE DID THE OPPOSITE the following weekend. They had agreed to meet on Tony's street, and the three men were all waiting on the stoop when she approached. Tony and Ed whistled, and she laughed and tried to play it cool, but her eyes were on James. When she reached him, he held out his hand and she took it. He leaned into her.

"I've never seen anyone so beautiful in my life," he said.

And as much as her life had prepared her to disregard the compliment, standing there before him just then, she believed it.

They walked in a line to the bus stop, like they weren't together at all, or like she was with Tony or Ed, and James was their boss, or like she and Tony and Ed were siblings and they were showing a strange man how to get to Powell Street.

There was no one on the bus, so they spread out all over, and then Tony started singing "Tell Me Why," and he and Ed danced up and down the aisles and Chloe leaned into James's shirt. She had an urge to apologize for their animation, but she stopped herself. James didn't say a word, just glanced from Tony and Ed back to her again, smiling.

In Oakland, their nerves strengthened. Each couple walked hand in hand, and people stared, mostly Negro, but it was a holiday weekend, and there were some whites too. Chloe wasn't certain which couple garnered the most attention. She had feared this exact thing, but there was something about having Tony and Ed there that steeled her up inside, and she stared straight back at the onlookers. After a few blocks, she stopped noticing, and she'd look at James mostly and he'd look back at her, and she understood why Mama was never home anymore.

At the restaurant, they sat at a proper table, and a waitress came by with menus and glasses of water and asked what they'd like to eat. She'd done this before, of course, with Tony, with her girlfriends, with her mama and her sisters. But this was different. This was her out with a man, and she had money in her pocketbook from her earnings, and Tony had made extra last Friday from her suppers on account of the catfish. Sure, she was nervous at first. If James's color stood out to her when it was just them, it announced itself with a megaphone in the restaurant. He was the only white person there, and as on the street, people weren't shy about their curiosity. Then

her rum and Coke hit, and Tony's mouth started—now it was the woman at the table next to them who “knew good and well she was too skinny for a sheath dress.” By the time the food came—steak and asparagus and mashed potatoes—she ate like she was at her mama's table. James offered her a bite of his meat, and she accepted it just like she would have with Tony or one of her sisters. When Ben Webster came out and played “Pennies from Heaven,” she lay her head against James's shoulder and closed her eyes, and she didn't care who saw. She really didn't.

The music picked up speed after that, and Tony and Ed stepped out onto the dance floor.

“Stay here,” Tony called to James. “Whatever you do, don't repeat what happened last time.” And they all laughed. Anyway, Chloe would rather talk to him. They ordered another round of drinks and watched Tony and Ed—they couldn't dance with each other outright, so each one grabbed a lady and swung her around his back.

“I think that's my new favorite song, ‘Pennies from Heaven,’” James said. “I never told you this, but I grew up wanting to play the sax. I have every Ben Webster record ever made. I took lessons and I used to perform at clubs, not like you, not even close, but at night I'd imagine myself with the greats. I wanted to live in Harlem in a brownstone apartment and venture out to clubs each night. I told my father that a few years ago, and he laughed and laughed, said I had always been attention-seeking, that it was the stage I wanted and not the skill. That wasn't true, though, because I'm mostly content to just listen to music now. Maybe that's enough.”

“I'm sorry,” she said back. She was rubbing his arm with her fingers now. “I think that's my new favorite song too.” And she kissed him so fast, anyone not looking at that exact instant wouldn't have known it had happened at all.

After a while, Tony and Ed returned. They sat and ordered more drinks, and every now and then, they would get up, and then they'd come back and assess the women they'd danced with, some who were light on their feet and others who moved, according to Tony, like his grandmother with gout.

Chloe would laugh; then she'd look back at James and marvel at the miracle that the nights she had grown so used to with Tony, the ones that had filled her up to capacity, hadn't been capped after all. There was more that could fit inside them. She used to stare at a picture of her father and pretend he was on a trip down South to see his brother, but he'd be back in

time for Christmas. She'd even imagine the mornings, the cinnamon rolls and bacon and eggs, the gifts, but that had never been the core of it. Of course, the day never met the dream, her father dead and gone, but this was the feeling she'd generated in herself when she was hopeful. She could go back and tell that child it was coming, only not how she'd imagined.

Then the liquor haze started to firm and the gaiety it conferred hardened. Tony and Ed couldn't keep their hands off each other, and it was dangerous how careless they had become. Chloe was the one who ushered them out. They were alone on the bus again, thank God, but on the street back in San Francisco, it was more of the same, the hand-holding, and once, she even saw Tony touch Ed's butt. James stepped in between them.

"You've got to stop that now," Chloe heard him say. "It's no problem with me, you know it's not, but the people out here won't stand for it."

"Please, you think I'm worried about a bunch of drunk snowflakes. This my neighborhood," Tony said. Ed was normally more reasonable, but he had had more to drink than Tony, and he only laughed.

There was a group of whites approaching up ahead, two couples arm in arm. James turned and gestured to Chloe that he'd stand between Tony and Ed until they passed them, and Chloe nodded back. Tony was in full force, though, all: "What, you trying to get between me and my man? These white men greedy, Chloe, you better come see about him, 'cause ain't nobody getting between us, is they, baby?"

That seemed to rile Ed up, and he stepped around James so he was on the other side of Tony, and he was loud when he answered him: "Nobody, baby." They were about to kiss when the whites reached them, and Chloe heard the women shriek at Tony and Ed's closeness. The men approached soon after, gawking, and then, without warning, they pointed at the two Negro men whose arms were still linked and laughed. The women were reticent at first, but soon even they were chuckling with their hands over their mouths. Chloe didn't look at them, only at Tony. She had known him since he was a child, when he was teased mercilessly for the way he walked. Since they'd grown up, she hadn't seen any trace of that boy, not until tonight. She wanted to rush over to him, but she was frozen in her spot.

Finally, James shouted to the whites, "That's enough of that now."

"Whatever your thing is, buddy," the man in the front said, and the laughter followed them, it seemed, all the way to Tony's stoop. At their

door, Tony and Ed walked upstairs without saying goodbye.

Chloe let them have their time before she and James passed through the door back into the bedroom they'd shared a week before. This time, they locked the door and Chloe undressed. Several times over the course of the night, she had to place her hand over James's mouth to quiet him. She thought she wouldn't be able to set aside the ugliness she'd just witnessed, but it was the opposite—there was no space for it between them. All the while she felt him inside her, she was thinking of that Ben Webster song, snaking, rocking, moaning along, and finally giving way to its height.

Vivian

Vivian had started attending Wednesday night prayer revival at Shiloh now that she'd been spending more time with Preacher. At the beginning, the married ladies would smile with their eyebrows cocked, and the single ladies wouldn't even bother with that, but gradually people grew used to her in the front row, a half-baked first lady. She'd sit through the sermon, then talk with folk about their jobs, cut off with no fair warning; she'd cradle their fears that there would be more of the same to come. The shops on Post had mostly closed, and everyone knew somebody who'd been let go on account of it. Esther and Horace were still carrying on with the City, but absolutely nothing had come of it. Still, Vivian thanked God every morning that she worked at the hospital. The grace the world allotted for white people would cover her too for now.

The sermon today was about God's voice.

"How do we know when He's speaking to us, church?" Preacher asked, and Vivian still got chills when his eye caught hers, though there weren't just the chills anymore. There were the disputes. He wanted to be married, and she was happy as they were. As it was, if she didn't feel like spending five nights in a week at his place, she didn't; when she stayed up late to usher Chloe through a performance, she didn't always worry about calling. It wasn't because she didn't want to. The more she'd known him, the hungrier she'd become to spend every minute beside him. But that was the problem; it all reminded her too much of Ellis, what they'd had, and any minute it could be snatched away. She told herself not to hoard love. There were verses she studied to echo the same, but there was a primal terror she felt when he came too near, and she didn't know any other way to ward it off except to distance.

“How does God speak to us?” Preacher repeated. “People are quick to say they heard a sign from God, but how do they know? Anybody?”

“I feel it in my spirit,” Miss Fox called out, and Vivian wondered if it was the spirit of Jim Beam or Jack Daniel’s she was referencing.

“Yes, Lord, and when we feel it in our spirit, that’s the Holy Spirit that dwells in our heart communing with us, and it’s always there; we just have somehow, someway, entered into an intimate enough relationship with Christ that we can finally hear the voice.

“But what else, what else? What more does He do? Aww, shucks, you telling on yourselves now, running out of ways He speaks. That tells me you not talking to Him, and if you not talking, I know you ain’t listening. Come on now, church?”

“Life,” Gladys called out. “I got the salon up and running because my friend thought to call me over for dinner one day. I walked by the empty storefront on the way home. If I had waited a week, it would have been sold.”

“That’s right, some people call it being in the right place at the right time, but we as Christians know that’s not a matter of luck, that’s God putting us where He wants us to be, church.”

“Prayer,” Mr. Gaines shouted out, and Vivian had been praying about his prime rib since she’d had it at the wedding, that it would go on sale, that it wouldn’t stick to her hips, that she could fry it up with onions and not think about her daddy. But his shop had closed.

“That’s right, church, and sometimes He answers that minute, and sometimes it can take years. Sometimes we’re stuck in a lesson, and if He gives us the answer straightaway, we won’t have earned it yet. Yes, my God is a comforting God, He’s a healing God, He’s a nurturer and a friend, but His love comes through correction, my friends. Am I right?”

Someone beside Vivian groaned.

“It’s not to blame you, it’s not to judge you, it’s to love you, church. It’s to love you with the love of God that passeth all understanding. To get you closer to Him. That’s what it’s all about. To be in Him and to have Him in you.” He looked at her now, hard. “There’s nothing sweeter.”

AFTER, SHE SPENT TIME WITH THE CONGREGANTS AND CLEANED UP THE pews. She helped Preacher prepare the announcements for Sunday, from the same

chair in his office she'd sat in before she'd known him, really known him. When they were done with business, he lifted his head.

"You coming over tonight?"

"Not tonight," she said. "I got to talk to Chloe."

"I thought you said Chloe was doing her own thing these days."

"That's why I got to talk to her. I got these girls lined up to audition with her and she can't make the time to run through one number." She could sense his hurt. "Tomorrow, okay, baby?"

"It's not about tonight." He had split his Bible open, his notebook too, preparing for Sunday's sermon, but he closed both. "I'm a pastor, I'm telling these people how to live right, and I'm over here shacking up. My daddy would be rolling in his grave." He paused. "It's not just that either. I love you, Vivian. I want to make a life with you, all the way, but you won't let me in. You start and stop. I thought it would get easier with us getting . . . closer, but if anything, it tears me up more. I've opened up my heart to you. I got past all the fear of losing somebody again, the guilt of being with anybody but Mattie. I plowed through all that for you because that's how important you are to me, but it can't just be me pouring out. I need for you to meet me halfway, to give me something."

"Don't you think I'm giving you all I got?" Vivian asked. "I'm sorry I'm not as fast on my feet as you are, Preacher. I'm sorry I can't face the hurt head-on, but you've seen how far I've come. You can't deny that. I've opened up as much as I can. If you rush me, I'm afraid I'll clam back up." That seemed to jolt him. "Just give me my time, okay? I'm moving, but I can't push myself harder than my feet are able to carry me."

"And I can't push myself harder than my partner's willing to go." He stood and walked over to her. She let him sit and then joined him in the chair on his lap this time.

He kissed her cheeks. "I didn't want to make you cry."

"I know that. I'm sorry too. I'm not going to stop trying."

"I need you to try harder."

"My intentions are pure."

"Yes, but faith without works is dead."

She stood and walked to the door, turned back.

"Love you," she said.

"I love you too," he said. There was a flash of something in his eyes that she caught before it faded, something she hadn't seen before. She had

known about the hurt, but this new thing was fear. She had considered her own, but to see that she was inspiring it in him swept her out of herself for a moment.

SHE HAD SAID SHE WAS GOING HOME TO SEE CHLOE, BUT SHE WAS SURPRISED to actually see the girl at the table, dressed to go out, she didn't know where. It was like her daughter had become a different person in the last month, an entire woman, not a fraction of one grasping for parts from her mother, her sisters, and, further back, Ellis. Now Vivian found herself nervous to initiate conversation.

She washed her hands and sat down.

"You're home, huh?" Chloe sounded more like Esther than herself.

"This is my house isn't it? Unless you volunteering to pay the rent. Which I'd accept, gladly." She thought the girl would laugh. It seemed maybe a week ago she might have. But this time she just looked away. "You haven't been here much yourself lately."

"No, I haven't."

Vivian waited for her to say more, she hungered to hear it, but her daughter was silent. Wherever she had been, wherever she was already in the mindset of going, she wouldn't say. And then—

"I wanted to talk to you about something important, Mama," she started.

"Oh?" Vivian was happy at the prospect of getting more information, but she had learned to fear her children talking to her about something important. "Important" might as well have become a synonym for "life-altering," "tragic."

"Yeah." Her daughter was becoming nervous again, more like her old self. Vivian was ashamed to realize it settled her.

"What is it, baby?" she asked.

"Well, I know you wanted to start auditioning those girls next week."

"Not 'wanted.' Already got them lined up. Mary's niece for one, and then Gladys's best friend's daughter. They want to come by tomorrow and run through a few numbers. I thought I told you that. Six o'clock at the church, you'll be there, right?"

"Well . . ." She paused. "What if we didn't audition them?"

"And just took them? Well, I mean that's something to think about. I've heard them both sing in the choir. Just last Sunday, Mary's niece busted out with 'Take Me to the Water,' but I've learned with this type of thing not to

let on just how desperate we are. I mean, you and I both know we don't have any other options, not anymore, but I've told them we got a line of girls who can't wait to bust through this front door." She laughed. It felt good to laugh with her daughter. "That tends to keep people on their toes, you know. Keep them on their best behavior. At least at the start."

"That's not what I meant, Mama," Chloe cut her off. "I mean, what if I was the singer? The only singer. What happened at Dunbar confirmed that it's at least a possibility."

"Oh," Vivian said. Well, it was just that; that was nothing compared to where she'd been. Chloe was confused was all. She didn't get the vision. Wasn't that what Preacher had warned them all about that evening? That God spoke, but not everybody listened. Not everybody had the capacity to, that was all. Even with a willing heart. The Dunbar was one stage; Vivian had learned not to pin her hopes on one *anything*.

"You didn't see it," she said now, smiling, shaking her head, feeling settled again, though, because it could have been worse. Oh, yes, she had seen it be worse. "It was three, not one," she went on. "Three ladies singing. And we lost Ruth, and I tried with you and Esther, but I think that's where I went wrong, see, trying to do it my way, when it was God who delivered the Trinity. You remember what I told you, don't you? About those ladies I glimpsed when I was just a little girl?"

"Underneath the Harlem Moon," they said together.

"Right," Vivian said. "Right."

Vivian was about to stand, but the girl beat her to it. She was dressed to the nines, Vivian saw now.

"Where did you say you were headed?" she asked, her head curling back because Chloe was already behind her.

"Just out with Tony."

But Vivian knew that was a lie, not dressed like that. That was okay, that was okay, she had been too pushy with the others. Too rigid and controlling. As long as Chloe performed the way she'd been doing, the rest of her time was hers. It had to be for this to work, she saw now.

"You'll see," she called out to the girl's back.

"Alright, Mama." She was barely audible, almost out the door, and it had slammed when Vivian heard herself say, "Three ladies. Not my will but His will. Six o'clock tomorrow. You'll be there, won't you?"

SHE HAD TOLD THE GIRLS TO MEET AT THE CHURCH. CUTE GIRLS, THOUGH one wore a pencil skirt that might have fit before her second helping of biscuits, and the other didn't seem to have run a brush through her hair that morning. That was okay. She could work with that. What she wanted to find out was, could they *saaang*?

"Alright, Lucinda, Joyce, on the third count, I want you to belt it out, 'Precious Lord.'"

"Both of us at the same time?"

"Of course at the same time—what are you talking about, girls? Chloe will be here any minute and she'll join you, but we can't waste a minute, Preacher needs this room in an hour."

The girls looked at each other, then at her again.

"Come on now. One, two, three, *Precious Lord, take my hand . . .*"

And Vivian without warning flashed back to her time on the farm. The pigs would get so excited for the slop her father carried into the pen in a barrel, she could hear the squeals from her bedroom.

"Alright, alright now, girls, that's enough, come on now, I don't want to break the new stained glass windows. Maybe sing it one at a time. Maybe you had it right the first time. Joyce, from the top."

First Joyce went, then Lucinda, and Lucinda could carry a tune better than Joyce, but her diction was sloppy, and she stared at the ceiling when she sang like the audience lived in the church-house attic. It was a mess, but Vivian liked a challenge, and Chloe would join them, and the girl saw the good in everybody, or she used to at least. Vivian had a feeling it was the camaraderie she was missing, what turned her so sore lately. These girls had been in the same grade as her. They'd attended Sunday school together. They weren't friends, but they would be. Sometimes it was better for these types of arrangements not to exist between kin. The bloodline complicated matters. The last thing Vivian needed was any more complexity.

"Very good, girls," she called out. "Take a break, get some water. Lucinda, see if you can take my purse to the bathroom and slick that hair back. You got to look the part to fill it, didn't anybody ever tell you that? Chloe will be here any minute, and she can sing with you; sometimes you need a lead to reach the harmony. Yes, Lord," she mumbled that last part.

Chloe scrambled in once the girls had gone.

"You're late," Vivian started to say, but she held herself back. Nobody wanted to be made acquaintances with their own failings. She had learned

that, and it had been a long time coming, but her daddy used to say, “So often wisdom never comes. We can’t complain if it comes late.”

“You missed the bus?” she asked instead.

Chloe shook her head.

“What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?”

“No, I’m just tired, Mama.”

She looked tired too. Vivian leaned back and observed her. When she was a baby, Vivian could take her in with her instinct and know within seconds if she was hungry, or gassy, or sleepy, or wet. Vivian had to squint now, though, nearly close her eyes to get a sense for her own child. She was tired, it was true, but it was a tiredness of the spirit, not the body. Vivian would be a fool to push her in this state.

So when the girls returned, she didn’t ask Chloe to stand beside them, and when Chloe barely greeted them, she didn’t cut her eyes at her or urge her toward courtesy.

Instead, Vivian had them run scales; she answered their questions, informed them rehearsals lasted three hours every other day. They nodded, so expectant and hopeful, it was like their feelings activated the corresponding opposite. Vivian felt something she hadn’t felt in a long time. She almost couldn’t place it, but as she watched the girls walk down the aisle through the swinging front doors of the church, swishing their behinds (and she swore she glimpsed the white cotton of Lucinda’s panties underneath that short, short slit of her skirt), and after Chloe had mumbled about a school project due the next day and hurried off, Vivian realized, sitting alone in that church, that she had doubt.

Ruth

Ruth wouldn't have been able to explain to a bystander how she found herself back at Bop City. She had been resisting the temptation to visit again since her first time. At first it hadn't been hard. With the shame at having been seen by Mary burning hot in her chest, she had doubled down on mothering, folding the laundered diapers before Mary's visits to make a point of her diligence, even going out of her way to do more for her husband, if you caught her drift. He'd appreciated it and started taking the baby out on days she worked late at the hospital. Tonight, after some special attention, he'd told her he'd bathe and feed Denise, put her to bed.

"Go visit one of your nursing school friends," he said. "You haven't seen them in a while. It'll lift your spirits."

And she paused before she accepted the offer, though she knew she'd say yes. What she didn't know—but what she would have if she'd given it any serious thought—was that she wouldn't call a friend. She intended to, of course. She even played the part with Gerry.

"I'll check on ol' Ynez, see if she can find a way to get from under Brennan, I guess"—and they laughed. "If Mama's not with Preacher, I'll stop by her place for some pound cake on the way home. You want a slice?"

"I'm alright, but girl, you have all the pound cake in the world if it's going to keep you looking fine as you look tonight." And she'd giggled, genuinely so. In the last month, she'd gone back to work, she'd gone back to Gerry, she'd gone back to herself, mostly. It had all started when she'd visited Bop City that first time. She thought this final visit might cement her resurrection.

HER SISTERS WEREN'T PERFORMING TONIGHT, SO SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY about running into them. It was that waitress instead, and the girl couldn't sing to save her life, but at least she wouldn't inspire any jealousy, any awe. Ruth recognized half the crowd, and they occupied an echelon below the folks who had frequented the Champagne Supper Club. She'd been so frantic to not be seen she must not have noticed that last time. Now it was the pimps who looked her up and down, the mothers looking for a new daddy who sized her up as foe. It was all a matter of the light cast upon it. She'd sit and have a drink just so she could sleep tonight, and she'd be out of there. She had a bustling life at home. It was sad, in a way, that she couldn't pine after the fantasy of this world any longer, that the illusion of its perfection had been burst, but there was relief too. She didn't need it anymore.

She was halfway through that drink when she zeroed in on one of Chloe's friends, Betty, a girl she'd known since she was drooling spittle onto her onesie. The group of women she stood with held their backs to Ruth. There was a white man in their midst. That was happening more and more now, their kind venturing out, and some said the neighborhood would soon be theirs to claim. As Ruth watched, the white man slipped his arm around the lady beside him, then squeezed her shoulder.

"Another drink?" The bartender jerked her attention away.

She shook her head. "Just the bill when you get a chance."

"You got it."

She stood at the same time the mixed couple turned toward the door. Ruth gripped the edge of the counter.

"My God." She didn't think anyone had heard her, but the bartender clasped her wrist.

"Be cool," he said. "Be cool." He must have known it was Chloe too.

She and the white man had made it to the door now. It wasn't like the last time Ruth was there when she'd been dodging her sisters, not wanting to be seen. She wanted Chloe to look at her, to know from her face that what she'd done was unfathomable, impossible to continue. She had the urge to call out to her, but it was like the scene blocked her out, the absurdity of it, the danger; she would intend to walk toward them and feel a force pulling her backwards.

"Be cool," the bartender kept saying.

“I’m alright,” she said back. “Just catching my bearings.” And if Ruth was blocked out from the scene before her, it was like Chloe was trapped inside it, blind to anything that might exist otherwise. Just now she squeezed through the door, the white man beside her, with the confidence of someone who had made herself invisible for the night.

SEVERAL TIMES ON HER ROUTE HOME, RUTH HAD TO CONFIRM FOR HERSELF she wasn’t in a dream. She needed to tell someone, but Gerry would hold it against Chloe, might think she’d lost her mind, forbid her from watching the baby. Esther wouldn’t keep it to herself; she wasn’t good with holding back impulses, and she’d demand an answer. She might even tell Mama. On the other hand, maybe Mama deserved to know. She was surely the only one who could talk some sense into Chloe, but Chloe had been like a child to Ruth. The thought of unleashing her mother’s rage onto someone she still envisioned sometimes with missing teeth and pigtails was blasphemous. She handled the secret all the way home like a hot stone she had to shift from one hand to the other so she wouldn’t be burned.

At her own front door, she heard talking. Gerry should have been fast asleep by now. She opened the door, and Mary stood across from her pacing the floor, the baby in her arms. Gerry sat on the sofa like he’d been waiting.

“What’s wrong?” Ruth rushed in. She snapped Denise from Mary’s embrace, and the baby woke with a start, then rested her head on her mother’s shoulder. She was burning up.

“What happened?” Ruth kissed the baby’s flushed cheeks.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Mary said.

“She woke up with a fever,” Gerry said. “I gave her a bottle, I took her clothes off. She wouldn’t cool down. I called you at Ynez’s. She said you hadn’t even been there. I had to call my mama. She came and drew her an ice bath. She’s not as warm as she had been now. She’s been resting.”

“She’s going to be okay,” Mary said. She snatched the baby back and carried her into Ruth’s bedroom, closed the door. Ruth could be certain her ear would be pressed against it, but she was growing tired of secrets.

“Where were you?” Gerry asked.

“At Bop City.”

Gerry just nodded like he was bracing himself. He paused for a long time before he asked the next question.

“You got another man you meet there?”

“No, no.” She approached him, sat beside him, and took his hand. “Of course not.”

He shook his arm free.

“I’m not stupid,” he said. “How long you been seeing him?”

“There is no him,” she said back. Her voice had risen; she heard the baby startle and she lowered it.

“There is no other man,” she repeated. “Just the music. I’ve been so miserable, so worn out, so dead inside, it’s all I have to keep me afloat.” For a minute she was embarrassed that there wasn’t an actual other body to pin this on.

“You could have told me,” Gerry said.

“I didn’t want to worry you. You got enough going on in your own life.”

“You are my life,” he said.

The baby was full-on crying now, and Mary walked back in.

“I better be on. She needs you now.” She handed her back to Ruth.

At the door, she looked back.

“Every couple got problems,” she said. “You’re better than I was. You’ll find your way.” She opened the door, then turned again. “You’re going to have to,” she added. “He won’t always be able to call me. The white men came back. This time, they told me I don’t have a choice. I haven’t had the heart to tell your mama. I’m not going to fight it, I done got too old for that now. I’ll be out of here on the first of the month, going to stay with my sister in Oakland. She got a room for me for as I long as I need it. You’re the woman of the house now. You got to act like it.”

The baby had been quiet with Ruth but woke again at the door’s sharp click. Ruth stood and bounced her around.

“I can take her, baby, if you’re tired,” Gerry said. He whispered it, though, like he didn’t know if this angle he was trying was the right one. “You just have to tell me,” he went on.

He didn’t seem bowled over by Mary’s news, the way Ruth felt; it was almost like he hadn’t heard it at all. He must have known, just like that bartender had known about Chloe. Suddenly she didn’t feel like she’d been living in the same world as everyone else. So much had changed since she’d walked through that door, and so much had stayed the same. She leaned into what couldn’t bend: the smell of the top of the baby’s head, Gerry doing anything he could to keep her.

“I’m okay, baby,” she said after some time. “At least I think I am.” She took a breath, let it go. The baby seemed to sigh with her.

“I know I will be.”

Esther

Horace was losing faith. They hadn't protested in two weeks. The last time, there had been a hundred people beside them at the Champagne Supper Club, holding signs that read KEEP THE FILLMORE SOULFUL, KEEP THE FILLMORE BLACK. But once the bulldozers started revving, Esther had pulled Horace to her, and convinced him the only responsible thing to do would be to send his followers home. They hadn't gone back.

Since then, Horace had still been in talks with Mr. Belmont, demanding with signed petitions that the City designate a certain number of new building units for Negro housing and businesses. Belmont wasn't even pretending to agree anymore. The City had eminent domain. They didn't have to do anything with the property they didn't want to do. The displaced owners would get compensated for the property outright; the renters would get fifty dollars. They'd all have thirty days to pack their things and leave.

Horace had begun taking his meals in the back room. They still hung out at the beach, but they were silent mostly, fingering pebbles, then tossing them into the ocean. Every toss felt final in a way Esther hadn't considered before. There was a pang in knowing she'd never see that particular stone again, that it would be lost in the tide sweeping it up, like it hadn't existed to her in the first place. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore and she turned to him.

"What's going on?"

"Oh, not too much."

"Don't lie to me. Used to be I couldn't edge a word in, what with all your talk about a revolution coming."

"Yeah, and that's all it turned out to be," Horace said. He was getting ready to spring something into the sea. "Just talk."

“Oh, now look, don’t say that, you put more effort in than I’ve ever seen somebody put in a thing.”

“Wouldn’t know it by the end result.”

“Well, it’s not that kind of a thing, though, where you’d see an outcome so fast,” she said. “Rome wasn’t built in a day.”

“Yeah, but it was white people building Rome. I must have gone and forgotten who I was.”

The baby stirred then from his blanket on the sand, not crying, just announcing himself, and Horace lifted him. He fed him his bottle and Esther counted out some stones again, finding solace in their roundness. She threw one out farther than she had imagined she could. The truth was she’d become sullen too. She’d written more songs in the past weeks than she had in her life, and at every protest, someone asked her to open up with one like she were a preacher blessing the event. When she finished, she could feel the people’s new contentment. But then their efforts had stalled. Horace’s momentum had too. There was no more rehearsal, not for her anyway, and she’d been overjoyed at that at first, at finding a talent she was graced with, not one she had to hunt down. But without anything else on the horizon, the gaps in the day wanted to swallow her whole. She remembered Mr. Franklin’s words. “Unfortunate,” he’d said, and it was difficult not to wrap that description around herself, nudge into its sad contours.

“I talked to my cousin in Baton Rouge the other day,” Horace went on. “They just reached a compromise with the City. Whites still get the two front sideways seats, but if it’s just Negroes on there, they can sit. People are pissed that he settled, but he said something shifted for him after that, that it shifted for a whole lot of people. He said the South is on the verge of a change that will uproot the rest of the country.” He paused. “I want to be a part of something like that.”

“I want to be too,” she said, but then she didn’t say anything more. He didn’t either. What was there to say? The sea washed up, then receded once more.

THE NEXT DAY AT WORK, HORACE WASN’T MUCH BETTER. HE SULKED IN the back room while Esther counted out the register. She was getting tired of his shit. Her dream had died too, but you didn’t see her pouting over it. You didn’t see her dragging out her own pity. They didn’t have the luxury of bottoming

out. There were other people depending on them now. She was depending on them herself.

“It’s not just you, you know,” she called out. She’d had to scream so he could hear her, and he stood from the couch where he’d sat all morning and hurried into the main room.

“What you talking about?”

“You’re not the only one who’s disappointed. I’ve been onstage my whole life, until now, and I would be still if I hadn’t overheard that terrible conversation.”

“It wasn’t true, what he said.”

“Yeah, well, it’s hard to remember that sometimes. You’re not the only one at war with your own mind.”

Horace nodded. He walked closer to the register.

“I didn’t know it was still bothering you,” he said. “You could have told me.”

“No, of course you didn’t know because I wasn’t hitting you over the head with it. I sucked it up, and I found something else that could hold my attention. I didn’t give up on life.”

He walked behind the counter and tried to embrace her, but she resisted.

“Maybe you’re stronger than I am,” he said.

“I don’t want to have to be, though.” She could feel tears forming and she willed them away, but they didn’t heed. She wasn’t supposed to be doing this now. She was supposed to be accounting for every dollar they’d made. She’d never been off by even a dime, and today was no different. They didn’t earn much, but they could manage their expectations. They could predict a lull when layoffs hit at the Ford plant. They could predict a resurgence in December when the holidays rolled around. There was a simplicity to life when you didn’t want for more than you could hope to achieve.

He reached for her again and she let him this time.

“It hurts,” she said.

“I know.”

She pounded his chest with her fists and he gripped them and moved them behind his back.

“I had wanted it so bad and I just feel like a failure,” she said.

“Don’t,” he said. “I talked to my connect at the agency again. It was never going to work. All this time, the City was going to declare us blighted

so they could get federal funding to redevelop the neighborhood. We never stood a chance.” He paused. “At least if I move on, I could put what we learned to use. They’re on the verge of something down South—”

She cut him off. “I’m sure they are, but I don’t want the City to run you out.”

“They’re running us all out,” he said, looking up at her and holding her gaze. “The bookstore will be next. We have to face that now. Any minute, there will be a notice on this door. At least I can see to it that the same thing doesn’t happen elsewhere.”

WHEN ESTHER GOT HOME, SHE HEARD CHLOE UPSTAIRS RUNNING CHORDS. She joined her in her room, sat on the edge of her bed.

“The audition’s coming up,” she said when the girl finished.

“And it’s just you, right?” Esther asked. “No Lucinda and Joyce?”

Chloe nodded.

“I’m happy for you,” she said.

“Thanks.” Chloe smiled like she was trying to hide it.

“Really, I am.”

“How’s Horace?” the girl asked. “You write any more songs about him?”

“Girl, those songs aren’t about him.” Esther threw a pillow at her face.

“Well, did you write any more?”

“Just one you haven’t heard.” She pulled her notepad out of her satchel and sang the first verse the way she’d intended for it to sound.

*You put words to the music inside my heart
You showed me the world could be its own art
I’d never felt myself so whole before
I’d never known how much I could reach for*

“Wow, Esther, that’s beautiful,” Chloe said.

“Thank you.”

Chloe let her smile bloom now. “But I have to say, there’s no way this ain’t about Horace.”

And Esther threw the pillow at her again; Chloe knocked her with another one, and they rolled around on the bed swatting each other and laughing until they had to stop to catch their breath.

When it was time for dinner, Esther stood to freshen up. Her sister called her name as she stepped into the hallway.

“Esther?”

She turned back.

“I was serious about what I said. Someone should be singing those songs. They’re amazing.”

Esther had been about to go to dinner, but hearing that, she stopped in her room and lay down. She had been honest: the song wasn’t about Horace; it was about herself. It was about her own uprising, albeit quieter than the one they’d envisioned. Before she’d left work, she’d told Horace she understood why he might leave, though she’d miss him desperately. He’d asked her to go with him, and she hadn’t said yes. She hadn’t said no either. She didn’t hold the thought at all; rather, she let it pass. If there was enough gas behind it, it would summon her. Now, lying down, she imagined herself on the other side of the country. There was momentum there, he’d said. A couple of weeks ago, when they’d stood in front of that bulldozer, there had been a hundred attendees; maybe in the South there would be a thousand. They’d have enough people to cover shifts; they’d rotate every few hours, but at least fifty would always be there, standing arm in arm, Esther’s songs like a blanket covering them. From her vantage point on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, she could hear a chorus.

Vivian

Ruth attended Wednesday night service for the first time in a long time. After Preacher's sermon, Vivian hurried over to her for the distraction of the baby more than anything. She had just cornered Lucinda and Joyce, told them straight up they'd beat out seventy other girls for a spot in the group. Of course it was a lie, and their squeals of excitement had made Vivian sick to her stomach. It was only Denise fussing in her arms that took her mind off it. She was getting too old for this.

Ruth hadn't been to Shiloh in so long, there were several friends to greet, to tell about the sleepless nights, the fulfillment. Vivian could see in her daughter's eyes there was more of the former than the latter, but that was how it was. By the time the crowd surrounding her died down, the baby had fallen asleep in Vivian's arms. It didn't make sense to wake her, so they sat.

"There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about anyway," Ruth said.

"Oh yeah?" Vivian snuck a glance down at her daughter's stomach. It was flatter than it had been, it seemed. With a second baby, by the time she would have gotten around to telling her mother, she would have popped.

"It's not that, Mama."

"Well, what is it then?" Vivian asked. "I can tell from your eyes it's not good news."

Ruth shook her head. "No."

At this point Vivian was too tired for concern. Not everything needed to be known. If the baby woke up, she might dash off, say whatever it was could wait until next week. But the baby stayed silent. Vivian was filled with a sudden, new worry.

“Is everything okay with her?” Vivian asked.

“Oh yeah, Mama, of course. In that way, everything’s fine then.”

Vivian nodded. “Exactly, she’s all that matters now.”

And saying that seemed to confirm something for Vivian. The baby hadn’t stirred, but it was no matter. She stood, handed Denise to her mother, and walked past Ruth. She turned back, and she kissed the baby. She was still asleep. That was for the best.

“Get her out of this cold, Ruth,” she said. “A baby ought to be home at this hour.”

She had planned to wait for Preacher, but she wasn’t in the mood any longer. Outside the air hit her like a punch to the gut. She was halfway home when she heard Freddy’s familiar whistle. She turned back. If she hadn’t heard the whistle, she didn’t know if she would have placed him. He had shaved, changed into a pullover sweater. He didn’t smell like vodka either, nor was he carrying it with him. She didn’t know if she’d been as happy to see someone in all her life.

“Look at you,” she said. “If I hadn’t heard you, I would have walked right past you on this street, boy.”

“Yeah, I been busy. Staying with a cousin. Looking for work, if you know of anything.”

“I see that. Yes, Lord, that much is clear. I’m proud of you, Freddy.”

“Well . . .” He hung his head for a short time, then lifted it. “I been looking for you actually,” he said.

“Is that right? Walk with me, boy, I had a long day. I need to get off these feet.”

He walked with her, slowly, though, and she had to reduce her own pace. Still, he kept on talking like there had been no break in the discussion.

“I had an epiphany one night. I moved here how many years ago?”

“Boy, you know we too old for equations now. And it’s too late besides.”

“A long time ago, right?”

“Yes, we can agree on that.”

“But then one night, I couldn’t sleep. It’s quieting down some now, you noticed that? Not as much festivity as it used to be.”

“People losing work.”

“Yes. And I find it’s harder to rest in the silence.”

They were almost in front of Vivian's house now and she had just heard a sermon from Preacher. She wasn't in the mood for another.

"It hit me that I've been so afraid of the change happening here. I thought I could control things better if I didn't see it at all. I was so rigid."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Freddy. You're doing great now."

"Now I see we can't escape forward movement. It's coming. Even if we don't bend to it, it's here."

"Yes, Lord, well, you always were the philosopher. It's good to see you on your feet, Freddy. It really is. It gives me hope. I'll see you tomorrow."

"That's not it," he said. "I told you I need to talk to you about something." He paused. "It's about your daughter, that third one."

"What about her?" Vivian turned to him fast.

It was clear he hadn't been drinking in some time, but the booze had surely dulled his brain and he had to search himself for the answer to her question, though it seemed it had just been on the edge of his tongue.

"She's been hanging out with the wrong crowd," he started.

"Oh." Vivian felt her own relief settle. He was talking about Tony. She had heard that since the girl was nine and she and Tony had both worn black pantyhose to the Christmas pageant. She flung her wrist at Freddy now.

"Now you know it takes all kinds, Freddy. What does the Good Book say about judging? You remember, don't you?" She was at her house now.

"I'm not talking about that," he said.

"What are you talking about then?" She felt restless in her spirit. She touched the bottom step of her staircase with her toe. She could feel the shoes sliding off; then it would be her bra. She didn't know if she would even eat. She might just carry herself upstairs and collapse.

"That white boy I keep seeing her with. I thought maybe it was somebody in the industry at first. He's always hanging outside the clubs at night. But then I saw him with those other men. The ones going knocking on everybody's door offering them money."

"Excuse me?" Vivian said.

"The displacements," he repeated.

"I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about Chloe. You're confused about her. You know better than anybody, that child's got a familiar face. Everybody's always saying that, always did, asking her if they know her

from somewhere, but it's never her. Hardly ever. Excuse me, Freddy." She conquered one step.

"It was her, Vivian," he said back. "I'm certain of that. Kissing him one night. Then another. Wasn't going to say anything, but my spirit wasn't right holding it in. I'm just telling you what I saw."

"Kissing him? A white man?" She swung back around. "Did he force himself on her?"

He paused then before he answered. "No, Viv, she had her hands wrapped around his neck."

"Freddy, I don't know what you done replaced that drink with." She was screaming now. She couldn't control it. "But whatever it is, it'd be better to stick to the vodka. At least it didn't have you seeing things that weren't there, coming to absurd conclusions."

"Alright, Vivian, don't fight the messenger, I just had to tell you." He turned, but Vivian didn't hear or see him. She was too busy opening her front door. The whole rest of the while she called out to him, she kept her face fixed ahead.

"Ain't no way, is the thing. If you think I'd believe that, you must not believe I know my own daughter. And I know her. Know her better than any of the others, matter of fact. See, she's my miracle baby, the one Ellis sent me, and I believe our minds are merged." She was inside now, but she kept talking, all the while she slid out of her shoes. She had decided without giving the matter another thought that she wouldn't eat, but she'd make sure to take a bath. She needed to relax. Wash those words out of her consciousness, frankly. The silliness, the blatant untruth.

In the tub, she found her distress renewed and she burst out to no one at all:

"Not that I think you're lying, Freddy, just that you confused. Could be withdrawal. That happens sometimes. The body becomes so dependent on the substance and then, when it's taken out, especially so suddenly like that. Did you wean, Freddy? Let me ask you again, did you wean?"

She stayed in the tub for some time tossing out rebuttals to what she'd just heard, and they'd stick for a minute, then fall away. By the time she was dry, though, she bypassed her pajamas, settling instead on a plaid housedress. She walked downstairs, then outside, and closed the door behind her. She knew exactly where she was going and why. On the way, a note of rebuke toward Freddy would ring through her mind, but she didn't

shout it out anymore. Preacher had given her a key and she found him in his sitting room. Vivian sidled up beside him and rested her head on his shoulder.

“I didn’t think you were going to make it tonight,” he said.

She wanted to tell him what had changed, but it wouldn’t come out.

“How did it go with the new girls?” he asked.

And she shook her head.

“What’s wrong, baby?” He sat up and looked at her, really looked at her.

“Everything, Preacher,” she said. She wanted to cry, she could feel the great weight atop her chest that would be transferred if she could, but it wouldn’t come out; it couldn’t.

She parsed her words out, thick and measured.

“Chloe, she’s out. I’m not going to get into why just yet. But I can’t count on her anymore, not for this and not for anything.”

“That’s your baby.”

“Yeah, she’ll always be my child, and if she needs anything, I’m there, but everything I’ve given them they’ve kept for themselves and come back for more. It’s not an even trade. They dig me out. I’ll never be as whole as I was when I was nursing their dreams. I’m old now. I’m tired. I have to think about me.

“If you want more of me now, you can have me, Preacher,” she said finally. “I don’t belong to anybody else any longer.”

“That’s not how I wanted you to come.”

“Me neither, but that’s how I got here. That’s how I’m here for you now.” She paused. It was her turn to ask. “Will you take me?”

And he stood over her, lifted her like she was someone’s child, carried her upstairs, and laid her down. When he was done, the tears still hadn’t come. For a minute, when she was arriving, she had forgotten Freddy’s words, but they were back, of course they were, skating across her mind in bold and large print. Every now and then, she’d remember a new point to scare them off, but finally even those points lapsed, and it was only Preacher snoring beside her to keep her from the brink.

She thought back to his sermon the other night, the one about God’s voice, how to capture its essence. If He was speaking to her, she couldn’t hear it.

Chloe

Ruth's baby took an extra-long afternoon nap. Instead of sleeping, Chloe lay down beside her, reminiscing on the night she'd spent with James. The whole while, she hummed Esther's music to herself:

*I'd never felt myself so whole before
I'd never known how much I could reach for*

RUTH KEPT LOOKING AT HER FUNNY ONCE SHE CAME HOME, AND OUT OF nervousness Chloe lingered and played Monopoly with her and Gerry. Then they all listened to Fats Domino's new song and Chloe and Ruth danced along. Denise squealed so loud it was hard to hear the music. She was starting to favor Chloe, if she said so herself. When Chloe stood to go home, Ruth tried to keep her longer. She had to talk to her about something, she said, gripping her wrist. But Chloe had to go. The audition was the next day, and she still had to rehearse one last time.

"I feel good about it," she said as she slid into her coat. And it was true; there was something about the way it hadn't been expected, how the manager had explicitly asked for her alone. Vivian had started to express doubt about that aspect last week, volunteered Lucinda and Joyce for backup, but Chloe had said no in a voice that surprised even herself.

THE DAY OF THE AUDITION, CHLOE AND VIVIAN HAD AGREED TO MEET AT home at six. Chloe had been glad for the quiet house when she first arrived mid-afternoon, but now, as the hour approached without Mama, she had started to worry about being late, or worse. She sat in the kitchen drumming her fingernails against the table. She knew the song; she knew the routine. The manager had ridden the train to the San Francisco location just to hear her,

and she could find the place the same way she and her mother would. Mama normally took care of business matters so Chloe could focus on singing, but she could introduce herself. She had never met a stranger—everyone said it. She would make her way.

She was about to stand to call Vivian once more when she heard her mother open, then close the front door. The silence was what gave her away. Something was wrong.

When Vivian reached the parlor, Chloe stood but didn't move toward her. She wanted to be equal to her for this, whatever it was. She and her mother had never argued about her grades, which hadn't been high like Esther's or even Ruth's. They'd never had a sour word between them over Tony even, though there were whispers up and down the block, and her mother was a deaconess. This woman towering over her now with a hard, dry expression on her face was someone she'd seen mostly with Esther. They'd scream at each other so hard and so long you could hear it in Esther's voice the next morning, which Chloe believed was the only reason her mother practiced restraint. But Vivian was walking toward her now with so much malice, and all of it was aimed at her.

"What's the matter, Mama?" she asked, still clinging to a childlike hope that she had invented the tension between them, that drawing attention to it might wipe it clean.

Vivian shook her head. When she finally did speak, her words came out so low Chloe had to strain to understand. "I wasn't going to say anything. I told myself to leave it alone. You drift off that far there's no turning back anyhow, not behind anything I might say."

"Okay," Chloe said. She didn't know what else could come out next.

"But looking at you here, after everything I taught you, after all you've seen me go through, after everything you knew I left behind, you trying to chase the trouble back. I don't understand." Whatever resignation Vivian claimed she had assumed was fading.

"What are you talking about, Mama?"

"Oh, you know what I'm talking about." The look in her eyes held so much disdain there could only be one thing she was referencing.

"Oh," Chloe said.

"'Oh'? 'Oh'? That's what you're going to say after you do such a thing? Not 'I'm sorry.' Not 'What was I thinking, Mama?' Not 'I'll leave it alone.' None of that. You've seen how I've suffered, and you're throwing it away

to the one who started it all. These people aren't like us, why I ran so fast to get away from them. And they're like fleas or, worse, rats, there's always more, and now you're trying to invite them back in, you're trying to tether yourself to the worst of them, I won't do it, I can't do it. Not this time. Not now, not ever."

"Well, I'm not asking you to do anything, Mama," Chloe said. Her hands were shaking, but you wouldn't know it by listening to her.

Her mother looked at her like horrifying questions had splayed themselves out across her mind's eye, questions that would haunt her, forever unfastened to the resolutions she had assumed for them. Her head slanted, her eyes red, she asked, "Who are you, child?"

And Chloe couldn't look at her, only around the room. The sudden tenderness of her mother's eyes had caught her off guard, and she didn't know what to say. She understood now why Ruth got pregnant, why Esther got militant. It was easier that way, easier than standing here and telling her she wanted something more than what the woman had picked out for her.

"I'm the same, Mama, just in love," she said, and that seemed to set the woman off again. Chloe was relieved for the decline.

"After everything I did, after everything we been through, it was all for you, can't you see that? You were always my priority, and this is how you repay me."

Something about those words released a rage in Chloe she didn't know had taken on a form. "Why do you care, Mama? You ain't never here. It's you and Preacher all day and all night long, and you expect me to just be here by my lonesome. On the rooftop every day of my life while everybody's left me, listening to the sound of my heart breaking? I can't anymore. I can't."

And Vivian was quiet. She sat. Chloe collected herself in the silence. She looked ahead at the clock.

"Can't we talk about this later, Mama? We got the gig in a few."

"I'm not going to that gig." Vivian had calmed. Her voice was even lower than when she'd walked in. "You don't get it, girl. I'm done. This isn't having a baby with the neighborhood butcher. I managed, and I love that child. This ain't even Esther throwing herself into a cause that won't love her back, this ain't it." She began to whisper: "Drunk Freddy told me that you were kissing a white man outside. And you were hiding it 'cause you knew, I believe, deep down you knew it was too vile to speak of, but

it's not just too vile to speak of, it's too vile to do." She had been clutching her pocketbook to her waist, but she let it fall to the floor now. "Say something," Vivian said. "Say something to redeem yourself."

But Chloe wouldn't. The only words that would come to her were apologies, and then she'd remember how she felt walking home that last morning with James, like she was dancing across clouds. As much as she wanted to bring her mama back, as much as she wanted to go back to being the child the woman had cherished, the miracle baby, they had moved so apart from each other since Preacher had come in, since James had too. She was glad in a way because it hardened her. She wasn't going to say, no matter who needed to hear it, that she was sorry for a feeling that had become her balm.

AS SHE'D IMAGINED WHEN SHE'D BEEN SITTING AT THAT TABLE THIRTY minutes earlier, she walked to the venue alone. She met the manager, a tall skittish man who barely looked at her and nodded at the dressing room in the back. She had already applied her makeup; she just had to cinch up her girdle, then her pantyhose, slide into her gown. When it was time, she stepped right onstage from the back without even glancing in the mirror this time. Mama had suggested "Angel Eyes," but everything was different now. She hadn't been able to get Esther's song out of her head. She had spent all week absorbing the lyrics, pouring her heart's contents into each word, and she would do the same, she knew, when she delivered here now. The manager hadn't seen her when she walked in, not really, but he would. She closed her eyes before she started. She had never sung the verses aloud, not like this, but the lack of practice seemed to soothe her, like she was inviting in a force beyond her and everyone in this room. They were all bound by this force too, and this song would be their communal invocation now. She wouldn't dance to this; she'd only sway. It was her pain they'd pay attention to tonight, how it leapt, then hunched back; then she would show them her joy, how she was learning to let it reign.

I didn't know that I could feel this way

The manager was with her here. She couldn't see him, but she could feel the heaviness in the quiet. Esther's words called a part of her forth that hadn't been released before, not with her sisters or Tony, not onstage, not

with James, not ever. This part of her seemed to leave her person and ascend and sweep across the room, and it was directing Chloe's body now; it was extending her lung capacity; it was inducing the trance that anybody watching was forced to enter.

*I can't believe I know this depth of love
I thought it had to come from up above*

She was almost finished, and when she was done, it would just be her again, her and this love that was mounting inside her. She had found a way to reveal it to the world in a way they could wrap around themselves. It was almost enough, even if it didn't pan out, even if she never saw James again. She had made it concrete, and maybe she could touch it later. For now, at least, it was in her grip:

*I'd never felt myself so whole before
I'd never known how much I could reach for*

She let it go and watched it fall away, and the manager roared, but she barely heard him. It had never been about that for her.

Typically, her mother was the one she rehashed the performances with, the triumphs, for the most part, but sometimes the hiccups, and Vivian was loving about guiding her toward her best. If Vivian had come home that night, Chloe would have told her she had finally reached it.

THE NEXT MORNING, SHE WALKED TO TONY'S. ED WAS OVER, OF COURSE. He had essentially moved in, and it didn't irk Chloe so much now that she had James. In fact, Ed was the one who listened to her recap today, while Tony got dressed upstairs. He didn't have the attention for the details the way her mother might, but Chloe told him that she'd put on a good show, and he patted her on the knee and said, "You always do."

She almost corrected him, emphasized she had reached a new level, but she savored the details for herself instead: the silence, the relief, the pain circling home, the love. She practiced the way she might relay them to James when the time came.

There was a knock on the door. Tony hustled down the steps. "Oh, I didn't know you was here, superstar!" he called to Chloe. "How did last night go?"

He opened the door before Chloe could respond. From her seat, she could only hear his side of the conversation. He was curt off the bat, but she didn't make anything of it. Tony ran cold. Then his voice rose.

"What you mean, 'order'?"

Then, "How I don't have a choice about property with my name on it? . . ."

"Eminent what?"

That's when Ed and Chloe walked over, hand in hand now. Chloe wasn't surprised to see Mr. Belmont and his crew at the door. They carried their signature black leather briefcases and wore wide-brimmed hats. Mr. Belmont held a handkerchief and wiped his neck with it once, then twice, then once more, though there wouldn't have been enough time for more sweat to gather.

Tony was still carrying on, the paper they'd given him swinging in his hand.

"Let's just talk to someone about it." Chloe tried to pull him back into the house. "Horace knows an attorney who could help us."

"I'm going to say it right here and right now," Tony went on like she hadn't said a word. "Y'all ain't getting my aunt's house. It's mine, it's my blood's, the only thing I got left of it, and there ain't no way." He spread those last few words out, and the men didn't respond, only glanced at each other one by one and seemed to share an understanding.

"Look at 'em, all smug and such like they doing the Lord's work. No idea they goin to hell in a handbasket," Ed whispered.

"Come on, men," Mr. Belmont called out to his crew. "Let's go get some lunch, give them some time. I got to meet my son anyway"

When the door closed, Chloe expected relief, but instead she and Tony just stood in the hallway in silence. Finally, she said goodbye and walked home. The same horrible men stood on the corner of her own street now, sneaking sandwiches in front of a household they'd harass when they were done. She crossed the street so as not to have to view them up close. She had crossed again and was almost at her stoop when she heard someone call out, "Where are you going, James?"

Chloe turned back toward a voice, Mr. Belmont. He called out louder this time. "Son?" A man walked away from him in the other direction. Tall and lean but not too much so. Chloe hadn't noticed him earlier, and she could only see his back now, but that image was enough.

“James?” Chloe said. “James?” She still hadn’t spoken loud enough for him to hear. He turned, though. He looked between Mr. Belmont and Chloe several times, and even though she’d known it was him since she heard his name, saw his back—there was no way she could have mistaken his gait—seeing his face was another experience altogether. If a higher part of herself had been revealed last night, the lowest one sprang forth at this moment, and she raced up the steps and through the door of her own house, up the steps again and into her bed to begin the awful weeping that wouldn’t let up until morning. Through the window all the while, she could hear James yelling, “I’m sorry.”

SHE SPENT THE REST OF THE WEEK AT TONY’S. HER MOTHER WASN’T HOME anyway. She thought at first it might be hard to see him and Ed loving on each other, knowing what she’d lost, but it soothed her in a way. So many times she had been the one to cook oyster soup for Tony, sprinkle day-old bread on top. To watch him now, his man’s hand on the small of his back for no reason in particular, it didn’t do anything for the pain, which was steady, but it made her feel like it was possible that she might be okay in spite of it.

Midway through the week, she went home for clothes. While she was on her way out, the phone rang, and for a minute, she wondered if she had the right to answer it. Still, her mother was at work—Chloe had timed the visit that way—so after two rings, she hurried for the receiver.

She recognized the man’s voice off the bat.

“This is Warren Hayes,” he said. “The manager of the Dunbar. We’ve been calling and calling. I didn’t expect to get you this time. This is Chloe, right?”

“This is,” she said back.

“Congratulations, young lady. You got the job. Starting next month, you’ll be the opening act for every big-name show we run out of this hotel. Your name will be on the marquee every week, smaller than the star’s, but that’s just a start. You’re still able to move out to Los Angeles, right?”

Chloe wanted to respond, but nothing would come out.

Then the manager paused and said, “There’s something in you, girl, just waiting to be let out. Whatever it is, it’s going to restore people. I want to be there to see it. Are you ready?”

Vivian had always told her to wait to respond to any news, good or otherwise, but Vivian wasn't here. He was asking her.

"I'll be there," she said in a voice that didn't sound like hers. "Thank you," she added, and the tenor was still off, but she could adjust to a new thing. She set the phone down. Vivian had been waiting on that call for over a decade. Getting it without her there halved the thrill of the news, but there was still enough left for Chloe.

SHE HAD BEEN AT TONY'S TWO WEEKS WHEN SHE SAW HIM, SPEAKING TO Tony in a hushed voice in the entrance parlor. Chloe had been walking downstairs. She would have turned right back around, but she didn't want him to see her affected by his presence.

"I see you let just anybody in your house, Tony," she said, loud enough for James to hear.

"And I'll let him out if you say so," Tony said back, his eyes still on the white man at the door.

She paused before she answered, though she already knew what she would say.

"You can allow it."

Tony opened the door wider, then closed it and headed for the kitchen.

She and James both walked through the hall and ducked into opposite entryways to meet in the living room. They sat on opposite ends of the sofa too; things were different now.

"What is it?" She wanted him to leave, but she wanted to keep him there too.

"I gave you some time, but I couldn't wait anymore. I came to see you, to apologize."

"To apologize for what?"

He was silent.

"To apologize for what, James?" She was talking softly, but her sentiments were so loud. "It's not like you were five minutes late for a date, it's not like you forgot to buy a bouquet of roses. Your father is destroying the only home I've ever known. It's unforgivable, and to think you knew all this while and didn't tell me." She didn't want to start crying. She didn't think it was about him wholly; she had just met him, but the idea of all the relief he'd granted her disappearing . . . "It's unforgivable," she repeated.

"I know." He grabbed her arm.

“Don’t touch me,” she said. “You don’t get to touch me.” Seeing him again, connecting with him again, only to be reminded of the futility of it all would be torture. He dropped his hand at his side.

“Chloe, please,” he said, “please stop. Just listen to me. I’ll say my piece, and if you want to keep going, you can. Okay?”

She paused. “Okay.”

“I know we just met, but I’ve never felt more strongly about anyone in my life. I knew when I walked you home that this was the neighborhood my dad had pinpointed. I went home that night and told him how reprehensible it all was. He said it was all about money; he said he could breathe more life into this place, but I know how the story will go, and I know that it would go differently if you weren’t Negro. That day you saw me, I was dropping off something to him for my mom. I was going to tell you what he was doing even if you hadn’t seen me, I was only waiting for the right time.

“I don’t want you to think I’m like him,” he went on. “I put a deposit down on my own place last week. I don’t want to be benefitting from what he’s doing in any way. It’s not just ’cause I know you either. It’s ’cause it’s not right. I always knew that from the moment we moved here, but until I met you, I didn’t have the courage to say it. You gave me that.”

“Well, I’m glad I taught you courage then,” she said.

“Chloe, please. What do you want me to do? I gave it up. There’s nothing between you and me now. That part is over.”

She almost felt sorry for him. There was so much earnestness in his voice, so much conviction in his eyes. And she didn’t know if it would pan out.

“It’s far from over, that part,” she said. Her voice came out the way her mother’s would have, firm, but she was calm too, like herself. She had wanted him to come for her; she had wanted herself to accept him again. She had thought that there was a stability that knowing him had given her, but maybe it hadn’t only come from him. There was the new depth she’d found onstage weeks earlier, the new bounty it had yielded. It had been a miracle, but that didn’t mean it had come easily. Everything with James would be the same, a fight. She could only imagine what it would take from her; she didn’t know if she needed what it would give back.

“It’s not just this, it’s the whole wide world out there. If it’s not your father, it will be your next boss; if not that one, the one behind him. What

we had was sweet, let's leave it there. Something we can always remember. Something we can tell our grandchildren about.”

She wanted to stop there. If she could stop there, she knew she could move past him. It would take a few months, but she would. It hadn't been much time, a few conversations; she barely knew a thing about him. She would meet someone new. Of course she would. She didn't know why it felt like she wouldn't.

“Chloe.” She heard him, his voice faded from the distance that had grown between them.

She stood then in front of Tony's aunt's window, the one with white lace curtains on its back. He walked toward her, but he didn't touch her this time.

She didn't say anything. She thought of Tony and Ed, and how they were making their way. Maybe she could follow in their footsteps, but—

“I'm sorry,” she said. And he looked at her with a desperation she'd never seen in a living being. It unnerved her because she understood it. She had felt it too at one time but not about him.

They held each other close before she pulled away.

“You need to go,” she said, and he obeyed, his head turning back more than once, but he walked through the front parlor, then the entrance, and out the door.

Several times after he had gone, she wondered if she should go back out for him. He might still be on the stoop. At the very least, he would be on the street. She would say they should talk more. She would say they would figure out the rest. Several times, she might have stood if she had felt any emptier inside than she did. But there was something growing.

Vivian

Vivian wasn't surprised when she got the notice her neighbors had been whispering about for months. She had been gutted by her children. This was only cleaning up the mess.

She spent the rest of the week packing. There was the punch bowl that Vivian had set out for after-parties every Friday night; the maternity clothes she'd sewn for each of her pregnancies; Ruth's white Buster Browns that Vivian had handed down to Chloe—she would have given them to Denise too, but Ruth had wanted to start over.

“There'll be more space at least,” Preacher had said the day the notice arrived. He was sealing up his church too, under orders. He had a cousin pastor nearby, and he would share Sundays with him until he gathered his own new congregation. After the notice came, he had knelt with a ring and asked her to marry him. She finally and happily obliged. He had carried her this season, and the joy in that surrender had astounded her; she didn't think she'd be owed it in this latter stage of her life. Still, there was a melancholy in her response that had come to blanket her since Chloe left. Her miracle child, and Ellis's final gift to her. The others' absences she had managed because there was so much promise on the horizon. It had been a month since she and Chloe argued, and it still seemed unreal, too sudden, too unlikely, like the morning Vivian had woken up in Louisiana after her bedroom window had been shattered. There was glass just beside her pillow, and instead of cleaning it, she'd walked outside barefoot and hid in the swaying stalks of corn until nightfall.

Everyone except Chloe joined Vivian now while she packed. Vivian, Preacher and Ruth's family would buy a small home in Vallejo. Mary planned to join her sister in Oakland; Esther was talking about moving

down South, and Vivian had felt the urge to protest; then she'd felt that same urge subside. Life had taught her that, oh, yes, change blew in like the wind, and she wasn't any the wiser on where it would sweep her, or how.

Now Mary didn't lift a finger, but she busied herself relaying old neighborhood gossip, who was leaving, who was staying, who she wished would leave the state itself, but the devil himself would have to capture his own.

"It will be good for me," she said, "a change of pace. It's time for us to slow down anyhow. We're getting too old for this city life."

"Speak for yourself. I'm younger than Ruth," Vivian said and they laughed. "I'll miss you, old lady," she added.

"Oh, I'll just be a few miles away. We'll see each other all the same."

"Yes, that's true," Vivian said, though she knew it wasn't, and her heart swelled up again but she wouldn't let it spill out.

Ruth and Esther argued over mementos.

"I want the Nat King Cole records," Ruth said, and Vivian expected an argument, but Esther just shrugged.

"Okay, you always preferred him anyway."

"I mean, you could have one of them if you want." Ruth seemed embarrassed now.

On the mattress—because the bed frame had been packed—Denise squealed, and Esther leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. The doorbell rang as Vivian finished with one box, and she set the wheel of tape down and hurried to answer. There was no one there, just a note. It was from Mr. Franklin. He wanted to meet her at Bop City. She didn't discuss it with Mary. It wasn't meaningful enough to repeat to a soul.

THAT NIGHT, ONCE EVERYONE HAD GONE OFF ELSEWHERE, VIVIAN dressed. She had wanted to decline the invitation, but Mr. Franklin hadn't been at the door, and she supposed she owed him the courtesy of explaining in person that they had no point of connection any longer.

When she arrived at the entrance, one of the workers escorted her to a table in the corner. She was halfway to it when she saw Mr. Franklin was already sitting there, waiting. Unlike him to arrive early, but she was relieved. She could feel her pillow like it was beneath her head as she spoke. But no, the stage lights shifted, and it wasn't Mr. Franklin at all. It was her baby, a stranger to her now.

“Hi, Mama,” Chloe said when Vivian was close enough to touch her. She looked as surprised as Vivian felt. Vivian started to turn away. She hadn’t meant for this.

“It’s okay, Mama. You can sit. I didn’t know you were going to be here. I got a note from Mr. Franklin and I didn’t ask any questions, I just came.”

“Same with me.” Vivian sat down slowly, like before she completed the act, she might reverse course. “Ruth told me you’re staying with Tony.”

“For now. It’s just a matter of time before they kick us out of there. But it’s okay. I plan to get my own place. In Los Angeles, Mama. They want me at the Dunbar Hotel regular, you know. My audition—”

Vivian held her hand to her heart. “You got it?”

“Yes, Mama.” She nodded. “I got it.”

“My girl.”

“It’s what we always wanted, Mama.”

“I’m so proud of you, baby,” she said.

“Mama, it wasn’t only me.” She paused. “It was us.”

Vivian wiped the corners of her eyes and looked up to where Ellis was surely smiling down on her. And there was Mr. Franklin in her periphery.

“Hello there, I’m sorry to keep you two lovely ladies waiting.” Vivian stayed seated, and Chloe followed her lead, but Mr. Franklin stood at the edge of the table as if he were waiting for them to change their minds. Finally he sat between them. Chloe’s feet jiggled across from her own. It had been a habit she picked up in grade school that never departed. Vivian wanted to set one of her feet over her child’s, but she left her alone. She was grown now. With a detachment so thorough it was eerie, Vivian waited for Mr. Franklin to speak.

“I’ll keep it short and sweet since it’s so late,” he said. “I got a call from my connect at the Dunbar. They told me Chloe got the gig. Remember I told you”—he turned to Vivian—“if the girls picked up something big, I could do something with them.”

Mr. Franklin looked between the two, again like he was waiting for something, but he was met with silence.

“It’s only me now,” Chloe said. And Vivian could see in her eyes how sad it made her to have to say that.

“You’re enough.” Vivian didn’t know if she’d said it aloud.

“Your mama’s right,” Mr. Franklin went on. “The tide is turning, girl.” He gestured to the waitress for a drink for them all. Vivian shook her head.

She wouldn't be staying much longer.

"Just the two of us then," he said, and he was addressing Chloe. "Talent is talent. Ambition is ambition, girl group or not. The man at Dunbar told me he'd never seen anybody with range like your daughter." He was talking to Vivian now. "I want to try this again, for real this time. I want to manage her."

Chloe gasped; then she turned to Vivian, speaking to her with her eyes again, this time pleading. Vivian had been too stunned to notice that she was waiting for her mother to direct her course.

"What do you think?" she asked.

And Vivian shook her head. "It's you," she said. "What do you think?"

And the girl hesitated before she nodded. Mr. Franklin glanced back at Vivian as if for confirmation, but Vivian stared at her daughter. "It's her decision," she said, and Mr. Franklin turned back to Chloe.

"Yes," she said.

"It's a deal," Mr. Franklin said, and he stood. He and Chloe clinked glasses. Like the last time, the tables beyond them joined in cheering. And just like the last time, Vivian was overjoyed, but this joy settled deeper. It was Chloe now who sprang upon her and gripped her so hard she thought she might fall back.

They came apart finally, their shoulders where their faces had rested wet.

"I love you, baby. I'm so proud of you, even without all this . . ." Vivian didn't know how to finish, but maybe that was enough. The girl turned toward the group that was already gathering in the center of the floor.

"You better go ahead then and celebrate, you hear? You earned this."

"It was us, Mama."

"No, child, it was you."

And the child smiled at that, her eyes sparkling, before Mr. Franklin swept her away.

Vivian watched her for as long as she could, but then she couldn't stand to not be in her house any longer. There were only a few more days before it would be gone. She picked up her pocketbook and walked the few blocks. She sat in the kitchen in the silence. She hadn't been to the roof on principle, but she'd known that she would have to visit it before they left for good.

The house was empty. Now seemed like as good a time as any.

Once she climbed the steps, she sat on the same seat she'd sat on for many years beholding the girls in some aspect of their routine. Imagining it all now made her want to be ill.

She stood and walked to the edge. She'd been listening to the same record every day that week, the first song the girls had learned, the only one they all still adored, "Underneath the Harlem Moon." She started singing it in a whisper; then she let her voice rise. The song signaled such a fabric of emotion for her, she didn't know which aspect would make it to the forefront. She was surprised to see it was peace.

She tapped her hand on her thigh without noticing. Her foot slammed against the ground.

The chorus just delivered itself from her lips. And she couldn't stop there. At some level, she guessed, when she was training those girls, she was training herself. She was the heart of the matter; she was the source of the steps; she was the one who copied down movements in her mind, translated them; she was the one who noticed if they stepped an inch to the left closer to their sister than was balanced; she was the one who felt the music up her spine when they reached a high note, and she hadn't sung in years, hadn't wanted to, but something in her set loose at the break, and her voice carried out wider than she'd known was possible. The release inside her was more magnificent than crying those early years after Ellis. It was more consuming than sex too, that brief window after she'd arrived and she flitted above the outer edge of the world, never entering it. It was heavier than church because Preacher could get her here by the end of his sermon, but an hour after she'd left Shiloh, a harsh word, a pitying thought, might wrench her from the sky. If she had guessed this was out here for her, inside her rather, she would have tried it sooner. Nobody could hear her, but there could have been a mountain of applause zeroing in, a whole city of people reaching for her, for her song to descend. That's how high up she was. That's how close she had made it.

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Carter, my mini genius, my prolific comedian: I'm in awe of your wit, your compassion, and your curiosity. May those gifts and your beautiful heart forever keep you.

Miles, my charming, break-dancing, Encanto-singing star: your confidence, humor, and spunk light up our lives.

Thomas, I'll never be able to thank you enough, or thank God enough for sending you.

To displaced people all over the world—especially the thousands of Black people forced to leave the Fillmore in the 1950s, 1960s, and beyond—may you find home.

About the Author

MARGARET WILKERSON SEXTON studied creative writing at Dartmouth College and law at UC Berkeley. Her most recent novel, *The Revisioners*, won a 2020 Janet Heidinger Kafka Prize and an NAACP Image Award for Outstanding Literary Work and was a national bestseller as well as a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year. Her debut novel, *A Kind of Freedom*, was long-listed for the National Book Award. She lives in Oakland with her family.

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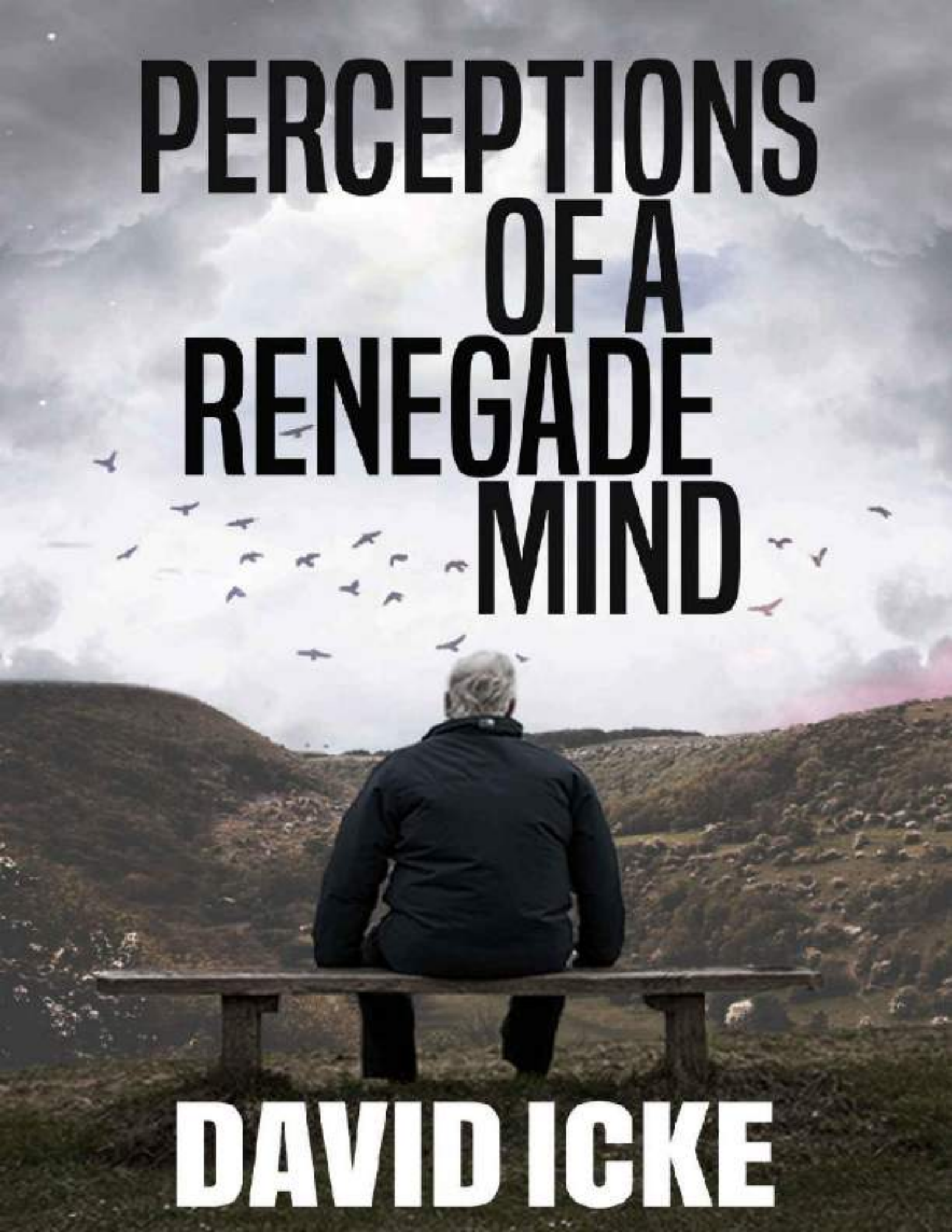
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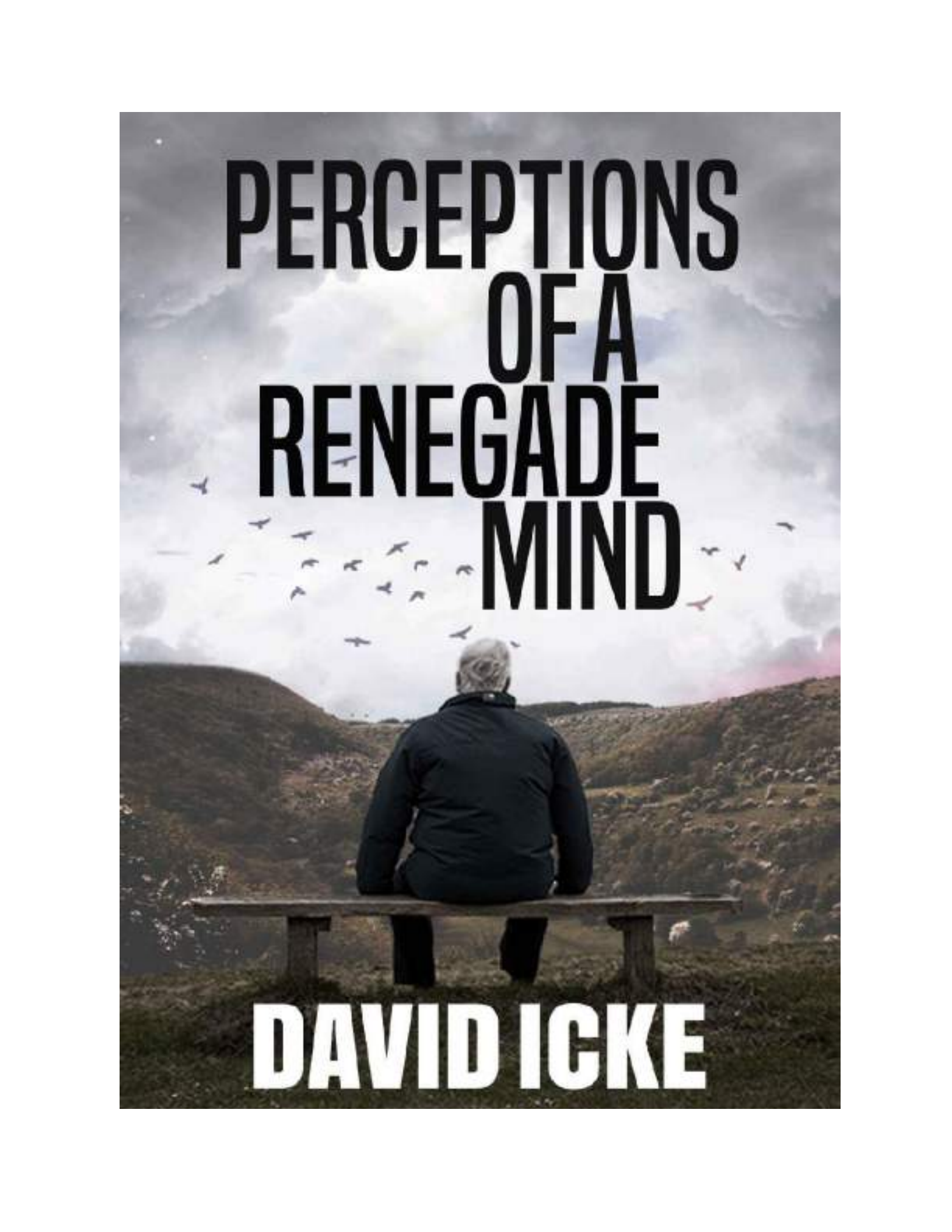
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A person with short grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, open landscape of rolling hills under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the sky, scattered across the upper half of the image. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE



**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**

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**PERCEPTIONS
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**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**

A flock of small, dark birds is scattered around the bottom half of the title text, appearing to fly in various directions.

DAVID ICKE

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Renegade:

Adjective

'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'

Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid ... You refuse to do it because you want to live longer ... You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

**How the few control the many and always have – the many do
whatever they're told**

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – False Emotion Appearing Real – and fear is the currency of control. In short ... get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.



Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many.

Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

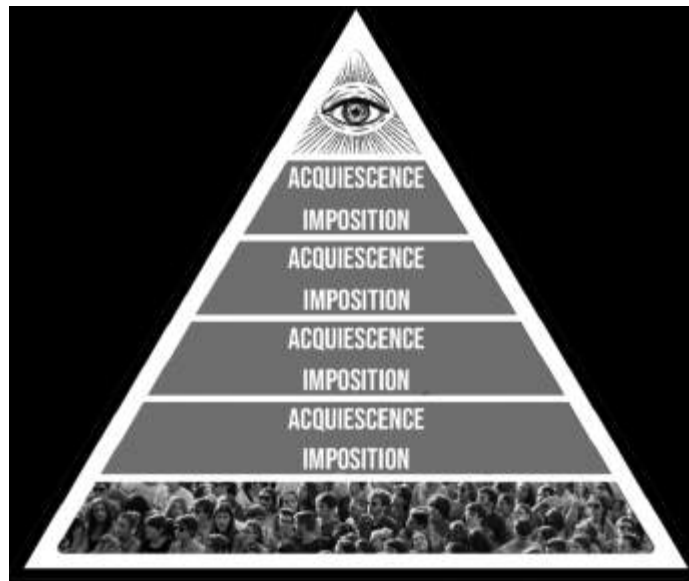


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the ‘masses’. Observe the process of what we call ‘life’ and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is ‘appears’.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is ... And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' and globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.



Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.



Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.



Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?’ and ‘Escaping Wetiko’. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of ‘smart’. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated ‘hive’ mind. ‘Smart cities’ is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult’s Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.

As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer*, *The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise

George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that’s its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can’t*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don’t like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can’t have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn’t – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. ‘They took my freedom away!!’ Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiatives have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public disdain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war of terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

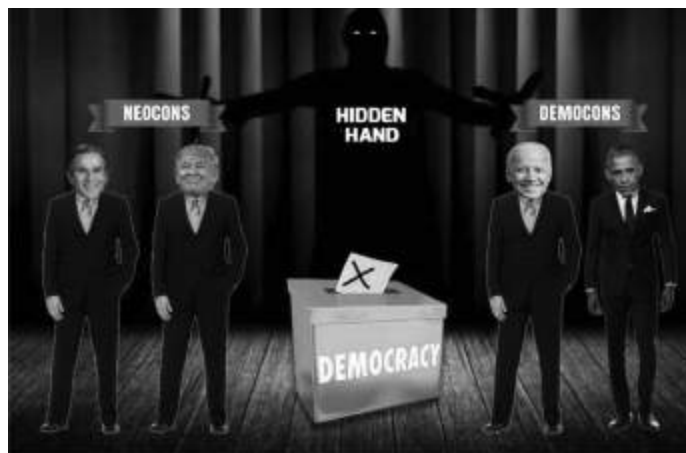


Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight ‘multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars’ as a ‘core mission’ to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush (‘Republican’) and Blair (‘Labour Party’) to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama (‘Democrat’) and British Prime Minister David Cameron (‘Conservative Party’). We have ‘different’ parties and ‘different’ people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist ‘Covid’ impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It’s a similar story in country after country because it’s all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I’ll come to him shortly. Political ‘choice’ in the ‘party’ system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don’t like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don’t like what they do when it’s pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn’t that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don’t like you have to vote again for Party A which ... you don’t like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call ‘democracy’ which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with ‘freedom’.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönme' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönme 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönme within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lightning and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geächteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule ... if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged \$1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a \$1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again ...when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is ... money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit'. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American dual citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of \$200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game

Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to hear and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed \$4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost \$1 billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported \$31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-tvos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250,000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic motto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can be told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included... 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] ... in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected ... People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.

There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, Washington Monthly, Le Monde, Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports ... We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent ‘Covid’ figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the ‘Great Reset’ in response to ‘Covid’, the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of ‘Covid’ policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a ‘Covid vaccine’, and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a ‘virus’ pandemic because the ‘real thing’ would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the ‘anti-vax movement’ which is exactly what happened when the ‘virus’ arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official ‘virus’ narrative and when I said there *was* no ‘virus’ in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the ‘virus’ hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting ‘false claims and conspiracy theories’ to stop ‘misinformation’ about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can’t win a debate then don’t have one is the Cult’s approach throughout history. Facebook’s little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated ‘credible and accurate information’ with official sources and exposing their lies with ‘misinformation’.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting ‘fact-checker’ organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these ‘fact-checkers’ is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don’t seem to like me for some reason – I really can’t think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which ‘fights online health care hoaxes’. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders' – law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test ... *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have ... they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using ... *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is ... just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to 40 *cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using 45 *cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using 50 *cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*'. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a 'vaccine'. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) ... but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home ... around *Christmas* and *New Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliant doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen.* Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way ... *they made it up!* The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1) was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have to make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: ‘... those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease’. The Rockefeller Foundation ‘epidemic scenario’ document in 2010 said ‘prophetically’:

However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government’s quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the ‘bat theory’ or rather the bat diversion. The source of the ‘virus outbreak’ we were told was a ‘wet market’ in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the ‘virus’ had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvos of the ‘pandemic’ was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus.*' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the '*vaccine*' already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one of its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There is no 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time

Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of \$40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A [Nationalfile.com](https://www.nationalfile.com) article said:

Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed \$1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said ... '*Everybody knows it.*' Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in *Science* for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received \$2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er ... still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in CHINA and particularly in Wuhan, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.
2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.
3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.
4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. EVER. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

... For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies ... had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean ... *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an *in silico* (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

... It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish ... It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.

They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBCCDDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than 6,000. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.

The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.

No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick.* In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process.* Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this ‘new coronavirus’ is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: ‘If people really understood how this “science” was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.’ Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the ‘Covid vaccine’ and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that ‘not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a ‘dead’ version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for ‘Covid’ and instead we had the synthetic methods of the ‘mRNA Covid vaccine’. Yeadon said that to do the former ‘you’d have to have some of [the virus] wouldn’t you?’ He added: ‘No-one’s got any – seriously.’ Yeadon said that surely they couldn’t have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, ‘but oddly enough ask around – no one’s got it’. He didn’t know why with all the ‘great labs’ around the world that the virus had not been isolated – ‘Maybe they’ve been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don’t need.’ What is today called ‘science’ is not ‘science’ at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the ‘expert scientists’ and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the ‘Covid’ hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘doctors’. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘climate experts’. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzzz.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis ... there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-health is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefeller were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being suppressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a 96 percent genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, *déjà vu*. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought ... and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, \$13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and \$39,000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.
2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.
3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.
4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'.

'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent ... Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of ‘unintentionally’ helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by ‘transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons’. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it’s all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused ‘climate change’ is happening when in the real world it isn’t. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the ‘Covid’ agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government’s Chief Scientific Adviser on ‘Covid’, was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN ‘climate change’ conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. ‘Covid’ and ‘climate’ are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial’s bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the ‘virus’ as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the ‘virus’ in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It’s a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called ‘Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission’ which involved another scare-story that didn’t happen. Ferguson’s ‘models’ predicted that up to 150,000 could die from ‘mad cow disease’, or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hying the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.

Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again ... we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag* (*World on Sunday*) revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medrx* *xiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppets Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promoter of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccinate children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.

Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years ... the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or '*presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die ... That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?' All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.

For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the job despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.

Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step ... or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda ...' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of ... *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was ... *0.05 percent!* This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeed, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them

Aldous Huxley, Brave New World

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.
2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.
3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.
4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.
5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.
- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.
- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others ... Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.
- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '... These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of ‘we’re all in this together’. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating ‘Covid’ non-‘vaccine’. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a ‘vaccine’ reluctant black community into doing the government’s will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black ‘celebs’ was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where’s the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people’s ‘legitimate worries and concerns’, but people must ‘trust the facts’ when they were doing exactly that by not having the ‘vaccine’. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line ... ‘Don’t let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter’. My god, it was pathetic. ‘I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.’ How? ‘I’m a comedian and it says so in my script.’

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their ‘recommendations’ would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are ‘Covidiot’s’. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-napped police for breaking ‘Covid rules’ with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literally, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a 31 percent increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures ...

... Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' ... 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-foot fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-foot distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-foot 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at [researchsquare.com](https://www.researchsquare.com) involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing \$2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and ... *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the ‘Covid’ madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a ‘virus’ only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by ‘distancing’, masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn’t be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).

Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice ... words ... mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – ‘from ball gags and penises to water boarding’. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks ‘due to pollution’ that it was really to control their oxygen levels. ‘I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas’, she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it ‘Covid-19’ and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won’t parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can’t be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let’s tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.

Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science ... By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now ...* commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of ... polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be ‘Covid-19’.

Mask ‘worms’

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or ‘worms’ that appear to move or ‘crawl’ by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of ‘chemtrails’ which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black ‘worm’ fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called ‘worm micelles’ which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through ‘vaccines’ or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.

Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.

Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of $2+2 = 4$ to $2+2 = 5$ you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that $2+2=5$. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psychopsychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way ... Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities ... The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaptation of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

... A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '... like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer’. Two definitions given for a ‘social movement’ were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined ‘framing’ as ‘the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action’. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed ‘change agents’ and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the ‘care’ (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council ‘care’. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Workers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth \$1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...

... We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.
- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.
- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).
- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.
- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early 1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same ... 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than \$32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade*! Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All Lives Matter*, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a \$1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of \$3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of \$100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulscroomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after \$15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '... the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is '*equity*'. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while '*equity*' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is '*equity*'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen*? It's not in the interests of their fundraising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism'. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring 'equity'
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at ... the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet ... my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promoters of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for ... the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!

There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds ([Fig 9](#)). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because ... wait for it ... I kid you not ... *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

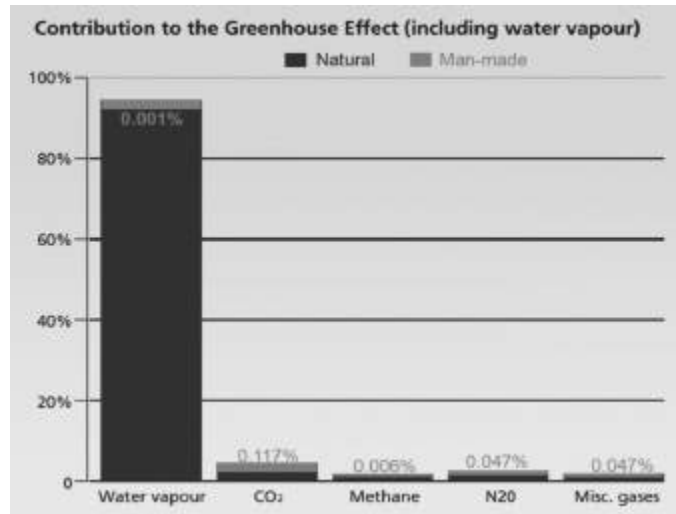


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promoters of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers ... don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down

Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system*? The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than \$4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects ... I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into ... you are going to be generating a wide range of responses ... with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology ... that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word 'genocide' for what was happening with the 'vaccines' and that it was an 'act of human annihilation'. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the 'vaccine' in deaths and 'outbreaks' of illness dubbed 'Covid' after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of 'Covid' there for almost a year and when the residents were 'vaccinated' they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It's not the 'vaccine' – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia's health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the 'vaccine'. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection 'cellulitis' and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the 'vaccine' when an effect of some vaccines is a 'cellulitis-like reaction'. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the 'vaccine' saying that if only they had been given the 'vaccine' earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four 'died of Covid' at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the 'vaccine'. The man, a health administrator, had been 'shielding during the pandemic' and had 'not really left the house' until he went for the 'vaccine'. Having the 'vaccine' and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and 'Covid-19' went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he 'caught the virus'. A family member said: 'Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid ...The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.' The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response ... I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

'vaccine'. Another seven 'vaccinated' people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the 'vaccine' because they believed media claims that it was safe. 'I didn't think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.' What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' they all replied 'yes'. One had a 'massive brain bleed' the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the 'just been vaccinated' information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of 'vaccine' consequences. Interestingly as the 'vaccines' and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they're not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they're treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it's happening. It's just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you're dismissed like you're crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy because every other colleague I've spoken to is terrified to speak out, they've had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the 'vaccine' with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca 'vaccine'. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: 'Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience ... My skin was so sore and constantly hot ... I have never felt pain like this ...' But don't you worry, the 'vaccine' is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

I am currently struggling with ... the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.

Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health ... it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after 53 deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by 6,000 percent in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their own circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction ...' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience ... is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected*? When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial \$34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles 43 percent of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between 85 to 90 percent of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high ... Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just 36 tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wearers they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called ... *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a \$10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes \$2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' really do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but ... we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people \$500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '... I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism ... they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at [Vaxxter.com](https://www.vaxxter.com), but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'?

Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes ... these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurodegenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.'

Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'

Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a \$100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why?*' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted – Alan Turing (1912-1954), the ‘Father of artificial intelligence’

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI ‘Smart Grid’ that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be ‘human’, but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the ‘Covid vaccine’ into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist ‘computer scientist, inventor and futurist’ and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or ‘transhumanism’. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber ‘cloud’ in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and ‘think in the cloud’ ... We’re going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving ... *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky.* Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein ...

... Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.
- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.
- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring ... in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickenning speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of $2 + 2 = 4$ has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and $2 + 2 = 5$ then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0.

Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse fetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no-gender*, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *unvaccinated* women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with '*vaccinated*' people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. *Forbes* explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.
- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.
- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use ... IoB devices ... and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies ... give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not 19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more ... much more ...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

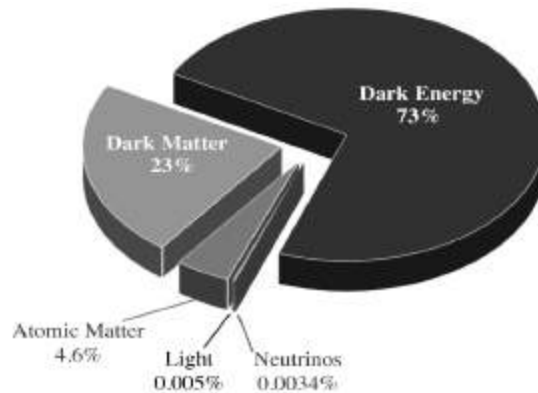


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

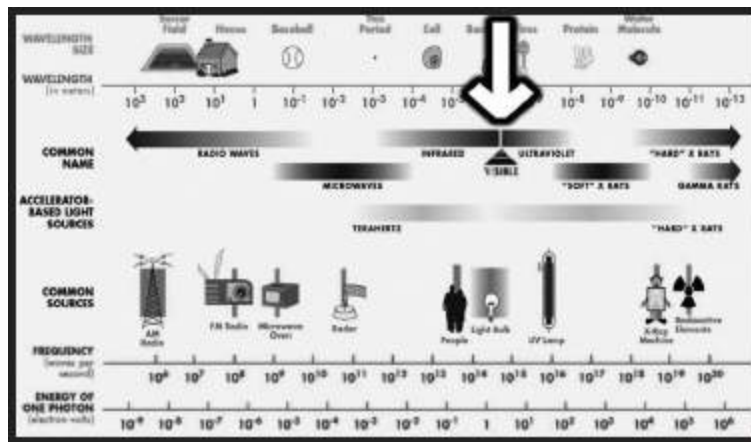


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom Self*. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory ‘physical’) information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body’s connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see ‘Covid vaccines’. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can’t see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the ‘human world’. All five senses decode the waveform ‘Wi-Fi’ field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – ‘You don’t just look at a rainbow, you create it’. Sound is a simple example. We don’t hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

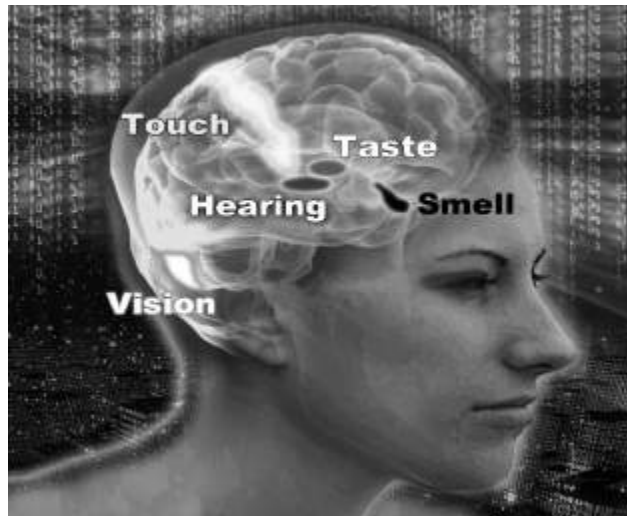


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

... these ... invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the ... occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall ‘Wi-Fi’ field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don’t experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don’t see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don’t taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn’t decode that signal we don’t feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don’t see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn’t reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can’t see the visual reality that it represents. What’s more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.



Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

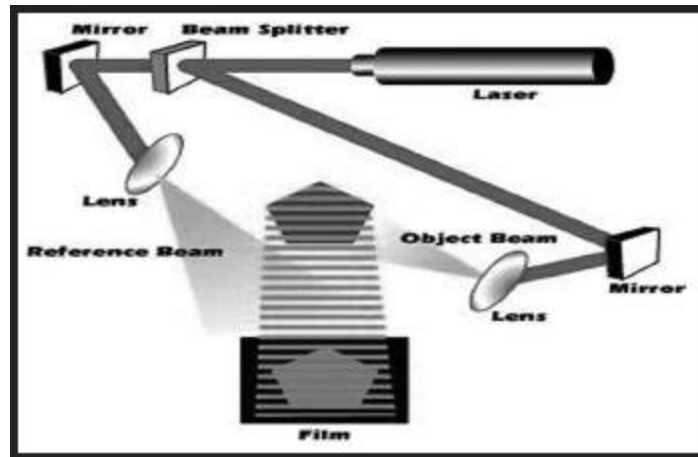


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.



Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.



Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer, Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. ‘Human’ should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True ‘I’, and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body’s decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the ‘education’ system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says ... *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal ‘I’ – and that’s why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going on with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'.

Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early 1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe' and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament ‘God’ (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: ‘*I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me*’ (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild ‘revolt from God’. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through ‘occult incest’ which (within the Cult) was ‘normal and to be admired’. ‘Phillip’ told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic ‘gods’. ‘Phillip’ described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as ‘a master Satanist and hater of God’ and he used the same term ‘revolt from God’ associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. ‘I played a key role in my family’s revolt from God’, he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern ‘culture’, especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called ‘formless’ and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attach to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth is psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit ([Fig 17](#)). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

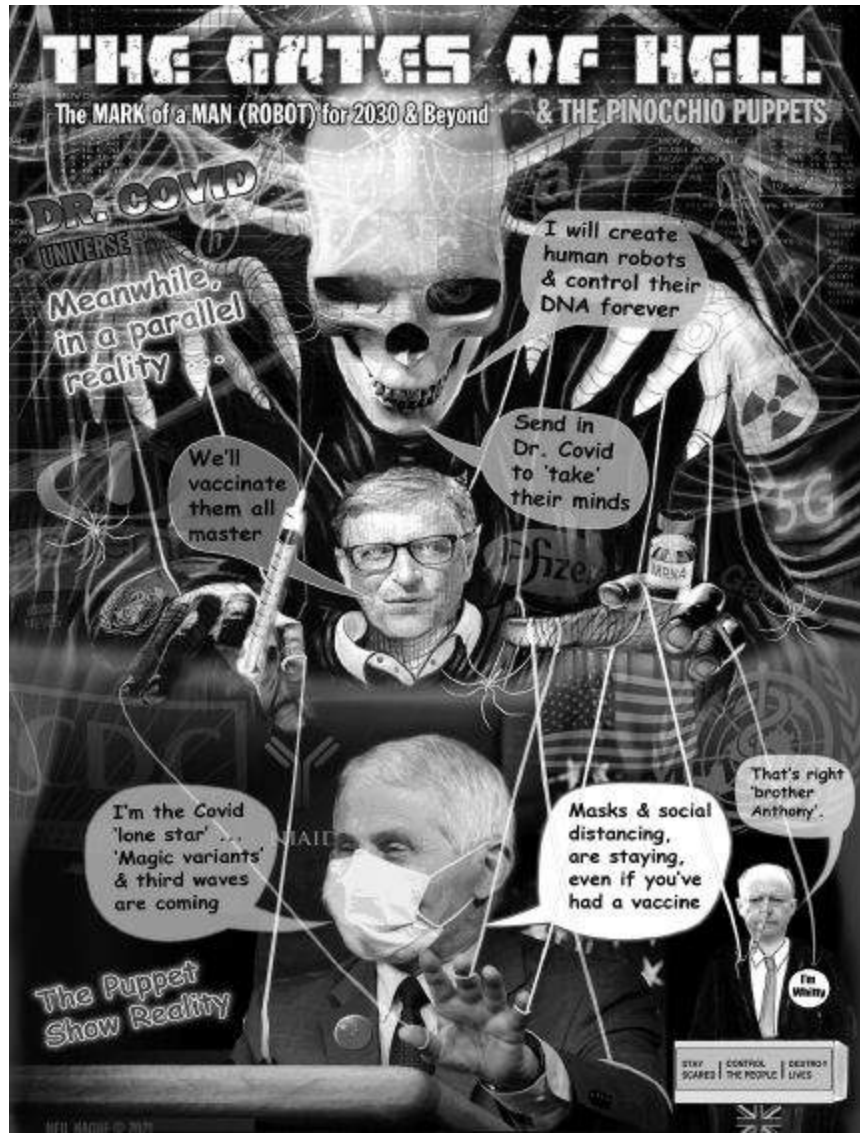


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – us. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.’ The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc.* in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child’s scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult’s all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there’s no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source.* Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the ‘Covid’ hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice ‘to the gods’, continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. ‘The gods’ are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of ‘sacrificing young virgins to the gods’ is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children ... after three ... Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!

They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the gods plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainly infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory ‘physical’ world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn’t (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as ‘physical’ reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it’s decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



Figure 18: Virtual reality technology ‘hacks’ into the body’s five-sense decoding system.



Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very ‘real’.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *archetypical* Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archontocracy*. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a \$2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same.

Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is its outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time ... 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite

Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction ([Fig 20](#)). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

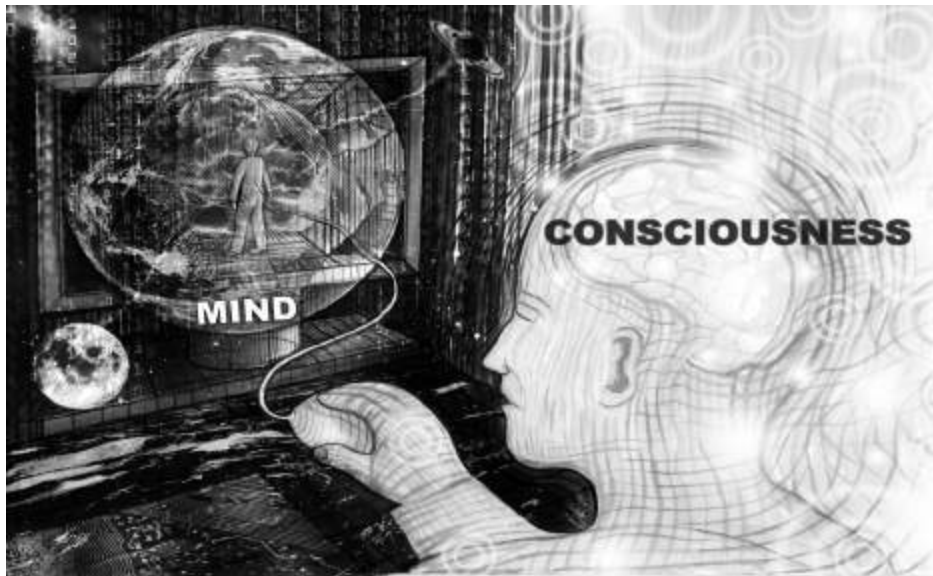


Figure 20: The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit ‘who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism’. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri ‘gods’ – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between ‘evil person or spirit’ relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had ‘poisoned hearts’ – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: ‘Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.’ Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: ‘The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.’ Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with ‘Covid’. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn’t have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.



Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '... the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension ... it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspecting part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.’ Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. ‘Anti-fascists’ act like fascists because fascists *and* ‘anti-fascists’ are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing ‘training programmes’ have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind ‘Covid’ including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global ‘Covid’ coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive ‘physical’ objects with ‘space’ in between. In fact that ‘space’ is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and ‘fact-checker’. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, ‘anti-hate’ hate groups, ‘fact-checkers’ and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

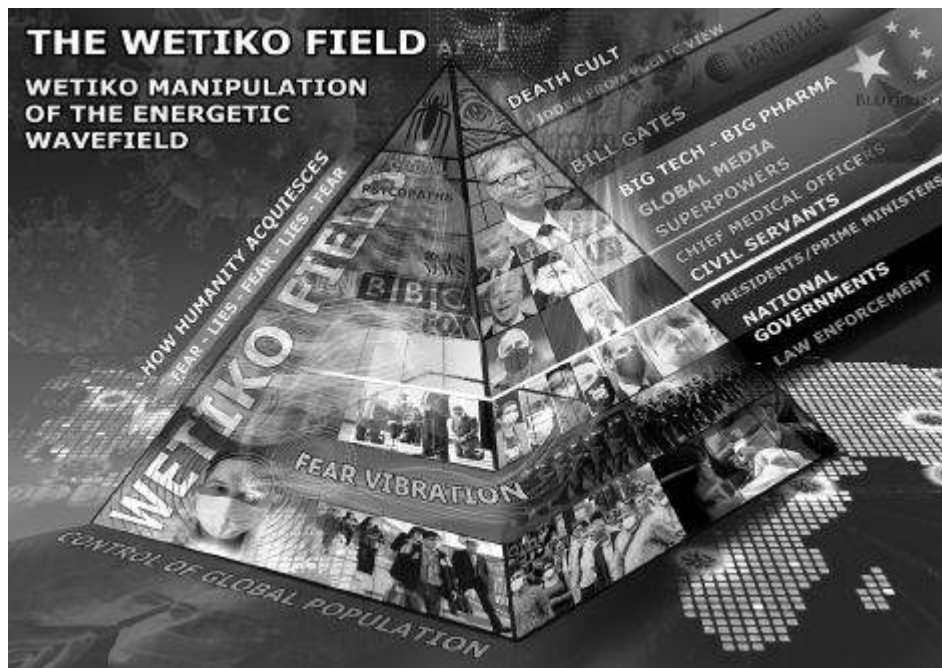


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species ...

...The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeaaaaaaes!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **False Emotion Appearing Real**. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for 30,000 more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you ... because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years ... food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.

In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. NOOOO!!! doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the ‘virus’ – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission’s definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality ([Fig 23](#)). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).



Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What?* The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformant in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

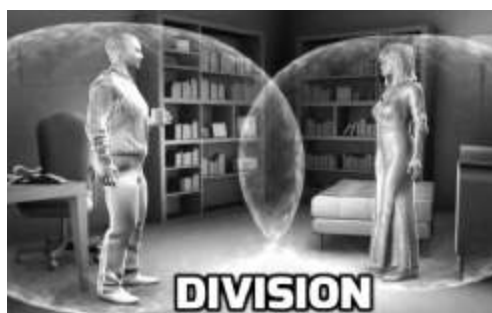


Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.



Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.

As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnecter – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite reality was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people ... One human family, One heart, One goal ...
FREEEEEEEDOM!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits ... nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '... if these people have this inside of them ... it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your nose towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

... the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.

Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths ... dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the job to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought ...

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness

Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages¹ and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.² (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)³

1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, Kenya Julia Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019.
<https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734> – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2.
<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full> – accessed 2/15/21

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a “virus.” The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called “virus isolation.” This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.
2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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Ickonic is something that has been a dream of mine for the last 5 years, growing up around alternative information I have always had a natural interest in what is going on in the World and what could I do to make it better.

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/ˈren·iːgeɪd/

noun

A person who behaves in a rebelliously unconventional manner.



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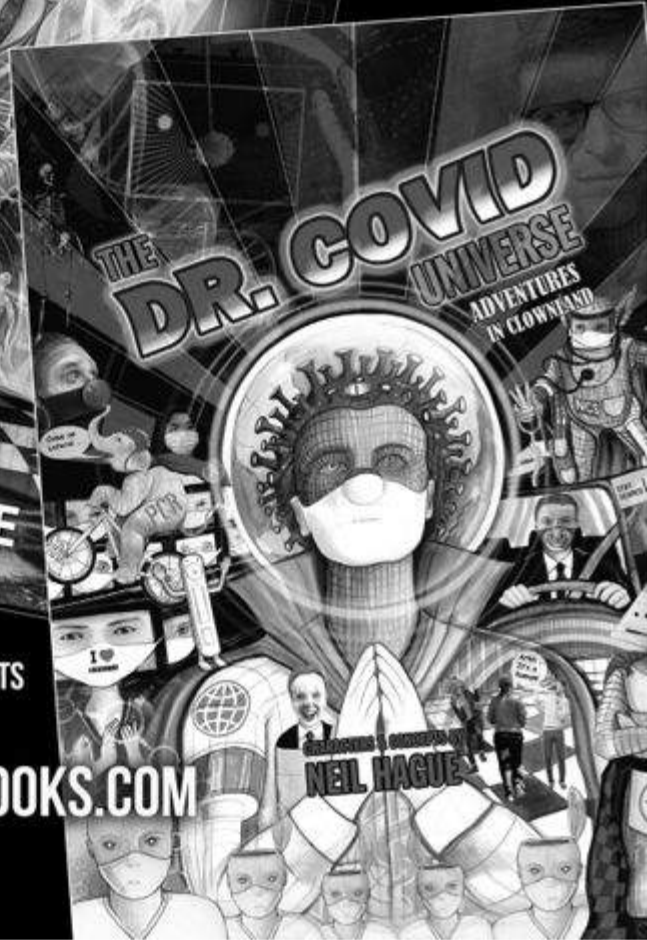
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