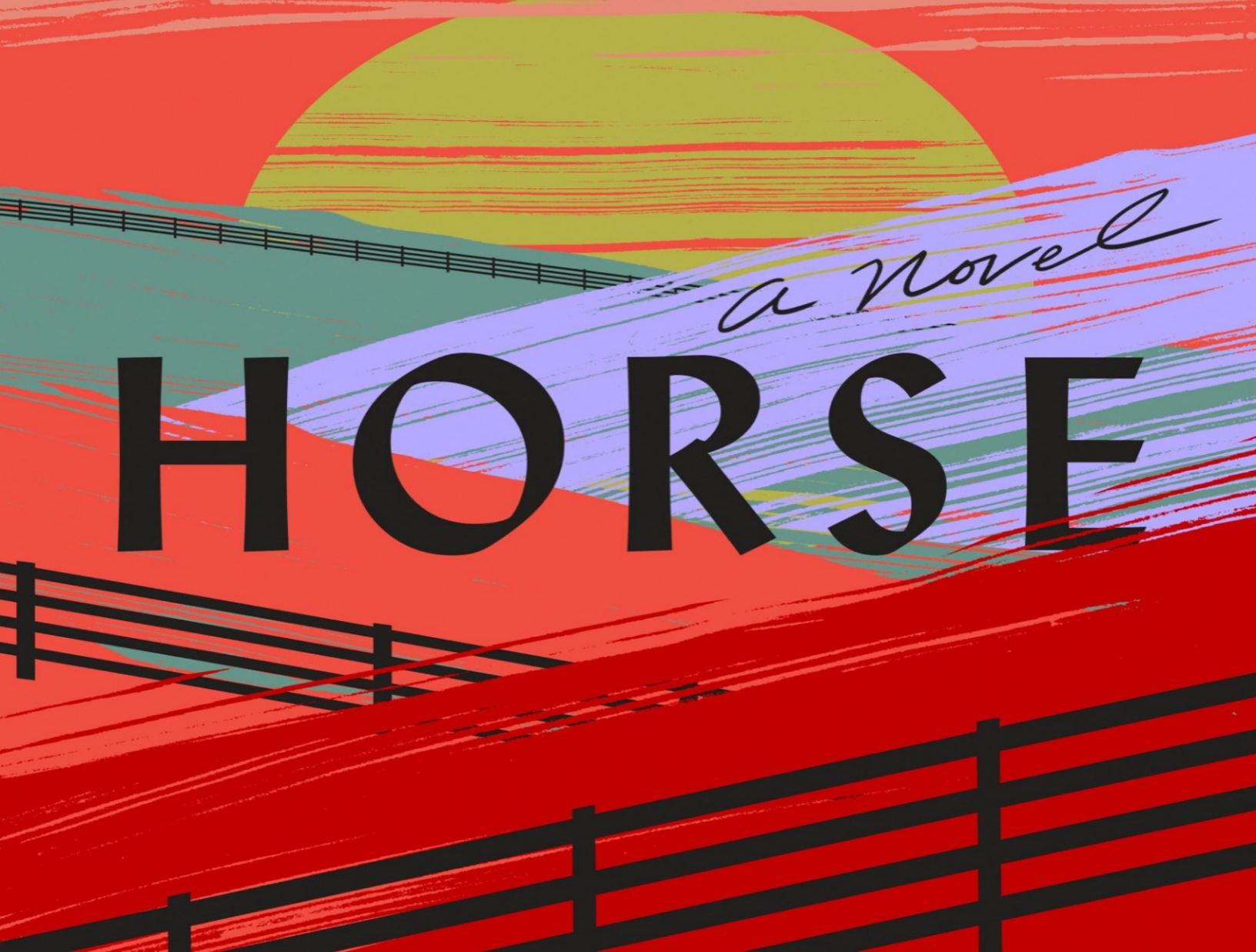


# GERALDINE BROOKS

AUTHOR OF  
PEOPLE OF THE BOOK AND MARCH,  
WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE

*a novel*  
**HORSE**



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NONFICTION

*The Idea of Home: Boyer Lectures 2011*

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Over*

*Nine Parts of Desire: The Hidden World of Islamic Women*



Geraldine Brooks

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# CONTENTS

[Cover](#)

[Also by Geraldine Brooks](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Theo](#)

[Jess](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Theo](#)

[Thomas J. Scott](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Jess](#)

[Theo](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Jess](#)

[Thomas J. Scott](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Jess](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Jess](#)

[Thomas J. Scott](#)

[Warfield's Jarret](#)

[Mary Barr Clay](#)

Theo

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Jess

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Theo

Martha Jackson

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Martha Jackson

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Martha Jackson

Thomas J. Scott

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Jess

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Thomas J. Scott

Theo

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Jess

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Theo

Ten Broeck's Jarret

Jess

Alexander's Jarret

Martha Jackson

Thomas J. Scott

Martha Jackson

Alexander's Jarret

Martha Jackson

Alexander's Jarret

Theo

Alexander's Jarret

Jess

Alexander's Jarret

Jess

Jarret Lewis

Jess

*Afterword*

*Lexington's Historical Connections*  
*About the Author*

FOR TONY

*It will be the past  
and we'll live there together*

PATRICK PHILIPS, *Heaven*

He was as far superior to all horses that have gone before him as the vertical blaze of a tropical sun is superior to the faint and scarcely distinguishable glimmer of the most distant star.

JOSEPH CAIRN SIMPSON, *Turf, Field and Farm*

After him there were merely other horses.

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN, *The American Thoroughbred*

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

*The deceptively reductive forms of the artist's work belie the density of meaning forged by a bifurcated existence. These glyphs and ideograms signal to us from the crossroads: freedom and slavery, White and Black, rural and urban.*

No. Nup. That wouldn't do. It reeked of PhD. This was meant to be read by normal people.

Theo pressed the delete key and watched the letters march backward to oblivion. All that was left was the blinking cursor, tapping like an impatient finger. He sighed and looked away from its importuning. Through the window above his desk, he noticed that the elderly woman who lived in the shabby row house directly across the street was dragging a bench press to the curb. As the metal legs screeched across the pavement, Clancy raised a startled head and jumped up, putting his front paws on the desk beside Theo's laptop. His immense ears, like radar dishes, twitched toward the noise. Together, Theo and the dog watched as she shoved the bench into the teetering ziggurat she'd assembled. Propped against it, a hand-lettered sign: FREE STUFF.

Theo wondered why she hadn't had a yard sale. Someone would've paid for that bench press. Or even the faux-Moroccan footstool. When she

brought out an armful of men's clothing, it occurred to Theo that all the items in the pile must be her dead husband's things. Perhaps she just wanted to purge the house of every trace of him.

Theo could only speculate, since he didn't really know her. She was the kind of thin-lipped, monosyllabic neighbor who didn't invite pleasantries, much less intimacies. And her husband had made clear, through his body language, what he thought about having a Black man living nearby. When Theo moved into Georgetown University's graduate housing complex a few months earlier, he'd made a point of greeting the neighbors. Most responded with a friendly smile. But the guy across the street hadn't even made eye contact. The only time Theo had heard his voice was when it was raised, yelling at his wife.

It was a week since the ambulance had come in the night. Like most city dwellers, Theo could sleep right through a siren that Dopplered away, but this one had hiccuped to sudden silence. Theo jolted awake to spinning lights bathing his walls in a wash of blue and red. He jumped out of bed, ready to help if he could. But in the end, he and Clancy just stood and watched as the EMTs brought out the body bag, turned the lights off, and drove silently away.

At his grandmother's house in Lagos, any death in the neighborhood caused a flurry in the kitchen. As a kid visiting on school holidays, he'd often been tasked with delivering the steaming platters of food to the bereaved. So he made a stew the next day, wrote a condolence card, and carried it across the street. When no one answered the door, he left it on the stoop. An hour later, he found it back on his own doorstep with a terse note: *Thanks but I don't like chicken*. Theo looked down at Clancy and shrugged. "I thought everyone liked chicken." They ate it themselves. It was delicious, infused with the complex flavors of grilled peppers and his homemade, slow-simmered stock. Not that Clancy, the kelpie, cared about that. In the no-nonsense insouciance of his hardy breed, he'd eat anything.

The thought of that casserole made Theo's mouth water. He glanced at the clock in the corner of his laptop. Four p.m. Too early to quit. As he started typing, Clancy circled under the desk and flopped back down across his instep.

*These ~~arresting~~ compelling images are the only known surviving works created by an artist born ~~into slavery~~ enslaved. Vernacular, yet eloquent, they become semaphores from a world convulsed. ~~Living~~ Surviving through*

*the Civil War, forsaking escaping the tyranny of the plantation for a marginalized life in the city, the artist seems compelled to bear witness to his own reality, paradoxically exigent yet rich.*

Awful. It still read like a college paper, not a magazine article.

He flipped through the images on his desk. The artist confidently depicted what he knew—the crowded, vibrant world of nineteenth-century Black domestic life. He had to keep the text as simple and direct as the images.

*Bill Traylor, born enslaved, has left us the only*

A movement across the street drew his eye up from the screen. The neighbor was trying to move an overstuffed recliner. It was teetering on its side on the top step as she struggled to keep a grip on it.

She could use help. He did a quick personal inventory: Shorts on, check. T-shirt, check. Working in his un-air-conditioned apartment, Theo would sometimes spend the whole day in his underwear, forgetting all about his *déshabille* until confronted by the quizzical gaze of the FedEx guy.

He reached the other side of the street just as gravity won, prising the chair from her grip. He jumped up the step and body-blocked it. Her only acknowledgment was a grunt and a quick lift of her chin. She bent down and grabbed the underside of the chair. Theo hefted an armrest. Together, crabwise, they shuffled to the curb.

The woman straightened, pushing back her thin, straw-colored hair, and rubbing her fists into the small of her back. She waved an arm at the ziggurat. “Anything you want . . .” Then she turned and ascended the steps.

Theo couldn’t imagine wanting anything in this sadness-infused pile of discards. His apartment was sparsely furnished: a midcentury-modern desk and a Nelson sofa acquired at a thrift store. The rest of the available space was filled mostly with art books, shelved on scavenged planks and milk crates he’d spray-painted matte black.

But Theo, the son of two diplomats, had been raised by the commandment that bad manners were a mortal sin. He had to at least pretend to look. There were some old paperbacks stuffed into a beer carton. He was always curious about what people read. He reached down to check the titles.

And that was when he saw the horse.

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum Support Center, Maryland*

2019

Jess was seven when she dug up the dog. He'd been dead a year. She and her mum had buried him with ceremony, under the flowering red gum in the backyard, and they'd both cried.

Her mother wanted to cry again when Jess requested large Tupperware containers for the bones she'd just exhumed. Generally, Jess's mother was the kind of parent who would let her daughter set the house on fire if she thought it could teach something about carbon and oxygen. But she was stricken with a stab of anxiety: was digging up a beloved pet and macerating its corpse a sign that your child had psychopathic tendencies?

Jess tried her best to explain that she'd dug up Milo *because* she loved him, and that's why she had to see what his skeleton looked like. Beautiful, as she knew it would be: the swoop of the rib cage, the scoop of the eye sockets.

Jess loved the interior architecture of living things. Ribs, the protective embrace of them, how they hold delicate organs in a lifelong hug. Eye sockets: no artisan had ever made a more elegant container for a precious thing. Milo's eyes had been the color of smoky quartz. When Jess touched a finger to the declivities on either side of his delicate skull, she could see those eyes again: the kind gaze of her earliest friend, avid for the next game.

She grew up on one of the dense streets of liver-brick bungalows that marched westward with Sydney's first growth spurt in the 1900s. Had she

lived in a rural place, she might have exercised her fascination on road-killed kangaroos, wombats, or wallabies. But in inner Sydney, she was lucky to find a dead mouse, or perhaps a bird that flew into a plate-glass window. Her best specimen was a fruit bat that had been electrocuted. She found it on the nature strip under the power lines. She spent a week articulating it: the papery membrane of the wing, unfolding like the pleated bellows of an accordion. The metatarsal bones, like human fingers, but lighter—evolved not to hold and grasp, but to fan the air. When she was done, she suspended it from the light fixture in her bedroom ceiling. There, stripped clean of all that could readily decay, she watched it fly forever through endless nights.

Over time, her bedroom became a mini natural history museum, filled with skeletons of lizards, mice, birds, displayed on plinths fashioned from salvaged wire spools or cotton reels, and identified with carefully inked Latin tags. This did not endear her to the tribe of teenage girls who inhabited her high school. Most of her classmates found her obsession with necrotic matter gross and creepy. She became a solitary teen, which perhaps accounted for her high place in the state in three subjects when the final public exam results were published. She continued to distinguish herself as an undergrad and came to Washington on a scholarship to do her master's in zoology.

It was the kind of thing Australians liked to do: a year or two abroad to take a look at the rest of the world. In her first semester, the Smithsonian hired her as an intern. When they learned she knew how to scrape bones, she was sent to do osteo prep at the Museum of Natural History. It turned out that she had become extremely skilled from working on small species. A blue whale skeleton might impress the public, but Jess and her colleagues knew that a blue wren was far more challenging to articulate.

She loved the term “articulate” because it was so apt: a really good mount allowed a species to tell its own story, to say what it was like when it breathed and ran, dived or soared. Sometimes, she wished she'd lived in the Victorian era, when craftsmen competed to be the best at capturing movement—a horse rearing required an absolute balance in the armature, a donkey turned to scratch its flank demanded a sculptor's sense of curvature. Making these mounts had become a craze among wealthy men of the time, who strove to produce specimens dedicated to beauty and artistry.

Contemporary museums had scant place for that. Mounting bones destroyed information—adding metal, removing tissue—so very few

skeletons were articulated. Most bones were prepped, numbered, and then stored away in drawers for comparative measurement or DNA sampling.

When Jess did that work, her nostalgia for the craftsmanship of the past faded, overtaken by her fascination with the science. Every fragment told a story. It was her job to help scientists extract the testimony from each fossilized chip. The specimens might have come to the museum as the product of dumb luck or the result of days of exacting scientific endeavor. A hobbyist might have stumbled upon a mammoth's tibia uncovered by the lashings of a winter storm. Or a paleontologist might have collected a tiny vole's tooth after weeks of painstaking soil sifting. Jess made her labels on a laser printer and included GPS coordinates for where the specimen had been found. Past curators left a more personal mark, their handwritten cards in sepia-toned ink.

Those nineteenth-century preparators had plied their craft ignorant of DNA and all the vital data it would one day yield. It thrilled Jess to think that when she closed the drawer on a newly filed specimen, it might be opened in fifty or a hundred years by a scientist seeking answers to questions she didn't yet know how to ask, using tools of analysis she couldn't even yet imagine.

She hadn't meant to stay in America. But careers can be as accidental as car wrecks. Just as she graduated, the Smithsonian offered her a four-month contract to go to French Guiana to collect rainforest specimens. Not many girls from Burwood Road in western Sydney got to go to French Guiana and bounce through the rainforest with scorpion specimens pegged across the jeep like so much drying laundry. Another offer followed: Kenya, to compare contemporary species on Mount Kilimanjaro with those gathered by Teddy Roosevelt's expedition a hundred years earlier.

At the end of that trip, Jess was packing her few possessions, ready to go home to get on with what she still considered her real life, when the Smithsonian offered her a permanent position, managing their vertebrate Osteology Prep Lab at the Museum Support Center in Maryland. It was a brand-new facility and the job vacancy was unexpected. The manager who had designed the lab had been struck down by a sudden allergy to frass, the soft, dusty excrement of dermestid beetles. Those beetles were the preferred and best means of bone cleaning, so being unable to work with them without breaking into hives signaled the need for a change of occupation.

The Smithsonian's nickname was "the Attic of America." Support was the attic's attic: a sprawling twelve miles of storage that housed priceless scientific and artistic collections. Jess had thought she wouldn't want to work out in the suburbs, far from the public face of the museum. But when she walked down the vast connecting corridor known as "the street," linking the zigzag of metal-sheathed, climate-controlled buildings in which all kinds of science took place, she knew she'd arrived at the epicenter of her profession.

After her interview she and the director walked across a verdant campus flanked by the botany department's greenhouses. He pointed out a newly built storage pod, looming windowless above the greenhouses. "We just opened that one, to house the wet collection," he said. "After 9/11, we realized it wasn't prudent to have twenty-five million biological specimens in combustible fluids crammed in a basement a couple of blocks from the Capitol. So now they're here."

The Osteo Prep Lab was farther on, in a building of its own, tucked off at the edge of the campus nearest the highway. "If you get, say, an elephant carcass from the National Zoo, it's pungent," the director explained, "so we sited your lab as far from everyone else as possible."

*Your lab.* Jess hadn't thought of herself as ambitious, but she realized she badly wanted this responsibility. Inside, the lab gleamed: a necropsy suite with a hydraulic table, a two-ton hoist, double bay doors large enough to admit a whale carcass, and a wall of saws and knives worthy of a horror movie. It was the largest facility of its kind in the world, and a far cry from her makeshift lab in the laundry room on Burwood Road.

She loved working there. Every day brought something new in a flow of specimens that never stopped. The latest arrival: a collection of passerines from Kandahar. The birds had been roughed out in the field, most of the feathers and flesh removed. Jess's assistant, Maisy, was bent over the box of little bundles, carefully tied so none of the tiny bones would be lost.

"I'm heading off tonight to pick up that whale skull," Jess said. "You have everything you need while I'm in Woods Hole?"

"Absolutely. After these passerines, I've got the deer mandibles for DNA sampling. They're in a rush for those, so that'll keep me busy."

When Jess left the lab for the day, she was aware that she might not smell so good. She'd given up taking the shuttle bus back to DC with the other employees. She'd noticed that the seat next to her tended to remain vacant,

even on a crowded bus. She'd splurged on a good bike—a Trek CrossRip with dropped handlebars—and was grateful for the bike path that ran from the Support Center all the way back into the city. She twisted her long ponytail into a bun and crammed it under her helmet.

The path was dilapidated; she swerved to dodge trash and broken pavement, ducking the profusion of new spring foliage. In Sydney, the shift in seasons had always been a subtle thing: a warming or cooling of the air, a small change in the length of day and quality of light. In Washington, the seasons slammed her—summer's soup-pot heat; autumn's extravagant arboreal fireworks; winter's iciness; spring's intoxicating explosion of bloom, birdsong, and fragrance. Even the neglected bike path erupted with lushness, and with the sun low in the west, the Anacostia River shone like polished silver.

Jess swept to the right off South Capitol, into a quiet, long-established neighborhood of tall row houses set back from the street by deep front gardens. At this time of year, tulips and azaleas painted the flower beds in a palette of magentas, corals, and purples. Jess had been reluctant to look at something labeled a basement apartment, since her Australian heart craved light. But the row house had been renovated to provide an open-plan lower floor with two large windows facing the street and a generous clerestory in back, through which sun streamed all day. All summer, the interior light had a watery green tinge from the honeysuckle and trumpet vines that spilled in a mad profusion over the back wall.

She locked her bike (double locks) and unlocked the door (triple locks). She would shower, change, pack an overnight bag, then nap for a couple of hours to let Washington's gridlocked traffic clear. She planned to pick up a truck from the Smithsonian's garage at about ten p.m. and drive through the night to the Marine Biological Lab in Woods Hole.

She was headed to the shower when her phone rang. "Sorry to call you on your private number, but it's Horace Wallis from Affiliates here. Your assistant said you were heading out for a couple of days, so I thought I'd just try to touch base before you left on a problem that I hoped you might help me with." Jess vaguely recognized the speaker's voice but couldn't put a face to him.

"Sure," she said. "What do you need?"

"It's a bit mortifying, to be honest. A researcher from the Royal Veterinary College in England is on her way here to look at a nineteenth-century

skeleton of ours that she's keen to study. Problem is, we can't find it. It was at the Castle in 1878, then it went over to the American History Museum—why they wanted it isn't exactly clear. Anyway, they say they certainly don't have it now. Do you think there's any chance it might've come to you at Osteo Prep? I've scoured the database. Nothing. Your place is about the last thing I could think of.”

“Articulated skeleton, I'm assuming?”

“Yes.”

“We don't have any articulated skeletons with us in the lab at the moment, but Support has ninety-eight percent of the specimens in storage, so that's likely where you'll find it. You've got the accession number, right?”

“Yes, of course. It's . . .”

“Just a sec. I've got to find something to write on . . .” Jess rummaged through the papers on her desk. The margins of every document were crammed with her doodles of zygomatic arcs or cervical vertebrae. She finally found a crumpled boarding pass that she hadn't scribbled all over.

“I'll double-check my own database. If it's out at Support I'm sure I can track it down. What species?”

“*Equus caballus*. A horse.”

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1850

She was no one's notion of an easy mare. Not mean, but nervous. Which could come to the same thing if you didn't account for it.

Jarret knew how to approach her. Steady and deliberate. You shouldn't hesitate or show uncertainty, but if you were too high-handed she'd make you pay. She could snake around and have a piece of your arm or kick out and crack a shin. Dr. Elisha Warfield had bred her himself, and named her for his daughter-in-law, Alice Carneal. There were jokes around the barn about what he meant by that, and what he might've been trying to say to his son.

But Alice Carneal never hurt Jarret. No horse ever had. "Look at him," Dr. Warfield would say, lifting one of Jarret's long, skinny arms. "He's half colt himself." Jarret took it as a compliment, for what would be the use in taking it otherwise? And it was true he had a feel for horses, deep in the grain. The first bed he could remember was in a horse stall. He shared straw with the two geldings in the carriage house while his mother slept in the mansion, nursemaid to the mistress's infant. Jarret barely saw her. His first language had been the subtle gestures and sounds of horses. He'd been slow to master human speech, but he could interpret the horses: their moods, their alliances, their simple wants, their many fears. He came to believe that horses lived with a world of fear, and when you grasped that, you had a clear idea how to be with them.

Those two geldings in that carriage house had been more parent to him than his mother in the mansion could have been, or his father, Harry, who had lived across town, training racehorses for Robert Burbridge. Harry had visited Jarret and his mother one Sunday of every month. Jarret had loved those Sundays. He knew his father was special, because he arrived on a fine thoroughbred and he dressed just exactly like the marse, in a fitted frock coat and a silk cravat, and every hand in the carriage house deferred to him. He seemed old to Jarret, even then. His close-cropped hair was salt and pepper, but when he smiled at his boy all the lines and creases in his face seemed to vanish. Jarret tried to win that smile. When his father shortened the stirrups and set Jarret up on his stallion, Jarret learned quickly how to find his balance and show no hint of fear. And in truth, after that first sudden sense of being high up there, he wasn't afraid. Even though the horse was large and powerful, he was kind, and Jarret could feel the way he moved considerately, adjusting to this new, slight weight on his broad back, keeping him steady. It was something to remember: a good horse will work with you, won't mean you ill.

He had been three years old then. Two years later, his mother had sickened and died. Fear was something he'd known about that year, vulnerable as a foal without a dam to protect him. His father, Harry Lewis, had spent all his savings to pay the price of his own liberty and didn't have the money to secure his son's freedom. So he'd implored Dr. Warfield to buy his boy so that he could have him close and raise him. At first, the doctor had protested that the last thing he needed was another child about the place. But when Harry's skill led the Warfield horses to an exceptional season at the track, the doctor relented and bought Jarret from the Todds.

Now, at thirteen, Jarret slept in his father's cottage, but his waking hours were still spent entirely with horses. In the Warfield barns, he knew every horse's nature, habits, history. Every vice, every virtue. Most of the horses nickered when they saw him, snuffling warm air through velvet nostrils. They'd reach out their gleaming necks, asking for his touch.

He knew better than to expect that from Alice Corneal. Most times, she'd barely look up from her hay. But this night as he entered the barn to do the late check, she moved to the front of her stall along with the others, ears forward instead of laid flat back, gazing right at him with grave, unblinking eyes.

As soon as he went up to her, she rested her head on his shoulder. Jarret stood still for a long moment, accepting the rare gesture. Then slowly—always slowly—he rolled back her stall door and went in. “Move like the air is molasses,” his father had instructed, and so he did, raising a languid hand and smoothing down her withers, fingering the fine coat that still carried some winter thickness. She leaned into him, accepting the caress, so he let his hand continue to the swell of her barrel, and when she nuzzled her damp lip into his neck, he eased down into a crouch to examine her.

As he expected, she was waxing: the fine, white, tear-shaped cobweb already formed over the teat, preventing it from leaking milk. He stood again and slowly swept his two hands back toward her croup. There, between the hip and the hock, was the mares’ sweet spot. In the barn, friendly mares loved it when he curried that spot, dropping their heads and softening their gaze as if they were daydreaming. It wasn’t a liberty he usually took with Alice Carneal, who might spin and stamp at the unwanted intimacy. But now she let him run his fingers deep into her tail muscles as he felt for pliability. She leaned against him even more heavily.

This amiable mare was nothing like the dervish he’d struggled to lead into the neighbor’s breeding shed, rearing and bucking, just a year earlier. It was the first season Jarret had been allowed to help his father there—he’d not been strong enough before his thirteenth year. She’d fought right until the minute they finally got the twitch on her. And then, in the few minutes they waited for the stallion, you could smell the reek of fear-sweat on the men. Even the most experienced—even Jarret’s father Harry—wore the sheen of it on their skin.

Violent. That’s what they said about Boston, all that stallion’s life; everyone from the boy who shoveled his shit to the gentleman-owner who pocketed his winnings. No one would mount him—only the enslaved boys, who had no say in it. After he bucked off one boy, and then stomped him, leaving him broken as kindling, the trainer told the owner he should get him gelded or have him shot, and that he, personally, would be happy to do the shooting. But they did neither, because when Boston chose to run, he was as fast as he was fierce. In seven years, he won forty of his forty-five starts, many over a crushing four-mile distance, and most of them without decent rest between. Plenty of men like Dr. Warfield were willing to pay the considerable fee to have him stand stud, even now that the stallion was stone blind and showing the signs of his hard usage. But his poor condition hadn’t

quelled his temper. If anything, it made him even more touchy and dangerous.

It was just a few minutes, there in the shed. A blur of men and ropes and a ton of lunging chestnut stallion. A thrust, a shudder. And after, as the old horse was led away, Harry mopped his brow with his sleeve and laid his hand on Jarret, who was still trembling. "What we just did in this shed is where you win or lose."

It was Harry who had proposed this particular mating. Of all the mares at the Meadows, he especially admired Alice Carneal, even though she'd won just a single race in her short career. At home at the Meadows, she was fast, but between her familiar stable and the track, she would fall completely out of condition. By race time she'd be sweating, purging, and all atremble, high strung with the crowds and the noise, almost unmanageable. Harry looked past that. He liked her combination of depth through the girth and length of hind leg that gave a horse room for powerful lungs and maximum thrust at the gallop. "Her problems are in her head end, not her hind end," he said.

He had to argue hard to justify the high stud fee in what had been a lean year. He convinced Dr. Warfield that time was short: that Boston had a bad look about him and might not make another breeding season. "Same could be true for you and me both, never mind the stallion," said the doctor with a wry grin. In his seventies and suffering from several ailments, Dr. Warfield was slowing down, breeding fewer foals each year. But Harry persisted.

They found Boston dead in his stall that winter. He'd gone down still raging at the world: the sides of his stall were painted in blood from the violence of his death throes. Alice's foal would be one of the champion's last offspring.

And now that foal was on its way. Jarret took a pitchfork and thoroughly cleaned out the stall, throwing down a deep bed of new straw. Throughout, Alice watched him calmly. He gave her a last reassuring pat. He quickly looked over the other stalls—no one cast, plenty of water in the buckets—and then he stepped out of the barn and into the spring night.

The sky was clear, the stars brittle as glass shards. No moon. If Alice were foaling in the wild, this inky sky would hide her in the quietest hours either side of midnight. Mares had the capability to slow birthing so that the foal would have the dark hours to find its feet and be ready to run from a predator by dawn. Dew lay fat and round on the new spring grass. Jarret felt the wet seeping through the hem of his overalls as he crossed the unmown field. He

breathed the freshness of early violets amid the musty scent of last year's rotting leaves. When he broke into a slow jog, the light from his lantern bounced across the grass like a yellow ball.

All his best memories were here, at the Meadows. Dr. Warfield had bought this land north of the town after he'd been forced by ill health to retire from obstetrics, with its unpredictable hours. He did not regret his retirement. He raised a sixteen-room brick mansion and devoted himself to his many businesses and his first love, horses. He'd been a founder of the town's Jockey Club and overseen the building of its first proper racetrack. Before that, folk had just used Lexington's Main Street straightaway for quarter-horse racing, and sometimes you could still watch those dash races from the balcony of Dr. Warfield's town apartment, atop his busy dry goods store on Main Street.

Jarret had been glad to leave the town. He disliked the rattling metal wheels of the carriages, the hard-fronted, four-square brick buildings crowded up together, and all those people whose names he didn't know. When an errand took him there, he couldn't wait to be done and get back to the Meadows. There was a lot of call for messages and goods to go back and forth between the Meadows and the town. Because Jarret was the least inclined to dawdle there, he was the one most often sent, instead of the boys who loved to go to town to gawk and dally. Life did seem to him to work like that: contrariwise.

Jarret could see the lights flickering through the trees. They were still dining in the big house. All those candles, and Mrs. Warfield insisting on fresh ones every day. The part-burned stubs came down to the quarters, and that was a boon to those who could find the wherewithal to do labor on their own account at the end of the day's assigned tasks. Most of those were his father's men, the stable hands and grooms. Harry was a good manager, setting a man to the tasks he was best apt to, working him to his capacity but not past it. He knew how folk yearned to buy themselves out, just as he had done, so he encouraged those who wanted to hire out their skills as harness menders or saddlemakers. Dr. Warfield never stood against it, so long as his own place was well kept.

It was quiet in the lane, most folk already gone to their rest. But he could hear the thump of the loom from the dark cabin of Blind Jane as her skilled hands passed the shuttle and pounded the woof. Daylight didn't mean anything to her; she would weave until weariness claimed her.

Jarret's father liked working for Dr. Warfield, because he'd been a free man the whole time of it, and Dr. Warfield always gave him his due on that account and was quick to credit Harry for more than doubling their track winnings. As the doctor grew frailer, he relied on Harry for the management of horses, and had increased his pay to five hundred dollars a year, which was higher than many a White trainer earned.

Harry's former position, trainer for Mr. Burbridge, had been much more precarious. In ten years' service, Burbridge never let him forget he was "Burbridge's Harry." In the old man's last days, he'd mistaken himself for a Pharaoh and pulled a Bowie knife, proclaiming that Harry must accompany him to the afterlife, to train his horses in the next world.

Jarret didn't remember any of that old business—he'd been in the Todd house then. But he'd seen his father turn ashen, recalling it. All manner of misfortune can come of a Black man and a White man in the same room with a knife, even if no drop of blood is spilled.

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Their cabin was set apart, with its own dooryard, a little beyond the lane. His father must have seen Jarret's lantern, because the door opened even before he reached the gate. A column of warm yellow light rushed out toward him, followed by a rich, brown smell of fried onions and back fat.

Jarret kicked his boots on the door stoop, shaking off the damp clods of earth that had adhered to them. "Alice's foal's coming," he said. "She's waxing and she's uncommon friendly."

Harry nodded. "It takes her that way. Always has done. Well, go on ahead, wash up and eat something. She's not a one to have trouble in foaling, but you never do know, and she's an old mare now, gone fourteen years. Could be a long night."

Jarret poured the ewer of water over his hands and wrists, washing off the mellow scent of horse and replacing it with the crisp bite of lye. Then he went to the hearth. There was a pot of creamy beans on the crane and a fresh skillet of corn pone on the spider. Jarret ladled out a brimming bowl and ate ravenously, mopping the dish clean with a heel of pone.

Harry lit two of the larger lanterns and handed one to his son. As they walked back to the barn, Harry placed his free arm affectionately across his

son's shoulder. He had to reach up to do it, and he took a powerful satisfaction from that. Jarret hadn't come into his full height, but he was set to grow into a good-size man.

Harry hadn't had that chance. He was only five, small for his age and slight boned, when they threw him up on his first thoroughbred. Every time he fell off he earned a beating, so he soon learned to stay on. If he gained weight, they cut his meager rations to a single turnip for dinner and a pint of milk for lunch. If those starvation portions didn't keep enough weight off, they set him to walk a ten-mile circuit at the end of his chores, and if that didn't work, they sweated him. Buried up to his chin in piles of steaming manure on the hottest days of summer, he felt his scant flesh melting. He spent his youth with an ache in his gut and a lightness in his head. When you've been famished like that, you don't forget the hurt of it, even if the hunger fattened the pile of money that later bought your freedom. Winning jockeys got cash gifts and Harry saved every one. He watched the trainers closely and learned what to do from the best and what not to do from the worst. Eventually, that knowledge made him more valuable on the ground than on the horse.

He'd resolved that his own son would never know a hungry day, no matter how well he rode. And he kept to that, even when Jarret turned out to sit a horse like boy and beast were the same creature. Jarret rode with a natural grace, even over the grueling four-mile races that tested man and horse alike, demanding speed, stamina, and strategy. There were years when every voice was nagging Harry to make his boy a jockey. But Harry set his face against it, and Dr. Warfield didn't insist. Even as a stripling, the lad had a powerful length of bone in his limbs and the doctor could foresee a spurt of growth that would likely put him out of the racing saddle just as he was getting a name in the trade. One day, as soon as he saved the money, Harry intended to buy the boy so he wouldn't have to be beholden to any other man's opinion of what his fate should be. Meantime, Jarret was well grown enough to silence all the chatter. He still rode every day, schooling the horses, and soon enough he'd be a trainer in his own right.

When they reached the barn, they found Alice Carneal strutting restless circles in her stall, her coat glistening with sweat. Harry and Jarret took their places, out of her line of sight. Harry spoke to her in a low, musical voice, almost a hum, telling her how good she was and how great her foal would

be. The sound was soothing, and as the evening lengthened Jarret felt himself drifting in and out of a doze.

He came awake to the splash of the mare's water breaking. She gave a low groan and folded herself gently into the bedding hay. Harry knelt beside her as the birth sac bulged. The tiny crescents of the hooves were clearly visible through the pearly membrane, folded daintily one atop the other, soles down in the correct position for an uncomplicated birth. Sure enough, when the forelegs were out almost to the knees, a slick wet muzzle followed—the foal in perfect position, arranged like an arrowhead. “Here's the hard part,” murmured Harry. The shoulders, the widest part of the foal. He hummed on, encouraging Alice. He could see the little white hooves straining at the membrane of the birth sac. Minutes later, the sac split and the foal sluiced forward. A tiny horse slipped out onto the hay like a gift from a package.

It was a bright bay colt like its dam, with a white star and snip on its face and four white feet. Harry passed a cloth from the bundle across the stall to Jarret and the two of them gently towed the slick little body. Alice nudged them aside, licking her foal all over. After a time, Alice rose gracefully to her knees, breaking the umbilical cord. Before she could stand, the colt was up, new legs splayed and trembling.

“Never seen that before,” said Harry. “The colt up on all four feet before his dam.” Within minutes, Alice lay down again, nudging at her sides until the afterbirth came. Harry and Jarret sat in companionable silence, watching Alice lick and nuzzle her baby. Finally, the colt found the teat, his small wet tail swishing as he tasted the rich foremilk. After about an hour, and without straining, he excreted the sticky, rust-colored muck that signaled all was well with his innards.

Harry sat back on his heels and gave a satisfied sigh. “Our work's done now, little as it was. He's a bit weedy, but we'll see how he does.”

“What about the white feet? Bad luck, ain't they?”

Harry smiled as he gathered up the rags. “Some folk hold with that foolishness. Racing folks do have a mighty faith in luck. You can use that, if you're smart about it. Push odds up, push 'em down, all with some loose talk in the backstretch. My way of thinking, a good horse has no color. It's what's inside that's worth the fret.”

Harry yawned and turned to the door.

“I think I'll stay,” Jarret said. “I'd like to keep a watch over him.”

“Makes no mind to me, son,” said Harry. “But you know to let them be now. This is the time for them to get acquainted. And get some sleep, what’s left of the night. The horses’ll be sleeping. Come morning they’ll be fresh when you come to work ’em, so you’d best be too.”

Jarret watched the foal nuzzling his mother. The barn timbers creaked. A hoof struck hard against a stall. The gentle blowing of soft lips and moist nostrils. He felt warm and light, both tired and not tired. The barn smelled of fresh hay, but also the mineral scent of recent birth. He wound down the wick on the lantern and made himself a fragrant mattress of timothy and clover, pulling the old blanket over him. He was almost asleep when he heard a scraping sound in the hayloft over his head. Barn cat mousing, he thought and rolled over. But then he heard a cough.

He jumped up, reaching for the lantern, forgetting he’d just extinguished it.

“Who’s there?” he said, peering up the ladder into the dark loft.

“Just me, Jarret. Mary Barr. Please don’t be angry.”

“It’s not me being angry you should be concerned about. Miss Clay, what you doing here? You got no business, middle of the night. There’ll be hell to pay, your grandmamma learns of it.”

Mary Barr Clay, eleven years old, barefoot, and in her nightdress, climbed backward down the ladder. “I thought Alice might foal tonight. She was being so nice earlier. Not like herself at all. So when everyone was at dinner, I crept on down here to see. Then, when I heard you and your daddy coming, I hid up here, and your daddy’s singing to the horse put me right to sleep.” Picking hay stalks out of the lacework on her nightdress, she made her way over to the stall, crossing her pale arms on the sill and gazing at the foal, squinting to make him out in the darkness. “He’s sure a beauty, isn’t he?”

Mary Barr thought every foal was a beauty, and Jarret wasn’t about to argue with her, because he felt just exactly the same. Whatever his father said about angles of stifles, cow hocks or spavins, all horses were handsome and good. You just had to find the right use for them.

“You should know better than to come barefoot to the barn, Miss Clay,” said Jarret, trying to emulate an adult’s tone of censure.

“I know,” she said, turning to him with a rueful look. “But I didn’t want anyone to hear me. I already pulled a big old splinter out.” She lifted a dirty foot and showed him the place. “You won’t tell on me, will you?”

“I surely should,” he said. “But I won’t, so long as you go right on back up to the house this minute.”

“Thank you, Jarret. And if I do get caught, I won’t say you saw me.”

He watched her, a slight white shape in the dark, running up the rise to the house. Instead of taking the shallow stone steps to the grand front entrance, she slipped around the side porch. As he saw the white blur disappear into the kitchen ell, he knew she’d be fine. The scullery maid, Annie, slept in an alcove off the storeroom there, where a back stairs would let the girl get on up to her room unnoticed. Jarret knew that Annie had a kind eye for the Clay girl, Dr. Warfield’s granddaughter. Her father, Cassius Clay, was said to be a fearsome fellow, who would fight the wind if it came from the west when he wanted it from the east. Perhaps that was why the girl and her mother were so often at the Meadows and not at either one of their own fine homes—the big Clay estate, White Hall, or the elegant townhouse in Lexington. Mr. Clay had a newspaper that opposed slavery, and he had freed all the slaves he’d inherited. This was a strange and a rare thing in Kentucky and may have been another reason Annie had such a soft spot for the Clay girl. Jarret didn’t know too much about all that, since Harry discouraged any talk of emancipationists and their doings. But Jarret couldn’t help but puzzle on how a man like Cash Clay lived at odds with a world and a family that thrived on the very thing he deplored. Jarret turned back to his own nest amid the hay and drifted through the small hours in the same half-sleep, half-woke state as the horses.

When the hands arrived just before dawn to do the morning feeding, Jarret uncoiled himself and checked the stall. The foal stopped nursing and popped his head up, ears pricked and nostrils wide. Foal and mare turned as one to gaze back at him. The foal’s coat had dried. Where the first light hit it, it gleamed like rubbed brass. Jarret stepped out into the pearly predawn mist. He cricked his neck from one side to the other and flexed his shoulders. Then he jogged on home for the big plate of grits and eggs he knew his father would be fixing.

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

Theo pressed the print key. He was pleased with the article, and he hoped his editor would be too. He'd finally managed to squirm his way out of the academic writing, like shrugging off a suit to pull on a sweatshirt. He knew the magazine needed to run the piece in advance of the Traylor show at the American Art Museum, so the deadline had been tight. But he wasn't going to email it. He'd bike over and deliver it to his editor by hand. His diplomat parents had instilled in him the value of face time: never write a memo if you can make a phone call, never make a phone call if you can meet in person. Theo was keen to get more assignments if he could. For one thing, it was refreshing to write for a general audience instead of an academic one. For another, the Smithsonian's magazine paid decent rates, and the money was a welcome supplement to his meagre TA stipend.

He stood and stretched as the pages emerged from the printer, layering into a satisfying stack. He glanced out the window. The pile of free stuff out on the curb was slowly dwindling. Passing browsers had disassembled the ziggurat, turning it into an untidy string of objects strewn along the sidewalk. Just then, a student in a GW T-shirt grabbed a gooseneck lamp.

Propped on Theo's desk was his own find: a dingy canvas in a splintered frame. Theo regarded the painting. It made sense that the one piece of art in the pile of discards was a picture of a horse. Every Saturday, the old man had

sprawled on his front steps with the races blaring from the radio, beer cans and cigarette butts piling up beside him.

The painting was old, Theo believed. Possibly nineteenth century. The lower half was a murky blur, the image totally obscured by a layer of grime. But the upper half looked highly accomplished. He tilted his desk lamp so that the light fell on the image. The head of a bright bay colt gazed out of the canvas, the expression in the eyes unusual and haunting. Whoever the painter was, he clearly knew a thing or two about horses. Theo looked under the kitchen sink for a grocery bag and wrapped the picture. He'd take it with him tomorrow. The editor at *Smithsonian* magazine surely would know someone in conservation who might be willing to take a look. Maybe he could even turn it into an article—how you figure out if there's any value to a painting you've plucked from the trash.

Theo's knowledge of painting was comprehensive, but as he gazed at his find he realized that he had a big blank spot when it came to American equestrian art. The Brits—Stubbs, Landseer—he knew all about. Like many foreign-service brats, he'd been educated abroad. His parents—Yoruba mother, Abiona; Californian father, Barry—had met each other during their first posting as junior diplomats, she in Kenya, he in Sudan, when they were both taking a bit of R and R in a beachside bar in Mombasa. They managed a long-distance romance and then a long-distance marriage. Theo was four years old before they finally scored a posting together, in Canberra, and those years were the happiest he'd known. But his parents were ambitious and were soon applying for postings closer to the edgier issues of their nations' foreign policies.

When they moved to London, Theo had just turned seven. He missed everything about Canberra: the long, warm evenings, the huge backyard, the multicultural classrooms full of foreign-service kids from all over the world. Most of all, he missed Saturdays on horseback beside his dad. His father had gone to a horsey boarding school near Ojai and loved riding, so he'd bought Theo a tiny pair of Blundstone boots and got him in the saddle at the earliest opportunity. Every Saturday, they'd ride together at a sheep station a short drive from the compact city.

Hacking through a London park on a jaded pony was nothing like riding a good stock horse in the Australian bush. At first, his father talked about finding a better stable in the English countryside. But he never did. Most

weekends it always seemed that there was some pressing work he had to do at the big embassy on Grosvenor Square.

Later, as he grew older, Theo realized that his father was rarely home because his parents' marriage had begun to fray. Their Mayfair mews house became a tiny prison of misery. Terse words, slammed doors. Thin lips and sudden tears. The night his parents sat him down and disclosed that they had accepted separate postings and planned to divorce, Theo felt more relief than regret. His biggest anxiety was that they'd ask him to choose between them. He needn't have worried: they'd each accepted an "unaccompanied tour"—his dad in Afghanistan and his mother in Somalia—and agreed to send him to boarding school. His father suggested his own school, back in California, but Abiona wouldn't hear of it.

"An *American* school? Where they sit in a circle and discuss their *feelings*, instead of learning coding and calculus?" His father tried forlornly to make a case for creativity and self-expression, but he'd realized early in the marriage that arguing with Abiona was futile; she'd been the champion of the Nigerian national debating team. So Theo stayed in England, boarding at the elite, all-boys school that Abiona selected.

The school treasured its traditions, which meant frigid dorms and chilly relationships. Lonely, ostracized, Theo gravitated to the stables. There, he found a tribe of pale-haired boys in Persil-whitened polo pants, possessing double-barreled names and homes that were old before Agincourt. The only time that Theo didn't feel out of place was when he was in the saddle. The style of riding he'd acquired in an Aussie paddock—the fast gallops and rollbacks—was entirely suited to polo. He was too good to be left off the team and soon he was its captain.

As a polo star from an elite school, he often frequented drawing rooms and manorial halls decked out with equestrian portraits. Even then, before he'd understood that the study of art would consume him, he'd been drawn to those paintings, drifting away from whatever postmatch event the team had been invited to. At first, staring at those works gave him something to do when he was left out of conversations. But it also developed his eye. Back at the school, in the library, he pored over art books to put the paintings he'd seen in context.

He had no idea who Stubbs's and Landseer's American equivalents might have been, but he was certain they existed. Horses were a universal subject: their images among the earliest art that human beings had created. It would

be fun to find out where in that history this neglected little painting might belong. He put the wrapped parcel in his bike pannier and propped it by the door.

The next morning, a Friday, he was all the way to the Mall before he realized he hadn't put the pannier on his bike. But as it turned out, he didn't need to pitch a new idea. His editor, Lior, already had another assignment in mind for him: a profile of the Californian painter Mark Bradford. Theo was pleased: Bradford was one of his favorite contemporary artists.

That weekend, he decided his apartment could benefit from a spring clean. To get the pannier out of the way while he mopped the floor, he propped it on a shelf in the closet. By Sunday, most of the neighbor's belongings had been picked off the curb. Early Monday morning, the trash collectors hauled away the rest, including the sign saying FREE STUFF.

Without anything to remind him, Theo forgot all about the painting. The horse stayed in the closet, wrapped and neglected.

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1850

I don't know when I've been so glad to put a town at my back. It was a mighty relief to leave the stink and bustle of Cincinnati. Rivers of mud and blood, a chorus of squeals. Vistas of dead pigs. I'm no stranger to slaughterhouses. My studies of horse anatomy required my presence there. But animal death on this industrial scale is another thing entirely. Our coachman, who has the misfortune to live in that fetid city, calls the place "Porkopolis." What a relief to barge across the Ohio and turn my face to the greener shores of Kentucke.

I hardly think there is a coach ride as fine in all the country. What a pleasant thing, to find the turnpike macadamized, so one isn't tossed about like a potato in a sack. And the weather so mild, I asked the coachman if I might sit with him upon the box, the better to see this new place, where I hope to find work enough to allow me to settle.

That we did not make much speed, on account of the many swine being driven northward to their fate, could be counted a blessing, as it gave me leisure to contemplate the immense natural park that spread itself before me: corn farms, set where the land runs level and lush, misted with a verdant spring growth, and the small orchards bedecked in pale pink blossom. Between the farms, fine stands of ancient oak and beech have survived the ax, leafing out in the green gold of fresh foliage. Such homes and barns as we passed added little to the view: basic shelters, shoddily constructed,

speaking poverty and want of thrift. These were the homes of first- or second-generation pioneers yet to prosper from their westward adventure. There were one or two of what I took to be slave shanties, even more ill built and sad. Man has yet to enhance the natural beauties of the place, but the undulant hills, many not yet subdued to the plow, bring a welcome drama to the scene.

As a plain, rather unattractive little village came in sight, the coachman blew his trumpet to alert the innkeeper to ready the fresh horses. I and my fellow passengers alit to take some sustenance at the unprepossessing inn, but when I saw the fare on offer I was untempted: greasy corn pone and some kind of meat boiled gray, to be washed down by coffee the color of dishwater. It was no great decision to abstain, and therefore hone my appetite for the better fare I was optimistic would await me at the table of my hosts. Just as well I so chose, for no sooner had my fellow travelers put fork to mouth than the call "Stage's ready!" went up, and all had to abandon the greater part of their repast, such as it was.

Toward the end of the second stage, the sun dipped and the hills and small holdings gave way to vast swells of grassland, tinged blue in the slanted light. As the day waned, my heart soared. It was apparent that we had come into the garden of the state, where accumulation of wealth has evidently been easy. No more slovenly little farms, but manorial estates of cost and taste perched upon knolls and, at last!—my object, my muse—the elegant blood horses agaze on rich pastures.

It has been clear to me for some long time that the turf and its pursuits are more kindly and liberally encouraged in the middle states and in the south than in the north, where a morbid dread of ruinous mischief tends to be too readily associated with the very name of horse racing. And so I have left my home with hopes of more consistent employment among these gentlemen and their splendid horses.

The temperature was dropping with the sinking sun, and a chill breeze had picked up. So when we were forced to a halt by yet another hog parade, I availed myself of the chance to reclaim my seat inside the coach. The three men aboard were obliging in making space for me. One, lifting the leather flap, said he recognized the brand upon the hogs. "Them's Cash Clay's livestock," he noted. That caught my interest, since Clay's wife was the daughter of my host for the coming night. "That driver there must be one of them slaves he done freed."

“Likely so,” agreed his companion. “I heard tell he pays ’em all, lets ’em leave his service if they like. Well, at least he freed his own before he set to preaching at others to do it. Inherited quite a number, so I heard tell.”

“Well, he would do, his daddy ownin’ more slaves then anyone in just ’bout the entire state. I don’t like an abolitionist, but I do admire a man who ain’t afraid to say what he believe, and to fight for hisself when obliged to.”

“A mighty fellow with a knife,” concurred the man who’d recognized the Clay brand on the pigs. “I was at that speech he gave, when the fellow stood on up and shot Clay right in the chest. Another man would have gone down mewling. Instead, he came right on back at the shooter, pulled his knife, and nearly carved that man to death. Dealt him such a blow to the belly that his innards spilled right on out. It was a sight to witness. I’ll never forget it.” The man drew his kerchief from a pocket and wiped his brow. “I’ve got twenty slaves, and I went there to that speech of his to argue my rights in them, but I got to say the courage of the man impressed me. Even if you are his enemy . . .”

The man trailed off, seeming to ponder the paradox of his admiration for a person whose ideas were so uncongenial to him. I thought I might venture a question at this juncture, forewarned being forearmed. I asked if his wife’s family, the Warfields, shared his radical views.

They answered with a chorus of denial. Dr. Warfield, they assured me, was a slaveholder just like themselves. “Must get hot at the dinner table, on occasion.” The men chuckled, and I smiled along. I wondered if I should get the chance to observe this. I’m a free labor man myself, but I knew in coming south I’d have to keep my peace on that subject, since work, if I got any, would come from the slave-owning class, just like this doctor who had dangled the possibility of a commission before me. I thought to bleed some more information from these men while I could.

I asked if Dr. Warfield’s fortune came mainly from his horses.

They replied that the horses were his pleasure, but the sources of his income were various. While he had retired from medical practice, he had a dry goods store in town, a hemp farm, banking ventures, and some few land speculations.

This was gratifying news. I had to restrain myself from pressing for further intelligence lest my interest strike the men as unseemly. In any case, the woodland pastures were beginning to give way to a thickening settlement, and before long, we passed into the town of Lexington, with its

neat brick homes, tree-shaded streets, imposing university, and well-stocked shops. I got down with my trunk at the Warfield store and was immediately greeted by the carriage driver charged with carrying me the last mile or so of my journey upon the Winchester Pike, to the Meadows, where my hopes of future employment were bent, and where I wished to make a good impression.

I had seen fine homes before—many grander and certainly of more venerable lineage than the Meadows—but few that sat so happily and naturally upon its site, arranged to take advantage of the prospect of fields and gardens that embraced it. The carriage passed through handsome stone pillars and up a wide drive of crushed stone flanked by young magnolia trees, already graceful, that would be magnificent in another generation.

Alerted by the squealing of the carriage wheels, a duo of liveried boys sprang from the house to carry my rolls of linen, my easel, and my trunk up the shallow curve of flagstone steps that led between a pair of flattened columns to the door.

I was not at all certain as to whether I should be deemed a guest or some kind of upper servant, so was delighted when the doctor and his wife greeted me themselves. Mrs. Warfield took the lead in offering me much respectful salutation. Her husband, a small, retiring fellow, seemed content to let her play the host, showing me the general layout of their home and instructing yet another crisply attired dusky youth to fetch my things to “the blue guest room.”

“We will be dining alone this night, and I do hope you will not think it very dull,” said Mrs. Warfield apologetically. “I had thought to extend some invitations, but my husband felt it best to spare you excessive company after your journey. Or at least that is what he said.” She slid her eyes at the doctor and gave a smile that hinted at a coquettish youth. “I fancy his true motive is to ply you for information about northern racing prospects, and that would be intelligence he does not wish to share with his wider acquaintance.”

The doctor laughed at that, and therefore I did also. “She sees through me like a pane of glass,” he said. “It’s what comes of a long marriage—something you, in your bachelor state, would not have experienced.”

“Perhaps that state is something we can remedy, during your stay with us,” Mrs. Warfield said. “I would be glad to make introductions . . .”

I raised a hand to fend off such a suggestion. “You are too kind, but I am not sufficiently established in my profession to entertain thoughts of

marriage at this time. You would do your lovely young friends no service, to promote an alliance with an itinerant painter and scribbler such as myself, who lives from canvas to canvas and on the meager pennies one may make on race reportage. Therefore, do not tempt me, I beg you!" I have found it is easier to plead frank poverty than to tell the simple truth: that matrimony, with its tight shackles to a certain hearth and the daily inanities of female conversation, does not interest me in the least degree.

"Very well then, Mr. Scott," said Mrs. Warfield. "I shall revise my object on this occasion. I will introduce you only to those who might offer commissions, rather than assignments."

Since that plan suited me very well, I went up to my fine room in good spirits to set down this account of my journey so far. I am resolved to make this diary a daily practice.

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1850

Jarret rubbed the pungent neat's-foot oil into a stirrup leather. He ran the strip slowly through his thumb and forefinger, letting the viscous liquid penetrate the pores of the hide. Jarret took pride in even the smallest of the barn jobs, and it riled him if he saw the other hands not taking the same care. A cracked stirrup leather could cost a man his life if it snapped at a full gallop. He looked up when he heard the distinctive ring of the doctor's silver-ferruled walking stick tapping across the paving stones. There was a young man with him. Not a buyer, that was evident from the worn state of his boots and the frayed cuffs of his jacket. Good-looking though, despite that—his fair hair well barbered, his neckcloth nicely tied.

Still working the oil into the leather—Harry didn't like to see an idle hand—Jarret edged over to his father, who was waiting by the barn door for Dr. Warfield, his cap already in his hand.

"Do you know the stranger?"

"I haven't met him yet. But I know who he is. Dr. Warfield said he'd be bringing by an animal painter. He's minded to have a portrait of one of the horses."

Jarret had seen the Clay girl painting in the flower garden, making some pretty work of it, but that, he thought, was just a pastime for fancy-brought-up young ladies. He'd also seen the pictures on the walls of the Warfield mansion, but somehow he had never conceived of painting as actual work

that a man might do for hire. “Strange trade for a grown man,” he said. “And by the looks of him not a good-paying one neither.”

“Well now, I don’t know about that. I got my likeness done by a Swiss-born gentleman, back in Marse Willa Viley times. I was training his fine horse, Richard Singleton, that time. Marse was minded to have a picture made of that horse, so he hired the Swiss man, Troye was his name, I recall, and when he come, he say, ‘Cap’n Viley, you got this fine horse and you also got this young jockey to ride him, and this here fine-looking trainer’—I was a younger man then, for sure. So he have us stand about, all manner of foolishness, dressed up in our best, and he made that painting of that horse, and me in my top hat and frock coat looking mighty fine, and the jockey and the groom as well, and all manner of trees in back of us. I believe the man was tired out of just painting horses, and he want to set hisself more of a job to do. Any case, it was a good likeness, all said and done, though it took a deal of standing still for that man while he got all of us just so and so, the way he wanted. Marse Viley put it right in the grand parlor where everyone who came to call could see it. Still there to this day, for all I know.”

Harry tilted his head toward the two men approaching. “This youngster coming up with Dr. Warfield, he learned the trade from that same painter, so the doctor says. And he says this one writes as well, for the racing press up north.” Harry looked at his son with a grin. “Maybe he’ll put the doctor’s name in the papers.”

Dr. Warfield gave Harry a good morning. “Mr. Thomas Scott, this is my trainer, Harry Lewis.” Most of the Warfield family referred to Jarret’s father as Old Harry, even to his face, and Jarret disliked it. He appreciated that Dr. Warfield gave Harry his proper name.

“Let’s see our new foal, shall we? Should you like that, Mr. Scott?”

“I should indeed. Nothing like a new horse to brighten a day.”

Harry signaled to Jarret then, and he came forward to roll back the barn door. The colt and his mother looked up in unison, Alice’s ears pinned flat, her good humor toward humans swept away with the morning’s muck-out.

Dr. Warfield grimaced. “Four white feet and a white nose—throw him to the crows.” Then the doctor laughed. “Lot of old wives’ nonsense, judging a horse by the color of his socks.”

Scott stood silent, his eyes running over the foal. Dr. Warfield tapped his ferrule on the barn boards, impatient to hear his opinion. “Would you mind,” asked Scott, “if I went in there with them? I’d like to examine his legs.”

Harry frowned, but Warfield nodded. "Go ahead." He turned to Harry. "Mr. Scott here was training to be a doctor himself, before the paintbrush called."

Scott laughed. "Wasn't so much the paintbrush calling as the creditors," he said. "Couldn't afford to pay the fees at the medical college, is the truth of it. But I have made some study of equine anatomy, and I'd be glad of the chance to examine this colt here."

Harry nodded curtly—he could hardly do otherwise—but Jarret could see displeasure in the line of his father's mouth. Still, Scott seemed to know his business, standing motionless as Alice snaked her head at him, waiting until her ears relaxed and flicked forward. Scott let the mare sniff him thoroughly, and only when she dropped her poll did he move slowly toward the colt, easing down into a crouch. He ran his hands up the spindly legs, feeling for the relationship of bone and tendon, just as Harry had done earlier. Then he held each tiny hoof in his palm, checking for heat. Jarret glanced at his father and saw that his scowl had softened. Scott looked up, smiling. "Sound and safe, seems like," he said.

Scott stood and quietly exited the stall. "He's small, and at first, you'd say there's not a lot of Boston in his looks. But then you notice the slope of the pelvic bones, same as Boston had, and the dam here has similar. Long pasterns, prominent knees. That buck knee of the Boston family—best in the world for power. Sire and dam share a very similar anatomy. Clever of you," he said, turning to Warfield, "to inbreed so closely to form."

"That was Harry's notion," said Warfield. Jarret saw his father nod, glad of the acknowledgment. "He wouldn't let go of the idea. Kept worrying away at it till I finally assented. And just in time."

"That's right," said Scott. "There'll be precious few more Boston colts." He tilted his head and narrowed his eyes as he continued to appraise the colt. "You know the John Sartorius painting of Edward Darley's Arabian? That stallion had white feet. This colt brings that painting to my mind."

"Say you so?" said Warfield. "But that's not his descent. Male line goes back to the Byerley Turk. Female line is to the Cullen Arabian. But it's a fine association in any case, and a good-enough name. Let us call him that. Darley." Warfield tapped his ferrule again to close the matter and turned to his trainer.

"Now, Harry, let's take Mr. Scott to look at Glacier. I have a mind to commission a likeness, since Mr. Scott observed last night at dinner that

painting a white horse is a great challenge.”

Later that day, when Jarret was seeing to the paddock picking, he noticed Scott, his lanky frame draped over the stone fence, watching the four-year-old named Glacier. Glacier was grazing in the largest turnout, the one that ran down from the home pasture to the creek edge through some stands of white oak, and it took Jarret quite a time to pick it clean, since he was particular to remove every trace of manure. He didn't mind even this lowly job. It was one way to keep track of the health of the horses. He'd saved a horse from colic once, by noticing the state of its droppings.

He'd been at it for a good half hour before Scott finally drew out a small sketchpad. Jarret was powerfully curious to get a glimpse, so he began working his way over toward the wall. When Scott straightened and stretched, he noticed Jarret and beckoned him over. Jarret wheeled his barrow closer.

“What's he like?” Scott asked, tilting his head in the direction of the horse.

Jarret averted his eyes and scuffed the turf with the toe of his boot. It wasn't a good idea to speak without putting a deal of thought into it. Words could be snares. Less of them you laid out there, less likely they could trap you up. “Collected at the post. Fast off the start.”

“No,” said Scott, and Jarret winced. There you go. Less than a dozen words and he'd said the wrong ones, seemingly. But then Scott spoke less sharply. “I meant, what's he *like*? Busy mind, or a dreamer? Bossy or well mannered? I want to know how he feels about the world . . . what kind of soul he's got.”

Jarret had never heard horses spoken of in that way, although it was how he thought of them in his own mind. His father knew all about how to make a horse work its best, and there was a great deal of learning to that. Dr. Warfield was a shrewd judge of when to buy and sell them. But Jarret thought both his father and Dr. Warfield treated horses like mechanical contraptions: do this, get that. Jarret disagreed, but had never said so. To speak of horses as beings with feelings, even souls—it might seem like foolishness, or even maybe sinful, in the eyes of the angry God of the White church Dr. Warfield attended. But now this man was speaking as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

Jarret tried for the first time to put his thoughts into words. “Glacier, well. He'd be a fly one,” he said shyly.

“‘Fly’? What’s that mean?” asked Scott. “We don’t have that expression where I’m from, back east.”

Jarret tried to think how to explain it. “Fly means . . . smart, but quiet about it. Not a know-it-all. Not cunning neither, because that’s like being crooked, and Glacier’s not that way. He’s a thinker, and that’s good, on account of he won’t do the stupid thing, like getting a hoof caught in a hole, or shying if a bird breaks out of a bush. But it’s bad, too, because he’s not about to do what you say just because you say it. He take his own time to think for hisself. Not all jockeys can see why a horse might be that way, so I think that how he does on the track always gone depend on who’s ask him to do it. You see, now? See how his tail swings, side to side? He knows how to *use* hisself, but he don’t always engage that big hind end when he’s in a race. You have to know to ask him just the right way. And then back home, in the paddock, he’s not one to try to be the boss horse. He don’t barge in to get the feed so as to rile the others, but he don’t go hungry neither. He watch, and he think, and when the others commence to fussin’ for one particular flake of hay, he go off and find one that he can eat by his ownself without aggravation. That’s fly.”

Jarret took a breath. He wasn’t sure he’d ever said so many words in a row before. But then, no one had ever seemed so ready to hear his opinion.

Scott was smiling. “Thank you, that helps me a good deal in thinking how to paint him.”

Jarret wasn’t in the habit of questioning his seniors, especially White people. They didn’t tend to appreciate it. But he was powerfully curious.

“How do it do that?”

Scott smiled. “Why do you think men like these thoroughbreds so much?”

“Money, I guess,” Jarret replied.

“Well, sometimes they make money, but hardly ever nearly enough to make up for what most folk spend on them. So there’s got to be something more.”

“They’re beautiful?”

“Of course, they are beautiful, and men with money like to have beautiful things. Beautiful estates, beautiful wives.” Scott smiled. “But I can tell you, and it’s a fact: many a horse-owning gentleman will pay me fifty or sixty dollars for a painting of his horse, but he’d grudge to spend half that on a portrait of his wife, no matter how beautiful she might be.”

Jarret kicked at the dirt. "Then maybe it's the races—folk get excited to go there. All kinds of folk, high and low."

Scott nodded. "'All men are equal on the turf or under it'—that's the saying. But the folk who own the horses, it's much more, for them, than an exciting day out. Here's the ground of it, as I see it: a racehorse is a mirror, and a man sees his own reflection there. He wants to think he's from the best breeding. He wants to think himself brave. Can he win against all comers? And if not, does he have self-mastery to take a loss, stay cool in defeat, and try again undaunted? Those are the qualities of a great racehorse and a great gentleman. A gentleman likes to have a horse that gives the right answers to those questions, then he can believe that he will give the right answers too. To do my part, I have to give a man a likeness that shows not just how beautiful the horse looks, but how beautiful it feels to him."

Scott's words struck Jarret like a bell clapper, and the truth of it rang through him. "Maybe you don't need to be no gentleman to feel like that," he said. "That Darley foal. He makes me feel—hopeful. Like the future gone matter more than it did the day before he come."

Scott nodded. "I can see that. A new horse is all promise." The two stood in companionable silence, both gazing at Glacier as he cropped the lush spring grass. Jarret wasn't used to feeling so easy in the presence of a White stranger.

"You must like the work here a great deal. Otherwise, with all these fast horses, you and your pa could just mount up and ride off. The river's not that far away, after all."

Jarret felt the blood rise into his face and a taste of sickness in the back of his throat. He didn't care one bit for this turn in the conversation. Even at the Meadows, under the hand of the Warfields—who, after all, tolerated a notorious emancipationist for a son-in-law—Jarret knew better than to be drawn into any discussion of running away. Still, he couldn't let Scott's error stand. He looked him in the eye for the first time. "My pa's a free man. He can go when and where he please, horse or no horse."

Scott gave a snort and clapped Jarret on the back. "So he is, boy. I had forgot. I don't mean offense. But it's a puzzle to me. I've known a number of great horse trainers, not free men like your father, but Colonel Johnson's Charles or Mr. Wells's Hark. Why, Charles takes the colonel's best horses all over the country, clear across state lines, and nobody thinks a thing of it. Never know where you'll meet up with him next: Virginia, Kentucky,

Louisiana, even right on up in New York. He could have mounted up on any of those thoroughbreds and been off and away before a mule could kick.”

Jarret picked up the handles of his barrow and turned his back. Seemed this man Scott was an addlepat ass, talking of such things right out in the open when anyone at all might happen by.

“I got work to do,” he mumbled. He started the barrow in motion. The man might be a northerner but how could he not know what a man like Hark or Charles had suffered to earn the place they had, and what they would risk if they became fugitive? How would they ever get work, when turfmen south and north were thick allies? And how could they leave their families? This man might know horses, but he sure did lack any sense when it came to the men who worked them.

To Jarret’s irritation, Scott followed after him, clambering over the stone wall and making his uncertain way across the churned turves of the paddock.

“Don’t mind me, boy. I’m just prattling. I don’t mean anything by it. Your pa is one of the very best. I know Dr. Warfield thinks the world of him. In fact—and this is just between us now—he told me he’s considering offering him that Darley foal as his wages this coming year. That’s something, I’d say, a colt with those bloodlines. Dr. Warfield said your pa was the one who pushed for that breeding, and then Boston ups and dies right after. He says your father deserves the credit and the profit, if any. Be interesting to see what comes of the colt. I wish him—and you—good luck with him.”

His father’s own racehorse. What a thing it would be. But Scott couldn’t be correct. No Black man could own a racehorse. It was foolishness, just like all that loose talk about runaways. It might be one thing to throw around such ideas up north. It was another thing entirely in Kentucky, where the slave power was growing stronger than ever. Still, he could see how a man like Scott might get confused at a place like the Meadows. Life looked well enough there. It was what you couldn’t see that rubbed your soul raw.

“I tell you what,” Scott said. “You’ve been helpful, what you said, about this horse here. I could use your help some more, when I get set up to paint him. The first thing I need to do is measure him—science in the interests of art, you know—and I’d be much obliged if you’d hold him for me while I run the tape over him. In return, I’ll make a painting of Darley, when he’s grown some, and you can keep it for your own.”

Fine, thought Jarret. No law says a Black man can’t have a picture of a racehorse.

So that was the first time, but not the last, that Jarret held a horse as Scott took meticulous measurements of every bone and joint. Then Jarret groomed Glacier, currying his coat till it gleamed like the ice he was named for. Later, he stood by and watched as Scott unrolled the bolt of Irish flax, fixed it to a stretcher, and propped it on his easel. He knelt down to sketch. “A horse presents better from a low-angled view,” he explained. “You want to be looking up at them a little bit, not dead-on level.”

Jarret was amazed as Scott’s hand moved swiftly, filling the white ground with assured strokes. He sketched the horse as if he could see right inside to the bones and muscle.

When Scott stood up to stretch and to consider the charcoal lines he’d made, Jarret risked a question.

“You learn that—muscles and such—from your time doctoring?”

“I learned it from my time butchering. I worked at the Philadelphia knackery for six months, carving up horse carcasses till I couldn’t lift a paintbrush. But by the end of it I’d learned the nature of every bone and sinew in a horse.”

Scott picked up his palette then and squeezed out a dozen small knobs of color. Jarret observed the bright spectrum formed on that ordinary piece of board, from warm shades to cool. Scott named each pigment as he coaxed the shiny worms of paint from their tubes, and Jarret learned the unfamiliar names: the burnt sienna that he’d thought of as mere brown, the French ultramarine that he’d known simply as blue. But blue wasn’t so simple to Scott. He had Prussian blue, cerulean, cobalt, teal, navy. So many complicated words for a simple thing. Jarret knew the names for horse colors—bay, blood bay, buckskin, dun, roan—but now it seemed like every other thing was just as various if you troubled to look at it closely.

Jarret’s task was to keep the horse’s attention, rustling a pail of grain or whistling. “What you want is tension,” Scott explained. “A horse shows best with a bend in the neck. He looks more agile, more elegant.”

Jarret learned that when Scott squinted, it wasn’t that his eyes were sore, but that he needed to eliminate detail to find the broad areas of light and shade. He watched Scott fill his left hand with six or eight different brushes and wondered why so many, until he figured it: one brush for each small puddle of color to keep each tone clean and pure, unmuddied with another. He saw how Scott worked on the whole painting, not just a corner of it, dabbing here, there, farther down. Nose, back, tail. Change brush, new color.

Hocks, mane, haunches. Change brush, new color. Hoof, poll, withers. Change brush, new color.

Jarret had thought of the paintings on the walls up in the Warfield house as flat things. Now he understood that they weren't flat at all, but built up in many layers, just like a stone wall. He learned that shadows weren't black or brown, but richly colored by the lilac-toned light or the greens reflected off the grass. He saw how for Glacier's white coat, Scott used barely any white at all, but pinks and mauves and lively grays in pale washes, layer after layer.

Yet in the end, a white horse stood there: Glacier, looking fly.

# JESS

*Woods Hole, Massachusetts*

2019

Jess drove across the Bourne Bridge just as the eastern sky came alive. After a few miles, she turned right down a side road toward the water and pulled over to watch the sunrise.

As she stepped out of the truck, a chill fingered its way through her thin cardigan. Spring was still a rumor up here. She leaned against the hood of the truck, grateful for the engine's warmth, and tilted her face to the stinging salt air. Jess missed this, perhaps more than anything else about her Sydney home: the sense of being at the watery edge of things, turning a corner and being confronted by a shimmer of sunlight on waves, a crescent of sand curved below a rock-ribbed headland. This beach was very different; undramatic, undulant, gentled by low dunes. As she watched, a crimson sunrise gashed the purple cumulus clouds, like slashes in an Elizabethan sleeve. A seal popped its doggy head out of the water. They gazed at each other as the sun sent a slanting beam to silver the beach grass. "What are you thinking about, eh?" Jess asked the seal, who seemed happy to stare at her and showed no urgency about swimming away. "Shouldn't you be getting on with it? Places to go, fish to catch? Me, I've got an appointment with a whale. What do you think of that?"

When the seal finally vanished into the glossy curve of a wave, Jess glanced at her watch. It was just after seven. She'd made good time and her meeting wasn't till nine. She weighed her options: attempt a nap or seek

coffee. She climbed back into the truck and flicked the lever to drop the seatback. But it wasn't any good. She squirmed and couldn't get comfortable. Better to tough it out, collect and load the skull, and then find a motel for a proper rest before the return drive.

The coffee shop near the Woods Hole ferry terminal was warm, pungent with the aroma of roasting beans and fresh-baked bread. She wrapped her hands around the mug and found a seat near the window. One of the big white ferries that plied the waters between the Cape and Martha's Vineyard nosed up to the dock. She watched the two-way trudge of commuters: islanders disembarking for mainland jobs and laborers climbing the gangplank for a day's work on the Vineyard. Hoodies up, heads bent, they passed one another in silence, like monks on their way to matins. Farther down the harbor, scientific vessels bristling with research instruments loomed over net-draped fishing boats and sleek yachts. As Jess sipped her coffee, she caught snatches of conversation—a table of fishermen discussing the market price of black bass while a pair of marine biologists picked apart a journal article on the seasonal dynamics of amphipod assemblages.

She liked this place; this mix of sea dogs and scientists, the swift currents sluicing around the jigsaw squiggle of the coastline, the little drawbridge rising and falling like something from a child's train set.

The Marine Research Facility was up the hill on the Quissett campus. Jess had exchanged emails about her visit with Tom Custler, the marine mammal biologist most closely concerned with the whale skull, so she was surprised when the occupant of the office number she had been given was a tall, fair-haired woman, a slight frown creasing a pale brow, studying data on side-by-side computer screens.

"Thomasina, like the Disney cat," she explained, shaking hands firmly. "My mother's favorite movie. Stupid name: of course I shortened it. The Pilgrim Whale—that's what we've been calling it, since the carbon dating—is over in the warehouse. I suppose you're keen to evaluate it?"

As they walked the bright corridors, Tom described how the skull had been discovered. "The dunes have been eroding rapidly all along the Cape—climate change, fiercer storms. Some guest at a beachside resort in Brewster basically tripped over the edge of the thing, just after it'd been uncovered by a storm. The resort manager assumed it was a rock and sent the grounds crew to dig it up. When they realized what it actually was, they called us. At first, all we knew was that it had to be pre-1974, since that's when we started

keeping records of whale strandings, and we didn't have a note about this one. The carbon dating results blew us all backward—to think it's been there, covered by the dunes, for all those centuries. The resort wanted to mount it as a decoration for the lobby." She laughed. "Should have seen their faces when I gently explained that would be illegal. One tries not to slam down one's cards like a winning hand in poker. And then, of course, turns out our hand wasn't, after all."

"Wasn't?"

"Wasn't a winning hand. You lot came up aces."

"Ah yes, Smithsonian's right of first refusal."

"Well, you've got the resources to squeeze this for data. Diet, water temperature, salinity . . ."

"How it was before we messed the oceans up."

"Quite."

They reached the warehouse. A motion sensor tripped the lights.

Jess whistled. "I'm gonna need a bigger truck."

Tom grinned at the *Jaws* reference. "Well, I hope you've got a lot of foam. A *lot* of foam."

The whale's skull was six feet wide. It weighed more than four hundred pounds. It was still on the forklift, so Jess was able to raise it to inspect the underside. As she'd expected, the bone was eroded and very fragile. She turned to Tom. "Clearly a mysticete, most like a North Atlantic right whale, to judge by the skull morphology, don't you think?"

Tom nodded. "We'll be keen for you to confirm that."

Jess spent the morning gently layering foams of varying density over the immense cranium. It was noon before she felt it was sufficiently protected to be loaded into the padded flatbed of the pickup. Then she interlaced a cobweb of netting until the skull was securely cocooned against even a millimeter of movement.

"Looks cozy," Tom Custler remarked. "Let me help you get that tarp on." The two worked in silence ratcheting the straps. "No one would ever know that you had a seventeenth-century whale skull there. Want to grab lunch before you head out?"

They jumped on the MBL shuttle and sat at the bar of Quicks Hole Tavern, eating fish tacos alongside the guys who'd probably caught the fish. Tom seemed to know the entire fishing fleet, greeting everyone by name.

“We rely on them,” she said. “They know better than anyone what kind of trouble our oceans are in. The older guys have seen it all happen in their own lifetime—catastrophic collapse in fish stocks. It’s changed their lives.”

“Made it harder to earn a crust?”

“Make a buck, you mean? Much harder. They care. If there’s a stranding or an entanglement, they’re generally the first ones to help.”

A youth with a full red beard and long, fair hair approached them. “Thanks for patching up Hank,” he said. “He’s doing great—back out with me on the boat.”

“Hank’s his dog,” Tom explained. “Got hit by a car and broke his leg. Eric couldn’t afford a vet, so I set the bone for him.”

“You did?”

“Well, I’m a vet by training. I came here to work on a sedation protocol for large cetaceans when we have to cut them loose from fishing gear. Then I got obsessed with North Atlantic right whales—they’ve kept declining while the Southern Ocean species rebounded once the hunting stopped. We’ve urbanized this ocean—ship strikes, fishing gear. We’ve made it so noisy they can’t hear to navigate—boat engines, navy sonar, sea mining. Only four hundred left, and now they’re putting in offshore wind farms. We need the sustainable energy, for sure, but each of those windmills is going to sit on a pad of concrete big as a city block. Right in the migration zone. We’re just not leaving enough room for them.”

“Seems like we don’t leave room for anything other than ourselves.”

A ferry horn growled. “That’s the one fifteen. Time to get back to work.” They took the shuttle back to Quissett, then Jess drove the truck to a motel just past Bourne, pulled the blackout shades, lay on the bed fully dressed, and plunged into a deep sleep. On the long drive back, she resumed listening to Plymouth University’s recording of *Moby-Dick*. She wondered if the Pilgrim Whale had been alive during Melville’s hunts. She imagined the great creature’s mighty heart pounding as it fled the harpooners. Was that worse than being entangled in skeins of fishing gear and slowly starving to death? She wondered how the Pilgrim Whale had died in the end, and whether the skull would reveal that.

As the guard waved her through the gate into the Support Center, she looked up at the looming bulk of the pods and thought of everything in there—the holotypes that provide the basis for a species identity, the specimens that are the scientific ground truth for the record of biodiversity. How many

of them, she wondered, no longer existed? The pods suddenly seemed less impressive than tragic: evidence lockers for the case against humanity.

But the pods also held the things people had created—the finest examples of the artistry and the ingenuity of our own species. How could we be so creative and so destructive at the same time? She felt the hot swell of easy tears and realized she was exhausted. She was taking extra care, backing the truck up to the loading dock, when her phone rang.

“It’s Horace, over at Affiliates? Just wondering if you had any luck?”

She tried to focus. Who was Horace again? Then she cursed silently. She’d forgotten all about it. The missing *Equus*. “Closing in on it, Horace. I’m just back from Woods Hole and totally bugged. Can I get back to you this afternoon?” She heard the intake of breath on the other end of the line. She had to remember not to use casual Aussie slang. Americans weren’t used to it. It sounded unprofessional.

“Please, if you can, because that researcher from England will be here tomorrow.”

“Okay, Horace. On it.”

She went to grab a coffee—double shot—and then supervised as the crew unloaded the skull and transported it to the lab. She left Maisy to oversee the removal of the foams and rifled through her wallet looking for the crumpled boarding pass on which she’d jotted down the numbers Horace had given her. Accession No. 121040, Catalogue No. 16020, entered November 7, 1878, and by now one of about ten million recorded specimens in mammal vertebrates.

Usually all Jess had to do to find an item was to type the number and hit function F on her keyboard. But not everything was in the database, especially the oldest items. Sometimes it was still necessary to pore through ink-penned card catalogues and accession books, the faded cards in various hands, the careful calligraphy of colleagues from the past. She thought of giving the job to Maisy, so she could get home and get some sleep. But Horace seemed anxious, and she knew it would be quicker to do the search herself. She would stop at the Castle on her way home and sort it out.

Two hours later, she looked up from a yellowed ledger, pulled out her phone, and called Horace back. She’d tracked the spidery handwriting from the note of acquisition in 1878, through the first eight decades of display, to the crating of the item for storage during a reorganization in 1956, to a loan

for a special exhibition in 1974. Finally, a more recent note disclosed its current location.

“We haven’t got your *Equus*,” she said.

“*What?* You mean to say we lost it?”

“No, no. I mean, we haven’t got it in the pods at Support. I said we had ninety-eight percent of the collections, but your *Equus* is in the two percent we don’t have. The good news: you won’t have to drag your visitor out to Maryland tomorrow. Just go across the street to the Natural History Museum. It was in the Hall of Mammals there, then American History had it for a while—some exhibition on how you measure time, apparently. Anyway, when that closed, they seem to have been at a loss what to do with it, so they shoved it in the attic.”

“That’s embarrassing.”

“It is, a bit. Last time I was up there, and it’s been a while, it was a total mess. Take a torch—I mean, a flashlight. In fact, take two—the lighting’s awful. But at least you won’t have any trouble recognizing it. It’ll be the thing labeled ‘Horse.’”

Horace laughed nervously. “Ah, Jess. Seeing that you know your way around up there, I don’t suppose . . .”

She knew what was coming. Horace’s department, Affiliates, was like the diplomatic corps of the Smithsonian Institution, and its top diplomat was feeling chagrined about the possible mishandling of an artifact that another institution evidently felt was highly significant. A buck was about to be passed.

He was blathering now. Something about his daughter’s lacrosse game out in Reston. Could she, would it be possible, see her way clear . . . daughter really wanted him to see her play . . .

Jess laughed quietly to herself. She let him dangle for a minute or two, and then:

“Be glad to, Horace. Wish your daughter good luck from me.”

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

Theo read through his final draft and hit the save key. This piece had gone much more easily. He hadn't had to battle against the academic jargon. It helped to have a living subject to interview, especially one as thoughtful and funny as Bradford. Theo had started his piece with an anecdote about how Bradford used perm papers from his mom's hair salon to make his art in the years when he couldn't afford to buy paint.

He gathered his reference materials and tidied his desk. Clancy looked up, head cocked, eager for a run. Theo foraged around in his laundry hamper for a Hoyas shirt. He disliked branded, elite-university apparel, but his favorite run took him through lily-white Northwest Washington and Daniel, his best friend at Yale, had instructed him that a Black man, running, should dress defensively. Theo picked up his Georgetown ID. The dog's tail thumped the floor. He grabbed a leash, not that Clancy needed one; he was a natural heeler, but the avidity of his expression and his pointy-eared intensity could make non-dog people nervous. Theo clipped the leash to his collar with an apology. "Sorry, mate. We'll take it off when we get to the park." As he opened the door, he glimpsed the neighbor across the road pushing a shopping cart—one of those old-fashioned fabric wheelie ones. She was struggling with it. The heat was clearly getting to her. As she reached the steps to her house, she stood, leaning heavily on the gate. He asked Clancy

to stay, and as he crossed the street, he recalled the last time he'd helped her. That horse painting. What had he done with it?

As Theo came up behind her and reached out to take the cart, her head shot up, alarmed. Her knuckles whitened on the handle, as if she expected it to be wrenched from her grasp. Theo felt the usual gust of anger and took a deep breath. Just a White woman, White-womaning. He stepped back, spreading his hands reassuringly. "It's me, Theo, from across the street," he said. "Just wondered if you'd like a hand with that, to get up the steps?" She squinted at him, lifted her chin in a wordless assent, and relinquished the trolley, resting a hand on the stair rail and gasping for breath. "I don't see too good up close," she rasped. He watched her labor up the few steps, following behind with the trolley. As he set it down, he glimpsed a frozen chicken. Wordlessly, she turned, put her key in the door, and vanished into the dark interior.

"You're welcome!" he called. Clancy's tail thumped the pavement as Theo crossed the street. Theo scratched between his pointy ears. They set off for Rock Creek Park. Theo ran off his anger, going hard over their usual route through the narrow southern section, past the zoo to Peirce Mill. Back home, Theo set out dog food and cold water and headed for the shower. A towel around his waist, still dripping, he rifled through the closet until he found the pannier with the wrapped painting. He took his bike down off the hooks on the wall and attached the pannier.

The magazine's office was on the sixth floor of a glassy tower that rose above the entrance to L'Enfant Plaza Metro. Theo wandered through the atrium past a dumpy café claiming "the best sushi in town." He found this boast less than credible. He braved the line at the Starbucks to get a couple of macchiatos. He'd noticed last time that his editor, Lior, was drinking one, and a little sucking up never hurt. Anyway, he liked Lior, a blunt Israeli—was it stereotyping to wonder if "blunt Israeli" was a redundancy? He hadn't had a chance to make friends in the few busy months since the move to DC. The Fine Arts Department was tiny at Georgetown and, apart from his supervisor, blindingly White. Lior was half Ethiopian. Theo hoped a friendship might develop if they kept working together.

Lior met him at the elevator, greeting him with a backslap that almost made him spill the coffee. He led the way to his office.

"Last man on earth who brings me something on paper!" As he read, his red pen scrawled editor's calligraphy on every other line.

“Is okay, is good. Will read it again and send some revisions, some questions, tomorrow.” He leaned back in his chair. “What will you do for me next?”

Theo pulled out the salvaged painting and explained his idea of outlining the steps in identifying the value of such a find. “I like it. Different. I’ll fix things with Conservation out at Support. Meantime, you want to get an idea where this fits in, you should maybe go to the Visible Art Storage and Study Center at our American Art Museum.”

Theo left the office clutching Lior’s hastily scribbled map. Outside, a lone opera singer stood amid the food trucks, belting out “E lucevan le stelle” from *Tosca*. He threw the guy a dollar. He was still humming the aria to himself as he racked his bike just across from the Museum of Natural History. Then he swore silently to himself. What was he supposed to do with the painting? He couldn’t leave the pannier on the bike—that was just inviting someone to steal it. But taking a painting into an art museum wasn’t a great idea either—could be hard to explain when walking out with it. He looked across at the Natural History Museum. He’d check it there, in the cloakroom, and pick it up on the way back.

Lior had explained how to find the study area, tucked away in a converted library above the galleries, a vast cache of paintings crammed frame to frame on every inch of wall. It didn’t take Theo long to find the nineteenth-century section and narrow his search to equestrian themes. He passed by images of mustangs swirling in dusty corrals and battle scenes of U.S. cavalry.

Then he stopped. High on the wall, so that Theo had to crane to see it, was a small oil painting, the horse posed to show its conformation, just as in the work he’d salvaged. But in this painting, a young Black man held the horse’s lead rope and gazed gravely toward the observer. The youth was finely dressed: frock coat, cravat, brocade vest. Theo peered at the label: “*Star Maris with His Groom*, Kentucky, 1857, by Edward Troye.” Theo studied the deft brushstrokes Troye had used to convey the rich texture of the brocade, the crisp folds of the cravat. A gentleman’s attire. Yet in Kentucky, pre-Civil War, this unnamed groom, this young Black man, was probably enslaved.

Theo went back to the catalogue and scanned the database for more paintings by Troye. There were two more in the collection. He searched the walls, guided by the catalogue numbers. One showed a horse standing in a

skillfully rendered southern landscape. The other, hung so low that the frame of the large canvas almost grazed the floor, was a much more elaborate composition. It depicted a racehorse surrounded by three Black attendants—a jockey hefting a saddle; a groom in a satin vest and a linen shirt; and a third man clad in a frock coat, pinstriped trousers, and a Lincolnesque beaver hat. The title: *Richard Singleton with Viley's Harry, Charles and Lew*.

Theo sat back on his heels and regarded the painting. This man Viley, whoever he was, had commissioned a painting that showed off several of his prized possessions: his thoroughbred racehorse and three men he had enslaved. The artist, it seemed, had willingly abetted this braggadocio. A line from “Ozymandias” wafted through his mind; something about the artist *well those passions read that yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things. The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed*.

And yet. There was no mockery here. As Theo gazed at the painting, he was struck by the individuality of the three men. Troye had portrayed them as distinct personalities. They were *presences*. He had not caricatured them—there was no exaggeration of features. He'd taken minute care with the details of their faces, clothing, bearing.

Theo's dissertation was meant to be on depictions of Africans in British art; his working title: *Sambo, Othello, and Uncle Tom: Caricature, Exoticization, Subalternization, 1700–1900*. He planned to write of Coon caricatures, Orientalist fantasies, the decorative enslaved servant in ornate livery, proffering fruit or waving peacock-feathered fans for a White master. His thesis argued that these paintings were never meant to be viewed as portraits of individuals, merely status signifiers of the privilege, wealth, and power of the White sitters. The reality of quotidian Black life didn't merit depiction. His argument mirrored Frederick Douglass's caustic essay, arguing that no true portraits of Africans by White artists existed; that White artists couldn't see past their own ingrained stereotypes of Blackness. Douglass's piece, published in *The Liberator*, mocked the caricatures that White painters produced—the broad noses, the thick lips—and asked his readers to consider if they'd ever seen, in life, an actual face that combined all these exaggerated features.

But here was a painting that challenged his thesis. In particular, the man in the top hat—the trainer, Theo supposed—had been depicted possessing a dignified authority. He actually looked irritated with the artist who was interrupting his important work. He gazed boldly beyond the painting,

meeting the eyes of the viewer with a challenging glare. Theo had never seen a painting depicting an enslaved person that emphasized his authority and agency in this way.

And yet. That title.

*Viley's Harry, Charles and Lew.* Theo felt whipsawed. Troye may have portrayed these men as individuals, but perhaps only in the same clinical way that he exactly documented the splendid musculature of the thoroughbred. It was impossible not to suspect some equivalence between the men and the horse: valued, no doubt, but living by the will of their enslaver, submitting to the whip. Obedience and docility: valued in a horse, valued in an enslaved human. Both should move only at the command of their owner. Loyalty, muscle, willingness—qualities for a horse, qualities for the enslaved. And while the horse had two names, the men had only one. Theo let the resentment rise inside him. Then, as he'd trained himself to do, he crushed it. Just as a lump of coal, under pressure, could become a diamond bit, Theo had learned to turn his anger into something he could use.

Maybe this was a fruitful area of exploration: depictions of enslaved people in the equestrian art of the antebellum South. Through the two centuries that separated them, he stared into the eyes of the confident trainer.

Just then, discreet chimes sounded to indicate that the gallery was closing. He hadn't realized it was so late. But when he stood, the tingling in his quads told him he'd been crouched on the floor for a long time, lost in contemplation of the painting.

He gazed once more at the trainer. "Harry? Charles? Lew?" he whispered. "I don't know who you are, but if I can find out, I will."

He left the gallery at a jog, anxious to get his painting out of the Natural History cloakroom before it closed for the night. The doors were shutting as he sprinted up the stairs, and at first the attendant wasn't going to let him in. Luckily, some woman in the cloakroom was arguing with a security guard about a suitcase, so the doorman let him slip by and wait behind her.

As he walked back out into the street, the air felt layered: the stored heat from the pavement rising up to meet the cooling evening. He found a bench on the Mall and began to scribble notes. He wanted to get down his reactions to that painting, exactly what he'd noticed and his response to it. You never get a second chance to have a first impression.

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1850

Jarret leaned against the new limestone wall. The late-May morning had turned sultry and he was glad of the cool stone on his back. The lush grasses—the Irish blade that Dr. Warfield favored for its bone-building richness—were beginning to haze over with their bluish bloom. Out of the corner of his eye, Jarret watched the girl, Mary Barr Clay. She was making a precarious way along the top of the wall, arms flung out to help her balance. Since the coping atop the wall was made of narrow stones set close to vertical, this was no easy business. Jarret plucked a bloom of honeysuckle and sucked the sweetness, smiling to himself as she swayed and dipped, striving to keep balance.

When Mary Barr reached him, she jumped down with a flourish. “Did you see? I made it all the way.” She lifted a corner of her pinafore and wiped the sweat off her brow, impatiently pushing back tendrils of hair. Jarret could see that someone, probably Mrs. Warfield’s own maid, had gone to a good deal of trouble with that hair—you’d call it blood bay, Jarret thought, if she were a filly—twirling it up into an elaborate French braid. Now Mary Barr raked her fingers through, loosening what was left of the arrangement and letting pins fly out onto the grass.

“You’d best pick ’em up, Miss Clay,” Jarret said mildly. “Could be bad if a foal got stuck in the hoof.”

She flopped down onto the grass without protest, gathering up the fallen pins and putting them in her pocket. Then she came and stood by Jarret, draping herself against the wall with one raised foot pushing against the stone.

The two lolled there, watching Darley and Alice Carneal. The painter Scott hadn't been misinformed, as Jarret had thought him. Dr. Warfield had indeed offered Alice's colt to Harry as his year's wages. The doctor would remain the owner of record in order for the horse to race, since no Black man, enslaved or free, could be admitted to the gentlemen's club of racehorse owners. But Warfield said he felt too old to be campaigning a young racehorse whose first contest was still three years distant, and since the breeding had been Harry's idea, the foal could be his, to see what he could make of it.

All that spring, Jarret tried to court the mare's good opinion. A foal will take its cues from its dam, and Jarret didn't want Darley picking up Alice's high-strung ways. Temperament was risky from both sides, with the sire Boston's violent blood. But from what Harry had told him, he inclined to think that much of the hatefulness in Boston's nature had come of ill usage. Boston, then an unbroken two-year-old, had been handed over to settle an eight-hundred-dollar gambling debt. A year later, he remained unridden, bucking off and attacking any who tried. He was sent to a notoriously hard trainer, who set several men to hold him down while another thrashed him till the welts stood red on his coat. It took more than one such beating to break the horse's courage, and when he did acquiesce it was with a bitter spirit. Eventually, Boston's gaits could be controlled, but at the cost of a temper that never would be.

Jarret was determined their Darley wasn't going to grow up that way. A furious horse isn't thinking clearly, and Jarret had a powerful idea that horses win races with their head. And then, if the colt didn't make it on the racetrack, a nice-tempered saddle horse had a lot more value than a sour one.

Jarret ambled toward the shady spot where Alice and Darley were grazing, their coats flickering and twitching as they shrugged off flies. Mary Barr followed him, but at a distance. She knew how to be around horses, not just to stand about in her riding dress waiting for a groom to fetch her mount. Jarret greeted Alice first, then Darley, who rubbed his nose affectionately on his shirtsleeve. Jarret gently pushed the little head away, requesting his space. A foal's affectionate rub was a fetching thing, but a grown stallion

that didn't know his boundaries would be quite another. He dropped to his haunches and let his hands climb the foal's legs just as Scott had done that first morning. Harry had taught him to feel for heat—you didn't want to find any—then the long strings of gristle running beside each length of bone. These needed to feel not too tight, not too loose—just the perfect firmness to hold the fast-growing bones in the right place. He picked up each tiny hoof in turn, to get the youngster used to it for when he'd have to stand for the farrier, and also to check the still-tender tissues for bruising. Finally, he drew a soft brush from his back pocket and commenced to groom the foal.

"May I do that?" Mary Barr asked. Jarret nodded and made way for her. He watched approvingly as she let Alice, then the foal, smell her hands and see the brush before she began to work on him, humming as she did so.

"When can we ride him?" she asked.

"Long time yet, Miss Clay. His bones got to grow. Best let that happen in its own good time." Harry didn't hold with the newfangled idea of racing two-year-olds.

"May I ride him one day?"

Jarret smiled. Mary Barr had been allowed to follow the hunt the past season and she rode her pony with fierce concentration and good balance. But a full-size thoroughbred was another gate's business.

"Not likely, Miss. A little-bitty young lady in a sidesaddle on a thoroughbred stallion—I won't say nobody ever see it, but I don't know what Dr. Warfield would say."

"I know my daddy would not speak against it. He likes me to do hard things. And anyway, I don't have to ride sidesaddle all the time. My teacher, Madame Mentelle, doesn't."

"That so? Well, we'll see. But we need to get him weaned, first off."

The practice at the Meadows was to run all the foals and mares together. Then, when it came time for weaning, to take one mare at a time out of the paddock. Some foals ran wildly about, disoriented and off their feed for days. Others, after looking around for their own mother, decided that they were safe enough with the remaining herd.

The day they took Alice to a different pasture, Darley made one madcap dash up and down the fence line. Then he became diverted by the antics of two other colts and went to join their game. Over the weeks, all the mares were withdrawn until only the colts remained. The chestnut, Rex, was perhaps the best looking of that year's foals, and the black, Onyx, was the

sprinter. But Darley had athleticism and endurance. As the youngsters gained muscle and balance, they raced one another around that field. Darley could start last, distracted by a rustle in the leaves or a cricket in the grass, then, noticing that the others were away, take off after them, running right up between his rivals, game enough to force his way through to the lead. He would wear out one colt, then the other, leaving them standing, heads down and sides heaving, as he loped around in a kind of victory dance.

When Jarret approached Darley's field, the foal's head would shoot up, scenting his friend. He would trot to the fence and wait, nickering a welcome. One morning, Jarret left a lead rope draped on the gate. Darley picked it up in his mouth and ran off with it, tossing his head so that it twirled in the air. Then he let go. The rope sailed over the fence to land at Jarret's feet.

"What you do that for?" Jarret said, retrieving the rope and replacing it on the fence. Darley dropped his head and looked at him. Then he pranced over, grasped the rope again, and repeated the twirl and throw, once again tossing the rope to land right by Jarret. This time, the boy laughed. "You made up a game, have you?"

Jarret would tell Harry about the foal's antics over supper. "Bottom and courage, sounds like," Harry observed approvingly, splitting open a biscuit and laying on a thick slice of ham. "He's shaping to be a stayer. That's what we want," he said, handing the plate across to Jarret. "No tearaway can wallop flat out for one mile, much less four, and these days all the racing world cares for is the glory of the four-mile horse."

Jarret nodded, but his attention was on the biscuit. It was still warm, steaming, with just the right soft center and crusty outer. Biscuits came from the big house, which inclined Jarret to think that Harry had been keeping company with Beth, the Warfield housekeeper. This was a business that had Jarret in two minds. Beth was a fine, smart, handsome woman whose uncommon gifts had seen her risen up from maid to housekeeper at a young age. She had the same high-cheek-boned, wide-eyed beauty that recalled his own mother to him, and a direct yet gentle manner that made it easy to like her. He wanted his pa to be happy, and visiting with Beth seemed to put Harry in a fine mood. But Jarret wasn't sure how far Harry had gone in the matter, nor how far he intended to go, and that made him uneasy. A marriage between a slave woman and a free man was difficult and risky, because it always had at least three people in it: the man and woman and the marse as

well. Jarret knew his father was saving to buy him out of bondage. He wondered if the desire for a new wife might make the buying of her freedom seem the more urgent. But he kept his worries to himself, since it wasn't his place to do otherwise. His father had earned the right to do just as he pleased.

As Jarret washed and dried the dishes, Harry carried the two ladderback chairs out onto their small porch. The early fireflies were just beginning their slow, twinkling rise. "Stars in the grass," Jarret had called them when he was small, and Harry would measure his bedtime by their ascent. Once the first firefly reached the lowest limb of the big locust, Jarret had to go to his shakedown. As a child, Jarret had resisted, but now he rose so early and worked so hard that he didn't need to be ordered to his bed.

The chair scraped the porch boards as Jarret came to sit by his father. "Alice Carneal to Cullen's Arabian," said Harry. His father was indeed in a good mood, for that was an easy one. Jarret closed his eyes, rocking his chair onto its back legs so that the caning creaked in time to his recitation. "Alice Carneal by Sarpedon. First dam Rowena, by Sumpter. Second dam Lady Gray, by Robin Gray." He liked names like that, carrying a link from dam and sire to foal. "Third dam, Maria, by Melzar, who was by Medley. Fourth dam . . ." He had to pause for a moment, for no name came to him, but then he recalled that the dam's name had been lost. "By imported Highflyer." In Jarret's mind, the tree branched and twigged. "Fifth, by Fearnought, sixth by Ariel, seventh by Jack of Diamonds, eighth dam Diamond, by Cullen's Arabian." He breathed out, smiling.

"Very good," said Harry. "Now let's have Cricket to Godolphin Arabian." That was a harder one. Jarret could get only halfway before he lost the fourth dam and Harry had to remind him. He'd learned to assign each a distinctive appearance, even if his imaginary mare or stallion was nothing like the actual horse who'd once stamped and snorted and crossed oceans to stand stud or birth foals. Once, Jarret had been asked to take a message to Dr. Warfield and had found him in his library, poring over a stud book. Dr. Warfield, seeing his fascination, showed him all the leather-bound volumes that explained the descent and development of the great thoroughbred bloodlines. These English General Stud books, the doctor said proudly, were the only set west of the Alleghenies. When Jarret mentioned the books to his father, he got a terse response. "Put it in your head, boy, then you don't need to be running to no book." Harry's own memory for bloodlines was

prodigious. Whenever he purchased a new horse for the Warfield stables, he would have the owner go through the ancestry once or twice as he chanted along, fitting it in with all the lineages he already held in his mind. After, he could recall it forever.

Lying on his shakedown, Jarret fell asleep with the musical names still looping through his mind. That night he dreamed of a giant tree, its massive trunk big as a mountain, its branches wide as rivers, its twigs fingering upward, filling the sky. And at the end of every twig, the most magnificent fruit: thoroughbred horses with gleaming coats and flowing manes, their mighty hooves pawing the air. In his dream, Jarret saw his own hand, grown gigantic. He reached up into the boughs and gently plucked the brightest bay: Darley, by Boston, by Timoleon. As he set the horse on the ground, all the stallions in its long lineage neighed and called to him, shaking the great tree with their chorus.

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum Support Center, Maryland*

2019

Jess left her lab a little after four. It was still hot when she stepped out of the air-conditioning. She stripped to her tank top, carefully folded her blouse, and put it in the pannier. Pedaling past the turn she usually took to her apartment, she stayed on South Capitol and freewheeled down the hill toward the museum, glad of the breeze. The elms had suddenly leafed out, the golden haze now a canopy of welcome shade. She locked her bike on the rack, tissueed sweat off her arms and neck, and shrugged her wrinkled blouse on. She crossed the road and fought her way up the stairs against the tide of departing tourists and school groups.

She loved the deafening roar in the rotunda, excited kid voices echoing off the three-story marble halls. She liked to stand and watch for that one kid who wasn't glued to her iPhone—the one who reminded her of the kid she'd been, engrossed by a specimen.

Horace had emailed her that morning with more details on the visitor: She would be flying in to Dulles from Kentucky. She had been at the affiliate down there, the Museum of the Horse, doing some kind of research on equine anatomy. Jess was annoyed that he hadn't thought to say what she was researching. She called and caught him in a meeting, distracted.

"It was—what was it? Something about motor mechanics? That can't be right."

"Biomechanics?" Jess suggested.

“Maybe that was it. But you should ask her yourself. You’ll make more of it than I could.”

Jess scanned the rapidly dwindling crowd in the atrium, trying to identify the British visitor. A woman stood with patient composure, a still point in the swirl of movement. Pale hair in a soft updo, linen slacks, Liberty scarf—and a cashmere cardigan, unnecessary in a DC spring. Jess, feeling scruffy and rumpled, walked over and introduced herself.

“Dr. Morgan? Welcome to the Smithsonian.” The two women shook hands. Jess noticed that despite her soigné attire, she had “lab hands”—as rough to the touch as her own.

“I’m sorry I’m not better briefed on what we can do for you, Dr. Morgan, but I’m here to help with your research in any way I can.”

“Catherine, please. That’s very kind. The first thing, perhaps—could you have a word with your security? My instruments—glad if you could rescue them from detention.”

“Of course. I’m so sorry.” Jess took Catherine’s claim check and headed for the cloakroom, tugging her lanyard to free her IDs. The guard scrutinized her credentials, then shook his head.

“I think I’d better check with my supervisor.”

“Oh, come on!” Jess blurted. Then she took a breath. The man was just doing his job.

She leaned across the counter, willing herself to be patient, and lowered her voice. “This equipment is the property of an eminent researcher, a guest of the Institution. Please, let’s not hold up her work any further.”

“Well, I don’t know. There’s some strange things in those cases.”

“Well, I do know. This is essential scientific equipment. Here, take my ID if you like”—she pulled the lanyard over her head—“I’ll take responsibility.”

The attendant waved a hand. “No—that’s not—I’ll get them.”

Jess ushered Catherine past the Hall of Mammals, up the stairs, and through the passageway to Bones and Mummies. It was the last unrenovated display area in the museum—an old-fashioned collection with no fancy interactive digital features, and Jess loved it best of all. Too bad the horse skeleton wasn’t on display right there, in a nice, well-lit vitrine.

Instead, Jess led the way out of the public area to a narrow flight of metal stairs, up into the vaulted roof of the 1910 building. “I’m not sure we can get

those cases up—perhaps let's just go and see, shall we, and then I can bring what you need?"

"Lucky one is wearing sensible shoes," Catherine said, glancing down at her low-heeled pumps. The metal grating rang under their tread. They had to walk across an improvised gangplank to get to the storage space. Halfway across, Jess looked down and immediately wished she hadn't. They were above a section of ceiling that had been removed to accommodate the suspension of a blue whale carcass. One false step and I'll be Jonah, she thought.

She silently cursed Horace. This really was mortifying, bringing a researcher into such a neglected space. When they reached the skeleton, the bones were coated with a fine layer of dust. The fancy mahogany platform on which the armature had been so carefully mounted now served as shelving for a clutter of elk racks, the skeleton of an okapi, and a taxidermied West Indian seal.

"This is the one you're interested in," Jess said. "I'm sorry it's being stored like this."

Catherine scanned the horse's skeleton. "What a very fine example of a late-nineteenth-century articulation. Beautifully crafted armature."

Jess nodded. "It really is in remarkable condition for such an old mount." The skull was particularly elegant, with the broad, flat plane of the forehead sloping down to the delicate spines of the nasal bones. "Amazing that even the most fragile bones have remained intact all these years."

"I'll just need my calipers and the laser gauge initially," Catherine said. "Then the portable ultrasound."

"Do you mind if I ask the nature of your research?" Jess asked as she helped Catherine carry her gear.

"One of my areas of interest is the effect of conformation on the locomotor biomechanics of the horse. Basically, I'm trying to determine what bone structure allows them to run fast while avoiding injury. To do that, I'm measuring and describing all the great thoroughbred racehorses whose skeletal remains are still available. This one will be my eighteenth."

"I'm sorry," said Jess, confused. "I must be missing something. What makes you think that this skeleton here belonged to a racehorse?"

Catherine straightened and turned to stare at Jess.

"What makes you think?" How can you possibly not . . ."

Catherine stepped up to the exhibit label on the plinth and drew out her reading glasses. “Horse!” she read. “I can’t believe it! I don’t suppose you people have the *Mona Lisa* stashed somewhere, labeled *Smiling Girl*?”

She ran a finger over the terse nameplate.

“Not just Horse,” she said. “*The* horse. What you have here is the greatest racing stallion in American turf history.”

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1852

I'm a free labor man, always have been. But here's the truth, though I may set it down in this diary only for my own eyes and none other: If I were in purse to buy Warfield's Jarret, I believe I would do it. And so we who think we are above enslaving our fellow man are corrupted. Only show us absolute agency over the apt and the willing, and suddenly we find the planters' obduracy that much less odious. I must guard against the rank seductions of this place.

The thing of it is, I've never had an assistant the half as capable as that lad. As this day's work confirmed. When he learned that I was returning to the Meadows, he made it his business to discover which horse the good Dr. Warfield wanted me to paint so as to have it clipped and fine before I even arrived upon the doorstep. He recalled how to set up my easel and put out the colors he divined that I'd need, and hardly judged a hue amiss. I'd put the boy on the canvas if I had the skill, just as Troye did with the old man Harry. But I lack the training he had at the great European art academies. All I know is horses, their muscle and bone.

The boy can be flighty as a colt. At first, I had to watch every word. But that I know how to do. If you want to get commissions, you have to know what your clients wish to hear. You have to smother them in honey like a fresh-baked biscuit. It's a necessity of my trade and I'm not shy to say I am become a great expert at it. It's more important, sometimes, to find the right

word than to sketch a true likeness. It didn't take me long to know that the boy was sensitive about his father, protective of what was due to him. And it was no difficult thing, once I grasped the lad's need, to show respect. Easy enough to drop in a word or two I'd heard from the turfmen who so relied on him. Only do that, and the boy would walk another mile for me. I remembered I'd promised him a painting of Darley, so I did a quick oil study of the colt. As sometimes happens when the stakes are small, the painting came together with an uncommon felicity. I captured the play of light on that rich bay coat and the intelligent look in the eye. The brushstrokes landed effortlessly, and I was so pleased with the effect that I considered keeping the piece myself. I was glad, in the end, that I did not, when I saw the look of joy on the boy's face. It occurred to me then that his condition afforded him few possessions he might claim as his own.

I came to understand that condition somewhat better during this present stay, when the doctor's pretty daughter Mary Jane came to dine, her infamous emancipationist husband with her. I feel compelled to set down the detail of the evening, which took many revealing turns.

Ever since that conversation in the coach on the road down from Porkopolis, I had been curious to meet Cash Clay, the notorious master of White Hall who had freed his own slaves and survived assassination attempts. All the more so since his uncle, Henry Clay, is the greatest breeder in Kentucky, and I was not above forging a connection there.

Clay was not long returned from the Mexican War, where he'd made a hero of himself, saving his men from execution after their capture, nursing the sick, putting the weak on his own horse during forced marches. His conduct had added fame to former infamy.

We were assembled in the parlor when he walked into that grand room and dominated it at once. Not just by his size, though he stood over six feet, broad chested and dense boned. A portraitist would render his face in strong planes, intense brown eyes under arched brows, bright hair swept into a flamboyant fall by a pronounced cowlick. He had a certain lift to his chest and chin, a stance like a stag, alert and dominant.

Yet you could feel the chill settle when he entered. Sometimes you can tell from the drum tap that an evening will not go well. His wife, Mary Jane, acknowledged his entrance with the barest nod. Her sister Anne turned her back to him and addressed her mother in a low whisper, the two of them pointedly ignoring him. I must set down here that those sisters were as

unlike as any two siblings I've ever met. Mary Jane had large, soft eyes, a heart-shaped face with a prettily cleft chin, and a mouth that naturally came to rest with upturned corners, giving the impression of an amiable disposition. Her unfortunate elder sister Anne was a freckled, ferret-faced woman, jimberjawed, so that her beaky nose almost met up with her pointy chin. Her manner was full of the foolish affectations girls sometimes bring back from their eastern finishing academies. She folded her hands in her lap as stiffly as if they were carved of marble and slid her eyes as if to look directly was some grave breach of feminine deportment. Behind the faux demure façade, I'd heard that as a scandalmonger, she was a scourge.

Clay tried to strike up conversation with his young daughter, Mary Barr, but she would not be drawn on any topic he tried to raise. I have often heard war veterans say that they return in some measure estranged from their young children, so I thought that might be the cause. Else, perhaps, the girl was shy to speak in company, as some young fillies are. It was left to me to engage him. I thought to ask about his time in Mexico and put a question about how he'd preserved the morale of his men during their captivity.

Anne Warfield turned then and made eye contact with her brother-in-law for the first time. Perhaps the Mexican *women* had some part in that, she said with a brittle laugh. "Or one of them, in any case." The girl, Mary Barr, fidgeted in her chair. Clay's wife, Mary Jane, blushed. Cash scowled. Dr. Warfield rescued the moment by turning the topic to my latest commission, which was to be a portrait of his aging broodmare, Alice Carneal. Given the horse's notorious temperament, this was a commission with some challenges. I asked if I might have the assistance of his boy Jarret. The doctor frowned and asked me if another groom might not do as well, because Jarret's responsibilities had expanded since my last visit. He went on to say that he had hopes the boy would make as fine a trainer as his father, as he had an uncanny affinity with the horses.

An ugly note, then. The doctor bragged that he had paid only eight hundred dollars for Jarret and was confident he could sell him south tomorrow to a large racing establishment for double the sum. His wife hushed him, indicating with a nod the elderly Negro who stood by the wall, ready to brighten our drinks. How should it be, she whispered, if Old Harry were to get wind of such a remark? Then, in a louder voice, she declared that such a thing—selling a child south while the parent lived—would never be done at the Meadows.

*“You may not, but such barbarous things are done every day, and by the same men you call your friends,”* said Cassius Clay.

Mrs. Warfield stood abruptly in a rustle of taffeta, saying she would not have such hot words in her house, and in any case it was time to go in to dinner. She turned to her son-in-law. *“If you will hold your tongue, you may give me your arm.”*

Clay bowed and extended a velvet sleeve on which his mother-in-law rested her bejeweled hand. The doctor gave an arm each to Mary Jane and Mary Barr, and I was left to escort the unlovely Anne.

In the business of scraping chairs and flourishing napkins, I glanced from face to face, hoping to divine where next the conversation might go in this riven grouping.

On the surface, the Clay family and the Warfields seemed a perfect match: both landowning and politically influential. But there had been rifts since the beginning. I knew—as everyone knew, since he had founded a newspaper devoted to the cause—that Cash had gone off to Yale and come home an emancipationist. His argument was compelling, or so it seemed to me, having perused some issues of his radical sheet. He held that slavery was an economic burden rather than a boon. Southerners, he wrote, had enslaved Man, whereas the north had enchained the elements—the “omnipotent slaves” of waterpower and minerals. The Warfields did not care to have it pointed out that almost everything they sold in their town store was manufactured by free labor in the north. It was common gossip that Mrs. Warfield had been against the match of her daughter with such a controversial man and had set about sinking the alliance, right up to the wedding. She had given Clay a note, sent by a disappointed suitor, impugning Clay’s honor. Clay, incensed, had ridden off to challenge the man to a duel, which had caused him to be late back for his own nuptials.

We were scarcely through the soup when Anne Warfield, knowing she’d drawn blood in the parlor, started plying her spur again. Her first remark seemed innocuous enough. A Negro butler had commenced carving a substantial saddle of mutton and a boy laid the plates before us. She remarked that she had heard the Mexicans flavored lamb in an outlandish manner, with copious amounts of garlic, which must be ghastly for the breath. She turned to Clay and remarked that it was as well he was not obliged to embrace anyone. Then she sank the rowel in. *“Or at least anyone who had not shared your odorous repast.”*

This, it seemed, was too much for young Mary Barr. She rose, scraping her chair back, and fled the room. Dr. Warfield tried to cover the moment in a comment on the quality of the burgundy, and even Mrs. Warfield, seeming to grasp that things had gone too far, turned the tables and began to address her son-in-law with at least a pretense of civility. I could see the blood beating in a vein on Clay's brow, yet the notoriously hot-tempered duelist kept his countenance and answered her in kind. When dessert was passed, he turned to Mary Jane and asked in a low voice why Mary Barr had not returned to the table. I will set down their terse exchange, as best I can recall it.

—Perhaps she felt ill.

—Then you must go to her.

—No need, I'm sure.

—Then I shall go.

—I don't think that will improve her state.

—I am her father. Do you not think I have a right to be concerned?

—I'm sure it is nothing. Do not break up the gathering. Father will want you to take some port with Mr. Scott.

—And I am sure, if it were nothing, my daughter would not be so ill mannered as to retire unexcused.

He turned to me then and begged that I forgive an anxious father. As he spoke to me, he stood, bowed to his mother-in-law, nodded to Dr. Warfield, and thanked them for the fine evening. There was an awkward silence in which we heard Clay's boots creak on the hall's polished floorboards, then conversation resumed. Since it was both stilted and inconsequential, I shall put down my pen and rest my eyes against tomorrow's labor.

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1852

When it came to starting a racehorse, Jarret had a different mind to his father. Harry had always followed the general practice, which was to throw a boy up for however long he could stick, as the young horse bucked and spun and put him on the ground. It would go on so until the horse, discouraged, grudgingly accepted a rider.

Jarret watched all this, but he saw it from the horse's point of view. The colt couldn't tell the difference between a harmless boy and a mountain lion that would rip his throat open. He could feel the inbred fear of the colt, vulnerable prey in the wild, terrified as a predator leaped up onto his back.

At first, Harry just waved him off, thinking it nothing but a child's fancy. But one day, tired and frustrated by a particularly recalcitrant horse, he allowed Jarret to try it his way. The results were so persuasive that Jarret had become the Meadows's chief horsebreaker.

He worked in the horse's own stall, where the colts and fillies were most relaxed. Jarret always started with the bridle, taking it apart so that the horse learned first to accept the headpiece over his sensitive ears and, later, the bit in his mouth. Next came the saddle pad and surcingle, tightened in slow stages. Only then, the extra weight of the saddle. Finally, he'd get one of the smaller boys to lie across the horse's back for a few minutes at a time, getting the horse used to the idea of carrying a human's weight. At every step, Jarret would pat and praise the horse, reassuring him nothing terrible

was happening. When the horse stood quietly, the boy would slip a leg over and sit astride. The main thing was to keep the boy on, once he was up. A horse that learned he could throw a rider would remember and try it again.

Often young horses would buck and rear and have to be held steady by a pair of strong grooms. But Darley showed no hint of fear. He took to having a rider faster than any horse Jarret had ever worked.

“He cocks his back leg and drop his head, just like he was fixin’ to take a nap,” Jarret told his father that night over their meal. “So I told John to go right ahead and mount on up,” Jarret continued. John Porters was Harry’s favorite young jockey, with a bantam cock’s courage. “He throws his leg over, and Darley picks up his head, and I swear if a horse could smile . . . he perked on up and looked at me as if to say, ‘Bout time, boss. What now?’ He pranced out with that boy just like he’d been doing it his whole life.”

They had “dinner” now, not “supper,” since Beth had moved down from the big house and become Mrs. Lewis and a free woman. She insisted that dinner must be three dishes—soup, then a meat course, then a sweet syllabub or pie. This, served in a set of flowered china the Warfields had given as a wedding gift. A wash of the hands no longer sufficed before coming to the table. Now the work overalls had to be exchanged for breeches and fresh linen shirts that Beth had sewn and clearstarched for Jarret and his father. Harry seemed to thrive on the new refinements, and Jarret was pleased for him.

“I cared for your ma, you know that’s the Lord’s truth,” Harry had told Jarret when he broke the news that Beth was to live with them. “She was a fine young filly and I must have seemed like wore-out old crowbait to her. Anywise, she had no say-so in it, nor me neither. We both answered to the same Marse that time. He took it in his head we best be a pair. No ceremony, no preacher, nothing of that kind. Just she come stay in my quarters. And later, when he goes and sells her off to the Todd family, we had no say in that, neither. We had to be thankful she stay close by in the town and not sold south down the river like so many other folk. So we could still be man and wife, time to time, which is how you come to be in this world. When she died, I say, ‘Harry, you don’t marry, unless you can free that woman and marry her in law.’ And now that’s what I’m fixing to do.”

But buying her freedom had exhausted his savings.

“I’d not be doing this if you answered to any other on this place but me,” Harry said. “You young yet. We got time.”

He did not say it, so as not to jinx the future, but both knew that Harry counted on Darley to earn the price of Jarret's freedom. If the horse was as good as they believed, a single season's purses would be enough, even after splitting the winnings with Warfield.

Meanwhile, for Jarret, Beth's syllabub provided some small consolation. He scooped up the last lemony mouthful, then placed his fork and spoon on his plate and mopped his lips with a linen cloth in the way she'd taught him.

Harry smiled. "Well, keep on just the same way, get him bridle wise, and then we'll see how he goes at the gallop."

With Beth in the house, Jarret and Harry no longer spent companionable evenings on the porch, going over bloodlines. Beth had first claim on Harry's nights now, so to give them some privacy, Jarret took long walks. He called these wanderings a night inspection, even though all the chores had been done and double-checked hours earlier. The evenings were closing in early and it was dark by the time he left the cottage. Jarret watched the horses in the moonlight, their dark bulk moving slowly in the sleepier rhythms of night grazing.

As he turned into the river meadow, he was surprised to see a light in the riding room. There was no cause for anyone to be there at such an hour. The ring had long since been watered and raked ready for the next day's work. Jarret quickened his pace, annoyed. As he approached, he heard hoofbeats—a fast canter. Someone was working a horse—working it hard. Annoyance turned to anger.

"Door!" he cried, and threw back the latch.

"Door!" answered Mary Barr, pulling her mare up to a tidy halt. Her face, dusty from the ring's clay footing, was smeared with tear tracks.

Jarret bowed his head. "Miss Clay, I had no—I never heard—that is, no one told us you was here at the Meadows. You should of sent word you wanted to ride. I'd a seen to it someone got your mare tacked up for you."

"I can saddle my own horse, and I don't need a slave's permission to ride her."

Jarret flinched. She'd never spoken to him like that. "I know that, Miss Clay. But it ain't safe. You ought to have someone here with you."

"I just want to be alone, can't you grasp that?" She booted the mare back into a canter, bringing her in so close by Jarret that the footing flew into his face and soiled his clean linen shirt. Jarret stood his ground. It was never a good idea to bring strong emotions up onto the back of a horse, and he

wasn't going to let a thirteen-year-old girl run a Meadows mare into the ground. Even if it was her horse, he was responsible for its care. So he stood and watched as she did figures of eight and small circles, urging the mare on till her flanks foamed. Even through his irritation, Jarret had to credit that the girl had grown into a capable rider. Stellamaris was a spirited thoroughbred, but Mary Barr had her measure. She rode off a strong leg and kept the mare on the bit.

A short while later, Jarret raised a hand. "That'll do, Miss Clay. Ease on down now." Somewhat to his surprise, she followed his direction, slowing the mare to a jog and then bringing her gradually to a walk.

By the time the horse had cooled down, Mary Barr had regained her composure. Jarret held the reins as she dismounted, loosened the girth, and ran up the stirrups. "I can rub her down and put her away if you like," he said.

"Thank you, Jarret, but there's no need. I don't want to go back up to the house just yet awhile." Her eyes began to fill again. "My father is here and, well. You probably know. Seems that everyone else does."

Jarret did know. Beth was full of talk about the folk in the big house, and so Jarret was well aware that the enmity between the Warfields and Cash Clay had flared into incivility over rumors that his Mexican captivity had been made more bearable by an eighteen-year-old auburn-haired beauty named Lolu.

Jarret took the reins and led Stellamaris out of the riding house, walking ahead of Mary Barr to give her a chance to further compose herself. In the barn, he took a whisk and began to work the sweat marks out of the mare's coat. Mary Barr picked out the mare's feet. She was the only one from the big house who bothered to groom her own horse, and Jarret had always appreciated that. They worked in silence. When the mare's coat was dry, they each took a brush and swept from poll to withers in long, slow strokes. Stellamaris blew softly as she relaxed under their hands.

They brushed the mare much longer than was necessary. Jarret knew how calming it could be, to lean into the warm bulk of a horse. After a time, Mary Barr set down her brush and pushed her fists into the small of her back.

"Why does anyone marry," she said flatly. "I never will."

Jarret gazed at the floor of the aisle. If she expected an answer, he wasn't minded to give one. He surely didn't need to be inviting confidences about

private family matters.

“My father calls himself an emancipator, but he makes my mother the most complete slave I know.”

Jarret felt the blood rise into his face. “You know? Miss Clay, you don’t know nothing. We done here.” He threw the brush into the tack box.

“Jarret . . .”

He unhitched the horse and led her into her stall.

“Jarret? I didn’t . . .”

He did not turn back. “’Night, Miss Clay,” he murmured. Just as he reached the end of the aisle, the barn door shuddered as the timbers traveled across the rollers. Cassius Clay’s shadow leaped along the length of the aisle as he raised his lantern.

“Mary Barr!” he barked. “I’ve been looking for you this hour or more. How dare you walk out on dinner in such a manner? And what in the Devil’s name are you doing out here, with this . . .” He took a stride toward Jarret, close enough that Jarret could smell bourbon on his breath. “Who the hell are you?”

White. Angry. Drunk. Jarret fought the impulse to shy away from the triple threat.

“I’m Dr. Warfield’s Jarret, Marse Clay,” he murmured.

“I’m not your master, boy! Don’t call me so. Look at me.”

Jarret raised his eyes to Clay’s dark gaze.

“You’re the one they were speaking of, the trainer Lewis’s boy?”

Jarret nodded.

“Then why the deuce, Jarret *Lewis*, don’t you give your right name?”

“It ain’t allowed, Mar—I mean, suh. Only free men can go by they name.”

“Your father is a free man. I suppose when you grow to be a man you’ll be wanting to be free too.”

Jarret swallowed hard. “Nossir,” he lied. No slave would dare to say he wished for freedom. Not to a White man.

“What the devil is wrong with you, boy? There’s not a slave alive who thinks he was meant to be a slave. It’s unnatural. Either you’re an addleheaded idiot, or you are a liar. Are you an idiot, boy?”

“Nossir.”

“No, I rather thought not. Are you a liar then?”

Jarret gazed at the floorboards. A field mouse ran across his line of sight. Flattening itself like a penny, the tiny creature squeezed out through a slim

crack in the barn boards and made off into the night. That mouse is freer than I am, Jarret thought.

“Answer me, boy. And don’t lie. What do you think you are doing out here alone with my daughter?”

“He was doing nothing other than seeing to my safety,” Mary Barr said. Jarret noted that she was tight in the muscle, quivering like a filly poised for flight. So she, too, feared this man.

“I—I decided to work Stellamaris in the riding house. Jarret was concerned that I shouldn’t ride alone.”

Clay, his dark bulk still blocking the barn door, looked from his daughter to Jarret. “Tarnation, girl. It might occur to you that instead of playing nursemaid to you, this boy should be taking his hard-earned rest. You heard your grandfather speak about his importance here.” Then he stepped aside, sweeping an arm to indicate Jarret should pass. “Thank you for looking after my daughter, whose mother, it seems, has raised her with neither respect for her father nor consideration for her servants.”

Jarret edged past Clay and stepped out into the dark. Glancing back, he saw Clay move toward Mary Barr. What should he do—what could he do—if the man raised a hand against her? He stood, paralyzed. But then Clay enfolded her in an embrace. She stood stiffly, her head barely reaching his chest. “My little girl, please do not let your mother poison you against me like this.”

Jarret didn’t wait to hear more. He sprinted across the meadow and down the lane until he reached his own dooryard, where his father had left a single candle burning in the window to light his way home.

Jarret took the candle from the sill to show his way to the loft, which was where he’d moved his shakedown now that Beth and his father shared the downstairs room. It was a narrow area in between the roof beams, just large enough for the shakedown. He had to go on all fours to cover the few steps from the ladder to his bed. The only ornament in the tiny space was the painting that Scott had made of Darley, and Jarret gazed at it for a few moments, as he always did, before he extinguished the candle.

In the dark, he tried to clear his mind of the encounter with the Clays. People were hard to read, no matter how well you thought you knew them. He’d led out Mary Barr on her first pony. She was like a foal herself then, unsteady on her feet. In the saddle, her dimpled legs didn’t reach the stirrups. But she’d whinnied in delight up on that pony all the same. He remembered

that morning, laughing with that little girl, sharing her simple joy. Now her behavior was as baffling as any stranger's. And her father, well. There was a puzzle. Talked like a northern antislaver but looked and sounded just like a marse who'd beat you bloody if you glanced at him the wrong way. Jarret tossed on his shakedown. He was pleased to know that good things had been said of him up in the big house. But it concerned him too. Being noted wasn't always safe. The tallest cornstalk could be the first one reaped. What if he became too valuable? What if Warfield sold him off?

These were not good nighttime thoughts, not if he wanted to get to sleep and be ready for the horses at sunup. He punched at the shakedown, making a comfortable hassock on which to rest his head. He could waste an hour's good sleep worrying and be no wiser for it.

Think on the horses, that was what he needed to do. He filled his mind with the day's work, running through each horse he'd exercised, saving Darley for last. The colt was turning out intelligent and strong, open to whatever was asked of him. In fact, Jarret barely had to ask. It was as if he only needed to think a thing and the horse would do it. All those hours in the pasture—those empty hours, most folk would call them—were paying back now in this bond. Jarret cast his mind forward to the next day's exercises, and to the weeks that would follow, breaking down the steps he would use to get the colt familiar with running against other horses. Jarret planned to use John Porters till the horse was full grown in the bone. Then he would take over, galloping out each day, easy for the first half mile, and then pushing forward. Over weeks, as the horse built strength, they'd go longer and harder, until Darley could handle a full morning. A gallop at full speed up a hill, then a long walk. Another, harder gallop and a slow walk home. That was how you built a four-mile horse—bone and muscle and wind.

Jarret would show Darley how to control his pace, to listen to his rider's hands when he asked him to hold back or go on. Then, with Porters's lighter weight once again in the saddle come race time, the horse would fairly fly. The most important thing was to keep Darley willing every stride of the way. They would both love the work, Jarret would make sure of it. That, thought Jarret, as he eased into sleep, is how we will win.

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, Washington, DC*

2019

Catherine Morgan plied her calipers and entered measurements on her laptop, occasionally muttering to herself as she typed. “Massive backbone. Absolutely extraordinary.” As she worked, Jess sat on the floor, her back against a column, reading through Catherine’s file of nineteenth-century correspondence between their two institutions. It was in these aged documents that Catherine had discovered that the Smithsonian had the skeleton of the nineteenth century’s most remarkable racehorse.

Britain’s Royal Veterinary College, where Catherine worked, had come into being in 1792 to study the skeleton of a famous English racehorse named Eclipse, an undefeated champion popular for his thrilling speed. The file contained lively newspaper reports on Eclipse’s races and his obituaries. The desire to study the bones to understand the reason for his speed and endurance led to the establishment of England’s first school of veterinary medicine. Eclipse’s skeleton now raced eternally through the atrium of the college’s Hertfordshire campus.

Almost a century later, when the Smithsonian was offered the remains of America’s most renowned racehorse, a curator wrote to the Royal Veterinary College, seeking technical advice on equine skeletons. Eclipse had been autopsied directly postmortem, but the famed American stallion would have to be exhumed. Apparently he’d been buried with some ceremony, in a custom-made coffin. A note said that General Custer, visiting the horse

before his death, likened the experience to “being in the sacred presence of royalty.” So the horse was apparently so famous and beloved that no one balked at the notion of digging him up and shipping the remains to Washington, DC.

Jess was happily lost in the letters between her nineteenth-century colleagues—struck, as she always was, by the elegant literary cadence of scientists in the age of Darwin. The final letter was an 1878 note from the Smithsonian curator to his Royal Veterinary College correspondent, thanking him for his counsel and attaching a cyanotype. The blue-tinted image showed the newly articulated skeleton on its wooden platform in the courtyard of the Castle, surrounded by a rather weedy garden. For years, it had occupied pride of place in the exhibition space. But as the horse’s fame waned, the nature of the Smithsonian’s exhibitions also changed, stressing science more than spectacles and curiosities. The skeleton went into storage. There’d been a flurry of interest during an exhibition on the history of measuring time, and the skeleton had been brought out to illustrate the invention of the stopwatch, used to accurately time horse races. When that exhibition ended, the horse went back to the attic, just one among millions of artifacts, neglected in the vast institutional bureaucracy.

Jess replaced the cyanotype and pulled out the next image. It was an actual photograph of the horse: an old stereoscopic image from the earliest days of photography. She was amazed by the unusual clarity of the image. The photographer had captured the gleaming coat, but also the tender expression of the young Black man who stood at the stallion’s head. The man and the horse posed together outside a fine barn, with decorative gingerbread trim on the eaves. Jess looked closer. There was no lead rope. The man wasn’t restraining the stallion. She peered at the image. His hand rested lightly on the horse’s withers. He seemed to be stroking its mane. Jess didn’t know much about horses, but she knew about early photography. She could imagine the photographer under his billowing black shroud, the flare of the tungsten and the loud pop as he exposed his photographic plate. Wouldn’t that have startled a stallion, blurred the image? How did the man manage to keep the horse so still?

Jess stood, the laminated print in hand, and walked around the skeleton. She’d never before had an opportunity to compare an image of the living animal with articulated remains almost a century and a half old.

Catherine looked up from her notetaking. “Marvelous photo, isn’t it? Beautiful detail for the time. Undated, alas, but we do know who took it. James Mullen was an army photographer with the Engineer Corps during your Civil War.”

“Not my war,” said Jess. “Unless you call Australia the *very* Deep South.”

“Sorry. Should have recognized the accent. We’re lucky to have it. Photography was only in its infancy at the very end of this stallion’s life. It’s interesting to have that photograph to compare with the oil portraits of the horse. There are many more of those of course, earlier, made during his racing career, for the most part. There are reproductions of all the known portraits there in the folder, most by the same two painters, Edward Troye and his pupil, Thomas Scott.”

Jess’s eyes moved from the photo to the skeleton, evaluating the bone structure as the nineteenth-century articulator had assembled it.

“As you said earlier, this is a very capable articulation but—just my initial impression—looking at this image as an equine vet, wouldn’t you say the withers seem to be set too far above the level of the coupling?”

Catherine set down her notes, took the photograph, and studied it closely. “I believe you’re right. And I’d say also, now that I’m looking for flaws—the hocks seem too angular, and the pasterns too upright. I suppose whoever did this articulation never saw the horse in life, since the articulation occurred several years postmortem.”

“I could do a whole lot better.”

“But you wouldn’t go to the trouble, would you? I mean, disarticulating it, starting from scratch . . . ?”

Jess tilted her head. “Why not?”

“Wouldn’t that only make sense if you planned to do more with the artifact? Context, history, display? I mean, it’s not exactly in pride of place here.”

“That’s exactly why I want to do it,” Jess said. “This horse shouldn’t be up here in an attic.”

“No, he really shouldn’t. The International Museum of the Horse in Kentucky, where I was this morning, would love to have him. The director was so envious when I told him what I would be doing here. Of course, if you *did* see your way clear to do it, it would be a most marvelous research opportunity for me. We could scan the key locomotor bones. Then I could reproduce them in three-D—laser-carved resin, you know. I have the

equipment for that at my college. It would make it possible to replicate the mechanics of the limbs. Immensely valuable for my study of the relationship between conformation and equine injury.”

“Well, in that case, we’d have a research reason. Let’s do it.”

As director of the lab, Jess had wide latitude to initiate projects. Still, she felt a little clandestine, as if she were ten years old again, sneaking a dead rat past her mother so that she could articulate a *Rattus norvegicus domestica* for her bedroom display. She’d found the rat at the local dump, an environmental nightmare long since regulated out of existence: steaming, reeking hills of every kind of domestic refuse and industrial waste, like Mordor with seagulls. Other neighborhood kids went there to scavenge for discarded toys. Jess hunted for corpses. Some instinct had warned that a dead rat foraged from the dump might test her mother’s tolerance. So she hid her find in the garden compost heap and let it decompose there until its rattiness was indiscernible.

No such subterfuges would be necessary to get this horse to her lab. All she had to do was make a request to the collection manager, who would probably be glad to free up some space in the attic.

As far as he knew, this *Equus* in the attic was just as good as any other *Equus*. Of course, she’d tell him all about his famous artifact.

Later.

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*The Meadows, Lexington, Kentucky*

1853

The spring of 1853 was a strange season, the rains that usually fell in April holding off until mid-May, and then siling down relentlessly, washing out the seedlings and drenching the peonies till their sad flounces brushed the mud. In the heat of early afternoon, there was a rich smell of rot in the air. In the pastures, the mud-caked foals looked like little clay figurines.

Jarret rode Darley every day, no matter what the weather. Rain sluiced off them as if thrown by the bucketful, but it was no match for the clods of clay heaving up at them from beneath the churning hooves. After the ride, when Jarret took off his oilskin, it stood up by itself. He had to peel the mud off Darley as if it were a second skin. The heavier the going, the more Darley seemed to like it, plunging into the muck like a naughty child who loves to make a mess.

“He’s a mud lark, no swallow,” observed Harry. “No cause to be afeared of the heavy track, and that is a sure thing for the Phoenix, and likely for the Citizen as well.” Harry had decided that these two stakes, the first a race of two one-mile heats and the second, just four days later, a tougher test of three heats over two miles each, would be the best choices for Darley’s racing debut.

No one at the Kentucky Association could know that Darley belonged to a Black man, so the horse would race in Dr. Warfield’s colors—light blue cap, white jacket—as if it were his own. Harry also had to ask the doctor’s help

in paying the entry fee. Since these were big races, the fee for the first was one hundred dollars, and Harry had only managed to save fifty dollars since buying his wife out of bondage. Dr. Warfield was happy to split the fee, and the purse, which was a princely seventeen hundred dollars and a hundred dollars' worth of silver plate.

When the entries were posted, Dr. Warfield tottered unsteadily down to the stable to read out the dozen names to Harry. It was a list that reflected the cream of Kentucky breeding—eight of the entrants were sons of the great stallion Glencoe—the first of his get since he retired to stud. There was also a son of Grey Eagle, as well as another bay colt by Boston, who hadn't yet been given a name.

The morning of May 23 saw no letup in the driving rain. An hour before sunrise, Jarret lay on his shakedown, listening to the torrent pounding on the roof just inches above his head. He rose, put on his oilskin, and trudged to the barn through mud that topped his gaiters. He'd taken Darley the short distance to the stalls over at the Association course two days earlier, to get him settled and used to the track there. So he saddled up Timon, one of the old roans who knew the racetrack and who would be a calming influence ponying Darley to the starting line. They covered the few miles through the sleeping town and out to the Association at an easy trot. The sun, a pale disk, eased up sluggishly behind the rain clouds, turning the sky pewter.

When they arrived, Darley still dozed in his stall, one white hind leg resting lazily on the point of its pale hoof. As Jarret pulled back the barn door, the horse raised his handsome head and whinnied. Jarret led Timon into an empty stall and called for a groom to rub him down. Then he went to the feed room and dried himself off as best he could with some hessian sacking. He scooped a light race-day ration. Horses stamped and banged in their stalls as they heard the grain hit the pail. Darley emptied the bucket in seconds and eyed Jarret accusingly. "Plenty more later," he reassured, running a hand down the horse's flank, feeling the muscles twitch under the fine coat. He was in peak condition, no doubt of it. Jarret led the colt out into the aisle and put him on the crossties. He felt the horse all over, checking for soundness. Darley leaned into him, warm and familiar. For the next hour, Jarret worked in silence, buffing the horse to a gleam and then blanketing him in a light sheet.

As the dreary morning wore on with rain sheeting down, the Association grounds nevertheless began to fill. Carriages plowed through the mud and

delivered ladies and frock-coated gentlemen to a makeshift boardwalk that led to the grandstand. Those without access to a dry space filled the backstretch and crowded the rails, huddling under trees or climbing up into their branches, devising pavilions out of tarps and sacking. Jarret wove through the crowd. The entirety of the town seemed to be crammed into the track precincts: judges from courts they'd just adjourned began to arrive in their carriages, the suspects they should have tried that day following behind them on foot. There were ministers who'd forsaken their churches and sinners who might have benefited from visiting them. There were rogues and bawds and cutpurses; the gentry and the eminent; the cobblers, the coopers, and the dry goods sellers whose stores all bore CLOSED signs for the afternoon. Jarret was just one dark face among many. It was a common thing for masters to reward their enslaved with time off on race days. It was equally common for youths to risk unsanctioned time and take a beating for it a day later. Through the babble of voices, Jarret listened for the shouted odds, trying to get a sense of the early betting. It soon became clear to him that one of the Glencoe colts, Garrett Davis, was a clear favorite, while Darley seemed likely to start almost unbacked. The first heat of the Phoenix was to be the day's leadoff event, so Jarret didn't linger.

Head down against the wind, he shouldered his way back toward the stable. He was obliged to stop and give way to a carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful gray harness ponies. The gentleman driver sat erect, as if unaware of the filthy weather, his high hat the same gray as his ponies. As he drove forward, he turned to Jarret and nodded down to him in courteous acknowledgment.

As soon as the carriage passed, Jarret overheard a man observe to his companion: "That's Richard Ten Broeck, up from New Orleans. He owns the Metairie Race Course down there—he'll be on the hunt for likely horses, I'll be bound."

Dr. Warfield's carriage had pulled up by the stable. Mary Barr was being handed down as Jarret came up, her maid holding an already saturated parasol high over her head. She was attending to where, in this world of mud, she could possibly place her feet, and so didn't see Jarret at once. But then she glanced up and called to him. "Is Darley going to win? Isn't this the most exciting day ever?" Her bonneted head swiveled as she took in the swelling throng—Black, White, rich, poor, the very old, and the very young. As a closely kept daughter of privilege, she had never been in a crowd so

diverse. “*Everyone* is here. I begged to come. Mother didn’t care to, but that young painter—the one you help—he persuaded Grandpa to bring me.”

Sure enough, Thomas Scott stood with Dr. Warfield and Harry Lewis as the grooms brought out Darley. Jarret had seen his father finely dressed for the races many times, but Beth had added an extra note of distinction. The brass buttons on his frock coat gleamed from her polishing and she’d bleached and starched the high collar of his shirt to a dazzling white. Somehow, even in this sea of muck, his shoes held a mirror shine. Beside him Scott, even Warfield, looked shabby. Jarret led out Darley and gave the rope to his father as he stripped the blanket. The horse shook himself, a ripple of muscle in a sheath of satin. Scott gave a low whistle. Warfield beamed, looking from the horse to his trainer. “You’ve done him proud, Harry,” he said. Harry nodded, accepting the compliment. Darley lifted his delicate muzzle, his broad nostrils scenting the air, puzzling the meaning of the unfamiliar crowd smells and noises. He moved sideways toward Jarret, who lay a reassuring hand on his withers. Porters, dressed in the blue-and-white Warfield silks, shivered with cold and nerves. Jarret stripped his own oilskin and put it around the boy’s narrow shoulders. It fell past his ankles, engulfing him. Colts were obliged to carry 86 pounds in the Phoenix, and Porters weighed in at 90. But that was of little concern, given the times Darley had been making under Jarret’s 125-pound weight.

They all stood in suspended time, waiting for the call to the post, staying dry and under cover till the last possible moment. When the call came, Jarret held Darley’s head in his two hands. They stood so for a moment, the horse and the boy locked in a silent exchange. Then Jarret mounted Timon and brought him up alongside Darley. Harry threw John Porters up into the saddle and calmly wished him a good ride.

Jarret reached across to hold Darley’s bridle as the two horses moved in tandem through the rain, which had become wind driven. It was hard going, getting through the undisciplined crowd. A whip-wielding steward walked ahead of them, beating back the mass of people as best he could. Jarret was relieved when they reached the track at last and could stand in their stirrups for the canter out to the starting line.

The dozen young horses plunged and fretted, twisting and sidestepping in a vain effort to take the windborne rain on their flanks and not full in the face. Jarret had to raise his voice to be heard in the commotion. “You got him, John?” he said. The boy, silks already soaked through and clinging to

his narrow chest, bridged his reins, his ungloved knuckles white with tension. When he nodded, Jarret let go and backed Timon well clear of the starting area.

A liveried drummer boy stood atop a platform, waiting for the steward's signal to tap the start. The steward stood with his arm raised, ready to give the wave as soon as the jockeys pulled their mounts into a momentary alignment under the starting wire. Just as it seemed that the horses were coming into line, the wind changed direction. A sharp gust hit from behind. Darley lifted his feathery tail high in the air like his Arabian namesake and thrust forward. The colt to his left, the favorite, Garrett Davis, and the filly Madonna to his right, jumped out to follow—a churning trio of energy plunging prematurely down the muddy track.

“Pull up! Pull up!” Jarret cried. It was futile: the crowd groaned and the wind roared, drowning out his urging. The three breakaways plummeted on. Jarret slumped forward against Timon's neck and buried his face in the wet mane. All the work, all the preparation, and the race lost before it had even started. He forced himself to look up as the jockey on Madonna, and then the boy on Garrett Davis, managed to slow and turn their mounts, but Porters could do nothing with Darley. The colt was unstoppable. He plunged on, rounded the homestretch and flew past the start. It was more than two miles before Porters managed to get Darley's head, turn it into his flank, and slow him to a canter.

Jarret, disgusted, slid out of the saddle and handed Timon off to a groom. Garrett Davis's connections were huddling around their horse, worried about his condition, speaking of scratching him. Jarret pushed past them, making his way to the rails, where his father stood, stoic and expressionless. Jarret felt hot tears searing his rain-washed cheeks. “That's done it,” he said, his voice breaking. “You gonna have to scratch him now.” Harry glanced at him, his face impassive. He gave his head a slight shake. “He just give himself a warm-up, is all. The others still stone cold. Watch now and see something.”

When the restive horses came momentarily into an approximate line, the steward's arm dropped and the drummer finally beat out the starting tap. The field leaped forward on the downbeat, a river of color surging through a world of water and flying silt.

Darley stretched out like an elastic thing, easily churning through the mud. He ran as a fox does, long, low, and level. He charged out ahead and stayed there, increasing his lead minute by minute. Porters, his arms already

aching from the two-mile battle, perched high on his withers and didn't even try to hold him back. As they came under the wire for the mile mark, there were only three other horses galloping, and none of them close. Darley crossed the finish line alone. The chestnut colt Wild Irishman finished second by several lengths and the bay filly Madonna a distant third. The only other finisher was the chestnut filly Fanny Fern, who came fourth. The rest of the field—eight horses—had labored in the sticky clods and been so distanced that their riders eased them to a walk, hoping to save them for a better showing in the second heat.

Harry Lewis, who had trained many winners but never owned one, confined his visible expression of joy to a slight smile and a nod of thanks to those who crowded to congratulate him. Jarret, however, could not contain his emotion. He was glad that the rain hid the tears. He wept with relief, he wept with joy. He wanted to hug his father, but he knew that Harry's dignity would be offended by any such display. So he made for the paddock to help Porters dismount. The boy was mud from his cap to his gaiters, the colors of the sodden silks unrecognizable. Jarret enfolded the soil-encrusted little figure anyway, waving off the groom whose job it was to walk the hot horse, taking the lead line and saying he would attend to it himself. Darley blew and heaved as they walked, but he cooled out quickly, his eye on Jarret, listening as the youth told him how great he was and how he'd shown them all something, sure enough.

When the time came for the second heat, the rain had let up at last. Porters, in fresh silks, held Darley on a tight rein all the way out to the start line. But this time, the horse seemed disinclined to bolt. He seemed to understand now that he would get his head soon enough. This time, he was willing to wait for the signal.

Without the driving rain in their faces, the horses were easier to muster. They took off cleanly. It was barely a race. Darley streaked out to a lead and held it all the way unchallenged. Only two other horses even made it over the distance flag.

Jarret and Harry led the horse into the winner's circle for the garlands and the presentation of the silver plate, which of course was handed to Dr. Warfield as the putative owner. All Harry could receive, in public, was praise, but that was heaped lavishly.

Jarret left his father there, basking in the attention, and led Darley off to cool out. Later, in the stall, he scraped the mud off as the horse finally got

his postrace rations. Jarret did these familiar chores with a high heart, thinking of \$850. Less the entry fee for the Citizen Stakes, which his father would not need to split with Dr. Warfield, they would be \$750 closer to the price of his freedom. He was leaning on Darley's stall door, listening to the ravenous horse munch through his grain, when the painter Scott entered the barn, escorting a breathless and beaming Mary Barr.

"Wasn't that a race? I don't know when I've been so excited."

"He made a show of some fine horses there," said Scott. "I've seen one or two of them fairly fly on a faster track."

"It ain't just the track." It was a measure of Jarret's high spirits that he felt free to offer his opinion. "Darley never even reached for the wins today. He could go right back on out there now and run both races again and never feel it."

"You say so? You've no doubt he'll be ready for the Citizen in four days' time then?"

"No doubt."

"Well then, I'd better see if I can get an advance from Dr. Warfield for my next commission, so I can lay a wager, and soon: he's going to be the favorite next time he runs."

"Dr. Warfield told you who he want you to paint?"

"Why yes, of course: he was so pleased with today's win that he wants me to paint Darley. So it's been a good day for all of us, I'd say."

Jarret wondered why Dr. Warfield would want a portrait of their horse, but then he surmised the doctor was proud of having bred such a potential champion. He hoped he would be called on to help Scott. He looked forward to watching how he would mix the colors to capture Darley's rich bay coat and its golden highlights. Scott himself was clearly already thinking about it.

"You and your father have really made something of him," he said. "All horse and no ounce of surplus." He turned then, as Harry entered the stable, accompanied by Dr. Warfield and a slim, elegant gentleman. Jarret recognized him. It was the man who had acknowledged him politely from the carriage.

Scott made a bow. "Mr. Ten Broeck, how do you find our Kentucky course?"

"A good deal slower than Metairie, at least today, Mr. Scott." The man spoke like a northerner, an accent similar to Scott's, if a little more clipped and formal.

“Well, we all hear about the scorching times since you took ownership. They say it’s the best-kept track in the country these days.”

“I thank you, and I have made improvements. But it’s not all my doing. Metairie Ridge is the highest ground in our watery city, and therefore has the best drainage. Even so, it is built on a marsh. The undersoil is saturated, so it’s always resilient and full of life. My jockeys call it the springboard.” His eyes hadn’t left the horse.

“You have a special interest in the sons of Boston, I think, Mr. Ten Broeck?” said Scott. Jarret noticed that Scott’s usual easy manner had become more formal, mirroring Ten Broeck’s. “I admired the portrait of Arrow that Mr. Troye made for you.”

“Yes, it is fine work. Arrow is a useful horse. Great shame he was gelded before I purchased him, but they said his temper was as foul as his sire’s.”

“Not the case with this one,” said Dr. Warfield. “He has just the temper you’d wish for—fierce on the track and kind in the barn. Would you care to have the boy lead him out, then you can judge him for yourself?”

“That would be an immense kindness”—he turned to Jarret—“if the young man would not mind.”

Jarret wasn’t used to this level of courtesy. Dr. Warfield was always civil, but this man’s manners made others seem oafish by comparison.

“Very fine,” said Ten Broeck, as Jarret led him down the aisle to a patch of brightness. “Unusual, the size of his backbone and shoulder, for a horse his size—what is he—fifteen three?”

“Exactly so. You have a good eye, sir,” said Warfield.

“Abundant muscle. Admirable curve to the neck, copious room for the windpipe. Dr. Warfield, I do believe you have here the handsomest horse I ever saw.”

A pink tinge colored Dr. Warfield’s cheeks. He turned to Harry with a small bow. “My trainer here deserves the credit. It’s he”—and then he looked to Jarret—“and his boy here who have brought him to the condition you see today.”

“Well, you are a fortunate man on all counts.”

A stable boy came in then to say that the carriage was ready to take the Meadows party home.

“Will you dine with us tonight, Mr. Ten Broeck? Captain Viley will be there. I believe you are well acquainted.”

“Why, thank you, but I drive my own pair, and I do not know the way.”

“I’ll send a boy to your lodging to direct you. Or, Jarret, you might go yourself with Mr. Ten Broeck.”

Harry cleared his throat. “I was fixing to have Jarret stay here with the horse,” he said. “Just to be sure, you know, since the Citizen and all is just four days off . . .”

Dr. Warfield dropped his voice. “Prudent, Harry. But perhaps excessively so. One of the other grooms can remain to keep an eye.”

As the gentlemen left, Harry put an arm on Jarret. “You go on with him, like your marse say to do. But I’ll stay right here. Not taking chances with our Darley.”

Jarret followed Ten Broeck to his carriage and handed him up, then turned to mount the rear quarter. “Come up here,” said Ten Broeck, patting a gloved hand to the seat next to him. “You’re supposed to be giving me directions, aren’t you? I won’t be able to hear a word you say if you’re jouncing along way back there.”

“That ain’t allowed.”

“I am allowing it. Get up.”

Jarret was used to following instructions but schooling his own discomfort about this breach of custom was more than he could manage. He climbed reluctantly up and perched at the very edge of the bench, staring straight ahead. Ten Broeck glanced at him. “One would think these good leather seats were a bed of nettles.” To Jarret’s further discomfort, as they turned out of the Association gateway Ten Broeck began an interrogation. It started with the details of Darley’s training, especially its less conventional aspects. “That may be why the horse is so good tempered,” he mused. “Methods like yours might have saved the likes of Arrow from the gelder’s knife.”

Ten Broeck had taken lodging in the town. They drove there so that he could change into dinner attire. Jarret stood with the horses until Ten Broeck emerged.

The interrogations continued all the way to the Meadows, probing every facet of Dr. Warfield’s estate—how many bloodstock, what kind of crops, how much did the town dry goods store contribute, how active was the doctor in the day-to-day concerns? Jarret answered with the facts that were in common knowledge and stayed mum on the rest. The man was, after all, the doctor’s guest, and seemingly an important one; he did not wish to appear uncivil. But he saw no need to elaborate on matters that were the doctor’s private business. “I must say, for a man of his age, the doctor has a

great many interests,” Ten Broeck observed. “What is he? Seventy? And still fit as a four-year-old.”

Jarret wasn’t about to contradict the man. But at the Meadows everyone knew the doctor’s frailty and had felt his increasing detachment from the business of the estate. If not for Mrs. Warfield’s firm hand, many aspects of the farm and its finances might have suffered from his inattention.

As soon as the carriage slowed to make the turn into the Meadows’ drive, Jarret asked to be let down. He didn’t want anyone to see him sitting up alongside Ten Broeck. He was tired in the bone, far too fatigued to saddle a horse and ride back to the Association stables, too worn out even to go to the cottage where he would have to talk to Beth. He could use a change of clothes, but that could wait till morning. He still felt shy around Beth when his father was not at home. And he knew she wouldn’t be relying on him for word of the day’s events; news flowed her way like a stream in spate. Instead, he turned toward the stables, where a pile of sacking in the hayloft would do just fine for the night. Darley was to have a day off the next day, and Scott had proposed using the time to make a start on the painting, so he would need to rise early enough to ready the horse.

Jarret looked back toward the house. It was still daylight, so the candles had not been lit, but he could imagine the bustle in the kitchen for the celebratory dinner.

They could have it, and welcome. All he wanted was his bed.

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, Washington, DC*

2019

It was almost six p.m. when Catherine finished her work and began to pack up her equipment. Jess shook the attic dust out of her hair like a dog. She felt chagrined that this immaculately groomed scientist had been subjected to such miserable working conditions.

“Do you have plans? If not, I could make us dinner—my place is nearby. Nothing fancy, but I have some lamb chops we can throw on the grill—if you eat meat.”

Catherine seemed grateful for Jess’s offer of a home-cooked meal. Because of her heavy cases, Jess called a Lyft for her before heading off to retrieve her bike. “I’ll probably beat you there, it’s no distance. But if not, make sure the driver helps you unload these bags.”

The last soccer games were winding up on the Mall. Joggers were out, taking advantage of the cooling evening. As Jess walked down the steps, she felt good about the soft air, her own little act of kindness to a stranger, and the project they would do together.

Then she saw a tall Black man bent over her bike, fiddling with the lock. Her colleagues had warned her against having a fancy bike in DC. She broke into a run.

“Hey!” she called. “What do you—”

*Think you’re doing?* She choked back the accusing words. She didn’t want to be *that* woman.

“—know? I have a bike exactly like that.”

The man looked up, startled, flicking back a heavy fall of ringlets. “I’m sorry? What did you say?” His accent was English, clipped and exact, like a topiary.

“Um. Coincidence, I guess. I have that exact bike, midnight blue. I had to special order the color. Took weeks.”

“Is that so?” He looked down, reaching for the tumblers on the lock.

“I have that exact lock, too.”

He stood then—he was very tall—and glared at her, his eyes narrowed.

“Ma’am,” he said, pronouncing it in the British fashion: “marm” as in “farm,” rather than “mam” as in “ham.” “This is not your bike.” He glanced down the rack and raised a long-fingered hand, an elegant gesture like a dancer. “I believe you will find it over there.”

Jess followed his gaze to an identical Trek CrossRip, also midnight blue, also with dropped handlebars.

She felt the blush nettle its way up her neck, spread its fever stain over her cheeks, and prickles into her hairline. She wanted to disappear into the earth. She looked up, forcing herself to meet his gaze as she stammered her apology. He had a tightness about his mouth. His eyes looked both hurt and angry. She braced for the abuse she deserved.

But then he smiled. A warm smile that reached his eyes—eyes the color and luster of maple syrup. “We both have excellent taste in bikes, clearly. Is that an Aussie accent?”

“Yes,” she squeaked.

“Thought so. I lived in Canberra for a few years.”

Later, she would remember that first kindness—the disciplined way he’d made the anger leave his face, the swift change of subject. It was so much more than she deserved for what had been no microaggression but blatant racism. Yet he’d let her off the hook. He raised a hand in a dismissive wave, threw a leg over his bike, and cycled away. She watched his retreating figure and felt ashamed.

Pedaling home, Jess mulled the encounter, castigating herself and imagining how it might have gone if she had taken a moment to resist prejudice. Just a moment, and she would have seen her own bike and maybe even made some polite remark about their similarity to that nice man with the beautiful eyes. They may even have got to chatting about life in Canberra. But then, who was she kidding? Why would he give the time of

day to a dust-covered woman in a rumpled shirt and a faint reek of the bug room?

Jess got home just ahead of Catherine. She poured them each a generous glass of pinot and then got to work, crushing garlic, bruising rosemary, and dribbling olive oil over the chops while Catherine told engaging stories of a childhood that might've been imagined by James Herriot. Both her parents had been rural vets. In a reverse of stereotype, her mother had been the large animal person—"up to her armpit in cow vaginas, inseminating Herefords, or pulling lambs out of ewes in the middle of the night. Dad did the little fluffy terriers and the geriatric cats. For me, it was always horses. At the stables doing chores before school, back there to ride after—pitch dark, rain—I didn't care. I did everything you could do—eventing, dressage, polo—"

"Polo?" said Jess, arranging the chops on the grill. "I didn't even know women played that."

"Actually, it's one of the few team sports where women compete with men on an entirely level playing field, as it were. I was rubbish at it because I'm a lefty and they require you to play right-handed. Being a good rider only takes you so far. But I still love watching when I get a chance. Wonderful, fast, exciting game. Australians are very good at it. Lots of farmers who happen to have stock horses about the place, I suppose."

"Wouldn't know," said Jess. "I'm not much for sports. It was all anyone really cared about where I grew up, so I rebelled by being completely uninterested. Museums, art galleries, libraries—that was me. I do like horses, though—I mean, to look at. Never been on one."

"That's a shame." Catherine started breaking up the lettuce for the salad, peering in the cupboard for the balsamic and rummaging around in the fridge for the mustard. "Nothing like it really. That moment when you're sending your horse over a high stone wall and you have absolutely no idea what's on the other side—"

"Gah!" Jess interjected. "That sounds terrifying!"

Catherine smiled. "You can make a strong case that every serious equestrian is a little unhinged." She rolled up the cuff of her pants to reveal a strangely shaped shin. "Not very attractive, is it? Plates, screws, a whole hardware store—absolute havoc in a metal detector. After the second surgery, the orthopedist asked me if I'd regret not riding anymore. I looked at her as if *she* were the mad one, told her I'd be back on as soon as the sutures were out."

Jess set the dishes on the table and poured more wine. “Seems like you were destined to be an equine vet.”

“Oh yes. Nothing else ever occurred to me. I mean, I’d have been quite happy mucking out stables or giving riding lessons to spoiled children if it had come to that, but I was a swot at school and when I got into Oxford my path was pretty much laid out for me.”

Racing was where the money was. “So I went that way, of course. At first it was exciting—the Coolmore boys with their delectable accents, the Maktoums, even the queen—for a country girl, you know, it was suddenly a very big life. Billionaires would send their private jets to fetch me to see to their horses. It was easy to be seduced by it. Easy to talk yourself into doing things that . . .”

She trailed off, put down her fork, and lifted the wineglass. Jess noticed how flushed she was. That delicate skin showed the effects of the pinot, even though they’d only had a glass. Catherine reached for a napkin and mopped at her forehead, dabbed at her eyes.

“Loo?” she asked, standing abruptly and pushing back the chair with a scrape.

She was back in a few minutes, composed. Jess served the salad.

“I’m sorry. It must be the jet lag. I don’t usually get so—it’s just that thinking about those years—not good memories. There was so much abuse of the horses, you see. I’m afraid I realized rather too late that I was abetting it. Or rather, I realized quite soon that I was integral to it, but I kept doing it anyway. ‘First do no harm’ applies to animals as well as people. Or at least that’s what I concluded once I stopped being dazzled by all the bright, shiny objects.”

“What happened?”

“Nothing unusual. Nothing illegal. Just the business itself—racing horses before they should even be ridden, wrecking their bones before they’ve finished growing. I mean, back in the days we were talking about earlier—Eclipse, for instance, didn’t see a racetrack until he was five. But now we race them at two, and train them hard before that. Pump the poor things full of bute to get them on the track when they’re hurt and should be resting. So many trainers asking me to fix the horse up for just one more race. And then, if I did, and the horse managed to run well through all the pain I’d masked with steroids and analgesics, it’d be just one more after that. Finally, that same horse, that beautiful, brave animal that had given its best, would either

break down catastrophically and be destroyed, or stop winning and basically be thrown away. They've been taught to go full pelt in one direction, they're sore and they're cross and few of them are suitable to be retrained for any other work. It's just so cruel—and such a wicked, wicked waste.” She picked up her glass, drained it. “And all for what? So rich men can wave their dicks at each other?” She thumped the glass back on the tabletop. Her hand fluttered to her hair. “Sorry.”

“Don't be,” said Jess. “But . . . if you don't mind my asking, what was it that made you stop?”

“A herd of Arabian horses in the Abu Dhabi dunes,” she said. She was hired for a year by the elderly Sheik Zayed, who'd led the tribes before the oil wealth, before the region was even known as the Emirates. “He was an old-time desert guy—sinewy and tough as leather, even in his nineties. Nothing like the effete Porsche-driving princelings these days. He was chagrined that all the best Arab bloodstock had gone to Europe in the nineteenth century, so he decided to do something about it. He bought back some of the best mares and stallions. He had a theory that the Arab horse does best in the desert, so he built a magnificent stable and just let them run in the dunes.” Her face took on a dreamy look. “The ones he bred there in the desert, their bodies changed—or changed back, I should say. Their chests expanded from the effort of running in the sand, their eyelashes thickened to keep the fine particles out. I'd go into the dunes with my Pashtun grooms to look for the herd and they would come flying to us over the sand. They knew the grooms always had a handful of dates to give them. You'd be surrounded by these exquisite horses who were just allowed to be horses—mentally and physically sound, kind, trusting, playful. They were the best horses I'd ever seen. It was a revelation to me. I knew I'd never go back to the old work after that.”

When she returned to England she went into research, determined to influence breeding practices. “It's not much, but it's the one small bit I can do for them, since we're not going to end the racing industry in my lifetime. But it's quite possible to breed for bone structure that makes them less subject to injury, especially if I can definitively show that it collaterally improves performance. So that's why I'm running around measuring old skeletons. That part is really about recovering lost knowledge. These nineteenth-century horses were stronger and healthier, capable of massive endurance as well as thrilling speed. They ran four miles, you know—heats

—up to three times in a single day. They were tough. They had to be. Better for the horses, and people loved it. The races were much more fun to watch, many more tactics over a distance like that, and great rivalries. The crowds that used to turn out—crowds they’d dream of at any modern track.

“That’s why your horse became such a celebrity. Hundreds of thousands of people followed him. They invented a mass-produced stopwatch because people got so interested in his record-breaking times. They even wrote poems about him. Let me see if I can . . .” She lifted her chin and clasped her hands in front in what Jess recalled as the old-fashioned eisteddfod posture. Catherine cleared her throat and began to declaim:

I’ve a picture, time-discolored, hanging on my chamber wall,  
Taken from an old oil painting that to memory will recall  
Years from now the ancient legends of those races run of old,  
When the winters were of silver and the summer-times of gold,  
’Tis a picture of a stallion, standing where the robins call,  
’Neath an ivy vine that clambers o’er a ruined garden wall.  
And the tendrils overhanging almost fall upon his back,  
And I fancy he is listening for the music of the track.

Catherine unclasped her hands and reached for the wine. “There’s a lot more of it, but I can’t believe I remembered that much. Why do bad poems stick in the brain better than good ones? You wonder what bit of orgo chemistry you had to push out to let all that doggerel settle in there.”

“True that,” said Jess, laughing. “My grandmother was always getting me to learn long bush ballads by heart. I can’t remember what I read in a memo yesterday, but I can still do ‘The Man from Snowy River’ all the way through.”

“You’ll have to recite it for me.”

“For that,” laughed Jess, “I’d need a fair bit more wine in me.”

“Not tonight then,” said Catherine. “I’ve had more than enough.”

“Me too.” They got up to clear the plates. “It *is* a bit amazing that people were so invested in this horse though,” Jess said. “And now he’s forgotten. After all those poems, paintings, newspaper articles. I wonder if your poet had an actual painting in mind when he wrote that?”

“I think he might have.” Catherine went over to her bag and pulled out the file folder Jess had looked through earlier. “I think—I’m not sure—but it might be this one . . .” She drew out the reproduction. “It’s rather good, isn’t it? He must have been a very striking horse.” She turned the page over. “That’s interesting—it says the original of this painting is right here, in your collection—maybe it came to the Smithsonian in the same gift as the skeleton?”

Jess dried her hands on a tea towel and took the page from Catherine. She glanced at the reference numbers on the back of the image.

“No. It’s a much later date of acquisition. But I’ll look it up, find out where it’s stored, and go see it.”

“I’ve always wondered how you get a racehorse to sit for his portrait. Well, not ‘sit’—but you know what I mean. They always look so quiet and calm, but it can’t be anything like that. Not a racehorse, and especially not a stallion. You can’t get them to stand still for a second.”

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*Association Grounds, Lexington, Kentucky*

1853

I couldn't get a thing right this morning. My mind just wasn't on my work. I could barely look at the boy. I couldn't meet his eye.

He didn't seem to notice. Taciturn as ever, his focus was all on the horse.

He'd done his usual job, which is to say, a perfect one. The animal gleamed. He had set up my easel and stretched the linen as I'd shown him. It was all in perfect order when I arrived. The two of them were in the turnout, playing some kind of game. The boy would walk forward a few quick strides and the horse would mimic him. When he stopped, so did the horse. He would give a hand signal, twirling his arm in a circle. The horse would turn on his haunches. Then he'd get the horse to do it all again, just responding to voice commands. I watched this dance until the boy noticed me and went to fetch a lead rope.

As I started to sketch, he held the horse lightly, but there was a connection between them that transcended mere ropes and reins. The youth only had to move a shoulder or tilt his head and the horse moved in harmony with him, as if they were speaking to each other without language. I could tell he loved that colt. It was going to go hard with him, when he found out.

The easier he made it for me to do my work, the less I could accomplish. I couldn't clear my mind of Richard Ten Broeck and Willa Viley and the way they'd wrapped up old Elisha Warfield, right there at his own dining table.

I had been studying Ten Broeck. He's a northerner, as I am, but he's learned to deploy the manners of the south without falling into parody. Too many of us, striving to shed our Yankee reserve, overshoot the mark. Aping the chevaliers, we exaggerate and become, instead, ridiculous Quixotes.

Ten Broeck is a hard man to read. Which is unsurprising. You don't make a fortune at cards by showing your hand. From his reputation, I expected a louche riverboat gambler, but his manner is more in the style of a classics professor than a prince of hazard. They say he was a brilliant student, before the West Point scandal. He's cool, quiet, only medium height, slim, and yet there's an air about him. To say "menacing" would be too extravagant, yet one senses a man to be reckoned with, perhaps even feared.

And he has one thing I'll never have: the polish of privilege. His dress is immaculate but not flamboyant, typical of old money, which is what he comes from, one of the original Dutch families of New York: Revolutionary War staff officers on both sides. He was meant, they say, to follow in the family's distinguished military tradition. I've had two accounts of his West Point discharge, one from an admirer, one from a fellow he'd skinned at cards. The first said an instructor insulted him, and since a cadet couldn't challenge a captain to a duel, young Ten Broeck resigned, challenged him as a civilian, won the duel, and received an apology. The other claimed he assaulted his superior officer and was saved from an ignominious expulsion by the influence of his family. Perhaps that one is the more likely, given the estrangement that followed.

In any case, he left West Point under a cloud, his people cast him out, and he "went down the river," as they say, to make his fortune. Ten years later, he turns up in the Crescent City, a *chevalier d'industrie*, rich enough to buy the best blood horses, and then winning enough with them to buy the very track they raced on. In short, he's a man well used to getting what he wants. Old Warfield was no match for him.

At dinner, he exhibited an effortless charm. Even sour-faced Anne Warfield succumbed to him. And in his presence, her lovely sister Mrs. Clay was able to unveil the playful nature and ready wit that had been suppressed by the tensions during my previous visit. Her firebrand husband wasn't there—banished to the marital home, apparently—which worked on her demeanor most wonderfully. She was like a mare released from a twitch. And the daughter, too, who had been so high strung at that last gathering, was amiable and easy, thanking me most prettily for bringing her to the

aces. She was looking quite fetching in a coral silk frock that showed off a lithe figure and emphasized the russet lights in her dark hair. Ten Broeck certainly noticed her, engaging her at length as to how he might make his Metairie course more attractive to younger women like herself.

It had been an entirely pleasant evening until the hour came for the ladies to withdraw. The port came in; the Negroes went out. Ten Broeck was sly enough to wait for that, lest the matter be on the tom-toms before we rose from our chairs.

Warfield himself gave Ten Broeck the opening when he asked him about his plans for the Great State Post Stakes to be run at Metairie the following spring. Ten Broeck said he conceived the race as a national test of thoroughbred supremacy; each state invited to enter its best horse at a rich price of five thousand dollars, to make sure only the very top prospects would be included. The winner would collect the monies staked, less a consolation prize of one thousand dollars to any horse not distanced. As well as this rich purse, the winner would also gain the glory of having either bred or trained the foremost four-mile thoroughbred in the land.

I saw Ten Broeck glance toward Viley, who gave an almost imperceptible nod. "The captain and I believe your Darley colt has the speed and bottom to be just that horse," Ten Broeck said. He reached for the decanter and filled Warfield's glass. His own was barely touched.

Warfield nodded, pleased by the compliment. "I thank you both, and I do agree, that was a most promising showing today. We'll see if he sustains such a performance come Friday. I think you are aware he is entered again, in the Citizen Stakes, three-mile heats. I believe he will do just as well over the longer distance." He sipped his port, pensive, no doubt running the race in his mind's eye.

Ten Broeck reached again for the decanter and refilled the doctor's glass, though it wasn't yet half empty. "Willa and I agree. In fact, we are so certain of it we wish to buy the colt from you now, as he stands, and take the risk ourselves."

Warfield smiled. "Gentlemen, I am flattered, but you are not the first to offer. Why, Louis Smith approached me at the track today, while the distanced horses were still laboring upon the track. He wanted me to sell him Darley. He planned to take him off to his stables in Alabama—perhaps indeed with your stakes race in mind. 'Name your price,' he said. I thanked

him for the offer, as I thank you. But I told him what I must also tell you; that is, I must refuse.”

Willa Viley stood then, and walked to Elisha Warfield, placing a hand kindly on his shoulder. “Friend, consider. We have talked about your health, your age. You yourself have said on many occasions that you feel the need to retrench. Campaigning a young stallion of such potential on a national scale is a younger man’s business, surely?”

“Exactly so. That’s why I decided to give this colt to my trainer, Harry Lewis, in payment of his wages, the year it was foaled. He suggested the breeding—indeed, argued most tenaciously for it—and I do believe that very able boy of his has the skill, and the hunger, to campaign him successfully.”

“Do you so?” said Ten Broeck. “That was a generous gesture, in any case. And an uncommon one.”

“Generous? Perhaps. But not entirely without self-interest.” Warfield was flushed now, feeling the cumulative effects of the Tokay and the port. This time, he reached for the decanter himself, refilling his own glass.

“How so?” inquired Ten Broeck, leaning back in his chair. “Since you continue to bear the costs of the horse’s stabling and feed, I assume. It seems unself-interested to me.”

“Ah, but I stake Old Harry half the entry and share half the purse, as happily occurred this day—a most satisfactory arrangement. In short, gentlemen, while I retain an interest in the colt, even if I wished to oblige you and sell you this horse, it is not mine to sell.”

Willa Viley lifted his hand from Warfield’s shoulder. “I had heard a rumor to that effect, but I did not credit it. My friend, this is a grievous business.” He reached into his jacket and drew out a paper. I saw that it was a copy of the bylaws of the Kentucky Association track. “You recognize this document? You must, since you helped write it when we founded the track together as young men. What were we? Still in our twenties, I believe . . .”

Viley fingered through the pages with an exaggerated flourish until he reached the place where he had inked a mark. He prodded at the lines with his index finger. “And here it is, what we wrote at that time, and what has been held to ever since: ‘No negro or mulatto, to make nomination in any stake, to be run over this course.’” He looked up from the paper and slapped the back of his hand against it. “There you have it, words you and I and the others agreed upon. I harbor no animus toward Old Harry. Why, as I think you know, although perhaps not Mr. Scott here”—he glanced at me—“the

boy was mine at one time. He was always an able fellow and I was unsurprised when he earned his way out of bondage. But his character is not at issue here.

“Elisha, consider: if in fact he owns that horse, and you conspired with him, then I am sorry to say that you broke the Association rules. The consequences for you, should this become widely known, will be grave opprobrium. Unpleasant, no doubt. Indeed, you may never recover the reputation you hold, as the man we all look to—the arbiter, should a pedigree be in dispute; the authority, if a rule is in need of interpretation. Yet I believe your reputation upon the town is such that you will be absolved in time. The consequences for Old Harry will be far more grave. There’s always sentiment against free nig—against his kind. One doesn’t wish to stir it up. He might well be warned off the track, which is to say, ruined in his occupation. Or worse. Ruffians who lost money on this race may well decide to go rather far in the matter. And who can say what might become of the old man then? Surely you would not want blood on your hands.”

The high color had drained entirely from Warfield’s face. The folds of his cheeks hung gray and flaccid. He looked suddenly very old indeed. His hand, clutching the embossed silver knob of his cane, began to tremble.

I saw Ten Broeck’s appraising gaze resting on the doctor. “Come now, Willa. Let’s have no talk of such sour things.” His voice was low and kindly. “We are all friends here, all gentlemen who love the turf and who live, in some measure, to promote its vast pleasures. Perhaps there was some failure of understanding between the doctor and his trainer with regard to the meaning of ‘ownership.’ Surely the doctor had in mind a leasehold of some kind? An agreement covering the racing properties of the horse, perhaps? Something of that nature, which would not have precluded the Negro’s interest in the horse to this point, but equally would not limit the doctor should he wish to change his mind and dispose of the animal otherwise. If that were the case, I would be willing, in partnership with Captain Viley here, to offer twenty-five hundred dollars for the horse, and further, to run him next year in the Post Stakes—not for Louisiana, but as the entry for the great commonwealth of Kentucky. If he wins, we will pay you a further twenty-five hundred dollars. You would retain all the credit for his breeding and starting. Perhaps the doctor will think upon the matter and give us his answer tomorrow. And I’m sure it is time we rejoined the ladies?”

I for one was glad to extract myself, so I rose at once and turned toward the parlor. As I did, I saw a glimpse of coral silk—the girl, Mary Barr, stepping quickly across the hallway.

# WARFIELD'S JARRET

*Association Grounds, Lexington, Kentucky*

1853

Jarret had just scooped Darley's morning grain when he turned to find Mary Barr standing in the doorway, her riding habit spattered with mud.

"Early for your ride, Miss Clay?"

"I came to find you. I tried last night—I thought you were at the Meadows—I went to your father's cottage but Beth said you hadn't come home. I knew you'd be here this morning, with him." She walked forward and stroked Darley's poll. "I came as early as I could. Jarret, you should know: that man Ten Broeck is set to buy Darley. It was all the talk at dinner last night. Captain Viley was dining with us, too, and he plans to go partners with him. The two of them had cooked it up between them, the notion of making an offer for the horse."

Jarret ran a hand over his hair, trying to make sense of the girl's words. "But they can't buy him. My pa's not fixing to sell him."

"That's what I wanted to tell you," she said. "My grandpa told both gentlemen that he'd given the horse to Old Ha—to your father, but Captain Viley had a copy of the laws of the track, the rule that forbids a Negro person from racing his horse here. You know what this place means to my grandfather, and your father could be in even worse trouble if they find him out. Jarret, you have to warn him so that he does nothing rash. He's likely to be quite upset when they bring him this news."

Jarret could hardly hear the girl through the noise in his head. She was right; Harry Lewis might say or do anything if he suddenly learned he was to be plundered in this way.

He muttered thanks to the girl. Even with his thoughts disordered, he knew enough to do that. She needn't have cared enough to warn them. She was still standing by the barn door, her face pinched and anxious, as he ran off to find his father.

As Jarret expected, Harry Lewis was in the backstretch, supervising the morning gallops. His reaction to the news was not the outburst Jarret expected. Only a twitch at the corner of his mouth betrayed that he felt anything at all. He swallowed hard. "Might've knowed it," he said. "Might've knowed they'd come saying that horse too good for the likes of us."

"You—you not fixing to let them take him away from us?"

"What do you think? Horse never was in my name. We got no proof I ever owned him, so we got no choice. We got to stand and watch while the best horse I ever trained just go walking right out my stable."

"You can't," Jarret murmured. He could hardly speak. His throat was tight with anger. The thought of losing Darley—never seeing him, never caring for him, never sitting aside that powerful back and feeling the energy surge through him—it was insupportable. He didn't understand how his father could be so calm in the face of such a loss. "You can't!" This time he shouted.

Harry looked at his son, startled. The mild, quiet lad with the downcast gaze and the easy disposition wasn't recognizable in the blazing eyes and clenched muscles of this tall, lean youth. He took a step toward him, but Jarret stepped back. "Tell me you ain't gonna let this go forward."

"Son, you think I like it? Not one bit. But you tell me: how do we stand against it? Warfield and Viley, they got the town in they pocket. What have I got?"

"You got Darley. And you got me."

"I *don't* got you, boy." Harry reached up and grabbed his son by the shoulders. "Dr. Warfield got you. Could be *you* he's fixing to sell south, stead of the horse, don't you know that? And I'd a had no say in that, neither. The only way that change is by his say-so. That horse wins again, maybe, just maybe, he let me buy you out for the money ought to be come to

me. You think he hear anything 'bout that if I make trouble 'bout the horse sale? This point, it gone be a miracle if I even see them winnings."

"He can't take those as well?"

"Son, they take what they want. What kind of boy I raised up who don't know these things? It's on my own head I let you come up so ignorant." He felt the boy flinch under his hands and move away from his touch. They are taking that too, he thought. Stealing his son's love, his own boy's respect.

"Well, now. You gone to go get you self a lesson in how this world really turns. Now you go on and groom that horse, before young Marse Scott get here looking for him to be ready. And you keep your mouth shut and don't go speaking foolishness to that man." His father turned away, unwilling to bear his son's furious gaze. Jarret kicked at the dirt as he strode to the stables. Darley flicked his ears forward and nickered to him as he entered the shed row. Jarret felt the anger go out of him, crushed down by an anvil of sadness. He pushed past the groom who was sweeping the aisle and went into the horse's stall. He lay his head against that powerful neck and wrapped his fingers in the silky mane.

He felt the warmth of the horse's body. He breathed the familiar sour-sweet scent. He didn't try to stanch his tears. If Scott arrived and saw him, so much the worse. He didn't care about Scott, he didn't care about any of them. How could he have thought a single good thing about these men, all of their fine talk and promises. Even his pa. Not a one of them was as good as their word. Jarret wiped his nose on his forearm and reached for the brushes. Not because he cared about getting the horse ready for Scott, but because it was what he loved, and at that moment, the only thing he could think to do to quiet his agitated heart. He leaned into Darley's flank and felt the horse respond with gentle acceptance. Only horses were honest, in the end.

He brushed and buffed the horse and then led him outside to a small corral. The sun had struggled out at last. Jarret faced Darley, as he always did before removing his halter. The horse bowed his head for Jarret to lift the browband and waited, as he'd been schooled, for Jarret's signal. When Jarret clicked his tongue, the horse whinnied in reply, then he wheeled away, bucking his back legs high and shaking out his mane, feeling his physicality after a night in the confines of his box. He galloped twice around the corral clockwise, then turned on his hind end and ran the other way, bucking a few more times to loosen his back, before slowing to a trot and returning to

Jarret, dropping his head for a caress. In the sun, his coat gleamed. When a mayfly landed on his haunch, his skin rippled over taut muscle.

Jarret gave him some voice commands, then some hand signals, to engage his mind before the tedious business of standing for the painter.

“He sure is magnificent. I hope I can do him justice.” Jarret turned to find Scott draped over the fence rail. He narrowed his eyes. Did Scott know? If the transaction had occurred over dinner, he must. Another betrayal then. Anger burned in him as he went to unload the painter’s supplies from his wagon. He had let himself like this man, but he was no different from the rest. As Scott commenced his initial sketches, Jarret tried to clear his mind of anger and grief, reaching for the intense mental connection that would give Darley an alert and handsome pose. He knew what Scott needed; he’d learned a great deal since that first day in the field with Glacier.

Then, the edge of a memory, slight as the brush of an insect’s wing: he’d been angry that day too. Angry at Scott’s loose and dangerous chatter. *All these fast horses, you and your pa could just mount up and ride off. The river’s not that far away, after all.*

Once—and only once, in all the years he’d spent starting green horses—he’d come off a filly that was erratic and excited in the freedom of her first full gallop. She’d spun and bucked, then bucked again before he had time to recenter himself, and Jarret couldn’t stay with her. The world tilted and then came up to hit him. He had not expected the earth to be so hard. It was a blow that beat the breath out of him. The force of this memory had the same effect.

*Not that far away.* How far was “not that far”? He didn’t know. Had never thought to ask. There had been whispers in the quarters, of course, of slaves who’d run off, dogs and chains and neck rings, floggings and hacked-off limbs, men sold south along the Natchez trace to die in fever swamps and burning cane fields. It was foolishness to think on such things. He’d known that his whole life.

*Not that far.* Harry had told so many stories about the journeys of his younger days, campaigning Richard Singleton and Grey Eagle and the other great horses that had belonged to Burbridge and Viley. Jarret tried to recall if he’d said anything about the river. One day’s ride? Two? A fit horse like Darley, who could gallop four miles, could surely make a loping pace for twenty, thirty. But he’d need to keep something in reserve, if it came to a chase and slave catchers tried to run them down. If he had to push the horse,

he'd need to carry grain, and how could he do that without someone noticing?

Jarret shivered. Darley, sensing his unease, shied sideways. Jarret tried to calm himself. Focus on the horse, stop this foolish run of thinking. There was no profit in such thoughts. Jarret rubbed a hand over his head as if to brush the idea out of his mind. His hand smelled of leather and horse sweat and hay. Darley's scent. Jarret felt tears prickling his eyes.

Scott, agitated himself, was not achieving much on the canvas. He set down his charcoal. "I think perhaps that will do. Thanks, Jarret. I'm just not getting him today. Perhaps we'll try again tomorrow, early, when we're all fresh."

Jarret nodded without making eye contact. "Tomorrow, early. Fo sure."

Jarret helped Scott pack up his materials, carried them to his cart, and then went in search of his father, to tell him he would like to spend the night at the track stables, watching over Darley. Harry nodded a wordless assent. It seemed natural enough to him that Jarret wanted to spend scarce time with the horse. But he wished the boy wouldn't stare at him so.

Jarret studied his father, who suddenly seemed old and stooped. How had he not noticed the softening jowls, the deep lines, the slight tremor in his hand? Jarret gave his father a sudden embrace. "I know you tried your best," he murmured. He let go and turned quickly away.

There was a pot of grits and some corn pone for the stable help. Jarret forced down the largest helping he could. He pocketed some heels of pone for later and busied himself with chores, rolling up Darley's blanket, tending to the racing saddle. Then he went into the stall and lay down on the clean straw, resting his head against the hayrack. Darley nosed the hay, looking for the sweetest stalks. Every so often, he would lay his muzzle for a moment on Jarret's head. Jarret reached up and stroked his neck. He breathed in the scent of hay and horse, trying to quiet his racing mind. Darley, done with eating, dropped his poll and rested his large head against Jarret's shoulder. The weight was a comfort and brought a measure of peace. Jarret slowed his breathing to match the soft flare of the horse's nostrils. He closed his eyes.

When the stall door rattled open, he jumped. Darley shied, hitting the stall divider.

Jarret, angry, exclaimed. "Miss Clay, you know better than to startle—"

But then he took in her appearance: breathless, her cheeks red, hair damp. He stood, brushing the hay and shavings off.

“Miss Clay?”

“I saw your father, Jarret. He looked terrible. He told me you planned on sleeping out here and I came, I rode, I know—” She broke off. “We shouldn’t speak here.” She inclined her head to the stable door. “Outside.”

She turned toward the door. Jarret followed her slight figure up the aisle. A boy was sponging the foam off her mare. The girl herself had sweated right through her jacket.

“You ought not ride so hard through the town, Miss Clay,” Jarret observed.

“Don’t you tell me what I ought and ought not do,” she hissed. “Not when you have it in mind to do something far more reckless.” She walked on quickly till they were alone in the tack room. She pulled the door shut and wheeled around. “They *can* kill you; you know that.”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

“Don’t,” she said. “Don’t you dare give me that slack-jaw face. I know you are thinking to ride that horse off tonight.”

“No, miss. No such thing.”

“Really?” She turned to the saddle rack and laid her hand on Darley’s racing saddle. She reached into the pocket that was supposed to contain the lead weights of his handicap. She pulled out a fistful of grain. “You won’t make it to the river.”

“How far *is* the river?” There, he’d said it.

Mary Barr compressed her lips. “Eighty miles, on the turnpike. But you can’t take the pike.”

“I can if you write me a pass. Say you is Marse Warfield and I got to take his horse to Cincinnati.”

“Jarret—”

“You know it ain’t right, Miss Clay. You know this colt was my pa’s rightful wages. Just because we went on ahead and made something special of him don’t give them the right to just up and take him.”

“I know that. But they won’t see it that way. They’ll see stolen property, a runaway slave. You could die.”

“Miss Clay.” Jarret dropped his voice. “I might as well be dead, if this”—he lifted both hands, palms upward, in a wide, all-encompassing shrug—“if this is how living gone be.”

The afternoon was waning when Jarret led Darley out of the barn, mounted up, and turned toward the track. Mary Barr watched him until they

reached the backstretch. Then she ambled over to the gate of the colts' grazing pasture and raised the latch. No one could see the handful of grain she held in her fist, but the colts smelled it. Three of them rushed the gate. Mary Barr pretended to stumble and the gate flew open. She cried out for help, and the grooms came running. In the confusion, with every eye on the loose colts, Jarret asked Darley to jump the rail, and then he asked for a gallop.

He prayed that no one saw them go.

# MARY BARR CLAY

*Cassius Marcellus Clay House, Lexington, Kentucky*

1853

Mary Barr handed her mare to the groom and turned to the rear entrance of the town house. She was sweaty, dusty, and trembling.

“Miss Clay, you ill?” the cook exclaimed. “You do look a fright!”

“I know it, Ester. I’m not ill. It’s just—nothing. A little bit ill, perhaps. Can you send some hot water to my room, please? I’m going up to change. I don’t want Mama to see me like this.”

“No need to worry ’bout that, Miss Clay. Your Mama dining at the Meadows tonight.” Ester dropped her voice. “Your Papa in town.”

“Here? Now? In the house?” Mary Barr was dismayed. She had hoped to avoid her mother but avoiding her father was a necessity. She could barely keep her composure around him in normal circumstances.

“Ester, please tell him I’m ill and won’t be dining down.”

“I don’t know ’bout that, Miss Clay. He won’t like it. He say he expecting you. He asked me to make the pie you like.”

“Tell him, nevertheless,” she said. “I’ll take the back stairs.” Ester moved aside to let the girl pass through the narrow doorway that led to the servants’ staircase. On the top step, she stopped and removed her riding boots, gliding across the landing in her stocking feet, avoiding the loose board that creaked. In her room, she closed the door behind her and breathed out.

When the knock came a few minutes later, she thought it was Ester with the pitcher of warm water.

“Come,” she said.

Cassius Clay opened the door. “They said you were ill—I came to see . . .” His concerned expression changed as he took in Mary Barr’s dusty, sweat-stained clothing, her matted hair and high color.

“Great heavens, child. What *have* you been doing?”

“Nothing, Papa. Only riding. I—I took a tumble in the dust is all. I thought you were the maid with water for the basin. I’m really not presentable now. I’m sorry for you to see me in this state.” The words tumbled out in a breathy rush. Clay’s frown deepened.

“Where were you riding? With whom?”

“I rode alone. Just from the Meadows to the Association track. I wanted to see how the horse was recovering from the race yesterday. It was very exciting, Papa, you should have—”

“You were with that boy again—that son of the trainer?” His tone was jussive. Mary Barr’s pulse began to race.

“I wasn’t *with* him, that is to say—”

“Mary Barr. Did that boy attempt anything on your person? Did you have to struggle against him? Is that why you look as you do?”

“Of course not! Nothing of that kind. I—”

“You are lying to me. I can see it in your face. You can’t even look me in the eye.”

He stepped toward her and raised her chin. “Look at me, child.”

With immense effort, she drew her eyes up from the floral pattern on the Turkish carpet. But she could not withstand her father’s gaze and turned her head away from him.

“I ask you again. Do not try to protect him. What did he do to you?”

She was in tears now. “He did nothing to me. It was I. I did something to him, and now I fear he will likely die of it.”

Clay’s voice softened. “Tell me.”

Mary Barr poured out the story as her father stood saying nothing. He handed her his folded handkerchief.

“You know my views on slavery, I trust. You also know I am in favor of legal and negotiated emancipation, not your abolitionists’ underground railroads. But I cannot say you did wrong. Indeed, you acted bravely. But you are right to fear the consequences for that boy. They could be mortal. Getting to the river with your false pass—he may do it. He may even get across. But he won’t be safe in Cincinnati, or indeed anywhere in Ohio. And

he'll be conspicuous. Every person who sees them will take note of it. Every backwoods oaf who has never seen such a statuesque stallion and never will again; every garrulous townsman—" Clay paced to the window, running a hand through the thick fall of his hair. He stood, eyes unfocused, gazing into the street. Then he turned and nodded decisively.

"Since this is your responsibility, you must help me to rectify it. We shall have to ride out now and see if we can catch up with him ourselves. If I go alone he will flee from me, and on that horse I am entirely certain he would outride me. That will not do. There is nothing else for it. I will need you to ride with me to persuade him that he is safe. It's possible—barely—that if we overtake him swiftly we can cover the whole matter up. But we must go at once. Where are your boots? Get them on."

In the carriage house, Clay cursed when he saw that Stellamaris had already been given her grain. "You can't ride her on a full stomach," he muttered. "You'll have to take Ryolite." Ryolite was a speckled thoroughbred, as tough and fiery as the volcanic stone he was named for. He had been Clay's chief mount till the Mexican War, when he'd been required to buy a cavalry-trained horse named Marquis. As he mounted Marquis, Mary Barr caught sight of a pistol at his waist. Under his coat, she knew that there was, as always, a Bowie knife strapped to his back.

The horse pranced under her slight weight, unwilling at first to yield to her. She shortened the reins and urged him forward, keeping the pressure on until she felt his response. It was twilight as they set out, the last birds caroling a hectic chorus. The heavy rains had left the air rinsed and cool.

When they reached the turnpike, Clay urged Marquis to a canter, and Ryolite followed. They were free of the town within minutes, and in an hour the farms had become widely separated, their rolling meadows giving way to acres of woodland.

The last of the light was draining quickly in the western sky. Clay slowed his horse to a walk and waited for Mary Barr to draw abreast of him. "Since the boy is intelligent, I am assuming he will have stayed off the turnpike while the light lasted, so even though he had almost a full hour's start on us, his going will have been slower. I'd be surprised if he pressed the horse hard. He would keep something in reserve in case of pursuit. I judge that our best chance is to press on, if you feel able, so that we may get ahead of him and intercept him in that way." Mary Barr nodded, but her father noticed her

strained expression. "Do not overtax your strength," he said. "If you need to take a rest, we can do so."

"No, Father. As you say, our best chance is to press on."

They rode for another half hour before passing through a small township. Just beyond the outskirts, Clay halted again at a small track leading off through the woods. He slid out of the saddle, then handed Mary Barr down. "Here is where we'll catch him up, I believe," he said. "My best guess is that the boy will have made use of the turnpike once it turned dark. But he will avoid the townships. This track is most likely the one he would use to rejoin the road, since it bypasses the settlement. I say we wait here. We'll know soon enough if we've judged his mind correctly. You will stay by the track in plain sight and call to him. I will take my horse into the woods so as not to alarm him. We'll have to hope he halts for you and that he listens to reason." Clay led his horse into the shadows while Mary Barr sat down on a log, straining her eyes and ears for any sign of movement on the track. The log was damp from the rains and within minutes her riding dress was soaked through. She was cold, exhausted, and scared. Was he worth it, she wondered, this reckless, angry boy? Why could he not just know his place as others seemed to do?

She heard a swoosh of wings: an owl passing, close and silent. Then the cry of a small animal, quickly stifled. The strong and the weak, she thought. Predator, prey. Nature's way. God's way. Even the Bible patriarchs had slaves. Who is Jarret to stand against it in this headstrong fashion, when even his own father, who is most injured in the business, accepts it? Why should she sit and shiver in the dark on his account?

She pulled off her gloves and worried at a broken fingernail. Her father; there was another puzzle. Why had he made it his business to intervene in such a dramatic way? To protect her, she supposed, since she had written the pass and assisted Jarret's escape. Or perhaps he acted out of animus to her grandfather—surely relations had grown strained over the last few years—anyone could see the rift between them widening.

The agitation of these thoughts was the goad that kept her wakeful despite a fatigue that weighed on her limbs. The moon rose, marking the slow course of an hour. Her fretting came to an abrupt halt when she heard hoofbeats on the macadam. Someone was coming, but on the pike, not the track. Two horses, not one, and the squeal of metal carriage wheels. She gathered up the reins and dragged her horse quickly back into the trees. Her

father placed a hand on her shoulder. The carriage drew closer. Two grays, their light coats gleaming in the dark. She drew a breath.

“Ten Broeck!” She looked up at her father, her face pale. The carriage slowed. Ten Broeck pulled the horses up to a halt. He must have seen them. Mary Barr felt tears spring to her eyes. They wouldn’t save Jarret now, with this man on his trail. And swift as the thought, the sudden realization that it mattered to her a great deal.

But Ten Broeck was not looking in their direction. He shook the reins gently and urged his horses forward at the walk. She heard the scraping of a flint and blinked at a sudden flare of light. Ten Broeck adjusted the wick of his lantern and held it up, inspecting the intersection of the pike and the track.

“Damnation,” whispered Clay. “He is thinking the same as I am. He intends to wait for the boy right here.” Marquis whinnied, challenging the strange horses. Ten Broeck turned. Clay stepped out of the woods and raised a hand in greeting. “Good evening, sir. We are not yet acquainted, but I believe you know my daughter, Mary Barr.” Clay inclined his head, indicating that she should step forward.

“Indeed, Mr. Clay,” said Ten Broeck, offering a slight bow. “This is an odd place to make a new acquaintance, but I confess I welcome the opportunity to know you, having heard so much of your courage in the recent war, and in the duello.”

“Exaggerations, I am sure of it. Any man would do the same, who values his life, and his honor.”

“Perhaps, perhaps not. I should like the leisure to discuss it with you sometime. But this, as you will agree, is not the time, not the place.” Ten Broeck lifted his lantern and studied the disheveled, shivering Mary Barr. “Surely, your daughter is not well, sir. One wonders why you might subject her to a night ride in these inclement conditions.”

“My daughter, sir, is my own affair.” Mary Barr knew that edge in her father’s voice. She feared it.

Ten Broeck bowed again. “I do not suggest otherwise. And I am sure your business is pressing. As is my own. Perhaps,” and he paused, “our business is the same.”

Clay did not reply, but Mary Barr saw his hand drift to the butt of his pistol.

Ten Broeck saw it, too, but he went on in the same low, measured tone. "Perhaps we might profitably join forces and increase our chances of success."

"Even if what you say is true, which I do not grant, I doubt our idea of success would be the same."

"Would it not? Perhaps you misjudge me, and I do not blame you, since we are not acquainted. If I were to say that I hope to spare two young persons the consequences of rash action, perhaps you might soften your view of me. Oh yes. I know quite well why your daughter is here. I learned long ago never to make a substantial investment without taking steps to secure it. I have had eyes on that colt from the moment I decided to buy it. Those eyes saw her forge a pass for the boy and witnessed her aid his escape."

Mary Barr gasped. Her father's grim look hushed her.

"It seems, Mr. Clay, that your daughter takes after you, in conviction and boldness. I have read your newspaper, and I am not out of sympathy with its views. I have not lived so long in the south as to forget the free-labor virtues of the north."

"Then you will let the boy go?"

"I did not say so."

"Then I fear we are at odds after all." Clay eased the pistol half out of the holster. "Please step down."

Ten Broeck didn't move. He spoke even more quietly. "I do not intend, as you say, to 'let him go.' I intend to have him come, with me, to continue to care for and train that horse he loves so much as to risk his life. I will buy him from Warfield."

"But his father plans to buy him," Mary Barr blurted.

"His father can't offer such a sum as I. Neither can he put the boy in the way of such experience as I will provide. At Metairie, he can rise in his craft. If he does so, I will allow him to buy his own freedom in due time. And if Dr. Warfield accepts my offer, as I have no doubt he will, nothing more need be said of this night's foolishness."

"And there will be no consequences for the boy? You must assure me there will be no flogging or the like barbarity."

"I do so assure you. You may also like to know that while I employ the slaves of other men for various tasks, I do not generally own them. I will do so now only for the boy's welfare, as I propose to bring him to Natchez, and they are generally hostile to free Negroes in Mississippi, as I'm sure you are

aware. My present plan is to establish the horse for training for some months at the plantation of Colonel Adam Bingaman. You are acquainted, I believe; he was first in his class at Harvard and is in the party of your uncle, indeed, he is one of his chief supporters in the Mississippi legislature. His trainer, John Pryor, is, I think, the finest presently working in that profession. He will take charge of the horse's preparation for the Post Stakes, and the boy will be a valuable assistant to him."

"I believe, I hope, you are a man of your word, Mr. Ten Broeck," said Clay. He let the pistol fall back into its place. "My daughter and I stand ready to assist you."

"Father, I . . ."

"Hush, child. You are too young to remember Delia Webster, perhaps, but the fine citizens of Lexington sent her to rot in prison for helping runaways, and I've no doubt they would do the same to you, to spite me, if given the chance. You have nothing more to say in this business, except the words that will help that foolish boy see his best interest."

"But they stole his horse!"

Clay sighed. "Child. Slaves may not own property, so how in this world could it ever be his horse? Negroes cannot race a horse, so how can his father claim ownership of a horse that just now won an important race? And young women cannot engage in wild escapades without the direst consequences. That is the world as it is. If you do not like it, join me in attempting to change it. Otherwise, keep your peace. Mr. Ten Broeck is being more than reasonable here."

Ten Broeck bowed. "I am glad you see it so."

"I do. And I suggest you leave it to us to deal with the boy. If indeed he comes this way, I believe we may be able to affect the desired result without a chase that would tax your horses. But if the boy sees you, he may . . ."

"I understand. I believe you are correct. I will take leave of you. I will look for the horse in the Association stables in the morning. And Warfield's Jarret with him."

# THEO

*Smithsonian Museum Support Center, Maryland*

2019

“Spit.”

“Spit?”

“Yes. Great solvent. Ph neutral, slightly viscous, got useful surfactants like citric acid, and it’s the right temperature. Whenever I start to clean a painting I always use spit first.”

Theo scanned the lab. Millions of dollars of spectrosopes and microscopes, racks of specialized chemical solvents—and yet the conservator who bent over his painting was working with nothing but his own spittle and a cotton swab on a bamboo stick.

Theo had arrived that morning, hailing the Smithsonian employee shuttle at its stop outside the Air and Space Museum. Lior had arranged for the Smithsonian’s Conservation Institute to evaluate his artwork while he observed and wrote about it. It was a chance to get some free expertise on his find and make a bit of income at the same time.

Theo got off at the security checkpoint to wait for the conservator, Jeremy Raines. “We have to sign you in, and your artwork as well,” Raines explained. “Otherwise they won’t let you leave with it.” He asked Theo to unwrap the painting, and then he stuck a barcoded label on the back. “Now we can be sure you go out with the same painting you brought in,” he said. “Oh, and you have to sign a couple of waivers—this one says that I’m not liable for any damage to the work during my assessment, and this one that

states that I don't take responsibility for any opinion I might offer." Raines smiled. "Not exactly confidence building, eh?" Theo took the papers, bemused. "All a bit much for something I pulled out of a junk pile," he said.

"Well, it's amazing what people have found in junk piles," said Raines. He attached the dingy canvas to an A-frame and put it on a wheeled cart. "We assume it's a masterpiece until we prove otherwise."

After they reached the lab, Raines spent what seemed to Theo an inordinate amount of time just gazing at the little painting. He started at the back, studying the fibers of the canvas and the wood of the stretcher. "The first thing you see is the quality of the linen—it's good, so that tells you the artist was probably a professional. Then you look at the stretcher. Amazing how much that can reveal, if it's the original one, and until pretty recently, nobody bothered to do it. A lot of old stretchers were just stripped off and thrown away. Tons of potential info lost. You can tell a lot about the history of a painting from the kind of wood they used, whether the edges are beveled by hand or by machine, if there are any labels, any accession numbers. Even the kinds of nails or tacks can say something about where the painting might've come from."

Theo scribbled notes as the conservator talked. "This is a very old stretcher. It's white pine, which was a common choice of American artists—they favored conifers. Another thing: there are iron tacks—see the corrosion?—and it's hand chamfered. Both of those things indicate it's probably early or mid-nineteenth century, before manufactured stretchers were in wide use and steel tacks became more common. But it may have been resized at some point, to fit this painting. It looks to me like it was cut and remitered. There are no labels or other markings, so no clues there, except to say that the picture probably just stayed in private hands since it was painted. Oh, hang on." He brought his face closer to the painting, squinting. "Look here"—he pulled down the magnifier—"it's very faint, very worn. In pencil. Right there on the frame edge: 'Lexington.' Probably painted in Kentucky, then."

Now the conservator was working his cotton swab on the lower half of the canvas, slowly removing the layers of dirt. "I'm sure this painting hung over a radiator. The warm air, rising, carried every speck of dust, soot, and smoke right into the fibers of the canvas. That's why the damage is so symmetrical. Previous owner was a smoker, safe to say. You can tell by the particulates coming off here—typical of tar and nicotine."

“Oh yes,” said Theo. “He smoked a lot.” He pictured the man slumped on his stoop on a Saturday afternoon, listening to the races, flicking butts heedlessly into a gutter that ran to a drain stenciled “Treasure the Chesapeake.”

The conservator tossed a grayed cotton swab into the trash can beside him. A couple of dozen more cotton swabs and the full image started to emerge—a bright bay thoroughbred in a grassy meadow. It was painstaking work, and Theo, with nothing new to observe, shifted restlessly. The lab had a window opening onto “the street”—the wide passageway linking labs and pods. Theo watched with bemusement the strange cargoes being wheeled by—a triceratops skull, a lacquered Chinese palanquin.

He jotted down a note on this—might add some color to his article. A rap on the glass interrupted his scribbling. A woman in a white lab coat stood at the window, a frown creasing her forehead.

Raines looked up from his work.

“Come on in, Jess.”

“Sorry to interrupt, Jeremy. I was just on my way to the cafeteria, but I couldn’t help noticing—that painting you’re working on—it’s so much like one I was just studying—”

“Painting? That’s a bit out of your line, isn’t it?” Jeremy turned to Theo and Jess followed his gaze.

Corkscrew curls, amber eyes. Trek CrossRip from Canberra. She felt the blush creep up her neck. She hoped he wouldn’t recognize her.

“Jess runs our vertebrate osteology lab,” Raines said. “She’s our expert in skulls and bones.”

“And she has excellent taste in bikes,” Theo said.

“And very bad manners,” Jess mumbled. Her face was on fire now. She wanted to grab a beaker from Raines’s bench and pour cold water over her head.

“You two know each other?”

“Not really,” they both replied in unison. There was an awkward pause.

“I had no idea you worked out here,” Jess muttered.

“I don’t.” Theo held up his visitor lanyard.

“Theo is on assignment for *Smithsonian* magazine, doing a piece on the Conservation Institute,” Raines said. “He brought in this rather abused old painting and is going to write about how we identify and evaluate it.”

“I might be able to help you with that,” Jess said. “It’s not likely, I know—but it is uncannily similar to paintings of the racehorse whose skeleton I’m working on.”

“The skeleton?” Raines interjected. “But this painting is from at least a century and a half ago.”

“So is the skeleton. Bit of a long story. But the contemporaneous paintings of it that I’m using for reference have the same color palette as that one does, and those white markings on his nose and forehead are identical. But you’ll have to clean more dirt off to see if the legs are the same—my horse had four white feet.”

“Well. We’ll know soon enough,” said Raines, reaching for a fresh cotton swab. “Jess, why don’t you show Mr. Northam your lab? If you bring back the reproductions, we can compare them. This bit of the work’s not that interesting, and it’ll take some time.” He turned to Theo. “Grab a coffee if you like—Jess’ll show you where. By then we’ll be able to see if there are white feet hiding under all this murk.”

Theo followed Jess into the street. He dawdled to glance into each lab.

“That’s the Anthros,” Jess said. “They’ve got sound recordings of endangered and obsolete languages. And over there’s the Paleos—dinosaur fossils, ancient plants. The biorepository has DNA for just about every known species. Lots of stories out here for a journalist.”

“Art historian, actually. Or attempting to become one. I’ve just started work on a PhD. The occasional magazine gig subsidizes my lavish student lifestyle.”

Jess waved down the corridor. “Pod three would be closest to your heart then. It’s got collections from the Freer, the Sackler—all the Institution’s art museums.”

They’d reached a security door and Jess swiped her lanyard. Outside, a misty rain had started to fall.

“We’ll have to make a run for it,” Jess said. “Follow me.” Theo watched her ponytail dance across her narrow shoulders as she jogged across the grass. He slowed his runner’s stride so as not to overtake her.

“This is vertebrate osteology, where we clean specimens and get them ready for the scientists to work on,” she said, punching a number into the security pad. “Want to meet my coworkers?”

She shouldered a heavy, sealed door. “This is officially known as the Environmental Suite, but we just call it the bug room.”

Theo stepped inside and was hit by an unlovely stench. He wrinkled his nose.

“Beetle frass—poo, I think, is the less technical term—and decomposing flesh. These guys—dermestids—are totally unwelcome anywhere else on this property. In here, we *want* them to eat things, whereas that’s considered suboptimal in museum storage areas.”

“That seems a bit—primitive?” Theo said.

Jess shrugged. “Dermestids can do the delicate work of cleaning bones with less damage than any other method we’ve been able to come up with. Efficient too. They clean about three thousand specimens a year for us—everything from hummingbirds to an elephant that died at the National Zoo. They can clean a mouse in a day; a dolphin might take two or three weeks. Let me get them something they’ll like.”

She crossed over to the cold store and scanned the desiccating specimens. The Arctic wolf carcass looked ready, so she picked up the tray and carried it back to the bug room. “Watch this,” she said, as she set the tray down. Within seconds, the beetles found the carcass and were all over it.

“Rugby team at a buffet table,” Theo said. The munching of so many bugs was audible—a soft snap-and-crackle sound.

“Yeah, they’re enthusiastic. But that doesn’t mean they’re not picky. They don’t like their meat too fresh—that’s why the carcasses have to sit in the cooler for a couple of weeks to dry out. Which doesn’t help the smell. But if I leave it too long, let it get too dry, they’ll lose interest. Then I’ve got to smear bacon grease on it to tempt their appetites.” She turned to Theo and smiled. “Strange job, no?”

“Definitely unusual,” he said. They stepped out of the humid bug room and into the chill of the necropsy lab.

The body of the horse skeleton, on its plinth, was uncased, ready for Jess to disarticulate. The skull, which had been removed for transport, sat on the lab bench, still carefully wrapped in foam.

“You’re looking at the most famous racehorse of the nineteenth century,” Jess said.

Jess explained how she would take the skeleton apart so they could scan the bones and make precise models for movement studies. “Then I’ll put him back together. Hopefully do a better job of it than the last guy—make it more accurate to the actual anatomy of the horse as he was in life.”

“But how can you possibly know how he looked in life? Didn’t you say he died a hundred and fifty years ago?”

“That’s where the paintings come in. They had to be very accurate because they were used in stock sales and to promote stud services. More like ads than art, apparently. So I’m studying every known painting for any useful anatomical info.”

Jess pulled out the folder and fanned out the reproductions on her work bench.

“I see what you mean,” said Theo. “It definitely looks like the same horse. A bay with that exact snip and stripe, and Civil War era is about what I’d guessed for the age of the painting.”

Jess tapped a finger on one of the images. “The original of this one is right here in DC, at the National Gallery. They’re pulling it out of storage for me to look at this Saturday.”

“Could I come with you?”

Jess looked up. Was it possible he was hitting on her? She immediately dismissed the idea. No way, after her stupid blunder.

“My thesis—it has to do with elements of nineteenth-century American equestrian art, so I’d be interested. And since you have the access . . .”

“Sure, of course.” She scooped up the reproductions and placed them back in the file. “Shall we get that coffee, and then we can show Jeremy these and see what he thinks.”

At the café, as the espresso machine hissed, Jess reached across the counter and paid the tab. Theo tried to offer her his share but she waved him off.

“Least I can do—apology for”—she tilted her head in the direction of DC—“before, you know. I was bloody rude.” Theo didn’t protest. Let her pay a couple of bucks if it made her feel better.

They gravitated to a table by the window.

“What on earth took you to Canberra?” Jess asked.

“You’ve got a good memory.”

“Well, they say trauma etches the neurons, and I was traumatized by my appalling behavior.”

Typical, Theo thought. He’d been accused, yet she was traumatized.

“So: Why Canberra?”

Theo unspooled a brief account of his parents. “My first real memories are from there. Good memories. I loved the place.”

“Did you? I always thought of Canberra as a bit too planned and manicured, like DC. Prefer the convict-built chaos of Sydney, myself.”

“If you like chaos, you’d love Lagos. I used to go there on school break, when my grandmother was still alive. My mother’s there, now she’s retired from the foreign service, but it’s been a while since I’ve been back. Exhausting place. Canberra was much more my speed. We had a huge backyard with a giant eucalyptus you could climb, and every afternoon it’d be full of cockatoos—I don’t need to tell you what it’s like. Paradise for a kid.”

“Yeah. It’s easy to miss it. My parents moved from Sydney to Tasmania after my dad retired. Lovely little seaside town called Cygnet. He was a mechanic—kept the public buses running. After years of commuting to a grimy city garage, he’s in heaven. He helps out on the neighbors’ farms whenever they need equipment mended, and my mum’s become a full-time environmental warrior. She even got herself arrested, protesting logging in the old-growth forests. It was quite a thing, this silver-haired seventy-year-old being carted off to the slammer. Made all the newspapers. The logging companies hate her. Anyway, I get back there every Christmas. We sit by the sea and drink white wine in the sun, and I wonder what the hell I’m doing living anywhere else.”

“Why stay then? Did you marry—what do Aussies say—a Septic?”

Jess hadn’t heard that old-fashioned bit of rhyming slang in years. “No, I didn’t marry a Yank.” She raised her bare left hand and wiggled her fingers. “Not married at all.” Why was she in such a rush to tell him that?

Theo noted her explicitness. Was she hitting on him? He sat back and regarded her.

Face devoid of makeup, a light dusting of freckles across the bridge of her nose. A delicate bone structure, angular, almost feline. Short, unpolished nails. Hair the color of caramel swirls, with rich dark strands and brighter blond filaments, pulled back in a no-nonsense scrunchie. Theo thought of Abiona’s elaborate braids—how she’d travel to Peckham once a month to the only stylist who could do them to her satisfaction. He recalled her sacrosanct weekly manicure appointments and the way she didn’t want anyone, even him, to see her without makeup. He imagined her disdain for this woman’s unkempt, unselfconscious beauty; her green-eyed, saltwater freshness. Then he realized he was staring and looked away, out the window, where the high masses of the pods extended over acres of ground.

“I suppose I stay because I love the work, and there aren’t any labs back home—or anywhere, really—like the one I run here.”

“Our tax dollars at work. For something worthwhile, for once,” said Theo. “All these different labs; ‘all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.’”

“That’s Hopkins,” said Jess. “He’s one of my favorites. My mum’s always quoting him: ‘Wildness and wet . . . let them be left . . .’”

“‘Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.’”

They finished the line together, then grinned with embarrassment as the barista glanced over at them.

Theo checked his watch. “I better get back. I’m supposed to be rigorously observing . . .”

They bused their cups and Jess led the way back to Jeremy Raines’s lab. Raines stood aside proudly to exhibit his progress. The bottom half of the picture had emerged, the four white feet now gleaming.

“It’s a charming work. And I can confirm your guesses: nineteenth century, and a professional artist.”

“How do you know?”

“Apart from the quality of the brushwork and so on? There’s a signature. I checked the database. The artist wasn’t first tier, but quite well regarded.”

“I can’t see a signature,” Theo said.

“Well, it’ll be a lot clearer when the cleaning is completed. There’s a good deal more to do yet. But you can’t see it because you’re looking in the wrong place.”

Jeremy Raines adjusted the light and pulled down the mounted magnifying glass. “Most artists sign in the right-hand corner, but here it’s to the left—you see, here?” He pointed to some flecks of paint that Theo had mistaken for blades of grass. “It’s an *S* right there—see the curly serifs? When we clean further the rest of the signature will be revealed, but the *S* and the *T* at the end—see there? That was enough for the database to come up with the name Thomas J. Scott.”

“Scott? That *is* the name of one of the artists who painted the racehorse I’m working on. So it probably is the same horse. Quite a coincidence.”

“Not as big as you’d think,” Jeremy said. “Equestrian portrait art of that era was a highly specialized field and only flourished briefly—after the Civil War, photography quickly supplanted it. There were few painters of note. Troye, of course, was the master. According to the database, Scott was his student. It was a small world they moved in—wealthy turf enthusiasts, one

recommending his painter to the other.” Jeremy stood and stretched his back. He turned to Theo. “There’s not a lot else regarding Scott, I’m afraid. Hasn’t been much scholarship on him.”

Theo beamed. Just what an aspiring historian casting about for a PhD thesis wanted to hear. If, like Troye, he’d painted the Black horsemen as well

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“So, now we’ve confirmed the artist,” said Raines, “and we also have the location written on the frame—Lexington—”

“No,” Jess interrupted. “Not the location. The horse. The horse was named after the city.

“The name of the horse in this painting is Lexington.”

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

Fashion, *Mississippi River*

1853

Richard Ten Broeck stood at the railing of the upper deck of the steamboat *Fashion*, gazing down at the stock pens two decks below. The boy was about something with the horse, he couldn't tell what. Not grooming; the beast was gleaming. Whatever it was, the horse stood for it quietly, unperturbed by the thump of the engine or the swish of the paddle wheel, the braying of cattle or the noisome scent of the pigs. The other two horses on the boat had been driven wild by the pigs—stamping and spinning in their confinement, rolling their eyes, and foaming with sweat. On boarding, Jarret had walked the horse right up to the pigpens and let him watch and smell them until his ears flicked forward and his poll dropped. Then he led him to his stall without a fuss. Ten Broeck noted that the boy had also, without anyone's by-your-leave, swept out the moldy straw provided by the boatmen and tossed it overboard, laying down one of the several bags of fresh wood shavings he'd set onto the luggage cart before they departed the Meadows two weeks earlier. The boy had declined the bunk Ten Broeck had secured for him and slept in the pen with the horse. Ten Broeck had remonstrated with him, but the boy was unexpectedly obdurate: "Darley don't know about being on a boat," he said. "He do know he's safe with me."

Ten Broeck took satisfaction from these several things. It seemed he'd judged right with the boy. He'd overpaid, of course, to outbid the father. It had been a risk. He liked a risk better than most men, but he liked it all the

more when it paid off. He flexed his shoulders and ran a hand inside his collar. The steamboat's laundress had used too much starch on his shirts. Still, his stateroom was large and comfortable, and it was good to be back on the river, especially since he traveled now without the goad of necessity in his flanks. When he looked in on the card tables, he remembered how it had been: the watchful waiting for an advantage, the brinkmanship, the nerves, the strain of staying alert late into the night as an opponent grew fatigued or drowned their judgment in drink. He'd traveled a river of risk in those years, and though the Blind Goddess had smiled on him, he was glad to be her suitor no longer.

A risk like this boy was another thing. Like picking a good horse. He felt he'd assessed both very well. The journey to Kentucky had been most worthwhile. But he was pleased to be nearing home. For one thing, he would be able to get his French linens laundered properly. The collar scraped his neck, which bristled with errant hairs. He needed a shave and a haircut. He would attend to that in Natchez.

He had not inquired as to what took place in the woods the night Clay and his daughter intercepted Jarret. He was satisfied to see the horse and the boy at the Association grounds the morning following, working through the usual training regime. He was unsurprised. Clay was a forceful man and the boy seemed bright. The hours alone, riding the horse through the woods, had no doubt acquainted him with fear and given him time enough to imagine all manner of adverse outcomes to his rash act.

Three days later, the horse had won again, in a field much reduced by the rumor of his invincibility. The Friday morning of the Citizen Stakes had dawned clear and rainless. Ten entries had scratched. Might as well have scratched the other six, Ten Broeck thought with a smile. Only Midway, a chestnut filly, and the colt Garrett Davis had even made a race of it, the other four horses distanced and disqualified. Darley once again demonstrated his long, elastic stride and won effortlessly.

Harry Lewis dug his heels in over the matter of the winner's purse. Ten Broeck and Viley had expected to receive half the winnings, but the old man wouldn't have it. "I don't know nothing 'bout no halves," he announced. "Halves was agreed with Dr. Warfield, not with all you all." Viley was inclined to press the point, but Ten Broeck counseled against. "There will be larger purses soon enough. Let the Negro keep his winnings, Willa. You and I both know that he earned them."

But Harry did not keep the money. That night, he had Beth sew the cash into the lining of a yellow brocade vest she had made for Jarret. “That’s your freedom money, son. I always meant for it to be so, but now that man gone offered Marse Warfield almost twice as much.”

Harry’s milky eyes misted. The tremor in his hand was worse. He looked every day of his hard years. “Don’t you think I didn’t try. I told him he’d not find a better trainer to replace me when I’m gone. But he says he too old for racehorses now and fixing on selling down the stable. ‘Harry,’ he says, ‘you and me done fine all this time, but there won’t be work for your boy here. Let him go with this man because he’ll put him in the way of a good occupation.’ Ten Broeck promised him you will get seen and known by those rich folk he ’sociates with down there. That’s what he says, and I couldn’t make him see it no other way.”

Jarret stood up, laid his hand on his father’s shoulder, and said nothing. He walked out into the sweet spring night, down the lane past Blind Jane’s loom and Otis’s banjar picking. He would miss this place, all its familiar sounds and smells; the people who had seen him grow. And the horses, most of all. He went first to the mare’s barn. Since it was a fine night, the door stood open, the low sun throwing a warm band of light down the center aisle. Alice Carneal pinned her ears at him, as usual, while all the other mares reached their rainbow necks over the stall doors, hoping for a caress. He worked his way from stall to stall, talking to each mare in turn.

He was aware of a shadow behind him. The barn boards creaked. He turned, expecting to see the groom coming to do the night check.

“Hallo, Jarret.” Mary Barr stood there, already dressed for dinner in a pale organza frock. The white satin slippers on her feet were crusted with a brown rime of barnyard dust.

“Miss Clay, you got no business out here dressed like that. Look at your feet.”

“That’s exactly what you said to me the night Alice Carneal foaled Darley. Do you remember?”

“Course I do. You got a big old splinter that night, and you’ll get a big old talking-to now, when your grandma see the state of you.”

“I don’t care. Jarret, I had to see you, to say goodbye, and to see if you are all right. You—you don’t blame me, do you?”

Jarret dragged a hand across his scalp and looked at the girl. What did they want from him, these people? The girl’s face was scrunched up like she

had some kind of ague. Anyone think she was the one been sold away from her home and kin.

He shook his head. "No, Miss Clay, I don't blame you."

"Really, Jarret? You mean that?"

"Miss Clay, I don't know if this gone be a good thing or a bad thing, and I'm scared, a little. But I would be more scared if I was still being chased on across that river, or if I was in jail someplace waiting on the hangman. They would have had me for a horse thief, no matter Darley rightly my pa's. You were right and I would be a fool if I hadn't heard the truth of it."

"My father says Mr. Ten Broeck is a man of his word. He promised us he would let you buy your freedom by and by . . ." Her voice trailed off. She was balling a piece of her gown in her fist, twisting it into a tight knot. "Jarret, it's not like being sold south in the usual way—he's a northerner, after all . . ."

Like that mattered, Jarret thought. But all he said was "Miss Clay, you gone tear that dress."

"Damn the dress! Jarret, I . . ."

"Miss Clay cursing. What your mamma say 'bout that?" He smiled then, but the girl was crying. "You stop that now, you hear? Truth is, I 'spect to do well enough with this trainer Mr. Pryor. No one can get Darley to work good as me, you know that. This Pryor ain't no fool—he can't be and rise as high on up as he has—so he gone see that. Natchez is the richest town in the whole country, Marse Ten Broeck say. Might be I can do myself some good there. Now you go on and get yourself up to the house and fix them shoes before someone see you."

Mary Barr ran her thumbs across her cheeks to wipe off the tears. She managed a wan smile. "Mamma says I can go with Grandpa to the Great State Post Stakes, so I will see you there."

"It ain't goodbye, then. You be there and you'll see something, for sure. Darley and me, we plan to win that race."

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On the lower deck of the *Fashion*, Jarret glanced up and saw Ten Broeck staring down at him. That man was a puzzle to him. Yet Darley had taken right to him, and that was something to consider. If the horse was calm

around the man, Jarret supposed he could be easy as well. The man had been kind enough on the journey, sending good bedding when he'd refused the berth, and extra food when he ate belowdecks with the other manservants who accompanied their masters. As Jarret's fear of the unfamiliar eased, he'd come to enjoy the journey—the river's changing vistas by day; the view, at night, of other steamboats, passing by like cliffs of radiance.

Ten Broeck raised a hand and Jarret nodded up at him. Then he returned to his work. He found the slight hollow around the horse's eye socket and touched his fingers to it, running them lightly and slowly all the way along the groove by the backbone and down his nearside hind leg. When he stood to work on the other side, he was startled to see Ten Broeck suddenly at his side, leaning on the stall rail.

"Whatever it is you're doing, Lexington seems to enjoy it."

"Lexington?" said Jarret.

"Willa Viley and I decided to rename him. He's going to run for the honor of the commonwealth of Kentucky in the Great State Post Stakes next spring. We thought he should have a name that would bring attention to his homeplace. One thing I've learned is that racehorse men like their rivalries. Pit one man's hometown against another man's, or his region against another's region, then men become vested, and they invest. In any case, Darley was the name of an English horse: I desire this one to be distinctly American."

"He'll always be Darley to me," said Jarret. "That's the name he got the day he was foaled."

"You call him just what you like, but the world will hear of him as Lexington. And soon enough too." Ten Broeck turned and gazed out on the Mississippi. The river was a mile from bank to bank at that point. "What do you think of the river? Not like the Ohio—no swimming across."

Jarret swallowed. Ten Broeck hadn't said a thing about his attempted escape. He stared out at the wide expanse, brown and gleaming. In places the river bulged in a smooth curve, like the well-formed quarters of a conditioned stallion. Other places, the surface rippled, carved by unseen currents like a well-muscled stifle.

"Well, boy? What do you make of it?"

Jarret looked at his feet as he replied. "Remind me of a big, powerful horse."

Ten Broeck smiled. "So it does. Indeed it does. A lustrous and potent steed that carries us where we wish to go. Are you a poet as well as a groom? Full of surprises, seemingly. In any case, we'll be in Natchez within the hour. We'll put in at the landing, Under-the-Hill, as they call it. Watch how you go there. Entirely too many boatmen with their pockets full of money, which means too many bars, gambling hells, and brothels. They say the only thing cheaper there than the body of a woman is the life of a man. I hope we will not need to linger. We're to be met by Colonel Bingaman's driver, who will bring us to the colonel's town house for the night. I trust he will be prompt. You will stay with Lexington in the carriage house and ride him to Fatherland—that's the Bingaman plantation—come the morning. It's a short distance—not four miles. If we put in on time and the horse seems well set, you may want to take the opportunity to walk about in the town, as you mayn't get back once you're settled out on the plantation."

"I reckon not. I'm not one for towns."

"Well, as you like. I, for one, will be heading to the very fine barbershop of William Johnson for a haircut and a shave and the unvarnished news of Natchez. Interesting man, Johnson. He keeps an ear to the ground for all the pomp and splendid foolishness of this place. A good friend of Bingaman, in fact; which is in itself somewhat remarkable, since Johnson was born a slave. Down here, it isn't done to call a Negro 'gentleman,' but Johnson is one, in every significant way. A businessman successful enough that half the purse-proud Whites of the town are running to him for loans, and his house sits foursquare on State Street amid the dwellings of the gentry. You might profit from meeting such a man, Jarret. He only barbers for White clients, but he will not take exception to my slave's presence."

*My slave.* Jarret gazed out at the river. It wasn't just Darley who had a new name. *Ten Broeck's Jarret.* That was who he was now. Not Jarret Lewis, a free man like this William Johnson. Had he done right, to turn back that night in the woods, to listen to that girl and all her preachments of the dangers he would face going forward? Perhaps he was like a horse rescued from a barn on fire, who runs back into his burning stall simply because the place is familiar. Two weeks on the river hadn't settled his mind on the matter. And why should Ten Broeck care if he met this man Johnson or not? What profit could an enslaved horseman take from meeting a free man of business in a strange town? The only way to solve that puzzle was to go with him, he supposed. "If Darley is all right, I'll go," he mumbled.

“Very good then. I shall see you at the landing.”

Jarret gazed out at the passing landscape. The flats began to rise into towering loess bluffs, and as the boat rounded the final bend, the close-set brick buildings of Natchez came into view. It was late afternoon, and a heavy mist hung over the river. You could hear the port before you could see it: the uncouth cries of the boatmen cursing their laborers, the laughter and yelling from the riverside bars, the grind of hoists and carriage wheels. As the boat glided into port, Jarret could not count the number of craft lined up, jockeying for moorings. Large oceangoing liners full of European cargoes loomed over simple flatboats. There seemed to be hundreds of craft moored in a bobbing, shifting line as their crews flung curses one to the other. On the landing, bales of cotton awaiting export rose like a second cliff face. From shore, fetid scents assailed the nostrils: hemp and pitch, cooking grease and hops, human sweat and animal dung.

Jarret stood by Lexington, who flared his nostrils and flicked his ears as the boat’s wooden hull scraped against the dock. Ropes flew from ship to shore and hands deftly secured them to bollards. Lexington’s coat twitched with nerves and Jarret felt his own skin crawling. There was entirely too much of everything in this place. The horse sensed his fear and tossed his head. Jarret struggled to master himself, breathing deep despite the stink. He leaned into the horse and spoke to him with a reassurance he did not feel. When the crewman gave the signal, Jarret unlatched the stall and led the horse to the ramp. He put a hoof on the planking and pulled back, not liking the hollow sound. But Jarret urged him forward, slowly, step by tentative step, down the ramp and onto the teeming dock. Ten Broeck was standing beside a tall, richly belaced Black coachman in a showy livery of topcoat and velvet cape. The carriage bore the emblem of the Fatherland plantation. “You may hand walk the horse, it is no very great distance,” Ten Broeck instructed. “Follow along beside. Stay close.” The coachman handed Ten Broeck up into the carriage and then mounted to the velvet cushion of the box, where he sat erect, stern as an ebony statue, and flicked the horses forward down Silver Street. Jarret looked up at the houses. Young girls, loose haired, half clad, leaned out of the windows, touting for business. He’d never seen women’s breasts all but bare—and White women at that. He felt the heat prickle and turned quickly away, studying the ruts of the roadway.

The hill rose steeply in hairpin switchbacks. They left the reek of the mudflats and the port behind them as they climbed. At last the land flattened

out into a wide avenue flanked by grand houses with high, dense hedges and greensward gardens. In the street, they passed a pair of finely dressed young gentlemen, who stopped and exclaimed at Lexington. "That's a magnificent horse indeed!" called one, pointing his walking cane. "Surely we haven't had the pleasure of seeing this one in Natchez? I would have remembered him. Is it Bingaman's newest fancy nag?"

"No, gentlemen," Ten Broeck called down. "I am the happy owner of this beast. The colonel's Mr. Pryor is to train him for me here. But I am afraid you will be obliged to travel to Metairie for the pleasure of seeing him run. It will be worth the trip, I assure you. This horse is Lexington. Remember the name. He'll be running for Kentucky in the Great State Post Stakes next spring. You should back him!" The young men laughed. The coachman clucked the horses onward.

They turned into a shaded drive that led to a brick mansion conspicuous for the immensity of the fluted columns that flanked the doorway. Jarret and Lexington followed behind the coach as a brace of liveried slaves hastened to carry Ten Broeck's bags and usher him toward the entrance. Ten Broeck turned to Jarret. "They will show you to the carriage house. I will send for you soon."

The carriage house stalls were of lacquered wood, the aisle scrubbed spotless. Lexington's nostrils flared, taking in unfamiliar scents of wax and brass polish. Jarret could see his own reflection in the burnished metal of the water trough. He plunged a hand into the brimming hayrack and breathed the scent of alfalfa and timothy. "We come to a fancy place," he whispered. The horse nickered back, nudging him away from the tempting feed. Jarret unwrapped the cloths from Lexington's legs and felt for heat, as he had done through the journey. There was none. The horse was a good traveler. When a boy brought the carriage horses in, Lexington called a greeting. Then he nosed the hay and began to eat. All that was left for Jarret to do was to hang Lexington's bridle on the brass hook by the stall door.

Ten Broeck called for him soon after. "We must go or Johnson's establishment will be closed for the evening. Your clothes," he said, fingering Jarret's linen shirt. "Good quality, well made, but you'll need something more in the current style. Also some in a lighter weight for New Orleans. It can get surpassing hot there. You'll see. I shall ask Johnson to recommend a tailor who can take your measure today and send the garments out to Fatherland."

Johnson's barbershop was large and well appointed, with leather chairs and porcelain fittings. Staff in crisp white aprons lathered, shaved, and tonsured their clients. Johnson himself sat at a finely carved desk by the door, a large crystal pen-and-ink set before him, and a leather journal open to a page almost entirely filled with script in an elegant hand.

"I've come at a busy hour," said Ten Broeck. "I see you hardly have an empty chair, and no barber free."

"That's the case at any hour, these days," said Johnson. "Happily, this town does not get poorer. And I shall be glad to attend to you myself."

Ten Broeck bowed. "I'm honored." Jarret wondered if he would ever become accustomed to the man's extravagant manners. Johnson donned a starched apron that bore his initials monogrammed in a gold silk thread.

"I hear you have acquired a fine new horse," Johnson said as he fastened a cape around Ten Broeck's neck and draped his face with steaming cloths.

"News flies to you faster than iron filings to a magnet," Ten Broeck said, his voice muffled by the towels.

"It's my currency," Johnson replied. "Clients desire it, perhaps, even more than my deft blades."

"Indeed. It's your sharp wit that attracts us. My new horse is Lexington, named for his birthplace. He will be the winner of the Great State Post Stakes next year, I assure you. I counsel you: back him early, while you may still get odds."

Johnson smiled. "I'm in debt to you for the advice. I hope I won't be in debt to the bookmaker because of it." Johnson peeled back the cloths and plied a lather-laden brush over Ten Broeck's cheeks.

"And your boy here—he's also new, I think?" Jarret, standing by the door, squirmed under the barber's scrutiny.

"Indeed. That's my Jarret, Lexington's groom. I was hoping you might suggest a tailor? I want to have him measured for some new clothes, suitable for Fatherland and later for Metairie."

"Of course," said Johnson. "Bon is a very able man, skilled with a needle and fair in his prices. His premises are quite close. I will give you his directions. But—you are to send the boy out to Fatherland?"

"Yes, with my horse, tomorrow. He's been with the horse every day since it was foaled, and he is very able, even at his young age. I'm sending him to Pryor in the hopes of forging a trainer out of him."

"Pryor? Does he know?"

“I assume he does. I made the arrangement with Bingaman. You sound surprised?”

“I am surprised. Mr. Pryor is an able trainer, of course. The best, so they say. But he’s not known for taking on apprentices.”

In the next chair, a large man, his face obscured by lather, guffawed. “He’d rather drink the hemlock than share the credit for a winner. Pryor’s a one-man band, always has been. Jealous of the limelight. Why, he’d leave the horses out of it if he could, and just prance round the winner’s circle all by himself.”

Ten Broeck’s face was obscured by lather, so Jarret couldn’t see how he received this information. He had worried about arriving alone at a strange stable on an unfamiliar plantation, but to arrive unwanted—perhaps even unexpected—Jarret felt sweat break out on his skin.

Later, as they walked the short way from Johnson’s premises to the tailor’s, Ten Broeck turned to him. “Don’t be concerned about Pryor. I’ll speak to Bingaman when I reach New Orleans.”

“The colonel is not here in Natchez?”

“No. Neither here nor at Fatherland. Has not been for some time. You may as well know, since I’m sure the quarters will be full of talk. Bingaman resides in New Orleans. After his wife died, he set up house there with a former slave, a fine woman, I must allow, and one to whom he is most devoted. He has confided that their relationship awoke him to the real nature of union, unlike the humbug of most marriages, which are property transactions dressed up in lace bows. To make his point he has willed his fortune to his children by this woman, which will cause a fine stir one day, though he won’t be here to see it. The heart will rule the head, it seems. Brilliant man, first in his class at Harvard. Handsome, a most active intellect, yet he has taken a cannonball and directed it at his own prospects.” Ten Broeck walked on.

Jarret’s thoughts darted. First the spectacle of Johnson in his fine establishment, now the notion of mulatto bastards inheriting the vast fortune of a White planter—this was a topsy-turvy world. How would he ever find a foothold?

Bon, the tailor, took Jarret’s measurements with a brisk efficiency, turning him this way and that, lifting his arms as if he were a mannequin. He proffered various samples of cloth for Ten Broeck’s approval, effusively

praising his choices. "Very fashionable color this coming season. A nice hand, but a durable weave."

They walked back, silent in the gathering dusk. Violin and piano music drifted from the parlors of the fine homes. Jarret wanted to stop and listen to the singing of the strings, so different from the banjars of the Meadows evenings. But Ten Broeck paced ahead, unmoved. As they approached the iron gates of the Bingaman house, a white-gloved slave drew back the lock and ushered them inside with a low bow.

"Possibly I will not see you in the morning. I depart on the early boat for New Orleans. You may ride out midmorning with the messenger boy. He will show you the way. Your box will go ahead on the supply cart." He peered at Jarret in the dull light of the carriage lamp. "No need to look like that," he said. "Just continue to do your work, keep your attention on the horse, and mind Pryor's instructions. We have almost ten months till the Post Stakes, so there need not be any pressure. Light work, easy gallops. But Pryor will know that, and be sure, he is a gentleman of high character and integrity, and not such a dolt as to mistake your quality."

Jarret felt a little better as he turned toward the carriage house. But then Ten Broeck called sharply, "Jarret. I forgot to say—when you leave the town tomorrow, do not go toward the east. Ask the boy to take you by the south road. It is only a little longer that way." Ten Broeck turned and strode toward the house's pillared entrance. Inside the carriage house, the driver led Jarret to the tureen of soup that had been left for their supper. He offered Jarret a pallet in the room above the stalls, but Jarret declined. Instead, he set the saddle in a corner of the stall, rested his head on it, and fell into a restless sleep beside his horse.

He woke to the sound of grain hitting buckets as the stable boy measured out morning feeds. Somewhere, a rooster greeted the sunrise. "Hot oatcakes and coffee in the house—cook says you better go git some." Jarret supervised the grain ration and then made his way around the back to the pump house where he splashed his face with water before presenting himself at the kitchen door. A girl handed him a mug of coffee and a plate heaped with cakes fresh off the griddle, a generous pat of golden butter melting on top. He sat under a flowering myrtle to enjoy this and was just mopping up the last crumb when a tall youth with skin the color of cider came striding from the main house, a leather pouch slung across his chest. "I'm Ben," he said. "I'm the one gone to ride with you to Fatherland. I just saw your

marse's horse. He's a fine one, sure enough." The two walked to the carriage house. Ben's mount, a large bay gelding, had been saddled by a groom and stood pawing the ground, eager to go. Jarret tacked up Lexington and swung into the saddle. He took a moment to enjoy the feeling of being mounted again. It had been two weeks on the river and he'd never gone so long without riding in his life. The horse seemed pleased too. He lifted his head and danced in place. Jarret only had to bring his hands forward on the reins and they stepped out into a showy, pistonlike trot, through the gates and down the wide avenue, turning the heads of everyone they passed. Ben seemed to know every person of color and most of the Whites, nodding to them in acknowledgment.

From the position of the sun, Jarret could tell they were heading south, as Ten Broeck had instructed. He drew abreast of Ben and asked why they weren't taking the more direct eastern road.

"The Forks is that way. We don't never go by that way. Ain't safe. And sure ain't pretty. Thousands poor souls penned up, wailing and a-crying 'bout they family being bust up. Some folk from up by where you from, most likely."

They trotted on a few furlongs. "A few of the hands we got at Fatherland come through there. You can ax them 'bout it if you are fixing to hear a sorry tale. I heard tell from one hand how he got whipped along that way more than a thousand mile." Jarret tried to imagine that journey, thinking of the distance he'd covered in the relative comfort of the steamship.

"One time, I was rubbing down a horse and the new boy helping me suddenly starts up cryin', sayin' it was the exact same thing they done to him at the Forks—stripped and rubbed down, right there in public, like a animal. The way we going, we doan need to see nothing of that kind unpleasantness. And the traders work that place, they might grab a person and sell him and by the time his right marse hear 'bout it you be gone off who knows where and they just say, 'Yo boy run off on you, nowt to do wit me' and the good lord know what happen to you then."

They rode on in silence as the dwellings thinned and the trees drew closer. Jarret's spirits lightened once they entered a stretch of tall sassafras, locust, and oak that shaded and cooled the winding road, painting the way with dapples. Festoons of Spanish moss fell in swags from the oak branches, and where the road narrowed they brushed Jarret's face. The footing was good; soft loess soil. The horse was asking to go, so Jarret let him ease up into a

canter and Ben and his mount followed suit. Soon they were galloping. Jarret threw his head back and let out a hoot of sheer pleasure. Ben answered. They galloped for about a mile, slowing when the woods ended abruptly, opening onto a vast expanse of rolling upland cotton and cornfields. They pulled up the horses.

“This is Fatherland,” said Ben, leaning forward in the saddle to pat his mount’s neck.

“Which part?” said Jarret.

“All of it.”

The scale of the place exceeded anything Jarret had ever seen in Kentucky. The cotton plants, already large leafed and lustrous, stood in ranks for what seemed to him like miles. Far off in the distance, men drove teams of mules to clear the weeds between the wide-spaced rows, while workers—men, women, and children in broad palmetto hats—moved through behind them, wielding hoes. Beyond, the sun gleamed on a creek threading between the cotton and the cornfields, which had begun to haze over in green shoots. Where the ground rose from the flats into low hills, Jarret could just make out the rows of a large orchard.

They walked on to the main gate, the reins slack on their horses’ necks, as Ben pointed out the different parts of the plantation. Inside the gate, Ben halted his horse and looked off to the right. There, partly screened by a thicket of trees, were the farm buildings and livestock pens. Ben pointed to each building—the gin house, seed store, dairy, smithy, and a clapboard chapel with a cross atop. Beyond were the quarters—a long double row of cabins facing each other with doors opening into a shared laneway and vegetable gardens and chicken pens behind. At the beginning of the lane was a larger brick dwelling set in fenced grounds. “That there’s the overseer house.”

There was a coppice of ornamental trees—magnolia, cypress, and crape myrtle—screening all this from a white mansion that rose on a hillock at the far end of the drive. “Great big pile of stones like that and no one in it but slaves, since the marse run off to set up house in New Orleans.” Ben booted his horse on and turned to the west, following a track that led up over another rise of ground. When they reached the crest, Jarret pulled up, stunned again by the scale of what lay before him. The road wound down to a full-size racetrack with its own small grandstand. Beyond a dense cluster of barns and stables, white-fenced turnouts stretched as far as the eye could

see. Horses, their morning work done, grazed on lush pasture. “You see that big barn with the wind vane on top? That’s where you need to go. I’ll be heading right on over to the big house now, to see if they got any messages need go back to town.”

Jarret rode on alone, nervous yet elated. To be a part of such a vast operation would be something. As he reached the main barn, a man came striding toward him. He was a small-built man, not much bigger than a jockey, hair the color of sand, skin pink and freckled from too much sun. He did not take his pale gaze from the horse.

Jarret dismounted. Pryor did not acknowledge him. He walked all around the horse, eyeing the conformation and nodding. When he moved in, the horse shied. As Jarret placed a hand on his neck and murmured a soothing hum, Pryor frowned. He grabbed the reins out of Jarret’s hand. The horse reared. Pryor jerked the reins down hard. Trying to escape the pressure, the horse shifted sideways, rolling his eyes and pinning his ears back. Harry had said most trainers were thrashers. Jarret prayed that Pryor wasn’t one of them.

Pryor snapped his fingers and a man ran up with a halter. “Henry, put him in the empty stall in the stallion barn.” Jarret reached up to unbuckle the throat latch on the bridle, but Pryor swept his hand away.

“My boy will do it. You go on back over to the farm. Ask for Gossin. He’ll find some work for you. I already sent the carter with your box on up to the quarters.”

Jarret felt the blood drain from his face. He did not move. “But Marse Ten Broeck sent me here to work for you. I’m Darley’s groom. I’m supposed—”

Pryor turned, his blue eyes narrowed. “Darley? Who in hell’s name is Darley?”

“Lexington, I mean.”

“Some groom, who doesn’t even give his horse’s right name. While it’s in my stable, I will say who its groom is. Your work with it is over. Now get on with you.”

Henry widened his eyes at Jarret, a look of warning. He reached up to remove the bridle. As he did so, Lexington shied again, tugging the reins from Pryor’s hands. Pryor snatched the lead rope from Henry and wielded the end of it like a whip, thwacking Lexington across the shoulder. The stallion spun in a blur of hoof and mane. He was gathering himself to bolt as Jarret jumped in front of him, grabbed the loose reins, and turned his head

away from Pryor, speaking soothing words. Pryor did not move, but his lips thinned. He let Jarret secure the halter before he spoke.

“It’s clear you’ve coddled this nag. That ends today. Give the lead rope to Old Henry and get out of here. I don’t want to see you down here again unless I send for you. Do you understand?”

Jarret heard the words but couldn’t register them. He put his hand on Lexington’s withers and leaned his body against him.

“Do you hear?” Pryor bellowed. “Get out of my yard!”

Henry came up behind Jarret. He grasped the lead rope and leaned in close. “You go on,” he whispered. “I’ll find you in quarters. Later.”

Reluctantly, Jarret backed away. Henry struggled to control the horse, who began to call for Jarret. Pryor moved on him then and shoved him hard.

“Do as I say!” he bellowed. “The damned horse won’t settle while you’re in his sight.” He turned. “Zack! Abe! Where the hell are you?” Two youths ran out of the stable. “Get a rope! Help Old Henry with this damn horse!”

As the headman and the two grooms ducked and grabbed for the halter, Jarret felt his muscles clench. His fists balled. He was taller than Pryor. He imagined the rope in his own hands, lashing the man as he’d lashed the horse. But he knew his own grief and agitation were radiating back to Lexington, adding to his distress.

He moved in and the horse stopped plunging. He clipped the second lead rope to the halter and handed it to one of the grooms. “You’ll be all right,” he crooned. Then he turned and willed himself to walk calmly away. Only when he was out of Lexington’s line of sight did he break into a sprint, desperate to outrun the sounds of the horse’s cries.

On the other side of the hill, he stopped and bent over, resting his hands on his knees and gasping for breath. Then he trudged on in the direction of the farm buildings. He was almost to the quarters when he saw Ben, sitting on a stump, a chicken leg in his hand.

“What you back here for?”

“Pryor don’t want me. He won’t let me stay with my horse. He wants me to see someone named Gossin—”

“That’s the White man manage the farm. Makes no sense, trained horseman like you. You ain’t no field hand.”

“It’s not me I care about. It’s my horse. He’s not used to thrashers. I don’t know what to do. My marse meant for me to care for him.”

“Too bad you caint write, or you could send him a message. I got letters here for Natchez and New Orleans that I got to mail from the town to Colonel Bingaman and such—” He opened the leather pouch slung over his shoulder and showed Jarret the vellum envelopes within.

The directions inked on the letters jogged a thought loose in his head. He recalled William Johnson and his journal, written closely in his elegant hand.

“You know that barber in Natchez, Mr. Johnson?”

“Sure enough. Everyone know him.”

“Ben, could you go by him—seems like he is friendly with my marse and he’ll surely know how to get a word to him—can you see if he can write a line to say that they sent me away from Darley, that I ain’t allowed to work with him, or even be near him. Do you think he would do that?”

Ben shrugged. “I can ax him.”

“I don’t know what I’ll do if something bad happen to my horse.”

“Well it ain’t your fault if old man Pryor too swelled headed to take you on. No one gone blame you for it.”

“I’m gone blame me,” Jarret said, his voice breaking. “That horse about the only one thing I care for.”

“All right, I’ll go by the barber on my way. I’ll tell him you is just wanting your marse to know what’s what. No one can make any mind about that. Now you best get along to Gossin. Ax at the quarters, they’ll tell you where he’s at.” He flung his bone away, wiped his chin, and went off to retrieve his mount.

Jarret found Samuel Gossin after a long trudge out to the fields, where he was conferring with one of his drivers as a gang of women and children wielded hoes on a harvested cornfield. As Jarret drew closer, he saw that the picturesque nature of this rich place did not extend to the people who worked it. The women were grim-faced and exhausted, their worn skirts reefed up at the hips, their legs wrapped in rags to protect them from the dry cornstalks. Jarret felt conspicuous in his good clothes. Gossin regarded him with bemusement when he introduced himself. “So Pryor didn’t want Richard Ten Broeck’s handpicked Kentucky groom looking over his shoulder?” He chuckled. “Typical. But I don’t think Ten Broeck will be too happy with me turning his boy into a field hand.” He eyed Jarret’s lean, slight build. “You sure don’t look like one. Show me your hands.” Jarret turned his palms over. Gossin snorted. “Little use to me, a soft stable boy. Try the forge. The smith might be glad of help with the farrier work.”

So Jarret went to work for Gem, a stocky, muscular young man, coal black and shiny from sweat. Most of the work at the smithy was maintaining farm tools—wagon wheels, hoes, plows, ginning saws, and metal strapping for the cotton bales. “Pryor got his own farrier for the thoroughbreds, but I do all the farm horses,” Gem said. Jarret carried in the charcoal to feed the forge and worked the bellows; he fetched water from the stream to cool the iron, and he filed and finished the hooves after Gem hammered the new shoes in place. Between the roar of the furnace and the ringing of the mallets on iron, there was no space for small talk, and that suited Jarret. Gem was glad of the help; less happy to have to fit another body into his crowded cabin.

That first day, as Gem walked him from the forge to the quarters, Jarret tried to count the people, but he soon lost track. The double row of cabins housed more than two hundred souls, Gem told him. “More folk up in the ’pendencies by the big house and over by the stables where you was s’posed to be.” Hands returning from their day’s tasks began their second workday, tending their plots of beans and sweet potatoes, making and mending clothes, repairing a fence, slaughtering a fowl for the pot.

Gem lived in single man’s quarters with three others; two of them, Cato and Ira, were youths without kinfolk, who hadn’t yet received permission to take up with a woman. Cato worked in the gin house and Ira at the mill. The third was Gem’s father, Old Gem, a widower with palsied hands and an addled mind. He had been a smith but had grown too frail and forgetful for forge work, so he did light chores in the big house gardens, and no one bothered him too much when he forgot what he was supposed to be at. They shared a small cypress-floored room with cotton-filled hessian shakedown for bedding. There was barely room for Jarret to set out his bedroll.

Old Gem kept a catfish line in the pond. Jarret helped scale, gut, and fillet the queer-looking fish while Young Gem set a trivet over the hearth and melted some lard in a cast-iron pan. He dipped the fillets in cornmeal and fried them golden. They carried stools outside and sat in the dooryard. Jarret had no appetite, but the fish was good, and he managed to eat his share. He was wiping the grease from his hands when Pryor’s headman, Henry, walked up the lane.

“There you are. I said I’d come find you. Now don’t you mind how Pryor spoke wit you today. It’s just the way he is. Rough edge to his tongue. The minute I see you had a strong connection with that horse I knew Pryor wouldn’t abide it. He like to be the only one man a horse look to.”

“How’s Dar— How’s Lexington?”

“Restless,” said Henry, scuffing the dirt with his foot. “He ain’t settled down. Pacing and weaving in his stall.”

Jarret dragged a hand across his head. He needed to be down there in that stall, to reassure the horse that everything would be all right in this strange new place.

“Is he eating?”

“A little grain is all. No hay to speak of.”

“If you can heat some water, pour it on the hay, I do that for a special treat sometime. He likes it that way.”

Henry nodded. “I can do that.”

“What’s the morning routine?”

Henry shrugged. “Generally we just turn a new horse out to graze by itself, let him take a look, let the others look at him.”

Jarret nodded. That sounded right.

“That a fine horse you got there, any fool can see it, and Pryor ain’t a fool. I know he seem harsh, but he ain’t so harsh as he seem. And he sure ain’t stupid. You think the colonel would trust him with all that”—he waved a hand toward the racing complex—“if the man didn’t know his work?”

Jarret nodded, but he didn’t feel comforted. He thanked Henry for taking the trouble to find him. He sat and fretted as the light waned, listening to the hectic complaints of the birds as they jostled for roosts and the crescendo of frogs thrumming from the creek. As the dusk gathered, fireflies began to wink on and off, low in the grass at first then slowly ascending. He waited, as he had as a child, till the first ones reached the tree boughs, then he went inside and found his place beside the others, who were settling in to sleep. Cato commenced a wet, hacking cough that seemed to have no end to it. Old Gem sat up on his shakedown, grumbling.

“Now then, Pa, he can’t help it,” Young Gem remonstrated quietly. “It’s the cotton dust, get inside you in the gin house,” he whispered to Jarret. “Every soul who works there winds up with the coughing.” Cato hacked intermittently throughout the night. Jarret tossed on his thin pallet, just as, over the rise, Darley paced his stall.

He was jolted from fitful sleep by a strident clanging. It was still dark. Beside him, the men turned and groaned. Gem shuffled to the hearth and breathed the coals of the cook fire back to life. The others ladled water from the barrel and splashed their faces. Gem handed Jarret a cup of bitter chicory

and a heel of pone. As the first glow kindled the veil of mist in the bottomlands, roosters commenced their loud hosannas. From the corrals, a mule complained in his half bray, half whinny as the driver hitched him to the scraper. A line of brightness lit the horizon as the first work gangs trudged to the fields.

Inside the blackened walls of the smithy, the air reeked of doused coals and iron dust. Jarret was glad to take two buckets and walk down to the brook. An iridescent-headed mallard broke cover and flew off with his mate, quacking indignantly. Jarret let the first bucket down, feeling the pull on his muscles as the water poured in and strained the rope. The grass was lush on these alluvial soils. He picked a few blades and tasted them: soft and fine, different from the sturdy, lime-enriched bluegrass of home.

Home. A place he would never see again. A heaviness settled on him that didn't lift as the long, dull days stretched on, spent in toil that offered neither mental challenge nor reward. Because it had been his whole life, Jarret had never realized what it meant to be skilled at something that was highly valued. Now, he was merely a pair of hands, the same as any other. He yearned for Darley—the scent of him, the silky feel of his mane. It was torment to know he was just over the rise, but out of reach. Whenever he could, he made his way to the hilltop and gazed down at the pastures to catch a glimpse of the horse when they let him out to graze. He'd creep as close as he dared and watch as long as he could before anyone noticed he wasn't at his tasks.

As the spring advanced, the air became dense and wet, like the breath of a horse after hard exercise. The infirmary saw more souls laid out with the saddleback fever and other ailments of the hot weather. The cotton blossoms fell and then the fields began to froth in a white so dazzling that Jarret sometimes had to shade his eyes from the brightness.

The plantation began to gear up for picking, tell-tales set up at the end of rows, the big wooden balers hauled out, the gin house cleaned ready to receive the crop. Jarret wondered whether his message to Ten Broeck had ever reached the barber Johnson, and if it had been passed on. Every day, he awoke hoping that this would be the day word would come, reversing his fortunes, bringing him back to the side of his horse.

But no word came, day following day. And as picking began, Jarret was called to the fields. Everyone, other than the key horsemen and the most senior housekeepers, was required to set aside usual tasks. Even the

youngest were put to work, darting under the plants, gathering the lowest-growing staple into the foaming clouds bulging from hessian sacks.

Jarret soon missed the dull chores of the smithy. This new labor was relentless; the pressure from the overseers constant and cruel, pushing exhausted people to work ever faster. Jarret, slow from inexperience, and later from the ache of strained muscles and the dozens of small, oozing cuts on his hands, became a particular target. The first time he felt the switch sear his back, he turned in disbelief and rage. He lunged for the man who had struck him, but the girl working beside him grasped his arm tight, hissed at him, and shook her head. "You gone make it worse."

If he did not run to the tell-tale when his sack was full, he would hear the switch crack the air just before the blow landed. By the end of the week, his good shirt hung in shreds and red weals bloomed across his shoulders. From before first light till full dark, the days were a blur of throbbing pain, agonized spirits. He had never known life could be so bitter.

The only respite came on Sunday. He hadn't cared for the obligatory church services at the Meadows, where the Warfields favored a stern Calvinist style of worship. There, Black worshippers were segregated up in the rear gallery, out of sight, and no one was the wiser if you just closed your eyes and drifted off during the service. Usually, Jarret would sit in the hard pew and let his mind run on barn matters.

The Fatherland chapel was a different thing entirely, built for the slaves. Somehow, the exhausted congregation found the strength for singing and witnessing, a joyful noise only briefly interrupted by the White preacher's dull sermon about the duty of obedience and the promise of reward in the next life for the hardships of this one. "This preacher say the exact same thing, just about, every Sabbath," Gem whispered. "When Uncle Jack preach, the way he tell the stories, make it seem like the Bible happened just a week or so since, right here in Mississippi. You could swear he know Abraham and Isaac and all them folk personal."

When Uncle Jack replaced the White preacher the second Sunday of the picking, Jarret understood what Gem meant. He preached out of the book of Job, and all through the following week, words from that lesson rang in Jarret's mind as he toiled. *Why died I not from the womb? Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?* It was some comfort to know that another man, in a far-off time and a distant place, had given voice to the same despair. *I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the*

*bitterness of my soul.* And yet that man had endured, according to Jack's account of how the story went. Jarret tried to hold that thought as he suffered.

He conceived, in those hard days, a renewed gratitude toward his father, who had endured hardship to rise to a measure of dignity that had extended its protective cloak over Jarret's childhood. He learned, in those fields, what he had been spared. He felt a new understanding for the folk who bore it, and an admiration for those brave enough to risk everything to run away from such a life. An empathy grew in him. He began to watch people with the sensitive attention he'd only ever accorded his horses. He observed the mother at the end of the day, no matter how tired and broken, still tender to her child; the brothers finding cause to laugh one with the other. The girl, sliding her eyes at a youth, the two of them slipping away in the dark. He would like a girl to look at him with such inviting eyes.

He hadn't had thoughts like that before. Even as his world contracted and pressed in upon him, in equal measure his heart expanded. One day, bending to the picking, he saw a snakeskin, dry and twisted, blown against the stem of the cotton plant. He wondered if the snake had to struggle to shed that constricting encasement and if it suffered before it could break free.

The translucent skin rattled softly in the hot wind. Maybe this season was his shedding. He closed his sore hand around another bole and stuffed it in his sack. He resolved that he would make it so. He would leave the boy behind, discarded in the dust of this damnable field. He didn't know how, but he had to find a way.

He would go on in the world as a man.

# JESS

*East End, Washington, DC*

2019

Jess waited for Theo on the terrace of Art and Soul, a restaurant he'd suggested as a place to grab lunch before they went to inspect the horse painting.

She recognized him blocks away by his graceful walk. He had a dog with him—a kelpie, of all breeds. The first one she'd seen since leaving Australia. She felt a pang of longing for her own dog, aging with her parents in Tasmania. She'd never considered having an American dog, because she still saw her Washington life as provisional. Eventually, she'd go home, and she didn't want to subject a dog, maybe old by then, to a long journey and the required quarantine. As Theo drew closer, she could see that he was conducting a one-sided conversation with the canine as they ambled along. She liked people who talked to their dogs.

She realized why Theo had chosen this particular restaurant. Most of the tables on the outdoor terrace were occupied by people with their dogs, and the menu included tasty items for them: frozen beef bone, sliced sirloin.

"Clancy!" said Jess, delighted, when Theo introduced them. "What a perfect name for an Aussie dog. You really are nostalgic for your childhood, aren't you?"

Theo smiled. "Every Saturday I'd watch the kelpies working at the sheep station where I rode horses with my dad. They were amazing dogs, moving a

couple of hundred merinos with just the power of their stare. I couldn't get over it. I always wanted to have one of my own one day."

"But they're not common here. Yours is the first one I've seen."

"I know. I found him at the pound in New Haven when I was in college there. They had no idea what he was—had him down as a mixed breed. Who knows how he ended up in the pound, poor guy. But as soon as I got him, he made me into his job. Came with me to all my classes, waited outside the Beinecke, sat on my feet in the lecture halls. He's a very well-educated dog."

"My George did that too," Jess said. She handed Theo her phone. The lock-screen image was of a black mutt with a graying muzzle. "That's George. My parents spoil him rotten. I miss him like mad."

They ordered lunch—shrimp and grits for them, a bone for Clancy. Theo surprised her by ordering wine for both of them.

"I finished that magazine piece," he said, lifting his glass. "I think that's worth a toast."

Jess raised her drink and clinked glasses with Theo.

As he ran an index finger around the rim of his wineglass, Jess imagined the bones: the extended metacarpals and phalanges, the nubbly carpals of the wrist. His fingers were long, tapered. She pictured each bone: proximal, intermediate, distal. A bump on the back of his hand betrayed a poorly healed metatarsal.

"How did you do that?" she asked.

"Do what?"

"Break your hand." She reached across the table and touched her own index finger to the bulge below his knuckle. He made a fist and regarded the protruding bone.

"Oh, that. I was up at Oxford, polo match, came off in the first chukka, torqued my hand when I landed. It didn't seem like a big deal at the time, so I never even got it seen to. It turned purple but no one could see that under the glove, so I just kept playing."

"It must've hurt?"

"Everything hurts, most of the time, when you're playing at that level. You're one big bruise after most matches." He lifted the long ringlets falling beside his ear to expose a scar from a neat row of stitches. "Ball hit me. That's why I wear my hair like this, even though it takes a shelf of product to keep it up. No fade for this vain guy."

“Does everyone in England play polo? I mean, you’re the second one I’ve met this month. The vet I’m working with, she used to play too. But she said she was rubbish at it.”

He took a long sip from his wineglass and said nothing.

“I’m betting you weren’t. Rubbish. I bet you were bloody good at it.”

He scratched his head absently. “Yes, I suppose so.”

“Do you still play?”

He looked down. “No.”

“Is that why you stopped, the injuries?”

“No one cared about injuries. Not when you’re flying down the field, you and the horse—” He was suddenly animated. “You’re one being, like a centaur. The best ponies are total athletes. They find the line of the ball without you doing anything. One time I came off—my fault, not the pony’s—and she went on, tearing down the field, and blocked my opponent’s shot as if I were still riding her.”

Jess sat back, regarding him. His expression had a fierce avidity.

“Then why stop, if you loved it so much?”

He glanced away. He could still hear the epithets: Sooty, Spook, Caca. Names tossed off as if they were just a bit of fun. It wasn’t enough to be the best player, or the bravest. The price of admission also included not making a fuss. Pretending it didn’t hurt, when every insult cut another slice off him.

“Everyone is bullied at boarding school,” Abiona had said airily. “Even Prince Charles. It’s what they do there. Make you or break you. I know you won’t let them break you.” After this brush-off from his mother, he was reluctant to mention his unhappiness to his father. But when Barry came to take him to Cornwall for Easter break, he could tell something was wrong. As they walked a rain-lashed beach, he had gently probed Theo for the source of his distress, leaning in against the wind to hear Theo’s mumbled answers. Then he had taken him by his shoulders and enfolded him in a long hug. Theo, when he recalled the moment, could still smell the wet oilskin of his father’s jacket. “You know there’s a silver lining to this,” Barry said. “You have to know that bigots are unwittingly handing you an edge. By thinking you’re lesser than they are, they underestimate you. Lean on that. Learn to use it, and you’ll get the upper hand.”

Theo carried those words back to school after that break. He built himself a thick carapace and hid the hurt inside it. He watched for the dismissive remarks, the moments of underestimation, seizing each opportunity to

outperform and confound expectation. The day after he'd been told his new handicap was the highest in school history, the team threw a party for him in their dorm. He was still basking in the warm feeling of acceptance the next day, when he found the message *Coon Cunt* scrawled on the inside of his jersey. He looked around the locker room. Any of them could have done it; he'd never know which one.

It was better when he went up to Oxford: he wasn't the only dark-skinned team member there. But then, at an away game, he went to the hospitality tent before he'd changed into his captain's uniform. An official swooped down on him: "Grooms not allowed." The day he heard an opposing coach from a venerable, royal-including team yelling at his players to smash that uppity black-faced fucker, he led his team to a crushing victory in a game so violent that even the umpire was assisted off the pitch with a broken rib. The next day, he resigned.

He didn't feel like going into any of it with Jess.

"I guess I loved it more than it loved me."

It wasn't his job to enlighten White people about their own racism. He'd made light of that bike incident, but it stung. Maybe she'd never used the hard R; maybe she'd even read all the way through a Ta-Nehisi Coates article. But he bet she clutched her purse when a Black guy stepped into an elevator. And if he scraped her social media feed he wondered if he'd find a single selfie with a Black friend.

Their food arrived then: Clancy's in a cute dog bowl with "Bone Appetit" written on the side. Laughing about that, Theo did what he usually did: changed the subject. Then he ordered them both a second glass of wine.

After lunch, they walked along the Mall toward the art museum. Jess noticed once again the graceful way that Theo moved: in her mind's eye she saw the perfect sphere of the femoral head rotating smoothly in the lunate surface of his acetabulum.

"You must have really strong hip flexors," she blurted.

She immediately wished she could have the stupid remark back. What on *earth* was the matter with her?

Theo looked startled. "What?"

"I'm—I—it's—" She was flustered. "You've got immense rotational flexibility—" She was making it worse. "I mean—when you work with bones all the time, you can't help seeing—I'm obsessed with how people are put together." *Stop. Blathering.* She took a deep breath. "Most people,

adults, don't have a one-hundred-degree rotation like you've got, unless they started doing something like ballet before puberty."

Theo had a sudden image of his muddy-kneed, Rugby-playing schoolmates in tutus, doing the Dance of the Cygnets. He laughed. "I'm afraid they didn't go in for ballet at the kind of boarding school I went to."

He couldn't decide if his predominant feeling toward this very odd woman was bewilderment or amusement. He certainly hadn't encountered anyone quite like her. But he liked her accent, even when what she was saying was so strange. And Clancy had taken to her. Usually, those avid kelpie eyes never left Theo. But now they studied Jess as the dog weaved around her, nudging her hand for a pat.

Perhaps Clancy also had early memories. Maybe he'd been a puppy in Australia before he wound up lost in New Haven. Maybe Clancy, too, was a sucker for that accent.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Fatherland, Natchez, Mississippi*

1853

After the last bale was pressed and strapped for shipping, Jarret was glad enough to return to the smithy. He welcomed even those dull tasks. To walk to the stream without the goad of an overseer, to labor at his own pace; these things he had not valued. The rope of the buckets bit into his raw skin. When he reached the stream, he let the cold water run across his damaged hands. Back at the smithy, the torn flesh on his back stung as he lifted each bucket and emptied it into the barrel.

He turned as he heard a horse approaching. Henry, Pryor's headman, riding hard. He pulled his mount to a sliding stop. "You, quick. Get up. Pryor wants you." Henry tossed his head, indicating his horse's rump. Jarret mounted, grabbing the cantle as the horse turned on its hind end and Henry booted it to a gallop.

They pulled up at the stallion barn. "In there." Jarret flung himself from the saddle. He was terrified of what he'd see inside.

"Here!" called Pryor. Jarret ran down the aisle. Lexington was down in his stall, eyes closed. Jarret fell to his knees beside the horse, pressing his ear to the belly. He could feel the heat of a raging fever.

"Damned if Old Henry didn't let the horse get out of his stall in the night \_\_\_"

"Hush!" Jarret said. Pryor frowned, but held his peace.

"No sounds. He's colicking."

“Course he is—broke into the feed store and ate best part of a bag of corn. This happened before?”

Jarret glared up at Pryor. “We wouldn’t have let it happen.” Then he saw the basin brimming with blood on the floor by the horse’s shoulder.

“What in tarnation you bleed him for? That ain’t the cure for a colic.”

“I can’t get the stupid beast to take the remedy.”

“How long?” Jarret barked. “How long you let him be like this?”

“Old Henry found him at sunup.”

“Why didn’t you come get me right then?” Pryor didn’t answer.

Jarret put his hand in the mixture Pryor had prepared and tasted it.

“This ain’t right. Should be linseed oil for a start.”

“No matter, since the horse won’t take it.”

“He’ll take it for me.” Lexington had raised his head and draped it across Jarret’s shoulder.

“I need linseed oil—a pint at least, more if you got it. I need laudanum, molasses, saleratus, warm water. A bucketful. Quick!”

Pryor felt the challenge to his authority. His first instinct was to take a crop and beat the daylights out of this arrogant boy. He did a quick calculus. If the horse died, Ten Broeck would know everything. He always did. And that was an enemy Pryor could not afford.

He turned on his heel and left the barn. Jarret did not know what to make of his wordless exit. He knew he had taken a risk. But the horse’s welfare mattered more to him than his own. Gently, firmly, he eased Lexington up on unsteady legs. The horse was quivering all over, his strong muscles turned to jelly. But even in his pain, the horse nuzzled at Jarret, his nose pressing into his cheek. “I know. I know,” Jarret whispered. “I missed you too.” Jarret led him out and walked him slowly along the fence line. The horse dragged on the rope, tossed his head, and pawed at the ground, obviously distressed. But Jarret coaxed and cooed at him, encouraging him, praising his every step.

Before long, Pryor returned from the main house, bearing the supplies Jarret had required. Jarret mixed up the potion, hoping he was remembering the right proportions, as Harry had taught him.

Pryor had his sleeves rolled up, ready to hold the horse as Jarret dosed him. But Jarret waved him away. “You just upset him,” he said. He called for Henry to elevate the horse’s head as he coaxed the slippery mixture down his throat. The horse eyed him the whole time, terrified yet trusting. When he had managed to get three pints of fluid down, Jarret took the lead rope and

urged him to walk again, stopping every so often to check his belly for sounds of gut movements. A tense half hour crawled by. Then the horse stopped, planted his hooves, raised his tail, and let go of a steaming pile of droppings. Jarret whooped with relief.

“All right,” Pryor said tightly. “You can go on now.”

“Go on?”

“Back to the smithy.”

Jarret glared at Pryor. “Nossir.”

“What did you say?”

Jarret stepped toward him. “I’ll not leave my hor—my marse’s horse—again.”

“You’ll do as I say.”

Jarret kept his voice low so that the other grooms could not hear. “If you had of let me stay with him, he never would of been able to get out of his stall and eat hisself almost to death. Just cause he let go a load don’t mean he’s gonna be right from this. He’ll be weak from that fool bleeding. He could have the founder.”

Pryor scowled. It was true. It would be weeks before they could be sure the horse hadn’t done serious damage. The effects would show first in the slow-growing horn of the hoof. If there was lethal harm done, better to keep the boy handy to shoulder the blame.

“If he founders, it’ll be on you. Stay. Play nursemaid. Muck out, carry water. Fewer chores for my own boys to do.”

So Jarret fetched his box from Gem’s room and set up his bedroll in Lexington’s stall. But that night they stayed out in the paddock so Lexington could move at will and ease muscles sore from the cramps. It was a full moon, the fields bathed in a pearly luster, almost as bright as day. Jarret pulled a stable blanket around his shoulders and rested his back against a post. He watched the horse’s long shadow dart out in front as he moved across the grass.

At sunrise, he took the horse on a slow amble around the paddock and tried to tempt him with some green blades of fodder. It was a full week before he was feeding well again. Jarret mounted bareback and set out at a walk. With the gentle movement and his familiar rider, the horse gradually eased his sore body into a loose stride. They followed the line of the creek and made a slow way around the perimeter of the fields. When they came by

a work gang, some hands looked up and greeted Jarret, calling out compliments about the horse.

Little by little, as the days passed and the horse gained back some weight with no apparent lingering effects of the binge, Jarret felt his own spirit begin to restore itself. Since he had no duties other than the care of the recuperating horse, his days were the easiest he'd ever known. For the first time, he had some hours of his own, with no one telling him how to spend them. This left him time for reflection. As he thought back over the events that had brought him to Fatherland, his mind kept returning to the barber of Natchez, William Johnson, and the unaccustomed sight of a Black man with a crystal inkstand and a fine vellum journal. There was a power in knowing how to read and write, he'd always felt so, despite his father's views.

That evening, he ambled over to Gem's quarters and asked if he knew anyone at Fatherland who had their letters.

Gem regarded him. "You not after running off, I hope. That don't end well round here."

"Nothing like that. I just want to learn is all."

"What for, if you not fixing to write you self a darky pass? Your horse ain't gonna run any faster if you read to him."

"I just got a powerful wish to do it," Jarret said.

"Well, if you set on it, Uncle Jack know to read his Bible. I recall he talked about setting up a Sabbath school some years back. It ain't strictly allowed, folk like us learning they letters, so he say it just gone be a Bible study. But he didn't get no takers that time. Folk just wants to rest come Sunday, or they too busy making they garden or mending they clothes. But I heard tell he teach his own boys." Gem grinned. "And they got to learn, since they don't got no say in it."

Gem directed him to Jack's cabin. A morning glory vine spilled over a narrow front porch that had been added to the plain entryway. Jack's wife, Eveline, sat there, piecing a quilt from old sugar sacks, while her two youngest boys chased each other up and down the rows of beans and tomatoes. When she stood to receive Jarret, the crimson rigolette tied about her hair almost brushed against the porch ceiling. She was a tall, handsome woman, lithe figured even after bearing four sons.

"Come by after the Sunday service," she said. "My Jack will be instructing our boys in the Scriptures that time. You can sit a spell and see if you want to join in with them. We'd be glad to have you. Everyone should

be able to read the Lord's book. Then they can know for they self what is in there, and what for sure is not."

On Sunday, when Jarret came by Jack's cabin, the four boys sat crowded together at a plank table, each copying a verse of Scripture onto a piece of slate. The younger boys had verses with simple words, while the two older ones had been tasked with longer, more complicated passages.

Jarret watched for a while as each boy in turn stood and struggled to read back what he had set down, as their father corrected them. When Jack had set each a new passage, he turned his attention to Jarret. "Come on out to the porch, son, and sit down by me while we figure how we gone get on with teaching you."

They sat on the narrow bench. The air was rich with honeysuckle. "I've seen you riding about on that fine horse," he said. He closed his eyes and quoted from memory: "'There is no limit to their treasures; their land is full of horses.' That be Isaiah, two-seven. The Bible has a good many horses in it, but I don't recall any in there look like yours. We got black ones and white ones and dappled ones, but no mention of any got that brass color." He sat thinking for a moment, then opened the worn Bible on his lap and dragged a finger down the text. "I think you gonna like these verses. This here is God, bragging on how he create the horse." He cleared his throat and read aloud in a preacher voice.

*Who gives the horse its strength  
or clothes his mane with thunder?  
Who makes him spring like a locust?  
His splendid snort is terror.  
He churns up the earth, rejoicing in his power,  
And charges towards the clash of arms.  
He laughs at fear, afraid of nothing;  
He does not shy away from the sword.  
Over him rattles the quiver, the glittering spear and blade.  
In frenzy he devours the ground;  
He cannot stand still when the trumpet sounds.  
At the blast of the trumpet he snorts, "Hurrah!"  
And from afar he scents the fray,  
Hears the clamor of the captains, the battle cry.*

When he finished reading, he patted the page. "I think that's mighty fine, don't you?"

Jarret ran the words through in his mind. "Clothes his mane with thunder," he repeated softly. "That's good. It makes you see the power in the neck. And the part about how he devours the ground, rejoicing in his strength. It feels just that way some time. But I don't know about being afraid of nothing. Most horses I know are afraid of plenty."

"Well, the Scripture here is talking about war horses. I guess they's trained to be brave."

"That ain't it. A cavalry horse will charge a cannon because he don't know the cannonball can kill him. All he wants is to stay close to the rest of the herd. Army just learned to use that fear they have, of being left behind."

"Well, boy, you know that this here is the Word of the Lord. We don't got no business doubting what it says here. If the Lord say the horse is brave, he brave."

Jarret wasn't about to argue with a preacher. He held his peace.

"If you want to get on and try to learn your letters, we gone have to go indoors to do it, and you can't be saying nothing around the place about it, you understand?" Jarret nodded and followed Jack inside. Jack then set about showing him how each of the letters on the page had sounds and how when you grouped some of the letters together, those sounds changed in certain ways. Jarret found it confusing, but Jack reassured him. "It gone come clear to you," he said. "You don't eat a whole loaf of cornbread all in just one mouthful. You got to break off and chew it one bite at a time." He gave Jarret a slate and pencil and made a list of simple words that he was to learn. "When you got these into your head, come back and I'll give you more."

Jarret thanked him and was back the next evening for a new list, and the same thing the day after that. Each night, before he left, he asked the preacher to read the lines of the horse Scripture to him again. As he listened, he committed the words to memory.

After a few weeks of rest and easy walks, Jarret judged that Lexington was ready to be ridden out once again. He set off for an extended canter to the boundaries of the estate. When they were far from the work gangs, Jarret began to call out the verses he'd learned, matching his rhythm to the three-beat gait of the horse.

"He churns up the earth," cried Jarret, "rejoicing in his power."

Lexington flicked his ears around, trying to catch the meaning of this new game. Then he gathered his hind end and released into a gallop. The soil fanned up, speckling the air.

“Seem like reading *do* make you go faster,” Jarret laughed, lifting his weight up out of the saddle and letting Lexington have his head.

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The first use Jarret made of his new letters was a short note addressed to Richard Ten Broeck. He went to Jack, to ask if he had some paper to spare.

Jack looked at him quizzically. “You sure you want your marse to know you writing? Most of them take a vast exception.” Jarret hadn’t thought about it. It didn’t seem to him the kind of thing Ten Broeck would care about. So Jack found him a scrap of paper from an old receipt book and showed him how to pencil out each word.

*I am back with Lexington. All well out here. Jarret*

He gave the note to a carter who was heading into Natchez with a load of cypress for the mill and asked him to give it to the barber to forward on to New Orleans.

He was surprised, when the carter returned, to be handed a letter addressed to himself. He could not make out the flowing script, but Jack read it to him:

“‘I will be sure your master gets your favor of the 4th inst’—he mean there your note—‘favor’ is a fancy way to say that—and ‘instant’ mean the date of the month. ‘Mr. Ten Broeck will be glad, I am sure, of your news. I am, &c,

Wm Johnson, Natchez.’”

Jarret took the note back and gazed at the handsome blue script. What a thing it was, to be able to send and receive a letter from a person. He thought it must be worth some struggle to master this skill. He applied himself even more intently to his word lists. Soon enough, Jack said he was to join the Sunday class, “since you getting on now just about as well as my youngest.”

Every day, Jarret checked Lexington’s hooves for any rippling in the new-grown horn that would signal founder, and every day he was relieved when none became evident. He did not press the horse but kept to a routine of light work in the early morning. Later, they would find a place by the creek or in a

coppice and Jarret would let Lexington graze in the shade while he studied his letters and scraped words on his slate. They would head back to the stables in the late afternoon, their shadow long in front of them as the egg-yolk sun at their back dropped into the hazy horizon. As fall advanced, the air lost its furry breath and freshened. Jarret wondered how long they would have before Pryor put an end to this idyll and deemed the horse fit enough to train.

Until then, Jarret avoided the kind of endurance work that would come with racing preparation. Instead, he devised playful pursuits that allowed the horse to use his mind. In the round pen, with the horse at liberty, he perfected voice commands, asking Lexington to perform a leg yield or a turn on the haunches. The horse enjoyed these sessions and was quick to divine what Jarret wanted. When he did the right thing and received praise, he would curve his neck and look down his long nose at Jarret, as if to say, “Of course I can do it. What’s next?”

Jarret soon could get the horse to rear simply by saying, “Up!” or raising his palm. He set about teaching him to drop to his knees when he said, “Kneel!” Jarret then mounted him bareback. He had just asked the horse to “rise!” when, from behind him, a voice called angrily: “Is that a racehorse or a circus pony?”

Lexington shied at the unfriendly shout and spun, ears pinned, to face Pryor. Jarret moved fluidly with his horse. He felt a flare of anger—you don’t come up behind a horse and yell like that, as any horseman should know. But he quickly suppressed the feeling so as not to alarm the horse further. He rubbed Lexington’s neck reassuringly and said nothing.

Pryor held a letter crumpled in his hand. “Ten Broeck has sent for you. You’re to go right away to New Orleans on tomorrow’s night boat. Pack your things. They’ll be sent on.”

Jarret looked down at him, stunned. How could he leave Lexington?

“But . . . how . . . why . . .”

“Here’s your darky pass,” he said, throwing a paper onto the ground. “And here’s the money he advanced you for the journey. I never took that man for feckless, but I guess I was mistaken. He’s agreed to run the nag in a grudge match December second. Good luck getting it in shape—a horse coming off a colic who hasn’t been trained, against a filly a full year older who has raced all season. He’s a fool.”

Jarret dismounted and snatched up the dusty paper and the bills before they could blow away. He stared at the pass. He could just make out his own name and the name "Lexington," but nothing else. He felt his heart unclench. They would go together. They would leave this place.

"But . . . I don't know the way . . ."

Pryor's back was already turned. Jarret unlatched the gate, remounted the horse, and rode to find Jack. He was overhauling the balers, oiling the pressing screws. Jarret showed him the pass. "You're to go on the boat from Under-the-Hill tomorrow. Just go back on the same road you come here on. It don't take too long to get down the river. Your marse say here he gone send someone name of—well, I can't make out the name—J-A-C-Q-U-E-S—Jake-kweez—however you say that—to meet you at the dock and bring you on out to someplace call Metairie." Jack looked up from the note. "We sure will miss you. My wife and my boys are fond of you, and I'm proud of all you learned in so little time." Jack leaned down and rummaged in the tied cloth bundle that contained his lunch fixings and his tin water cup. He pulled out the worn Bible. "You take this, and you keep on striving to learn how to read what's in it, you hear?"

"But I can't take this . . ."

"The White preacher got plenty. He gone get me another one. You take it, son. You gonna need it in New Orleans, fo sure. That is a *sinful* town. A regular Babylon, what I heard tell."

The next day, as Jarret rode out of the gate, he turned in the saddle and looked back at the plantation. He felt regret that Pryor hadn't proved to be a different kind of man. He sensed he and the horse could have accomplished a great deal if things had gone differently. Still, he wasn't sorry to have seen what he'd seen, and learned what he'd learned. Not just the book learning. He felt larger in spirit. There was a space in his soul for the suffering of people. He resolved to take account of their lives, the heavy burdens they carried.

He allowed the horse to pick up a gentle canter on the narrow way back to Natchez. He puzzled on whether there was any possible way to bring Lexington to racing fitness without overtaxing him and risking injury. He was glad the horse seemed no worse for the colic, but how to get him in form in less than a week, Jarret had no notion. He ran training plans through his head, trying to square what the horse needed to do with the number of days left in which to do it.

He couldn't see it. He would have to tell Mr. Ten Broeck so. He was fretting on that and not paying close mind to his surroundings, which is why he didn't perceive the two men and their mule cart until he rounded the bend and was upon them, still at a canter.

He breathed out, the horse slowed, and Jarret lifted the reins to signal a stop. But not before one of the men, alarmed, had dived into the bushes and landed hard on his hind end.

"Just hold up there!" ordered the other man, raising a hand to halt Jarret and reaching the other hand down to his companion, who scrambled out of the shallow ditch, cursing. "Who you think you are? Who in hell's name *are* you, anyhow, to be riding that horse, just as you like, without no by-you-leave?"

Jarret looked into the man's pinched, rodent face. Soiled, threadbare clothing. A mule so thin you could count his ribs. Men with no one to look down upon except the enslaved. Men with nothing to lose. Men to fear.

"I—I didn't see you, round that there bend in the road. I didn't mean nothing, sorry."

"Sorry? I'll make you sorry. You not from around here, boy. Can hear that from the funny way you talkin." The man took a menacing step forward. Lexington pinned his ears back and snaked his head sideways, butting the man hard in the shoulder.

The other one reached into the wagon and pulled out a pistol. "Git down."

Jarret hesitated. He could ask Lexington for a gallop and they could outrun the men, no doubt. But they couldn't outrun a bullet, if the man was any kind of shot. It wasn't worth the risk. He slid down, keeping the reins firmly in his hand. He could feel the horse quivering.

"I axed you a question, boy. Who's are you?"

"I'm Mr. Ten Broeck's Jarret."

"Ten Broeck? What kind of furriner name is that?"

"I—I—I'm coming from Fatherland, Colonel Bingaman's place. I'm hired out to Marse Pryor."

It was a necessary lie. He could see that they knew those names. And they weren't about to mess with property belonging to powerful men.

"You got a darky pass, boy?"

Jarret drew out the paper and held it out. The man with the pistol signaled for his friend to take it. He made a show of reading it, then turned and spat

on the ground. "Seems to be in order." When he handed it back, Jarret saw that he was holding it upside down.

"You right lucky, boy. You just make sure next time we see you, you showin a deal more respect. Now get on out a here."

Jarret threw a foot in the stirrup and said nothing. He asked Lexington for a trot. And soon as he judged they were out of pistol range, he urged him up to a hand gallop and let the power of the stride hurl the tension from his body and the anger from his soul.

# THEO

*American Art Museum, Washington, DC*

2019

“He’s an absolute beauty,” said Theo, gazing at the painting of the glossy horse with four white feet.

Jess glanced up at Theo. It would be something, she thought, to be looked at with such close, admiring attention. Perhaps that was a thought she shouldn’t be having. She turned her scrutiny back to the painting.

“Does he remind you of your pony?”

Theo turned to Jess with a puzzled expression. “My pony?”

“Your polo pony. The one you used to ride.”

Theo smiled tolerantly. “I didn’t have *a* pony. In polo you ride a string of them. At least six, in the course of a typical match. Sometimes maybe even eight or nine.”

“*Nine*? No wonder it’s such a rich man’s game. I grew up in a working-class backwater when it comes to stuff like that. Girls like me didn’t get to fantasize about Pony Club.” Or handsome polo players, for that matter. “I really don’t know anything about horses—at least, not living ones with flesh on their bones,” mused Jess. “Just about the only time I saw a horse was when the mounted police rode by our place. My mum had this mortifying habit of running out into the middle of our busy road to scoop up the manure for her rose beds.” Theo tried to imagine Abiona doing something like that. The image was so comical he grinned. Jess returned the smile. Was it the wine, or was she becoming infatuated with this man? In either case, she

couldn't afford any more stupid remarks. There was a limit, and she was sure she'd reached it, even for someone as polite as he was.

They stood together, scrutinizing Thomas Scott's gorgeous nineteenth-century oil portrait of Lexington. A curator had located the picture at Jess's request and set it up on a small easel in a study room, along with the folder containing the museum's documentation of the piece. It was a 2 x 3-foot canvas, a bit larger than Theo's salvaged painting. The artist had depicted the horse alone by a wooden water trough, his aristocratic head turned, ears alert, as if interrupted by a sudden sound. And while Theo's painting captured a young colt, this work showed the mature horse—a magnificent stallion at the height of his powers, his early promise fulfilled.

"Amazing anatomical detail," Jess said. "The musculature, the way the painter's captured the flexion in the neck."

"And the expression in the eye," said Theo. "It's haunting. This is a beautifully unified studio portrait. I don't know why that conservator was so swift to rank this man Scott as a second-tier painter. This is a polished piece of work."

"Well, Raines is only one opinion," said Jess, picking up the file. "Scott must've been well regarded in his own time to get the commission in the first place, since the horse was already quite a celebrity when this was painted. It says circa 1860 and that Scott was born sometime between 1830 and 1832. So he's almost thirty when he painted this. He'd had some time to hone his technique."

"Does it tell you anything you can use in your work?"

"Oh sure. I'm convinced, looking at this, that the bloke who mounted the skeleton had never seen this horse alive. He just threw it together as if it were any generic horse. But this horse had an exceptional anatomy. The bones have a lot more mass than most equines, for one thing. They're superdense, none of the bone loss you'd expect in a horse of that age. And then specific details—the withers, here"—she pointed to the picture—"see how level they are? In the skeleton, they're set way too high. And another glaring thing: the painter has the hocks much less angular—here—and the pasterns shouldn't be so vertical. There's a ton of useful information in this picture."

"Does it say how it got to the Smithsonian? Did it come here along with the skeleton?"

“No, I thought that, too, but I already checked, and it came much later. Let me look and see if there’s any more about it.” She rifled through the forms in the folder. The usual museum bureaucracy: transport manifests, conservation notes. Finally, she plucked out a copy of the deed of gift.

“Here it is. Seems like it came as part of a large bequest in 1980.” Jess skimmed the record.

“That’s odd—”

“What?”

“Well, you’d know better than me.” She handed the file to Theo, pointing to the list of gifted works. “Am I right? Every other work in that particular bequest is, like, famous contemporary art, no?”

Theo scanned the document. “Oh yes, you’re quite right. It’s pretty much a who’s who of postwar modernists—Jim Dine, Diebenkorn, Oldenburg, Gorky, Hartigan. Abstract expressionists, op artists—‘Martha Jackson Memorial Collection,’” he read. “I’ve heard of her. She owned a gallery in Manhattan in the 1950s, when the art business was still very much a man’s world. Along with Peggy Guggenheim, she really influenced the direction of the art market in New York in those key years. She was quite radical in her tastes—showed avant-garde artists from Europe and Japan—and was one of Jackson Pollock’s first supporters, very deep in his circle. She was friends with his wife, Lee Krasner. I think I read somewhere that she was with her when he killed himself.”

“Gah. I didn’t know he killed himself.”

“Well, it’s not entirely clear, but it seems like it. He hadn’t been painting for months. Drunk, speeding, car crash. Passenger died, too.” Theo trailed off.

He was thinking of another crash. A dusty road in Helmand Province. His father, visiting a girls’ school that USAID had funded. The Taliban hated the idea of girls going to school, and the delegation got warning that there might be an attack. The convoy was speeding when the SUV hit a pothole, flipped, and landed upside down in a ditch.

Theo remembered the headmaster’s low voice, his terse account of the accident. He remembered shivering in his damp polo uniform, staring intently at the rivulets of rainwater snaking around the lead of the diamond-paned windows in the head’s study. The bands of cold light gleaming dully on the polished desk, the Persian carpet. His awareness of mud on his boots. Struggling to control his voice as he asked, “Where’s Mummy?”

“Your mother. Delegation, apparently. Key member. Negotiations with the Shabab in Addis Ababa. Delicate stage. Can’t leave just now. She asked me to tell you she will phone you just as soon as she can.” The headmaster turned to gaze out the window so that he wouldn’t have to notice Theo’s tears. There were whispered voices in the outer office. “Matron’s here. She’s made a cup of tea for you in the infirmary. Best go along with her now, there’s a good chap.”

His mother had called that night. But she hadn’t come to see him, even after the Addis Ababa negotiations wound up. There was another pressing mission, he couldn’t remember what. He realized then that her work had always come first and always would. Ahead of her marriage, ahead of her child. It was a harsh truth for a lonely boy, but also a liberating one. He was his own man long before any of his peers even realized that was an option. He’d embraced life as a rootless loner, at home in the world but belonging nowhere in particular. Comfortable with a wide range of people, close to very few.

He blinked and swallowed. Abiona would disapprove mightily if she saw him spending time with this haphazardly groomed White woman. And yet there was something about her clumsy, unstudied personality and her deep enthusiasm for her strange occupation. He was intrigued by her. Perhaps, as she’d said, he was overnostalgic for his childhood, those few scant years in Australia when he’d felt entirely secure, entirely loved.

Well, if so, so what? It wasn’t as if he had unlimited options. He couldn’t date the undergrads in his TA sections. He disliked dating apps; too many waste-of-time dates, too much ghosting. His Yale friend Daniel had set him up, just after he got to Georgetown, with Makela, a DC native who worked as a curator at the Anacostia museum. They’d hit it off at first. He liked her mix of sass and seriousness. But after a few dates, she stopped answering his texts. When he finally called Daniel to ask if he knew what had gone wrong, there was a long sigh. “You really want to hear it? She declared you ‘insufficiently steeped in an experience of American Blackness.’”

*“What?”*

“She said she felt like she had to explain more stuff to you than she would to a White guy. She told me about the ‘Dixie’ incident, and I was like, ‘Girl, I feel you.’”

Theo groaned. “That was the last time she went out with me.” He and Makela had gone to a supermarket to get some provisions for a picnic. Some

Muzak version of “Dixie” had been playing. Later, lying together on a blanket at the arboretum, Theo had absently started humming it.

Makela had sat bolt upright, as if he’d assaulted her.

“How can you hum that song?”

“Earworm, I guess?”

“Don’t you have *any idea*?” She outlined its history and uses. “They stood around and sang that song at the University of Georgia while they burned effigies of the first two Black students admitted there.” Theo had felt chagrined, but he hadn’t realized it would prove the last straw for her.

“I can’t believe she told you about that.”

“Don’t take it personally, man. She just wants a homeboy, is all.”

Now, he gazed at Jess. If he started something with her, there’d be a very different set of issues. He’d be the one forever explaining. The thought of it was suddenly tiring. Maybe this should just stay a work thing. He tapped the binder on the table to straighten the documents. “I wonder if anyone knows what this one very traditional nineteenth-century equestrian piece is doing in that bequest, along with all those abstract expressionists.”

“I can ask around. If she was that prominent, we’ve probably got heaps of documentation on her somewhere. Especially with such a significant bequest.”

“I’ll do some research too. It’s intriguing.”

They found Clancy snoozing where they’d left him, tied up in the shade of a planter. There was an awkward silence.

“Coffee?” said Jess.

“Why not?” Theo replied.

On the way to the coffee shop, they had to race across the street to beat a red light. Theo reached behind him and grabbed Jess’s hand.

When they reached the sidewalk, he didn’t let it go.

# MARTHA JACKSON

*Springs, Long Island, New York*

1954

Blue skeined off the end of the 3 x 4, twirling in space like a cowboy's lasso. He thrust the beam back into the can of house paint and whiplashed another huge gesture. "Clem Greenberg says I don't know color? Fuck him!" The paint sailed through the air, silky and billowing, splashing onto the canvas in an emphatic diagonal.

"I'll give him fucking color." With his left hand, he scooped up a jam jar of vodka from a card table crusted with stalactites of old paint. He swilled the drink and without looking slammed the glass back onto the table. It hit the edge, shattering. Martha flinched. Glass shards shimmered on the canvas. He crouched and ran his hand right over the slivers, grinding them into the paint. Blood now joined the riot of color coruscating over the black-primed linen: crimson drips and smears amid the yellow, the silver, the filaments of white. And slashing across it all, the march of those aggressive blue exclamations.

Martha stood pressed into the splintery wall of the shed, the full skirt of her frock tucked tightly around her in an effort to protect it from splatter. Across the studio, her friend sat coiled easily in a chair, eyelids at half-mast, relaxed as a cat. Martha noticed with surprise that she was smiling. How could Lee have learned to be so numb to this man's violent theatrics?

As the last spurt of Prussian blue hit the canvas, he stepped back and flung the beam away. It hit a shelf on its journey through the air, bringing two

paint cans down. The lid flew off one. A flume of glossy liquid lapped across the barn boards in a chrome-yellow tide. Lee's face remained expressionless, watching as Pollock stood there, twanging, tense as a steel cable. Then his whole body seemed to go flaccid. Lee uncoiled herself and moved as if to catch him, wrapping herself around him from behind, so that both of them could continue to gaze at the work.

"It's good," she said. "It's great."

And it was. What had seemed out of control and random was nothing of the sort. The painting was tightly composed, a movement from the dark ground of the primer up through the agitation of color and line. Like the jazz faintly audible from the radio over in the house, the bebop with its insistent backbeat: it was improvisation within structure, the massive blue gashes like the powerful and risky high notes of a virtuoso.

Pollock folded in on himself. He knelt on the floor, kneading his face with his fists, driving his knuckles hard into his eye sockets. Lee crouched behind him, pulling his paint-crusting hands away, cradling his body as it started to shake.

Martha peeled herself off the wall and edged crabwise till she reached the door. She lifted the latch gently and stepped out into the leafy fall air. Charlie Parker's alto sax bounced its onomatopoeic rhythms. She ran lightly across the grass to the house, gathering the bag, the sweater, and the shawl she'd left on the kitchen table. There was no point in staying. There'd be no business done today, or the next day. Raging, weeping, then withdrawing. That was the way it always went with him since he'd started drinking again. And Lee would have to minister to that.

Even though the crisp edge of fall needled her face, Martha decided to leave the top of the convertible down. She wrapped the shawl around her head and shoulders, tucking it tight under the sweater. At the end of the driveway, she turned the car back toward Manhattan and hit the gas.

Lee would understand why she'd left without saying goodbye. And she'd forgive her for bringing up Greenberg, even if Pollock wouldn't. Clem Greenberg had been one of Pollock's first champions when other critics derided his work. But that didn't count anymore, not since Greenberg's remark that Pollock might be out of ideas. Making wallpaper, he'd said. Critics were fickle. Most artists accepted that. But not Pollock. All in or all out, that's how it was with him.

As a woman who'd shed two damaged husbands—the first undone by business failure in the Depression, the other by the stress of his war service—Martha vacillated between admiring Lee's fierce loyalty and feeling something like contempt for it. Martha had made a choice to leave both her marriages rather than see her life reduced to a crutch for the wounded psyches of men. Lee had made the opposite choice, and Martha witnessed the fierce toll it took on the woman and her own work.

Lee Krasner was one of the first friends Martha had made in the city, and nothing would ever change that. They'd met at art school soon after Martha moved down from Buffalo. She liked Lee right away: her sheared bangs and her sharp opinions, delivered in a proletarian Brooklyn accent. Martha admired Lee's self-confidence as an artist and wondered what more she could do if she weren't in constant thrall to that leech of a husband.

A brilliant leech. That was the trouble. When Lee had first taken her to see his work, Martha immediately felt the energy crackling off the canvas, felt it on her skin, prickly. And that was her gift: her eye for the shocking, the new, the brilliant. She felt as if she had a fifth or sixth sense for what would matter in art. When conventional tastes were busy deriding a new style, Martha could sense greatness. And though she'd come to New York City to be an artist, it hadn't taken her long to grasp that her own painting would never be great.

The truth of it hit her suddenly, like the onset of a fever. She'd arrived, as she did every morning that first year in the city, for class at Hans Hofmann's studio in a loft on Eighth Street. But when she got there, she found herself frozen at the foot of the stairs. She stood, her hand on the newel post, willing her foot to step up onto the first tread. Instead, it hung suspended, shaking.

Upstairs, waiting for her on an easel, was the canvas she'd been working on the day before. It was a landscape, inspired by the salt ponds and wind-sculpted trees of Provincetown, where she studied with Hofmann in the summer. She'd used loose brushstrokes and carved the thick impasto with a palette knife. It wasn't bad. It showed a grasp of composition, some mastery of technique. But as she stood there, with the work in her mind's eye, she knew she couldn't face that canvas. It wasn't bad, but it could not be great.

She turned and stepped back into the street, narrowing her eyes against the gritty swirl of fly ash and soot. Eighth Street was a grimy palimpsest, the old sweatshops still discernible even as they became studios, the influx of foreign painters and poets replacing the older generation of immigrant

factory workers who toiled here a century earlier. She paced the block, tearing at the cuticle of her index finger with her teeth, as if to punish the hand that had made such an inferior work.

She loved her life in this city. Even the grubby streets, the cold-water tenements where her friends lived their messy, ungirt lives. She loved the opinionated newcomers from Russia, Italy, Germany; the late nights in the Cedar Tavern, arguing about pragmatism, the Fauves, and William James; the careless affairs, the unruly passions. It was fun to tumble about on a stained mattress in a Tenth Street walk-up with artists whose skin smelled of turpentine and cheap bourbon, so long as she could retreat to the Frette linen sheets in her own apartment on the Upper East Side.

But now the crowding of those images and memories embarrassed her. What was she, really? Just a well-heeled tourist, ticking off her to-do list in this foreign country of real artists. How could she ever have imagined she belonged? Tears stung her eyes and she swiped at them with the end of her scarf.

Hofmann, walking to his studio from the other direction, called out to her in his thick German accent. “Martha! Why aren’t you painting?” He danced across the street, dodging cars, graceful, despite his thickset frame. He raised a hand to her wet cheek. The familiar smell of linseed oil made the tears flow faster.

“I’m sorry, I—”

Hofmann hushed her. He steered her down the block and into a diner. At a Laminex table, amid the warm fug of bacon grease and fried egg, he placed a paper coffee cup in her hand and listened as she blurted out her self-doubt and her grief at the thought of giving up the life she’d begun to make for herself. When she was done, he gently uncurled her fingers from the cup and turned her hand over, as if to read her palm.

“Perhaps you don’t have a painter’s hand,” he told her. “I don’t know for sure. But I do know this: you have a critic’s eye. You can see what makes a painting good. That’s also a gift.”

“Is it?”

“Of course it is. How do you think artists become known? Critics, dealers—they are the people who develop the public taste. Without them, we starve.”

Martha tore a packet of sugar and watched the crystals fall into her cup. “I’ve always had a little game I play when I go to a gallery,” she said quietly.

“I look around quickly and pick the three best things in the room. I feel like it’s important to be able to decide what you like.” Hofmann nodded. “And,” she added, “I do like buying paintings.”

“You’ve bought already?”

“Oh yes. Two or three things.”

“Tell me about them.” He hardly expected what came next.

“One is a gouache by Marc Chagall. That was the first thing I ever bought.”

Hofmann sat back in his chair and stared. He cleared his throat. “How . . . how did you come to . . .”

“Well, it was a long time ago. I went to a show in Baltimore and the three things I really liked were a Picasso and a Seurat, as well as a Chagall. But Chagall was the only one of those three you could find to buy in this country in 1940. I paid five hundred dollars for it. And then I bought a Gorky painting from an acquaintance in Buffalo. He was having second thoughts, you see. He told me he wasn’t sure why he’d bought it; he didn’t know if it was any good. I did.” She gave a tentative grin at the memory. “So I offered to take it off his hands.”

Hofmann cleared his throat. “As I said. You have the eye.” And, he thought, she must also have the means. Trust fund? Inheritance? You couldn’t tell from looking at her. She wasn’t any kind of show pony.

“Become a dealer then. Educate people. I will help you.” And so she had taken his advice. She didn’t drive hard bargains like so many dealers. Within a few years, she’d opened her own small gallery in a little town house with a storefront that she was able to afford thanks to an inheritance from her grandmother. She became known as a passionate advocate for her painters. Even the impossible ones. Even Jackson Pollock.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

Natchez III, *Mississippi River*

1853

Jarret perched by the prow of the boat as the current pushed them swiftly toward New Orleans. The bluffs of Natchez soon gave way to an unbroken flatness, green with palmetto and glossy ilex, the brief wildness interrupted by serried plantations of sugarcane and cotton. From the deck above, he could hear the voices of passengers, gambling with dice or cards or arguing loudly about politics.

Not far outside of Natchez, the trappings of wealth soon disappeared. Within an hour or so, the only dwellings they passed were the rude huts of the woodcutters who supplied fuel for the steamboats. When the boat pulled in to take on logs, the skipper yelled, "Wood!" and Jarret realized he was expected to join the crew and the other manservants to help with the loading. He noted the squalor: barefoot children with tangled hair and torn clothing, a thin cow, a few squealing pigs, a gaunt woodcutter sweating and atremble, most likely from the saddleback fever. No wonder: as the afternoon light eased into dusk, mosquitos swarmed. Jarret threw a shawl around his head to fend them off, and back on board he blanketed Lexington despite the unseasonable warmth of the evening. A bright moon rose, polishing the river surface. As the hour grew later, the voices from above became more raucous.

Jarret bedded down beside Lexington, determined to be inconspicuous. He was bone tired, but too wary for sleep. It was precarious, traveling alone, without Ten Broeck to protect him. He thought of his father's many lone

journeys, campaigning horses for Viley or Burbridge, and tried to draw courage from that. He felt a sudden yearning for home—for the creaking porch chairs, the rising fireflies, and his father's voice reciting lineages. But it would be too chilly at night for fireflies or porch sitting by now. What a thing it was, to be so far from his only kinfolk that even the weather on his skin felt different. He thought of his father, indoors by the fire, and wondered who was chopping the wood for him, who was carrying it in. He hoped Harry wasn't too proud to ask a lad to help him with the heavy chores. Surely Beth would take care that he didn't overtax himself. It came to Jarret that if his father faltered or became ill—even died—he might never know of it. This dolorous thought made his throat tighten and his eyes sting.

That was a reason to keep studying his letters. With help, he could write to Mary Barr, asking for an account of Harry. He resolved to fetch out the Bible at first light and go over the verses he knew, so that the knack of the thing wouldn't leave him. That plan brought him a little solace, so he punched the straw into an accommodating shape and tried to take some rest before the ship reached the port. When the sky lightened, he shook himself from his fitful doze and tended to the horse. Then he drew out the Bible, turning to Proverbs, which he had come to like for their many references to nature and farming. He was puzzling over an unfamiliar word and was so intent on the task that it was a moment before he registered the shadow falling on his page. Jarret looked up. It was one of the rough characters from the deck above, his cheeks dark with unshaven stubble, his clothes flecked with tobacco juice.

"That's summat I ain't seen, one of your kind with a book. Ain't that agin the law where you come from, boy? Fo sure is round here. Stand up when I's talkin to you, boy!"

Jarret scrambled to his feet. The boat lurched then, jostled by the wake of a passing steamer. The man staggered and fell hard against the hay bales. Jarret reached out instinctively to catch him, but the man flinched away.

Jarret stepped back, spreading his arms so as to show he had no intention of touching the man, who stank of unwashed flesh and the dried vomit that clung to the toe of his boot.

The Bible was still in Jarret's right hand and the man's pale, bloodshot eyes struggled to focus on it.

"That's the Word of the Lord you got there," he said, his voice suddenly less belligerent. "You some kinda darkie preacher?"

Jarret ransacked his memory for the verse the White minister at Fatherland had preached upon every Sunday. He tried to school the tremor in his voice, opened the Bible, and pretended to read: "Slaves, obey your earthly masters in everything; and do it, not only when their eye is on you and to buy their favor but with sincere heart and reverence for the Lord."

"Well amen to that," slurred the man, and staggered on to relieve himself over the side.

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Whenever Jarret recalled that first morning in New Orleans, it was the noise and the smell that came back to him most vividly. Through the thicket of ship masts, he glimpsed bright ensigns of every nation fluttering in the slight breeze. Sweating men stacked bales and crates on the crowded dockside.

Carefully, he led the horse down the gangway and into a wall of sound and scent—the medley of languages that, later, he would be able to distinguish as French and Spanish, Italian and Portuguese, but that first morning blended into a musical blur. The smells were various, pungent: the tang of sassafras, the biscuit aroma of fat and flour roasting together into rich, dark roux, the intoxicating fragrance of jasmine, roses, magnolias, and gardenias, and the intense perfumes of the women—old, young, their complexions every shade from linen through honey, pecan, ebony—in expensive fabric or simple calico, clothed and ornamented with more care and style than any women he had ever seen.

Lexington held his head high, his nostrils widening to absorb the unfamiliar odors, his ears rotating to catch the strange sounds. As they picked their way through the crowded dockside, a friendly voice hailed them. A trim man, not tall, moved through the crowd with authority. Ten Broeck had sent his chief of staff, a Creole native of the city named Jacques Garmond, to collect them. "Such a 'orse!" he exclaimed. "*Celui-ci est magnifique!*"

Jarret didn't understand the words, nor, at first, the outstretched hand Jacques extended. Did he expect Jarret to hand him the lead rope? That would be unwise, in this crowd. Then, to Jarret's complete astonishment, the man grasped his hand and pulled him into an embrace, kissing the air on

either side of his head. “*Bienvenue*—welcome in New Orleans. M’sieur Rishar wishes that you to come first to ’is ’ome in ze city, and *après*, we go to Metairie, where you will live, *n’est-ce pas*?”

Ten Broeck’s town house was a handsome structure of claret-colored brick with three tall, shuttered doors opening onto a narrow verandah trimmed with iron lace. The carriage house behind was cramped, but well provisioned. Lexington was restive in this new stable, so Jarret took up grooming tools and set about a calming rubdown. Ten Broeck emerged from the house then, greeting him as he strode across the narrow courtyard. “Lead him out for me, will you please, Jarret?”

Jarret brought the horse out into the courtyard. Ten Broeck walked around him. “You’ve done well,” he said. “To keep him in such fair condition after a severe colic. I am indebted.”

“He’s well enough, but he ain’t fit for racing. Not so soon. You said he wouldn’t be raced for near on a year.”

“That is what I said, and what I intended. But I have such an opportunity that I may not refuse it. It’s a matter of honor, in fact.”

“No honor in pushing a horse who ain’t fit,” Jarret blurted.

Ten Broeck slowly drew his gaze from Lexington and fixed it on Jarret. He flinched under the force of it. Yet he would speak, since the horse couldn’t.

“No honor, and no profit, neither, if he gone get beat.”

Ten Broeck’s frown deepened. He clasped his hands behind his back and tilted his head. Jarret could not go back, so he plunged forward. “He ain’t never been trained to run three-mile heats. And that filly a full year older and raced all season. It’s too much to ask of him, coming off a colic.”

Ten Broeck’s gaze was hard as basalt. Jarret struggled to meet it. He would not, could not, break and look away. In the pregnant silence, the only sound was the ring of the horse’s hoof as he stamped on the cobbles, trying to dislodge a fly.

“You do not varnish your sentiment.”

“Nossir.”

Ten Broeck drew a linen square from his pocket and dabbed his brow. Jarret felt his own sweat—from the warming morning, but also from fear—dripping down his face.

“An uncommonly blunt young man. I could take a vast exception.” He paused. Jarret clenched his hand on the lead rope, so Ten Broeck wouldn’t

see that it trembled.

“I could. But I don’t. In fact, I am glad of this want of tact. I value your candor. Nevertheless, the horse *will* race. And since you are frank with me, I will do you the like courtesy. Mr. Louis Smith, of Alabama, offered to buy Lexington from Dr. Warfield shortly before Willa Viley and I made our offer. Mr. Smith was offended in the extreme that his prior bid was rejected and ours accepted. He was so ungentlemanly as to speak behind my back of some kind of corrupt dealing. I began to think I might be obliged to call him out, a prospect I did not relish. Unlike the hotheaded son-in-law of your former owner, I am no adherent to the code duello.

“Fortunately, he has provided another way to resolve the matter. In his animosity, he has proposed what I believe is a very unwise wager. A match race against his Sallie Waters filly in which he will put up five thousand dollars to my thirty-five hundred. Those are rich odds, I’m sure you will agree. Since this city is not above rejoicing in a grudge match, I also expect to do very well off the gate at my racecourse, whatever the outcome on the track. And there is another element, beyond money. Smith’s filly beat my Arrow, another son of Boston. It was an extremely narrow win and I intend to have satisfaction for it. It will be three-mile heats, yes, but only two such races. I saw your horse break the start and run two miles at the Phoenix, then cool out in less than five minutes—yes, I timed it—and go on to distance some of the best three-year-old thoroughbreds in the country. I don’t see that Lexington will be overtaxed. We do have a week yet to condition him, after all. I will be glad to have your opinion on how we might best proceed with this. You may set out your thinking for me when we ride to Metairie in the cool of this evening. In the meantime, you may like to walk about the city —” Jarret grimaced. Hadn’t Jack called the place a Gomorrah? Ten Broeck noted his expression and smiled. “I recall: you said that you are not one for towns. You will see something of it this evening in any case, when we ride out. Till then, do take your rest in the grooms’ quarters—I have asked that a pallet be made available to you—and avail yourself of some nourishment. I hired my chef away from a family of Creole aristos, who were most put out with me. He is a *fin gourmet*, very talented, I think. I have asked him to set aside some of what he has prepared for my own dinner, since you may like to try the local cuisine.”

Ten Broeck turned and strode to the house. Jarret stood staring at his retreating back. The man was a bafflement. “Take his rest” in the middle of a

working day, with the sun full up? Offered food prepared by the chef, rather than a piece of fatback handed him by a scullery maid? Life had taken a strange swerve, seemingly.

And yet, after he had seen to Lexington's hay and water, there was nothing he could do other than be in the way of those sweeping the courtyard, pumping water from the wellhead, or tending to a tidy garden of culinary herbs. He was, he realized, hungry, so he approached the kitchen door and knocked shyly.

An elderly maid, her hair tied up in an elaborate lace rigolette that matched the cuffs on her linen blouse, waved him in and indicated a place already set for him at a scrubbed deal table. She ladled a fragrant stew into a ceramic bowl and set it before him with a smile and a "Bon appétit." When Jarret plied his spoon in the steaming gravy, he could recognize neither the meat nor the vegetables. Still, the aroma was enticing, so he downed slippery oysters, tender crawfish, and glutinous okra. He found it delicious even as his mouth tingled from unfamiliar spices.

He walked back to the grooms' quarters. His plan was to keep out of everyone's way, and it seemed like the best place to do that. He would keep to his resolution and practice his reading. He had no intention of falling asleep, but his full belly and the unsettled night gathered all together and descended on him. He did not feel the Bible slip from his hand.

Ten Broeck's voice seemed to come from far away, muffled, like someone calling from the shore to a swimmer underwater. Jarret came to the surface from one of the deepest slumbers he could remember. The light had waned. It was late afternoon. He sprang to his feet, wiping a thread of drool from his mouth. What must the man think of him? He was mortified.

But Ten Broeck seemed entirely untroubled. "Good nap?" he said. "You'll feel the benefit of it later." He picked up the Bible from where it had fallen. "I was glad to learn of your interest in becoming a lettered man. I myself was schooled by a stern Hollander devoted to the birch more than the book. These are skills that will avail you. It was a good use of your time, since things with Pryor did not go as I had expected. Entirely my fault. The barber, Johnson, tried to warn me. Had I listened, you and the horse might have been spared something. Ah well." He flipped the Bible pages idly. "Not much for Scripture, myself. Prefer the pagans. The Greeks and Romans have some wonderful tales with a good deal more lovemaking than the Hebrews. I will try to find you something less edifying and more entertaining on which

to hone your abilities. The groom has already tacked up for you. It's just three miles, a nice leg stretch for the horse, I think. Shall we go?"

They rode together through the narrow streets. It was slow going, picking between pedestrians and hawkers with handcarts. The city had a mood quite different from Natchez, mellower, and yet more intense than the quiet precincts of Lexington, which seemed to Jarret like a village compared with this teeming, heaving place. Everywhere, there was commerce. From a makeshift stand, a man with a strange accent hawked oranges, which Jarret had seen before, and bananas, which he had not. Nearby, a woman ran a coffee stall, the aroma of her roasting beans sharp in the heavy air. Canals carved their way between the streets and children dropped lines into the ditches. From a store selling only birds, a cacophony of parrot shrieks. Women with trays balanced on their heads called out their wares, figs nestled in fig leaves or pralines fragrant with burned brown sugar.

They passed by a large storefront, advertising men's apparel. A group of well-dressed Black men stood in a tight cluster. As they drew closer, Jarret realized the men were chained, a coffle of the enslaved being dressed up for the auction block. "They'll have those clothes off their backs again as soon as the hammer falls," Ten Broeck said, clicking his tongue and urging his horse to a trot.

At last they turned onto a wide, elevated road, its broad, pale surface crusted with pulverized oyster shells that gleamed in the low afternoon light. The shell road ran between swamps bright with iris and deep green palmetto. Ten Broeck encouraged his horse to a canter and Lexington cocked an ear back to ask permission. Jarret brushed his heel in answer, and Lexington flowed into his liquid, rocking-horse gait.

Very soon, the massive grandstand of Metairie rose in the distance. Jarret marveled at the magnificence of the structure. At the gate, the attendant bowed to Ten Broeck. He waved in acknowledgment. "This is Jarret, from Kentucky, my new deputy trainer," he said. "He is to come and go as he pleases. Offer him all assistance."

Deputy trainer. Jarret's surprise to learn of this sudden promotion was such that he accidentally gave a check to the reins. Lexington stopped midstride, waiting for the next instruction. Ten Broeck, thinking Jarret had halted to take in the scene, pulled up. He rose in his stirrups, surveying his creation. "See the Ladies' Pavilion? I'm quite proud of that. Entirely my idea. Previously, the Creole demoiselles were not allowed to attend the races.

The aristocratic *mères* did not think it a suitable entertainment for young ladies. But I put down carpet, velvet chairs, silken drapes, and mirrored walls, and now *tout le monde* is happy to come here. Many a fine pair of kid gloves has been wagered in that pavilion.” As they paused, a string of laborers passed in front of their horses, pushing barrows. Ten Broeck acknowledged the men with a wave. “They have been spading sand into the soil of the track. I do that before each big race. Makes for a lively footing. Our times here have been remarkable. I had to redesign the entire track. Used to be impossible to see the horses for half the race—they might as well have been running in the next parish. Let’s go on. I’ll introduce you to Henri Meichon, the jockey, and then one of the grooms will show you the stables, and where you are to stay. The farrier is to come in the morning, to fit racing plates.”

The young jockey waited for them near the backstretch, shifting his slight frame from foot to foot. His eyes widened as he regarded Lexington, and his tense little face eased into an awestruck grin. “Creole,” muttered Ten Broeck. “Talented, lot of heart on the track, little confidence off it. Not much experience. He will rely on your instruction.” Dismounting, Ten Broeck, who was not a tall man, loomed over the tiny jockey.

“Good evening to you, Henri. I trust we did not keep you too late? I know you have an early start, and your *maman* will not thank me for keeping you from her good cuisine and your well-earned bed. This is my horse I told you about. You will note that I did not exaggerate his qualities. I confidently expect you to ride him to victory for me in Friday’s match race. And this,” he said, “is my Jarret. He knows the horse. Follow his advice in every particular, as if his instructions were my own.”

As a groom led Jarret and Lexington into the large, airy barn—everything at Metairie had been rebuilt since Ten Broeck bought it—Jarret tried to ignore the dissonant clanging of Ten Broeck’s words. *My horse. My Jarret.* New grandstands, new barns—did the man just buy up everything he wanted in this world? Jarret wondered how it could be possible to have so much, just from gambling on cards and horses. If a man could win all this, then maybe he could lose it. What if he decided to wager Lexington away, or the two of them? They were his property, just like the barn.

Lexington’s stall was ready for him, his name already engraved on a brass plate, the bedding laid thick and the manger filled with fresh hay. There was a bunk room for the grooms in a shed row against the stables. But when

Jarret, having seen to the horse, began heading that way, the boy took his sleeve and shook his head. "Trainers live up yonder," he said, indicating the ladder to the hayloft. At either end of the large loft was a room. Jarret's box had already been placed at the foot of the bed in one of these. It was spacious and whitewashed, with a window overlooking the track and the bayou beyond. There was a table and chair, a washstand with a porcelain bowl and pitcher, and a bed covered in a quilt with patterning he recognized as flying geese from one that Beth had made for Harry not long after their wedding. On the table was a newspaper. When the groom left, Jarret picked it up and sounded out the words of the masthead: *Turf, Field and Farm*. He recognized the name. It was the journal that the painter Scott sometimes wrote for. Ten Broeck must have arranged for it to be put there: perhaps this was the kind of less edifying reading he had promised.

Jarret sat down gingerly on the bed. A real mattress, not a shakedown. He fingered the quilt. The pieces were made from striped work shirts of the kind his father used to wear. Jarret wondered what Harry would think if the distance between them collapsed and he could see his son in this fine room. "I might be Ten Broeck's Jarret," he murmured to himself. "But I sure is high come up."

In the morning, the sun rose pale as a pearl. The bayou mist bloused over the paddocks. As Jarret gazed out the window, it seemed to him that the horses were suspended on clouds.

The farrier arrived with the sun—a hatchet-faced Irishman whose skinny arms and bony knees hardly fit him for his trade. With his scarred leather apron flapping against thin shins, he seemed dwarfed by the bulk of the horse. But he lifted and stretched each leg with an effortless confidence, and under his hand Lexington relaxed into a sleepy trance. Body bowed, hoof held secure between his thighs, the farrier prised off a worn shoe with a flick, sending it ringing on the flagstones. Then he worked the rasp over the horn of the hoof, exposing gleaming whiteness. With deft taps of his mallet, he secured the thin racing plate and nipped off the nail tips. Lexington stood loose in his skin, his head drooping as the farrier asked for each hoof. When the man was done, he ran his hand through the silky mane, murmuring, "There's a good lad."

Jarret wanted to work Lexington a little before the young jockey arrived, so he saddled him up and led him out onto the racecourse. He had meant to go easy, a gentle canter, but Lexington liked the unfamiliar springy track and

Jarret could feel the urge for speed as he lengthened his stride. That power and willingness reassured Jarret. Perhaps he might be ready for race day after all.

When Meichon arrived, Jarret slid off and threw the boy up in his place. Lexington quivered at the unexpected lightness. Jarret wanted to see what the boy could do on his own before offering instruction, but he noticed that Meichon's hands shook as he bridged his reins. As the horse cantered out and accelerated, the boy sat low and stiff, deep in the saddle. "He's 'fraid," Jarret thought to himself. "That ain't good. Where's that heart Ten Broeck say he got?"

After a couple of lengths, Jarret signaled Meichon to the rail. "One thing you got to know: this horse wants to win. All you got to do is let him. Get on up off of his back, especially at the start. Find your own balance and let him do his work. Way you sit now, you get in his way. He likes to stretch way out—low and flat. But he can't do that if you is sitting down on him like a pile of bricks. He can't get his hind end to work. Get on up out of the saddle—yes, that's it—just like that. Now go. Show me."

By the second day's training, Henri had begun to get used to the new posture. Jarret was watching, pleased, when Ten Broeck materialized at his side. "You've turned my little Frenchman into a monkey," he said. "Ungainly look. But no matter how it looks. They don't wager on who is most elegant in the saddle."

Rain set in that night, and by morning the track was a mire. Lexington didn't care. He was gaining strength and stamina every day. He flew through the muck, sending spouts of water shooting from the sodden soil. It was still raining on the last day of training. Jarret called for only light work, for which Meichon, muddy and miserable, was grateful.

The rain eased off by sunrise on Friday, and Ten Broeck ordered a battalion of workers out to shovel water from the track, press down the divots, and drag the entire course with hessian sacking to soak up as much liquid as possible. "Lexington is a mudder, we know that, but I won't have Smith say I neglected the track in order to favor my own horse."

Carriages began arriving midmorning and risked bogging to the axles to find a good vantage in the infield. Ladies, the fine fabrics of their frocks hitched as high as was seemly, picked a precarious way across a hastily laid boardwalk to the well-appointed shelter of their pavilion. As the race hour approached, Jarret made his way among the crowd, trying to get a sense of

the betting. All the money was on Smith's mare, Sallie Waters. The bettors knew her. She had been campaigned with great success all season. Just twelve days earlier, she'd easily won a two-mile heat race. The odds were 2 to 1 against this unknown, inexperienced Kentucky stallion. As far as Jarret could tell from the overheard gossip, only Ten Broeck and a few of his intimates had anything on Lexington at all.

At first, Jarret did not want to entertain the notion. But it would not leave his mind. Two to one. He pushed through the crowd back to the barn to groom Lexington for the race. When he was done, he stood in front of the horse, nose to nose. He didn't generally stand there—a horse's peripheral vision fails to encompass that spot—but he felt compelled to look Lexington in the face, being to being. In his mind, he posed the question: "Can you do it?" The horse twitched his ears forward, arched his strong neck, and inclined his head, as if to nod yes. Then he turned his head sideways, regarding Jarret with an eye whose expression clearly said, "Why ask? You know I can."

Jarret reached up and gently tugged one soft ear and then the other. The young jockey arrived, pale with nerves. Jarret handed him the brushes, even though the horse already gleamed. But nothing settled a man's spirits as well as brushing a horse, he reckoned. He took a hoof-pick from the peg on the wall and climbed the ladder to his quarters. From his box, he drew out the yellow vest. Working the hoof-pick gently under the stitching, he slit the seam and drew out the banknotes: seven hundred and fifty dollars. At 2 to 1, by the end of the day that could be one thousand five hundred dollars. The price Ten Broeck had paid for him. The price, perhaps, that could set him free.

He hurried back outside and plunged again into the crowd, which had thickened. He looked around for someone who might take his wager. All kinds of bets were being proposed: bales of cotton, hogsheads of molasses. Jarret sidled past the men wagering the produce of their plantations. He would not find a taker for a cash bet here. One man stood in his carriage, crying up the stakes for his own wager. "Prime field hands, healthy young bucks . . ." Two youths—Jarret's own age—stood beside the carriage, ankle deep in mud. They gazed ahead, rheumy-eyed and miserable, as the crowd swirled carelessly around them.

Jarret stared at the young men, their rounded shoulders, their blank faces. At that moment, one of the youths turned and looked at him. Jarret held his

gaze for as long as he could stand it. Then he plunged on.

Before the cotton fields, he would have averted his eyes and passed them by. Now, he knew how easily it could have been him standing helpless in that mud. If his mother had been sold south, if Harry hadn't persuaded Dr. Warfield to bring him to the Meadows when she died—a thousand chances had to fall into his hands to put him out of the reach of a man who would bet his life away at a racetrack.

His hand tightened on the dollars in his pocket. How could he think to make a bet with men such as those? He must have been mad to even consider it. People like him were the stakes, not the stakeholders. Which of these men would take seven hundred and fifty dollars from him and not accuse him of stealing it? Even if they did accept the bet, how could he expect that they would pay out, if he won, and not plunder him? Their code of so-called honor did not extend to the likes of him. It was an entire risk. There was no one he could trust. No one he even knew, except for Henri Meichon and Richard Ten Broeck. And what did he really know of them?

Time was short. He had to be with Lexington. Heartsick, he began to make his way back to the stables. He was almost there when he heard a familiar voice call his name. He turned to see the painter, Scott, making his way toward him.

"Jarret! I was looking for you. I'm writing up the race for the *Turf*. Can I meet the young jockey? Will you take me to him?"

Jarret nodded. "He's in the stall with the horse. I can take you. But first—can you do something for me?"

"What is it?"

Jarret reached inside his jacket and pulled out the notes. Scott looked amazed, then concerned, as Jarret spilled out the history of the money and his intention.

"Jarret—no. I was just over with that filly. I tell you, when they stripped her blanket, everyone in the stable marveled at her form—she's a beautiful-made horse and in prime condition. They all say Darley—I mean Lex—isn't ready. The smart money is all on Sallie. That's a fortune you have there . . . it's not wise."

"I don't care if it's wise or not wise. I need to do it. Please. You're the only hope I got."

Scott stared past Jarret and shook his head slowly. "I don't know if I should."

Jarret, desperate, raised his voice. "I ain't got time here. I got to get back to the horse. Do this for me. I'm begging you."

Scott reached out and took the money. Jarret turned and ran to the stable. Scott looked down at the thick wad of bills in his hand, then reached into his own threadbare jacket and recovered a few rumpled notes and some coin and made his way to find someone who would be glad to take this foolish wager.

As Jarret ponied Meichon to the starting wire, he didn't hazard a glance at Sallie Waters. He could sense the energy of her, the blur of strutting, prancing movement as she tried to pull free of her own accompanying pony. But he did not turn his head to look directly. He could not afford to lose faith, in case Lexington sensed it.

When it came time to let Meichon go on alone to the starting wire, the boy was all atremble. "Don't you worry. Just remember, he wants to win. You just got to let him do it." Meichon nodded.

The two horses plunged and turned and finally came level. The steward dropped his hand, signaling the drummer, who tapped the start. Sallie made a dash to take the track. Lexington, exhilarated by her challenge, sprang forward. The two horses matched each other stride for long, swift stride. Wet earth and sand flew up from the track, spattering the jockeys' vivid silks till horses and riders were a brown blur of mud and muscle. As they lapped to the stand, the time was a swift 2:12, remarkable in the deep mud. In the second mile, Lexington began to pull ahead. He was two lengths in front as they passed the stand a second time. The clock disclosed that Lexington had actually increased his pace, to cover the second mile in 2:10. Sallie was laboring now. The jockey plied the spur and whip unmercifully on the struggling mare, though any practiced eye could see the heat was lost. Lexington loped home an easy winner.

Jarret rushed up to take the horse. Meichon's French family clustered around him. Two of his brothers—strapping lads, unlike their tiny sibling—plucked him from the saddle and hoisted him onto their shoulders.

"*Attention!*" cried Ten Broeck amiably. "*Il a une autre course! Ne le laisse pas tomber!*"

Jarret walked the hot horse past the astonished crowd, many of whom, noting the ease of his breathing and the swiftness with which he cooled out, rushed to make new wagers. By the time of the next heat, the money was 100 to 10 in Lexington's favor.

This time Jarret did take the opportunity to look carefully at Sallie as she came up to the start. She was a magnificent mare, perfectly proportioned and beautifully muscled. But she was exhausted. Her head drooped. The jockey was plying the spur just to get her up to the line. “That ain’t right,” Jarret said out loud. “Where’s her owner? Why don’t he scratch her—save her for another day. Any fool can see she sure ain’t winning today.” But Jarret didn’t know what Smith looked like. He scanned the crowd for Ten Broeck. He caught sight of him by the rail, surrounded by admirers, deep in conversation. Jarret called out, but the crowd noise was too much. He couldn’t get his attention.

“Henri, you good?” he said. Meichon nodded, no longer trembling but confident and resolved. Jarret let him have the reins and headed toward the rail. Ten Broeck turned to him, smiling with anticipation. But when he saw the concern etched on Jarret’s face, his expression became grim. “What is it? Is something wrong with the horse?” He had to raise his voice to be heard over the crowd.

“Not ours, he’s fine. It’s that filly. She looks bad. I think she’s like to founder. They should scratch her.”

Ten Broeck gazed in the direction of the filly. He frowned. “I think you’re right.” Then his face hardened. He shrugged. “That’s Smith’s business. If he wants to hand me the winnings, so be it.”

“But it ain’t—” Jarret didn’t get to finish. At that moment, Sallie’s jockey finally dragged his reluctant mount level with Lexington under the wire. The steward’s hand fell, the drum tapped.

Within less than a minute, what Jarret had seen was clear to everyone. Lexington flew ahead. Soon, he was running alone, even though Sallie’s jockey flogged and spurred her till her flanks ran red. Meichon, perched high on Lexington’s back, rode hands down for two miles of the three-mile race. Without his jockey asking for effort, and without competition from his distanced rival, the horse pushed himself, running for the joy of it. He made the muddy three miles in 6:24:5—just one second longer than the first heat.

Lexington strutted from the track amid cries that this was the best horse ever to race at Metairie. Sallie, trembling, bright beads of blood dripping from her sides, staggered to her stall. She died there that night, broken and exhausted.

# MARTHA JACKSON

*East Sixty-Ninth Street, New York, New York*

1955

When Martha opened the door to her apartment, the crisp scent of lemon oil told her that Annie, her three-day-a-week housekeeper, had been cleaning. But Saturday wasn't one of her regular days. Martha threw her keys onto the hall table and called out a greeting. "Annie? You here?"

The young woman's low voice responded from the kitchen. "Yessum. I surely can leave now if it's not convenient for you."

"That's not necessary, Annie, you go right on ahead." She walked through the paneled sitting room, noting that Annie had oiled all the woodwork until it gleamed. She was meticulous. In the dining room, she'd refreshed the flowers, removing the blown roses and rearranging the buds in a pleasing tousle.

Martha paused at the kitchen doorway. Annie stood at the sink, humming softly as she polished silverware, unaware of her employer's considering gaze. The girl was thin—too thin. With her cotton shift hanging loose on her spare frame, she looked like a wraith in a Walker Evans photograph. She claimed to be eighteen, but that seemed doubtful. She had the promise of beauty—fine bones, luminous eyes—but it was a child's beauty that hadn't yet bloomed into womanliness. Because Martha Jackson moved in the penurious circles of the art world, she was more aware of the bite of poverty than most wealthy people. Perhaps the child wasn't getting enough to eat. She would have to see to that.

“I didn’t expect you today.”

Annie turned, startled. The ladle she had been polishing clattered onto the drainboard.

“I’m sorry, ma’am.” She glanced down. “It’s just, I got myself a new client, starts Monday, so I thought I’d come do for you today since you said you would be gone the whole weekend.”

“The painter I was visiting took ill. That’s why I’m back early. I don’t mind that you’re here. But surely you’re working yourself too hard. Six days a week. You need more than one day off.”

“Seven days, ma’am. I took on a Sunday situation last month.”

“Annie, if you need a raise, I—”

“No, no, ma’am. That ain’t—isn’t—it at all. You already pay more than most others I do for. It’s just that I need to make a little extra right now. My brother, back in Ohio, he’s fixing on going to college next year.” She smiled shyly. “He aims to be a doctor someday.”

“And you’re helping with the cost of that?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I hope he appreciates it.”

“Oh, he does, ma’am. He works hard himself. He’s been going to school by day and working as a night watchman all this year, and before that he stocked shelves for the local grocery.”

“Well, that makes two diligent workers. Your parents must be proud.”

“They was, ma’am. They passed. My father four years ago, and my mama just before I came on up here to the city. So it’s just me and Charlie.”

“I’m sorry, Annie. I had no idea. I know what it means for a girl to lose her mother. I wasn’t much older than you when my mother died.”

“It’s all right, ma’am. My great-aunt took me in. She don’t see too good, so I do for her in return for my room and board. I live with her, up in Harlem, since her boys are all grown up and left home.”

Martha was vexed with herself. How could she have likened her loss to the loss of this girl? Their situations were nothing alike. Her own grief had been cushioned by resources that ensured her life changed as little as possible. The same Irish maids who had always cared for her continued to do so. She did not have to leave her home until she chose to go away—eagerly, avidly—to Smith College.

“I hate to see you working yourself to the bone. I would like to help. Financially.”

“Oh, ma’am. I couldn’t ask that.” Annie looked down. Her hand balled around a piece of her apron. “But there is one thing—you selling paintings and all. There’s this painting we got, my family, I mean to say. We always had it, all the way back to my great-great-grandma day, though no one heard tell how she came by it back then. We’d consider selling it, to help Charlie.”

Martha formed a mental image of some sentimental daub, the kind of painting—maybe even a reproduction of a painting, would Annie know the difference?—that might be in the possession of a rural Black family of slender means. She quickly arranged her face. She didn’t want to appear snobbish.

“Well, you know I deal in contemporary art—” Martha stopped herself. Why would the young woman know that, or care?

“Oh yes, ma’am,” Annie interjected. “I come in by the gallery and spend a little while every time, on my way up here. For sure, this painting of ours isn’t anything like what you got there—”

“You visit the gallery every time you come to work?”

“Oh yessum. I got into that habit just soon after I come to work for you. You had that lady’s painting hanging in your sitting room—that one that was all patterns that seemed to move—and I come to like it a good deal, looking at it, so I thought I might come to like some of the other ones if I spent some time with them.”

Martha smiled. She had hung a Brigid Riley for several months before the successful opening of her Optical Art show that had coined the name of a new movement and launched several promising careers. But the gallery currently featured de Kooning’s exuberant, voluptuously distorted women. Even many of his fellow artists found the series provoking and distasteful.

“And do you? Like them?”

“Well—” Annie hesitated, her good manners at war with her essential honesty. “Not so many, to tell the truth.”

Martha laughed. “That’s all right. Not many people do. But I’m glad that you take the time to look. And in return, I will be happy to take a look at your family’s painting and give you an opinion on its value, if I can. Bring it by any time.”

“Oh, thank you, ma’am. We’ll have to fetch it up here, but me and Charlie’d be obliged. I meant to ask you this long while.”

Martha didn’t want to give unrealistic expectations. “Well, you know, the art market is fickle. I’m sure your painting is very good, but even some very

fine works don't fetch much money. Style of painting, even subjects—they fall in and out of fashion, you know.”

Annie smiled shyly. “I guess you'll like the subject of this one, any case. I know you like horses since you got all those photographs in your bedroom. The lady in the long dress jumping that horse just as if they two can fly.”

“That lady was my mother. That was her horse.”

“Oh, ma'am, I'm sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. I keep those pictures because I like to remember her that way. She loved to ride that horse.”

“That right? Well, that's something. Because the painting we got, it's of a horse. And he's got four white feet, just exactly like that one your mama's riding.”

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1853

It was hard to watch, but Jarret couldn't turn away. The teamster slung his chains around Sallie Waters's hocks. Jarret winced as the metal bit into her fine sinews. Sallie's young groom had been helping the teamster, but now he stepped out of the barn, crying. Jarret understood how he felt. He wished there was some comfort to offer. But he couldn't think of any.

Two large draft horses stood uneasy in their traces, snorting and twitching, misliking such proximity to death. When all four of the filly's legs were secured, the teamster gave a gruff "Walk on." The draft horses moved forward, the chains clanked taut, and the corpse scraped along the barn boards. At the Meadows, Jarret had seen to the burial of several horses, and it was never an easy or pleasant duty. But they had always been older animals, spavined and spare from the ailments of age. He'd never witnessed the interment of a magnificent young thoroughbred like this one.

Lexington, in his stall, gave an anxious whinny, pinning his ears and rolling his eyes. Jarret turned away from the pitiful sight of the dead filly, her tongue, lolling from her mouth, dragging in the dust toward the fresh-dug pit. He reached up and laid a hand against Lexington's neck. "She was ill used," he whispered. "But it ain't your fault. You just did your job, is all. If it's anybody's fault, it's all those ones of us got rich off of her having the life flogged out of her."

Scott had turned up late the previous night, flushed and glassy-eyed. He'd found his way to Jarret's room, knocking too loudly and drawing abuse from the early rising grooms sleeping below. Scott was in good spirits, even in drink. He handed over Jarret's winnings with a rueful grin. "Wish I'd had a stake like yours. Double nothing is still nothing, and that's close to what I made. Ten Broeck's the one whose hands are getting tired, counting all his cash. The gatemens told me he cleared three full barrels of dollars as gate receipts, not to mention five thousand from Smith's losing wager, and whatever money he might have chanced elsewhere today, which, if you can credit backstretch gossip, was considerable. If you want to speak to him about buying yourself out, I think you'll find him in a receptive mood."

Jarret said nothing. It was just as likely, he thought morosely, that with all the cash Ten Broeck had just accumulated, his own offer might seem trifling.

Scott made an unsteady progress around the room. He stopped in surprise at the oil of Lexington as a colt. "You kept it."

"Of course." Jarret had asked Metairie's carpenter to make a simple frame for it, now that he finally had a place to hang it.

"These are good quarters," Scott said, testing the mattress. "Far nicer than many a place I've been required to lay my head down. Not sure why you're so hasty to buy your way out of it, myself."

Jarret felt a flare of anger and said nothing.

"I thought all you cared about was the horse. Seems to me, if that's the case, you're well set up here, for now. Doesn't seem like anyone is asking you to do anything other than what pleases you to do. You're not looking to get back to your folks in Kentucky, are you?"

The sudden thought of the Meadows made Jarret's throat tight. It was home, and he did miss it. But he shook his head.

"No? I didn't think so. Because the horse is staying right here to run in the Great State Post Stakes come spring, that's a certainty after today."

Scott had a point. There really was no cause to confront Ten Broeck just presently. He would wait till spring. The man would be in an even better mood when Lexington won the rich purse of the Post Stakes.

Scott noticed the newspaper lying open on Jarret's table.

"You can read that?"

"Not too much, yet. But I'm trying."

"Well, good for you. That's the paper I write for. Look for the articles signed "Prog." That's me—the name I write under. It's an old word for a

vagabond. You never know, you might find yourself in a story one day.”

Jarret had read enough of the paper to note that where a White jockey won a race, his name appeared amid praise for his poise or his judgment. But if a Black rider won, nothing was said. He hadn't seen mention of Black trainers either. He suspected Scott wouldn't care to hear his observations on that. When he left, Jarret took the cash and painstakingly inserted it back into the lining of his yellow vest, taking care to place the bills evenly so as not to create bulges.

After the excitement of the match race, life settled into a simple routine at Metairie. Jarret's main responsibility was the care and conditioning of Lexington, but he was glad to assist with Ten Broeck's other horses when he could. In his free time, he kept working on his reading.

With the letter he had received from William Johnson as his guide, he composed a short note in his own hand and addressed it to Mary Barr Clay, asking her to read it to his father. As he strove to form the letters, he recalled the girl as he had last seen her, the fine silk of her dress balled up in her hand, the stable dust soiling her satin shoes. So, after asking his father to send news, he added a second and a third line: “There is no need to fret over me. My life is good here.” Then he dipped the pen in the inkwell and copied Johnson's formal salutation, “I am, &c, your son Jarret.”

The reply came directed to Jarret in the graceful script of a ladies' seminarian. It took him much time to decipher every word, but he swiftly comprehended its main import. “We were most surprised to receive a letter from your hand,” Mary Barr wrote. “I would say pleased, and yet as you will soon learn, pleasure in your accomplishment was tempered by the news I must now impart to you. When your father succumbed to the saffron fever this past month—it is proving to be a very bad winter for fevers, and several of our acquaintance, young and old, have sickened—I took a slender reed of comfort in thinking that at least you would live on in ignorance of your loss. Alas, it is now my melancholy duty to impart to you this news. He died on the 20th inst., in the early hours before dawn, and we committed his remains to the burial ground which you will well remember, under a splendid locust which is just now in bud. I can tell you that your father received every care my grandfather's medical training could render to him. I will say that my grandfather felt his responsibility most keenly, as he was not unaware of the unhappiness he had caused your father in depriving him of your presence during this time. But be assured he did have the most tender ministrations of

his wife, who nursed him until his last breath. I send my condolences in these lines, and I will, I hope, have the opportunity to render them in person when we travel to the Crescent City to see Lexington win the Great State Post Stakes. I regret that I am the bringer of such dire news. The ways of Providence are inscrutable and I pray you have the fortitude to bear its sternness. Yours &c, Mary Barr Clay.”

# MARTHA JACKSON

*East Sixty-Ninth Street, New York, New York*

1955

When Annie left for the day, Martha Jackson retired to her bedroom. Even though she was alone in the apartment, she closed the door. It was an old habit. As a girl growing up in a household with four live-in maids constantly in and out of her business, she had learned to guard her privacy.

She sat down upon the bed and contemplated the three framed photographs on the wall. Watery afternoon light danced on the gelatin silver images. Each depicted her mother, airborne, clearing an impossible-looking jump on the back of a magnificent bay horse whose legs—pure white as Annie had noted—were perfectly tucked beneath him. That was Royal Eclipse, just fifteen and a half hands, yet one of the best hunters on the competition circuit. Cyrena and Royal Eclipse: winners of three national championships at the National Hunt Team competition at Madison Square Garden.

Cyrena's passion had always been horses. She was an ardent competitor, famous for her flawless rounds. Daughter of privilege, Gilded Age debutante, Cyrena Case had made what was always referred to in Buffalo by that old cliché "a brilliant match." She wed handsome Howard Kellogg, the heir to a linseed oil empire that encompassed factories, grain elevators, and tanker transports that worked the Great Lakes. Howard also liked to ride and had been drawn to Cyrena's grace and guts on the competition circuit. He remained intensely proud of her successes once she became his wife, and

gladly underwrote her every expensive desire: the best instructors, travel in style on the circuit, a succession of champion warmbloods imported from top European stables. Then, Royal Eclipse: an expensive American thoroughbred of impeccable breeding. Cyrena's perfect equine partner.

As Cyrena's firstborn child and only daughter, Martha was encouraged early to swim in the bright wake of her shimmering mother and set on horseback as soon as she could sit upright. She had no memories of a time before she could ride—for her it was as unconsciously learned as walking. As she grew, she studied Cyrena's mannerisms and aped her enthusiasms, eager to attract the warm glow of her approval. She blossomed into another effervescent, golden-haired beauty, athletic and game. Every summer, the family decamped from Buffalo to the family compound, Lochevan, near Derby. It was a green paradise of white-fenced horse pastures and a large stable topped with a copper wind vane of a galloping horse. The ring had luxurious footing made from shredded broadloom carpets. Martha always had her own horse there, from the first small Shetland, through later Welsh Cobs, and then the thoroughbreds, each one a little more powerful, until the best of all of them: Fashion Eclipse, a half sister of her mother's champion horse.

She had inherited her mother's steel nerves but not her urgent competitive instinct. She enjoyed dressing up in spotless breeches and tailored jackets, braiding manes and oiling hooves, but once the competition started, her focus was the exhilaration of the jumps, not the fine calculations necessary to shave a fraction of a second off the round by precisely counting strides, adjusting lines. She watched her competitors with pleasure, rather than the gnawing rat's tooth of envy and desire that ate at her mother when another rider performed well. Cyrena was confounded by Martha's insouciant attitude. She constantly pressed her to go higher, faster. As soon as Martha began to feel some mastery at one level, Cyrena insisted on entering her in a more advanced one. "If you're not moving up you are slipping down" was Cyrena's stern motto, and Martha went along as best she could with whatever her mother required of her. Preparing for a show, she had her mother's undivided attention, and that mattered more to her than blue ribbons.

One companionable autumn afternoon, as the light began to fade, they were riding side by side, at an easy walk, heading back to the stables after a hell-for-leather race on the cross-country course. A light drizzle had been

falling all afternoon, and now the soggy pastures offered a sticky footing for the tired horses. “Let’s jump this fence here and take the road—the going’ll be easier,” said Cyrena. One after the other, the horses soared over the split rails and onto the lightly trafficked rural byway. Martha liked the ring of horseshoes on asphalt, and as they went on together at a slow trot, the percussive fall of the horses’ hooves punctuated their conversation.

Martha never could recall what it was they were speaking of just before Royal Eclipse tripped. It was a tiny stumble; his hind leg giving way for a second, a momentary lurch that wouldn’t unseat a novice, much less Cyrena, who had stayed on over the highest rail in a jump-off. But she was turning back to reply to something Martha had said and lost her purchase in the saddle. She slid off the back of her horse. It should have been nothing; it seemed like she would manage to land on her feet and not even soil her breeches. She was laughing at herself as she fell, Martha remembered that—a surprised, self-deprecating laugh. But as her boot landed on a patch of rain-slicked leaves, she lost her balance. She was still smiling as she windmilled her arms, trying fruitlessly to regain her footing. The back of her head hit the pavement with a sickening crack. As the blood pooled in a glossy, widening arc around her bright hair, the horse—kind, intelligent, an athlete and a competitor, her mother’s perfect partner—dropped his head and laid his soft muzzle on her shattered skull. He stood there, guarding her, until the ambulance arrived and took her away.

It wasn’t that her father blamed the horse. An accomplished rider himself, he understood what had happened as the freakish accident it was. Nevertheless, he had no desire to see that horse again, and sent him swiftly to the sale barn without telling Martha what he had done. By the time she thought to ask, the horse was somewhere in Canada, already the property of new owners whose names she never learned. Martha rode in competition one last time, just to prove to herself that she had the nerve to do it. But without her mother, the event seemed gray and joyless. When a nice family showed an interest in Fashion Eclipse, Martha let her go to them. She turned her back on the equestrian world with few regrets.

Now, memories crowded in. The texture of her horse’s mane as she worked the strands into a show braid. The warmth of the neck when she would rest her head against it. The soft flosses of hair coming loose under the shedding blade in early spring, scuttering across the barn floor like little furry animals. She recalled the acute pleasure of her mother’s approval the

day she mastered a flying change, the day she made her first perfect round, the day she finally won that elusive blue ribbon.

As daylight faded, the sodium streetlights blinked on. Their orange glow warmed the silvery photographs. Cyrena's face, as she rose over the horse's neck, was euphoric. She was the only competitor Martha had ever seen who looked photogenic over the jumps. Most riders frowned in thin-lipped concentration, their faces washboarded with tension. But Cyrena—smiling, luminous—was never more beautiful than in those midair moments.

That's why Martha kept the photos; to remind herself how much her mother had loved the thing that had led to her death. She found a measure of peace in that. Annie had said she wanted to show her a painting of a horse who looked just like Royal Eclipse. "I guess you like horses," she'd said.

Martha kicked off her shoes, swung her legs onto the bed, and curled up like a nautilus. Oh, Annie, she thought. It's far more complicated than that.

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1854

Ten Broeck's commission—what a boon. Modest winnings, payments for reportage—as ever, paltry and laggard—would not have kept me long in New Orleans, a city whose ample pleasures are a constant tax upon the purse.

I found much different since I last took up brush to paint the horse, even the beast's very name. The milky bayou light also added a new element, bringing out novel colors and tones in the horse's coat. Jarret, a boy no longer, came unbidden to assist me, though in his raised state he need not. He has undergone a mighty change, not just in condition but also in manner and bearing. Finally, I must allow, my own state of mind was different. I was in a condition of well-being. In Kentucky I had been fretful.

Some happy confluence of these things made the painting come together with a rare fluidity. When I laid down my brushes and stood back to appraise what I had done, I must have exhibited my gratification. Jarret asked if he might look at the work, and I stepped away from the canvas to give him a view. His smile—slow, animating his entire face—took me by surprise, and—I must set it down—gave me not a little pleasure. He so rarely smiled. I realized with some surprise that his approbation mattered to me.

I took the opportunity to quiz him about Metairie, hoping to find information for my dispatches. But in this one thing he had not changed: he is no chin-wagger. One must draw the information out as if luring game shy

of the snare. At one point, to keep the flagging conversation alive, I expressed hope that Mr. Ten Broeck would put me in the way of further commissions so that I might stay in the Crescent City. The boy gave me a quizzical look. You like the city, he asked. Very much, I replied. He raised an eyebrow at that. I let the subject drop, as I could hardly explain to him my attraction.

I had liked it well enough even before I encountered Julien. I could not have encountered him in any other place. It was the city's very nature that put him in my way. This city, above all others, grants one permission to *live*. One may come and go according to whim, without dread of the frowns and finger wagging one risks elsewhere from all the fine moral folk whom I might wish to have as clients. Here, no one says it is not respectable to resort to this or that establishment or to be seen in friendly intercourse with this class of person or that one. In New Orleans, one may frequent all manner of establishments with a various clientele and encounter all classes of people.

And all colors, too, although I did not grasp that I was among members of the dusky brethren until it was too late to regret the fellowship. *Les gens de couleur libres*—how much more lightly the expression falls upon the ear than “free Black.” In the dimness of the club, I did not realize that my elegant young interlocutor was a mulatto. Nothing in his dress—embroidered waistcoat, elaborate neckerchief—signified anything other than a prosperous man with means to retain a fine tailor. I was merely struck by the young man's beauty, and by the coincidence that we were both of us painters. Indeed, as we conversed, I mistook him for my superior in every respect—more financially secure and possessed of a better grasp of most subjects that we held in common interest.

It was only the following day, having accepted an invitation to visit his studio, that I found myself in a neighborhood of Negroes. To be sure, his house was a graceful, freestanding timber building, shaded by a wide verandah. A servant—he had means for that—ushered me into his studio, which was flooded with light from a high oculus set into the roof. As Julien entered, that drenching light revealed his tawny complexion.

He explained that his specialty was portraiture and that the main part of his clientele comprised wealthy men who had fathered or married beautiful young quadroons and octoroons—strange words, these, for women of such refinement as were rendered by Julien's brush. Set upon an easel was a work in progress: a delicate-featured quadroon dressed like a princess in pale silks

and pearls. He had employed a subtle, shimmering palette that revealed a virtuosity I frankly envied. It would be something, I thought, to have the technical skills of my new young friend, who was able to render the luster of flesh and fabric with equal skill. I allowed that I had never had the aptitude to paint human beings.

His reply: It is not aptitude, *cher*. It is technique.

He said that his father, an English shipping magnate, was in purse to afford to send him to Paris, where he had secured a place in the atelier of Abel de Pujol. I could tell he expected me to be impressed by the name. I was abashed to admit that I did not know it. He was gracious. He explained that de Pujol was the pupil of the great classicist Jacques-Louis David, and adheres to rigorous technique. He glanced at me then from beneath his heavily lashed eyelids, and shyly offered to pass on to me some of that learning.

I will set it down: I felt the brush of the wing of Eros. I put out a hand to steady myself against the back of the chaise on which his fair sitters generally reclined. It was an invitation to more than a pedagogical relationship, I felt it. But before I ventured into dangerous waters, I had to be sure. So I began on some teasing banter about the lovely young demoiselles, and whether Julien had a special connection with any of the ladies he had painted. He divined my purpose. *Pas du tout*, he exclaimed with a laugh. “The *haut bourgeois* fathers of these girls aim higher than a mere artist for their daughters, *m’sieur*. And in any case”—and there he paused, and held my eyes for a long, assessing moment: “Well, shall we just say, *chacun à son goût*?”

So I have begun to spend many hours on Bienville Street, some of them at the easel. And Julien is, to my surprise, quite comfortable to accompany me to Metairie. It was he who first suggested it, and when I hesitated, he laughed at me for thinking he might not be accepted by the “swells” in the stands. “You do not know our city yet, *cher*. If one’s *père* is rich, and one’s complexion is more elm wood than mahogany, you would be surprised where one may venture.” Indeed, watching him move fluidly among that crowd, where many, it seemed, were acquainted with him, I realized he was more in his element than I was. Julien’s elegance and ease of manner were notable even among those wealthy gentlemen. I knew how I suffered from the proximity, my apparel threadbare and behind the fashion, my northern manners not yet polished to a southern gloss.

It amused me that Julien declined to accompany me to the paddocks or the backstretch. He did not care to risk his calfskin boots to horse manure or to have flecks of hay speckle his subfusc suits. The grooms and the stable hands held no interest for him. Even when I teased him that Degas—an artist he knew personally and much admired—had moved readily between the *barre* and the rails, I could not entice him to join me in those precincts where I found my best intelligence.

And that was, I consoled myself, one thing I could do that Julien could not: bring a horse alive in words just as well as in a painted image.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1854

Spring came early to New Orleans and with it came an unexpected visitor. Jarret was returning from a long conditioning ride on the levee that rimmed the lake. He thought it good for the horse to have a change from the monotony of the track. They were at an easy canter when he saw Ten Broeck emerging from the stables deep in conversation with a familiar-looking man.

“Jarret—you remember Captain Viley from Lexington, I think? Willa, this is Harry Lewis’s boy, whom I bought from Warfield, if you’ll recall, around the same time as we bought his horse.”

Viley gave Jarret an appraising glance. “I do recall. And he looks likely. Trust you, Richard, to spot value. Boy’s father was one of *my* better investments.”

Jarret schooled his face. His grief for his father was still raw. He’d had no way to mourn him; no funeral, no grave to visit. To hear his name in this way was like a cudgel landing upon an unhealed wound. Jarret had dropped his guard these past months, living like a free man with a respected occupation. To be spoken of as livestock was bitter as a gallnut.

Ten Broeck cut across Viley’s self-congratulation. “Jarret brought the horse up from Fatherland in time for the match race. He has been in charge of the training since then.”

“He *what*? You led me to understand that Pryor was to be the trainer. That was our agreement, surely?”

Ten Broeck gave an airy wave. "Pryor proved difficult. He was unaccommodating in the matter of the December race. I was obliged to make other arrangements."

"And those 'arrangements' meant giving the training of our horse into the hands of this untried boy?" Willa Viley frowned. "And you didn't see fit to send me, your partner, word of this?"

"Willa, do not vex yourself." Ten Broeck's arm swept the air from Lexington's powerful neck to his well-muscled hind end. "You can see the horse's condition—any fool can see it."

"Do you call me a fool now?"

"Of course not—it's a figure of speech merely. I meant no offense." Ten Broeck had colored slightly. Until this moment, Jarret had never seen him show a hint of discomposure.

"The horse does look well enough, I acknowledge that. But I will take the training in hand from now until the race. I'm sure you have other duties for the boy."

A bead of sweat trickled down Jarret's neck. Would Ten Broeck speak up for him? If he didn't, Jarret would have to speak for himself. He would not hazard the horse's welfare to a stranger. Not again.

Ten Broeck spread his hands. "Actually, nothing pressing. Keep him on as a groom. Best not to chance any upset at this stage of the training—it's a foul-tempered horse, very difficult to handle." Jarret caught the hint of a wink as Ten Broeck mouthed this lie. "Best to leave it in care of a boy it knows."

Viley spread his hands. "Entirely up to you. Boy, take the horse out there and show us what he can do."

Jarret looked at Ten Broeck, hoping for an intercession, but the man just stood expressionless.

Jarret cleared his throat. "Captain Viley, he just did a ten-mile workout. I was just about to water him and put him on grass."

"Were you so? Yet supposedly you are 'training' him to belt for eight miles. Stamina, boy. Let's see if you have trained him for *that*."

Jarret turned the horse to the track. As they passed the gate, Lexington's ears swiveled, as if to say, "This isn't right." Jarret brushed up with his heel to urge him on, and Lexington responded. He started fast, and then, sinking and stretching out into his low stride, accelerated. As the wind whipped Jarret's face, he whooped with the sheer joy of it—this seemingly limitless

well of power that Lexington could draw on, that he seemed to *want* to draw on.

At the two-mile mark, Viley raised a hand and cried out, "That'll do!" Jarret asked the horse to ease and did a couple of slow laps to cool him down. He dismounted and led the horse toward the fence, where Viley stood, beaming.

"That horse moves like it's made of whalebone," he said to Ten Broeck. "And you," he said, looking at Jarret, "you are your father's son, clearly. Let me outline to you what I have in mind by way of a program. I would have your frank opinion of whether it will do . . ."

Ten Broeck fell behind them on the walk to the stable, smiling slightly at the two heads, silver and jet, bent toward each other.

In the week that followed, Viley arranged for several of the best mile horses to be brought to Metairie. His idea was to have Lexington train over four miles against four very fast horses, swapping out each rival horse at the mile mark, so that Lexington would continually be pressed on by a fresh sprinter. Jarret thought it an ingenious scheme that would suit the horse's competitive spirit.

One of the horses Viley leased was named Little Flea, a gelding sired by the famous Grey Eagle and said to be the fastest miler in the country. "We'll save him up for the fourth mile," Viley declared. "That'll be a true test."

It was a test Lexington passed effortlessly. Never seriously challenged by the first three horses, Lexington streaked alone toward the three-mile mark. There, Little Flea's jockey gave the miler his head and the sprinter leaped forward and tried to cut in front of Lexington. The stallion wasn't having it. Without breaking stride, Lexington jostled the gelding out of the way and then pulled ahead in a stunning burst of speed. Little Flea finished far behind, an ineffectual pacemaker for a horse who knew how to set his own blistering pace.

While Viley, Jarret, and Meichon worked with the horses, Ten Broeck schemed to get the racing world's attention for his big race. The turf press was suddenly full of his letters, challenging breeders of every state to send their best representative for what he touted as the ultimate test of excellence, a national contest for thoroughbred supremacy. The race would be held at Metairie on April 1, two four-mile heats. As he had always purposed, owners would put down five thousand dollars each, and that would make up

the winner's purse, less one-thousand-dollar consolation prizes to any entrants that were not distanced.

The former president, Millard Fillmore, just a year out of the White House, said he planned to attend. By mid-March, interest in the race had grown so intense that New Orleans declared the day a holiday. Soon, every hotel in the city was booked out. Even in distant cities like New York, punters looked forward to following the race via "the lightning," the new telegraph. The turf press warned against unscrupulous gamblers who would get the flash and then try to make wagers with those who had not yet heard news of the winner.

Around this time, Mary Barr wrote to Jarret again, confirming her family's plans to attend the exciting race. "We are to be crammed into the servants' attic of the Charles Hotel, since despite my grandfather and my great-uncle's best influences no other accommodations could be secured. We all very much look forward to seeing our Kentucky stallion carry the day."

# JESS

*Capitol Hill, Washington, DC*

2019

In the green-tinged afternoon light, Jess propped herself on an elbow and traced the long muscles of Theo's thigh. "*Vastus*," she whispered, slowly running her index finger down the outside of his quadricep from hip to knee. "*Sartorius*," she murmured, stroking back up the center of his leg. "*Gracilis* . . ."

Theo rolled over and grabbed her hand as her finger grazed his inner thigh. "Not there! It tickles!" He pinned her hand to the pillow and buried his face in her neck, kissing her deeply.

Just then, Clancy, who had waited tactfully at the foot of the bed, jumped up between them, tongue lolling. Jess scratched his head. "Do you think he's hungry?"

"Probably just bored," said Theo. "We usually go for a run before it gets this late."

"If you want to take him, I could start making something for dinner . . . if you'd like to stay?"

"That would be outstanding," said Theo. "I'm starving."

"I think we forgot to have lunch."

"So we did. Mind if I . . . ?" He pointed toward the bathroom.

"Course."

Jess shrugged on a silk bathrobe and went to get some fresh towels from the dryer, stopping to glance quickly into the pantry to make sure she had

dinner fixings. She hadn't planned for this. Before they'd gone their separate ways the previous weekend, Jess had casually offered to give him a behind-the-scenes tour of the Natural History Museum sometime. He'd responded that he'd like to show her some of his favorite paintings.

The next Saturday, they'd met again at the American Art Museum. Jess had always enjoyed art, in the vague way most people enjoy it. But as Theo led her from painting to painting, she began to understand that his engagement was something quite different. Art, to him, was a way of responding to and shaping social change. She was stunned by how much he knew about every artist. He spoke of their eccentricities fondly, as you would of a close friend.

He led Jess to a painting of a Black woman selling flowers. She leaned in and read the wall plate. "Frédéric Bazille, *Young Woman with Peonies*. I don't know this artist."

"He was in the outer circle of the French Impressionists. Look how she offers the bouquet to a potential client, but she doesn't seem to care if he buys them or not. She's got that little frown line between her eyes—see, there?—'Take it or leave it, mister'—as if she's impatient that he can't make up his mind. She's not a bit ingratiating. And the peonies, of course, are Bazille's *bisou* to Manet, who was the leader of the French avant-garde at the time. Manet loved peonies, cultivated them. There's a peony at the center of the bouquet that the Black servant is offering the prostitute in Manet's *Olympia*. That painting was at the height of its notoriety when Bazille painted this one. Everyone in the Paris art world would've got the reference."

"A Black servant in *Olympia*? I only remember the scowly White nude, and how upset everyone was that Manet didn't paint her in a classical style."

Theo pulled out his cell phone and called up the image with a few taps. "Here," he said, handing it to Jess.

"Wow. I've looked at that picture dozens of times. How could I not have noticed her?"

Theo frowned. "I'd be surprised, I guess, except that I once sat through a forty-minute lecture on that painting and the professor didn't mention her. He spent more time on the black cat at the nude's feet than the interesting woman who occupies half the canvas. I call it the Invisible Man effect, or in this case, Invisible Woman. Which is kind of the whole point of my work. To say, Hey, we're here. We've always been here. Look at us. In fact, we have

to go to the Portrait Gallery,” he said. “I have to show you something.” Jess almost had to jog to keep up with him as he found his way to the work he loved.

She gazed up at a depiction of a young Black man, wearing modern clothes while riding a rearing nineteenth-century warhorse. “It’s the identical composition of Jacques-Louis David’s *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*, and that’s exactly what this artist, Kehinde Wiley, does—puts contemporary Black men into old masters’ compositions. He’s a bit of a role model for me, actually. He’s half Nigerian, too, and he went to Yale.”

It was midafternoon when they finally left the gallery in search of a late lunch. Deep in conversation, they let Clancy choose the direction. When Jess realized that the dog’s olfactory interests had led them a short block from her place, she asked Theo if he wanted to stop in and give Clancy a bowl of water.

The rest had followed in an urgent, wordless, mutual elation.

As she handed the fresh towels around the door to the shower, Theo reached out and grasped her wrist, pulling her to him under the cascading water as her robe fell in a wet heap at their feet. He turned her around to lather her hair, his fingers strong against her scalp. She leaned back against him. Wet and glistening, they fell back onto the bed as the dog shifted his weight from one paw to the other. When they eased apart, Clancy gave a single soft whine and tilted his head.

“If he could be drumming his fingers, he would be,” Jess laughed.

“Sorry, Clance. We’ll go now. I mean it this time.” The dog squirted away toward the front door and then writhed back, circling around Theo’s feet as he dressed. Jess sat up and watched as they bounded together out the door.

She pulled on an Indian cotton shift and went to the pantry to gather ingredients. With the heirloom tomatoes she’d bought at Eastern Market, she decided she could make a puttanesca sauce. She set a big pot of water on the stove, smashed garlic, chopped the anchovies. Minutes later the apartment filled with a rich, salty aroma. She hummed as she dipped each tomato into the roiling water and then pinched off the slippery skins. Theo came back with a baguette in one hand and a good bottle of cabernet sauvignon in the other. Jess read the label and nodded approval, handing him the corkscrew. Later, as he chased the last smear of sauce with a crusty heel of bread, Jess lifted her glass and watched the ruby glow absorb the candle flame.

“Why art, and not foreign policy, or something, like your parents?”

“I could ask you: why bones?” he said. “Who knows why we do what we do?” He tilted his head thoughtfully. “I suppose, for me, it started with that one special teacher. He would take the class—the whole unruly lot of us—around the school—they had some pretty splendid paintings at that place. He’d stop at a picture and make us spend the entire period looking at it. Most of the boys thought it was a bore. But I got into it. How the more you looked, the more you gleaned. All the ‘ways of seeing’ that John Berger wrote about.”

Jess snorted. “John Berger? They made us watch his documentaries when I was at school. You surely don’t buy anything that pompous old Pom had to say.”

Theo set his glass down. “Berger lived most of his life in France, actually.” His voice was suddenly very clipped. “He was a part Italian, part Jewish-Marxist who despised the British upper class. Hardly a ‘pompous old Pom.’ ”

“Whoops. ’Scuse me. Am I being an antipodean bogan?”

Theo picked up his wine and gazed at her coolly. “Bogan?”

“You know: uncouth, unsophisticated. Working class.”

“In fact, I don’t know.”

“Well, sorry.” Jess felt her own accent oozing into broad diphthongs. “I guess ‘bogan’ is a word that only bogans use.” The sharp edge of an old chip bit into her shoulder. In her first year at university, she’d felt put down by affluent, private school kids who carried a polish and an experience of the world she lacked. Now Theo was making her feel exactly the same way. She hadn’t reckoned him for a snob, despite the Oxford-Yalie background. Was that some kind of racism—because he was Black, she assumed he therefore couldn’t be a pompous, upper-class twit? She felt an irrational urge to double down on what she knew was a thinly held opinion formed when she was—what—thirteen years old?

“Berger did spout the biggest bunch of seventies sexist claptrap I ever came across.”

“*Berger?* Berger was an ardent critic of objectification and female passivity in Western art. He was among the first to point out the equal female agency in non-Western depictions of sex. I can’t believe how thoroughly you’ve misconstrued him.”

Jess pouted. His superior attitude was really pissing her off.

Apparently, the feeling was mutual. He stood, pushed back his chair, and flung his napkin on the table. “Well, I’m glad we discovered this cataclysmic disagreement early. This relationship clearly has no future, if we have divergent views on critical methodology among Marxist-feminist art historians.”

He was frowning, drawn brows, lips thin. Then, suddenly, the frown inverted into a dimpled grin. Jess laughed.

“Bit soon for our first argument?” she said.

“At least it wasn’t over who is our favorite Kardashian.” He paused a beat, the dimple deepening. “Still, if it wasn’t for that fabulous puttanesca sauce I might not be able to forgive you.”

Jess picked up her napkin and flicked him on the wrist. “See? You are a sexist!”

“Well then, could I subject you to a bit more male gaze?” He gently pulled her up from the chair and reached for the hem of her dress.

“Only while I exercise equal sexual agency.” She put the tips of her fingers against his chest and pushed him backward into the bedroom.

“Indian miniatures come to mind,” Theo said. “Lots of female agency. Blue Shiva, women on top. We could try a *tableau vivant* . . .”

She shut him up with a long kiss.

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. . .

He didn’t leave that night. In the morning, he took Clancy out for a walk and brought back croissants and the Sunday *New York Times*. In the afternoon, they strolled back to the Mall. At the Natural History Museum, Jess led him right past the flashy interactive displays and into the research areas where the science was done. She showed him projects she’d worked on and led him down the long corridors of cabinets that contained bones prepared over a century earlier, pulling out drawers to show off her favorite specimens. She liked the way he obsessed over the improbable geometry of a shark vertebra, turning the delicate triangle of bone in his fingertips. She enjoyed the wonder on his face when she handed him the jawbone of a juvenile *Utahraptor* that had lived 125 million years ago. When they finally said goodbye, at dusk, she watched him walk off down the Mall, deep in conversation with the dog.

The next day, alone in the quotidian and decidedly unromantic precincts of the frass-scented bug room, she couldn't stop thinking about him. Theo was nothing like the other men she'd fallen for. Previous lovers had been outdoorsy types with wilderness skills and few intellectual pretensions. At uni in Australia, there'd been the lumberjack turned eco warrior who spent half a year in the crown of a *Eucalyptus regnans* in Tasmania in order to stop his ex-employers from cutting it down. During her master's, she had a brief fling with the Israeli captain of a Sea Shepherd catamaran on his way to harass whalers in the Faroes. And a year earlier, there'd been an Icelandic sniper on contract to the Smithsonian to protect scientists in the field. He'd gone off to Alaska to fire sedatives at polar bears if they threatened ichthyologists doing fish counts, and had decided to stay up there.

She'd known from the get-go that relationships with global adventurers and committed activists weren't likely to be enduring. It had suited her not to have to think long term. As she hummed her way distractedly around her lab, it became clear that for all her independent ways, she'd missed this feeling—the heightened senses, the slight sparkle of the air—even if it made it difficult to focus on the task at hand.

But she did have work to do. Catherine would be waiting on the promised CT scans and she hadn't even fully unpacked the horse's skeleton yet. She put her palms flat on the bench on either side of the wrapped skull and tried to center her thoughts. Then she began to peel back the layers of foam. She was especially careful as she drew off the last layer, which contained a cottony cushion around the delicate nasal bones. They'd survived intact this long; she didn't want to be the one to damage them.

It was only when the skull was fully exposed that Jess noticed something wrong. The left lateral, the lacrimal bone, should have been a delicate crescent swooping underneath the scoop of the eye orbit. Instead, it was a raised, lumpy knuckle.

Jess's first thought was that the skull had been damaged in the mounting; that the armature supporting the skull on the spinal column might have accidentally been pushed through the lacrimal bone and then been plastered over to conceal the error. But on closer inspection she could see that wasn't so. The marks from the armature attachment were in the correct relationship, the delicate, hand-forged brass screws typical of the nineteenth century placed exactly as they should be.

It was the bone itself that was malformed. Something had happened to this horse when it was alive. Something dreadful.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1854

Jarret watched all week as cloudbursts poured rain onto Metairie's spongy track. Then, as if Richard Ten Broeck had command of the weather, the morning of the race dawned fair and cloudless. Ten Broeck had the very surface for his mudder, and a glorious spring day to tempt a big crowd to the track to watch him run.

By race time, the sodden soil exhaled a warm mist that rose and billowed over the track. Through the milky haze flickered shifting facets of brilliant color: the ruby, garnet, sapphire, and topaz of the jockeys' silks. Clouds of vapor blurred the horses into a single surge of heaving muscle as the outriders ponied the racehorses toward their positions at the starting line.

Jarret felt his skin slick with moisture. Ten Broeck had given him an embroidered banyan coat to wear, and now nervous sweat and the damp air glued the cloth to his limbs. Gripping the reins of his own horse and Lexington's both, he tried to shrug himself free of the constriction. He glanced at Meichon, who had been vomiting with nerves before mounting up for the race. The boy had sweated through his ruby silks, which now clung darkly to his birdlike bones, making him look blood drenched. Jarret stared up into the brilliant blue sky to clear away that ill-omened image. The other outriders were pulling back from their charges. Unable to delay any longer, he gave Meichon full control of the reins, uttered a final word of

reassurance, and wheeled his horse away to join the other outriders on the far rail.

As he drew close to the crowd, Jarret caught fumes of cognac and claret mingled with the aromas of ripe cheese and roasted fowl. Seeing the horses about to fall in line, spectators wrapped up the remains of their picnics and jostled each other for the best vantage points.

Richard Ten Broeck didn't seem at all troubled that only four states were represented at his great challenge. When Willa Viley posited that growing tensions over the slave issue had robbed them of any entrants from the northern states, Ten Broeck dismissed it. "Since when did a sportsman, north or south, let politics come between him and a purse? No, Willa. If they have not entered it is because they think they cannot win. And though it is not in my interest to bruit it about, I think they have seen the matter clearly."

Now he left Viley to entertain the former president in the grandeur of the stands, and moved with his usual composure through the throng, accepting greetings from the diverse crowd. Whatever happened on the track, he was already a winner on the gate receipts alone. Twenty thousand souls had descended on the racetrack, paying a dollar each for the privilege. Even as the first heat was about to start, stalled carriages still jammed the shell road, an unbroken line of them, stretching back for a mile or more. Inside the gates, young men—and some few women—scrambled into the treetops to secure a view.

As he made his way closer to the rail, Ten Broeck rehearsed the race in his mind. Three of the four entrants—Lexington, Lecompte, and Arrow—were sons of Boston, and this contest would prove which was superior. Ten Broeck had sold Arrow to Duncan Kenner, a sugar baron in Ascension Parish, since gelding hadn't settled the horse's foul temper. A nagging concern was the jockey whom Kenner had purchased to ride Arrow. Ten Broeck had been reading with some pleasure an article in the *Spirit of the Times*, detailing how the potential size of the purse offered for his Great State Post Stakes had pushed up the asking price for good thoroughbreds. But at the end of the list of horses that had recently changed hands for elevated prices, the newspaper mentioned in an aside that human property, such as "the Jockey Abe," had also seen some inflation. The paper reported that Adam Bingaman, Ten Broeck's good friend, had sold Abe Hawkins to Kenner for twenty-three hundred dollars.

Ten Broeck read this report with some chagrin. His tenuously held scruples about the slave economy did not stop him from briefly musing whether he should have himself bid for Abe Hawkins. The boy was known as the Black Prince for his ebony skin, and now he had fetched a princely ransom. Ten Broeck thought uneasily of previous races when he had watched Abe ride with nerve in come-from-behind victories, and other times when he had pushed and jostled for pole position with brutal recklessness. The young French boy Meichon would be no match for Abe if it came to such a contest.

Highlander, the four-year-old champion from Alabama, also had a tough and canny jockey, a White New Yorker, Gilbert Watson Patrick, which perhaps explained the heavy betting that had made him the favorite.

But Ten Broeck saw his chief danger in the Mississippi entrant, Lecompte, unbeaten in five starts and owned by a gentleman Ten Broeck ardently disliked, General Thomas Jefferson Wells, a planter in Rapides Parish. Wells resented Ten Broeck's swift rise in New Orleans racing society and let it be known that he considered him a parvenu, if not a blackleg. Lecompte had outstanding endurance and a blazing first burst of speed. He posed a triple threat, having more experience and being arguably out of the better mare, Reel, who had seven consecutive wins before retiring to become a broodmare. The third factor was Wells's esteemed Black trainer, Hark. An elderly man with long experience, he had risen through the brutalities of the slave system to have full command of Wells's extensive racing and breeding operation.

Now, as the horses jostled and strutted near the track, Ten Broeck gazed out and noted that Abe had dismissed his outrider. He had steered Arrow back from the fray, waiting till the last moment to bring him forward, leaning on the horse's neck as if in some kind of confidential parlay. Ten Broeck supposed it was Abe's way of containing the horse's notorious temper.

If only he had known that Bingaman was of a mind to sell the boy! Still, twenty-three hundred dollars. For a jockey who could be thrown and trampled and lose all value in a second's mischance. Once crippled, not only the investment wiped out, but then the burden of his upkeep. Better to pay a freeman, like little Meichon, whose mischance could only harm one's purse in the event, not the evermore. Perhaps, speaking of free men, he should

have paid the higher fee and secured the services of Gil Patrick, whose long experience could match Abe's innate skill . . .

It was unlike Ten Broeck to waste so much time second-guessing his decisions. He was vexed with himself. He shrugged and shook off all thoughts of things that could not now be changed. He would put his faith in his own judgment. He had the best horse; he was sure of it. The rest would follow.

As he moved through the crowd, it became apparent that the betting had become feverish. Stakes were various: Women wagered their kid gloves, their lace handkerchiefs. Men, their guns, their cash, or their cotton crops. As Ten Broeck made his way to the fence to watch the start, a punter with whom he was unacquainted grasped him by the sleeve. "A plantation will change hands today," the man confided. Ten Broeck gently detached the man's fingers from his coat with a gloved hand. "Oh, more than one, sir, I assure you of it," he said, and swept on to claim his favored vantage point beside the rails as the clock ticked on toward the 3:30 starting time.

The drum tapped the start. There was a second's delay as spectators grasped that the race was on, then a cheer went up. It was a base, animal roar that began on the fence and rippled backward, gaining in volume. Even the genteel ladies in the high stands opened their delicate throats and pierced the sky with their soprano squealing.

Lexington sprang into the lead, with Arrow coming up second and the other two horses bunched together neck and neck behind. For one minute, two—minutes that stretched like rubber, pulled outside the normal human experience of time—they held that formation.

At the mile mark, beyond, still they held. Then, on the far turn, Lecompte's jockey, John, urged his mount to make a dash. The horse came up, nosing past Arrow. Abe and John turned toward each other, exchanging furious glances. Abe rose up, seeming to float out of his stirrups, and plied his whip.

There's your mistake, Jarret thought.

A horse like Arrow, lashed bloody too often in attempts to tame his temper, would be hardened to the whip and resent it. Sure enough, the horse immediately stopped giving. He dropped back, despite Abe's continued urging. For a few moments, it was a three-horse race. Then Highlander began to falter. Gil Patrick tried, but couldn't rouse him.

John moved Lecompte into the gap and drew level with Lexington. Jarret watched the two horses—the rich red chestnut and the bronze-sheened bay, so different in their style of going. Where Lexington stretched out, Lecompte rose up, gathering himself in high, arched strides. He was a bigger horse than Lexington and he seemed to expand even more as he ran. They plunged forward, nose by nose. But then, almost imperceptibly, Lecompte slipped back. Inch by inch, the bigger horse gave ground, leaving Lexington once again in the lead by a neck.

“He’s just feeling you, that’s all,” Jarret murmured. “Don’t fall for it, Henri.” He worried that young Meichon might conclude that Lecompte had done his dash and, aiming to save energy for the second heat, ease Lexington too early. “Don’t fall for it, Henri.” Jarret was speaking the words aloud now, crying them fruitlessly into the general cacophony. “Don’t fall for it, Henri! Don’t you be fooled.”

The horses plowed into the fourth mile, and still Lexington held a narrow lead. Spouts of soupy mud flew up from the plunging hooves, splattering the spectators who thronged the rails.

Jarret began to entertain a hope that Lecompte truly lacked the wherewithal for a further challenge. Then, as they came around the turn and into the straightaway, Jarret stared hard at John’s mud-encrusted hands, positioned oddly on the reins. John was holding Lecompte, even while seeming to unpracticed eyes to be urging him. Canny and patient into the home stretch, John held Lecompte back till the last possible instant. Then he let him go, releasing the winning burst of speed this son of Boston was known for. He came up in a hail of flying clods to hold level with Lexington. Jarret stopped breathing.

But Lexington eyed his rival and decided he wasn’t to be challenged. Like a machine, he changed gears. One length, two. Even as he flew past the post, a clear winner, Lexington was still surging away. In the stands, the Kentucky contingent screamed their approval. Their horse won by three lengths, ending Lecompte’s undefeated streak.

Highlander finished in qualifying range and could try for redemption in the second heat. Arrow, beyond the distance post, was disqualified. He would not run again that day. Abe Hawkins wore a grimace of disgust as he left the track. He was not used to losing, much less being distanced.

Jarret rode out to Meichon, who was trembling with fatigue. He signaled the other grooms to come assist the young jockey from the saddle. He took

Lexington's reins. "Don't be standing around to take compliments," he told Meichon. "We ain't won yet. You got to do this whole thing again in one short hour. Go rest now."

Jarret walked Lexington, listening to the crowd as the noise level rose with the free flow of champagne. Desperate punters cried out new odds, avid for someone, anyone, to take their bets on the wondrous stallion from Kentucky. Soon, the money was \$100 to \$50, Lexington against the field.

Henri Meichon, washed down and clad in fresh silks, seemed somewhat restored and a good deal calmer when Jarret ponied him out for the start of the second heat. Jarret was glad of it; he hadn't liked the gray cast to the boy's skin after his earlier win. Jarret thought of Henri as a promising colt broken too early, ridden too hard. It puzzled him that Ten Broeck, with so much at stake, put his faith in this unseasoned boy. But he pushed these feelings down and arranged his face for Henri so that all he would see there as he gave him the reins was confidence.

As Jarret pulled back from the starting line, he cast an appraising eye over the other horses. As he expected, Lecompte had cooled out well; unfortunately, so had Highlander. Speed and bottom, Jarret thought. The essential qualities of the four-mile horse. All three of these horses had them.

The tiny field made a clean start. Lexington got off first and took the rail. On the first turn, Gil Patrick urged Highlander to run around Lexington and take the track. John brought Lecompte up then and challenged Highlander for the lead, pushing Lexington back to third place.

"He won't like that one bit," Jarret muttered. Finishing the first mile, Lecompte was running easily, well clear of Lexington, but Highlander began to labor. Gil Patrick couldn't do anything, and the horse dropped back. It was once again a two-horse race as they entered the third mile. Lecompte began to draw away. Lexington seemed unable to match his speed. Soon, Lecompte was a full eight lengths in front. Lexington was, suddenly, frighteningly far behind.

"Don't give up now, Henri. Lexington won't. Don't you doubt him. Just don't," Jarret pleaded, his voice lost in the roar coming now from every throat on the course. Worse, Jarret saw a sudden lightning bolt of yellow—the Highlander jockey's silks—streaking up on the rail. Gil Patrick, emboldened, had found some reserve in Highlander and was driving his horse to take Lexington's second place.

“Here he comes—do you see him?” he cried pointlessly. The Alabama horse came up level with Lexington’s hindquarters, then his withers, then his throat latch. They were paired now, as if yoked together. They plunged on, slapping through the mud, neck and neck. For an instant Highlander pushed a nose ahead.

And that, apparently, was too much for Lexington’s competitive heart. He broke away from Highlander and lunged ahead. Meichon plied his crop and asked Lexington in earnest. They drew level with Lecompte and swung for home, galloping with not a hair between them.

Then, as if there had been no doubt that this had always been his intention, Lexington put forth a further burst of speed and drew away. In that final furlong, the spectators’ cries gained volume, rising as the horse advanced. In the Ladies’ Pavilion, women from the Kentucky contingent, heedless of decorum, stood up on their chairs and screamed with unbridled joy. One length in front, then two. The cries pitched to a roar as Lexington passed under the wire and won by four lengths.

When Jarret caught up to Lexington to lead the winner through the thronging admirers, he noticed that the horse’s face remained entirely unspattered, his white blaze gleaming as though he’d never left his stable. “How’d you do that, with the other one in front of you just ’bout the whole way?”

Lexington paraded up to be admired by Millard Fillmore as Ten Broeck accepted plaudits on the horse and on the event itself, which a general consensus declared the best day of racing in the city’s history. Because of the heavy track, the times had been unremarkable—over eight minutes in each heat—but everyone concurred that the slower times did not capture the excitement of the races, with the excellent and closely matched horses and the uncertainty of the victory in the final heat. Even the composed Ten Broeck allowed himself a broad smile, which was the equivalent of another man’s raucous laughter.

Just when Jarret was thinking that Lexington had had enough of crowds and attention, Ten Broeck nodded to him. “Cool him down, take him to his stall, and in the morning we’ll have his shoes off and put him out to pasture for the rest of the spring season. Viley and I think he’ll be better off for the big fall contests if he has a few months’ rest. Meanwhile, you, young man, can have your pick: a fifty-dollar purse, a month to go visiting, or a tutor at

your disposal for daily schooling. No need to decide now. We'll talk tomorrow." He gave a small smile. "But do not expect me early."

Jarret led the horse away. When he had walked Lexington cool, he whisked him all over and brushed him, then fed him oats and dried apples. He was bone tired as he climbed the stairs to his loft. He opened the door, shrugging off the fancy banyan coat. He was struggling to extract himself from the tapered sleeves and didn't at first see the still figure, sitting silently on his bed in the failing light.

"Miss Clay?" he said, startled. "You don't ought to be here."

"Jarret, it seems like you have spent your whole life saying that to me, or words just like it. I think perhaps a 'Good evening,' or 'It's nice to see you after so long a time' might be a more proper greeting."

"Well, I say it because it's true. This ain't the right place for a lady, in the quarters of a—of a—"

"Of an old childhood friend? May I presume you are a friend, Jarret? I feel it to be true. I entertain a hope that it may be so."

Jarret felt his face grow hot. He hardly knew how he thought about Mary Barr. A sweet-enough child. An attentive pupil, when he taught her to ride. A pitiable girl, caught in the vise of her parents' unhappy marriage. Someone whose advice he had heeded at a fraught moment in his life. But a friend?

No, he had never thought she was his friend. And now, in just the months since he'd last seen her, she had transformed herself. The young lady who now rose gracefully from the edge of his bed was not the awkward girl he'd left in Lexington. She had a new polish, new poise, and a great deal more confidence. Jarret would have been surprised to know that Mary Barr, looking at him, discerned a similar change. The taciturn boy who had lived in his father's shadow at the Meadows was barely recognizable in this fine-looking young man who now addressed her with an air of quiet authority. "Miss Clay, you need to go."

"I came up here because it is impossible to talk to you freely anywhere else in this horde. I don't have long. Grandfather is celebrating with Captain Viley and Mr. Ten Broeck just presently, so I took the chance to slip away, saying I wished to visit Darley. To be quite frank, they are all of the gentlemen so far gone in drink that I hardly think they will recall what I said. But in any case, I will be brief. You said in your letter that things are well for you here, and I was glad to know it. And now I see for myself"—she waved

an arm to encompass the room—"that in many ways it is so. But still, I am concerned for you."

"You don't need to mind about me, Miss Clay. Like you say, things are as well as they can be here. I did right to come. Especially now that my father is gone."

"And I am sorry for it, and sorry to have been the means of you learning it, with no one nearby who knew him to grieve with you. But, Jarret, you must know that tensions between the slave power and its resisters grow very great. There is even talk of secession. My father says men are ready to fight to stop the spread of slavery into the new territories."

"Miss Clay, I can't see what that got to do with me right now. What *does* got to do with me is you being here where you shouldn't. Please, you got to go . . ."

Mary Barr waved a hand to brush away his concern. "Jarret, of course it has to do with you. It has everything to do with you. Why do you think there were no northern horses running here today? The enmity is grown so great that even the turf provides no neutral ground. And you may not see it here, with your head buried in haybales, but in January this year Senator Douglas —"

Her voice had risen as she became more emotional, and Jarret raised a hand to hush her.

"Miss Clay, you really do got to go. I still don't see how Senator Douglas doings back in January have a lick to do with me. But I can tell you for sure they gonna skin me standing if anybody come by and find you here."

"I will go. But only if you will come to see me tomorrow, at the St. Charles Hotel."

Jarret nodded reluctantly. He would never get the girl out of his quarters otherwise.

"So, you *will* come. Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, after chores." He shooed her out as if she were a wandering hen. Then he latched his door and let the anger rise. How could she be so heedless of her own reputation and his very life?

Tired as he was, agitation robbed him of his restful sleep.

In the morning, he leaned wearily against a post as the farrier snapped the nail heads and flipped off Lexington's racing plates. He stretched the horse's legs and rasped each hoof to ensure a perfect trim. Then, as before, he ran a scarred hand through Lexington's mane. "There's me fine lad." The horse responded with an affectionate bump of his nose against the farrier's narrow shoulder.

"He don't do that with most people," Jarret observed as he unfastened the crossties.

"Ah well." The farrier bent to gather his tools. "They can tell a friend, as you'd be knowin' yerself, t'be sure."

Ten Broeck had given Jarret directions to the property close by Metairie on which Lexington was to be agisted for the remainder of the spring season. It was the farm of a widow who lived alone with a single servant and did not actively work the land anymore, making her mite by renting out her rich pastures. The spring grass had come in lush, and in the early light the new growth shimmered, damp and fragrant. Jarret untacked the horse and led him out to the meadow. As he unlatched the gate, Lexington's nose twitched in anticipation. He was half in, half out of the gate when he dropped his head to graze. Jarret had to push hard on his hind end to trouble him to move forward. "Easy now!" Jarret laughed. "You got weeks to eat all this. No need to rush." Jarret hung the bridle and lead rope by the gate and then lingered awhile, listening to the horse tear at the moist tuffets. There was an unvarying three-beat rhythm to it: a long ripping sound, like fingers playing a washboard, then two hummer-blow thumps as he masticated. Jarret found himself tapping his foot on the railing to the waltz-like percussion.

Later that day, he saddled up Ghosthawk, the gray gelding he used as his track pony, and trotted reluctantly down the shell road to the city. He supposed he must keep his promise to the Clay girl. And once she was out of his quarters, he had reflected on what she had said. It would not hurt him to hear more, although he found her notion that White folk might get up in arms for the Black man completely implausible. These were that girl's daddy's opinions, and that man always had been off in his own boat on some branch of the river no one else ever rowed on. Now it seemed to Jarret that he'd pulled his daughter on board with him. Time was, if Cash Clay had said to his daughter, Go left, she'd just as soon have gone right, just to vex him.

But what was that, to him? He gave his head a shake to clear his thoughts. Whatever was going on with that girl and her people had naught to do with

him, except that he had to take time out of his day to go see her in a place he'd rather not be. But if he didn't answer her summons, as he'd said he would, the fool girl would likely land up again at Metairie looking for him. He couldn't risk that.

He was coming to the end of the shell road, the city closing around him. Too much noise, too many smells, too many people speaking too many languages. All those different words for the exact same thing. Jarret preferred the gestural language of horses. Any horse could tell you how things stood with the very same flick of the ear or a swish of the tail as any other horse. People could twist you up, saying words that seemed friendly when they weren't by any means your friend. But when a mare pinned her ears, you knew she wasn't looking to be congenial. Words set down on a page, that was a different thing. You could take your own time with them, to glean the sense. And you could skip past the foolish ones. You couldn't do that when someone was speaking nonsense right to your face.

And there she was, waiting for him. Sitting by herself on a wicker chaise on the verandah of that wedding-cake building. She was reading a book and had not seen him. He walked the horse to a place in her line of sight, waiting for her to glance up as she turned a page.

Finally, she did so, raised a hand in greeting, and set her book aside. He dismounted then and stood waiting as she lifted her hem and made her way down the steps and across the muddy street. Even though there was nothing especially remarkable in such a meeting—a young lady instructing a Black servant, as it would seem to any observers on the verandah who chanced to take note—Jarret felt acutely uncomfortable and shifted his weight from foot to foot as Mary Barr took up where she had left off, with Senator Douglas's bill that would let western settlers decide if they will have slavery or not.

"It was supposed to be settled; no slavery in the north, ever. My father expects the Senate will vote any day. He is assured that if it passes, blood will be spilt in the territories—in Kansas, in Nebraska. He says no man will listen to another's position. There may be great-souled men in both parties, my father avers it; I do not know—"

Two small pink blotches had appeared on her cheeks. Her voice rose in pitch.

"Look—since you can read—" She pulled from the pocket of her skirt a crumpled note and thrust it at him. "I had thought not to show you this, but

you must know the extent of the hatred that is brimming. Read it. It was sent to my father. I took it from his desk without his knowing.”

Jarret took the page. He looked around. Too many witnesses. People like him were not supposed to be reading. He handed it back. “You tell me what it says.”

Mary Barr read in a shaky voice. *You may think you can awe and curse the people of Kentucky to your infamous course. You will find, when it is too late for life, the people are no cowards . . . the hemp is ready for your neck . . . plenty thirst for your blood . . .*

“That’ll do.” Jarret was sorry he had touched the same paper as one who could write down such hatred. And that, to a powerful White man, just because he favored emancipation. His hand traveled involuntarily to his own neck.

Mary Barr could see that she finally had his attention, so she came to her point. “I think you should come back with my grandfather to the Meadows. I have asked him, and he says he could ask Ten Broeck to sell you back, as a favor to him, on terms he can afford. Since that man has profited so well from the purchase of the horse, he will surely be in a generous mood. My grandfather will plead that since your father passed away, he needs you to manage his horses.”

“You ’spect me to leave this horse? To leave Lexington, after I brought him this far?”

“But, Jarret, he’s only a horse. There will be other horses—”

“There won’t be. Not like him. Not to me.”

“But you would be safe back in Kentucky. Here, should it come to a war, you might be impressed into any kind of dangerous service.”

Jarret tried to command his voice. “Miss Clay, I know you mean for the best, and he your kin and all, but I got no cause to put trust in Marse Warfield. No cause. I’m fixing to stay here with Marse Ten Broeck. Go on back and tell your grandfather that you was mistaken and that he needs to let me be.”

“But, Jarret . . .”

“Miss Clay, the only thing I need from you and your people is to leave me alone.” He turned his back and lifted his weight into the stirrups. “Give my kind regards to Marse Warfield and have a safe trip home.” He turned the horse and asked for a canter. The girl stood, astonished, watching his departing back.

It was near sunset when Ten Broeck sent for Jarret.

“Forgive the lateness of the hour,” he said with his usual careful courtesy. “I was obliged to make many calls upon the town and”—he gave a slight smile—“as you might imagine, I did not make an early start upon them.” If he had spent a dissipated night in celebration, he did not show it. He was as well barbered and dressed as ever. “I trust the farrier arrived, and the horse is now enjoying his respite?”

Jarret nodded. “He’s well set. It’s a fine-looking farm.”

“Indeed. I am contemplating purchasing it someday, from the widow woman’s heirs, who are distant connections and unlikely to require such a property. It is convenient to Metairie, after all. . . . But that’s not today’s business. I hear you paid some calls of your own upon the town today?”

Jarret cleared his throat. Did anything escape this man’s scrutiny? He had nothing to be ashamed of, and yet he was discomfited.

“The Clay girl, that is to say, Miss Mary Barr Clay, she wanted to see me.”

“Indeed, she did. Badly enough to make a most ill-judged visit of her own.”

Jarret felt a flush climbing from his neck to his cheeks. “I tried to tell her that—I made her leave as soon—”

“Don’t vex yourself. I know you did. She is headstrong, like her father. Fixed in her opinions. And, like her father, she has little regard for the opinions of the world. She will need to have a care there. It’s one thing for a wealthy gentleman to flout convention, but society is more exigent regarding its young ladies. You did nothing wrong. Indeed, I was very gratified to learn that you expressed some degree of loyalty to me.”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Jarret blurted. “You treat me like a person.”

Ten Broeck raised his eyebrows. “Unfortunate, that you have cause to find it remarkable.” He looked down and rearranged some papers on his desk.

“The girl is not entirely wrong, you know. Neither is her father. There is a drift of things that could, ill managed, lead us into a most unfortunate schism. And I fear the political leadership is not—well, in any case—I have been thinking for some time that I would like to campaign my horses in England. I should not like to have all my interests vested in Louisiana if the national mood continues to darken in this way. I tell you this because I want you to know that there will be a place for you in my service, whatever

befalls this country. Now, have you considered what you will take as my token of appreciation?"

"The tutor, if that's—"

"Very good. I had hoped you would so choose. I have it in mind to bring you up in my business, and you will need proficiency for that."

Almost a week later, Jarret was poring over a page of arithmetic when a stable hand interrupted him. "Marse Ten Broeck says to go fetch Lexington back from the farm. The farrier is on his way to put new plates on him. They fixing to race him again this Saturday coming."

"They *what*?" Jarret stood, pushing away the papers. "That can't be. That's just two days off and he's been doing nothin but getting fat on grass. Where is Marse Ten Broeck? I got to talk to him."

"He and Marse Viley in the dining room at the grandstand, but I don't think you . . ."

Jarret didn't stay to hear what the stable hand thought. He raced across the paddock and burst up the stairs that led to the gentlemen's dining room. The door was ajar. Viley's voice, agitated. Arguing the very points Jarret had proposed to make.

"They had the wit to keep their horse in training; we did not. It's folly to allow a match race with a proven champion when last week's race did nothing but improve him. Word is, Lecompte has been outperforming in his practice gallops all week. And Hark has switched riders."

"I heard. Hark advised Wells to retain the services of Abe Hawkins."

"Exactly. Kenner and Wells are Louisiana men first and foremost. They can't stomach being beaten by us—you'll always be a northerner to them. They are in a confederacy against us. Think on it, Richard. You know Wells resents your primacy—you have usurped him, in his own favored pursuit, in his own town, and now he sees a way to goad you. Wells is playing you for a fool!"

"You think?" Ten Broeck's voice was low and calm. Jarret had to struggle to hear him.

"Oh, I know. You'll get a crowd for a rematch, I've no doubt of it. But at what cost? You'll destroy the horse's reputation just as we're trying to build it. Worse, you'll break him down. Remember what happened to Grey Eagle—that noble horse, forced to a rematch within a week. Destroyed by it. I implore you, don't give way to this, this—unseemly lust for short-term gain. Whatever the gate receipts, they cannot be worth it."

“You mention the gate. I concede, the potential takings are not without interest to me. But consider, Willa. There is likely to be Leviathan betting on this match race. Two sons of Boston, noble kinsmen, both proven champions. It’s the making of a legendary rivalry. We’ll have a couple of days to see how Lexington goes in practice. We’ll know which way to wager. One need not win in order to profit, after all.”

“You’d—you’d bet against your own horse? That’s ungentlemanly! I won’t have it. I refuse this folly. I say the horse may not run.”

“Say you so? How unfortunate. I fear I have already accepted General Wells’s terms. Two thousand dollars for the purse, two four-mile heats, April eighth at Metairie. The telegraph is already reporting it.”

“Then you must retract. I am also owner of this horse. I refuse.”

“That would be dishonorable.”

“Dishonorable! That’s rich, coming from you. I see it now: You are what they have always said you were. You have the effrontery to assume the airs of a gentleman, to exchange salutations, even with presidents. And yet in fact you prowl among us only seeking plunder. To think I have defended you! I am embarrassed to be in partnership with you. You, sir, are nothing but a blackleg.”

Jarret braced a hand against the wall. Richard Ten Broeck surely could not let stand such an insult to his honor. He waited for the inevitable explosion, the challenge that must follow. Instead, Ten Broeck’s voice remained low and even.

“Well, Willa. I regret that you feel so. I will gladly relieve you of the burden of this partnership. What will you take for your interest?”

“You propose to buy me out?”

“Name your price.”

Willa Viley fell silent. Jarret felt the truth of the situation. Viley would name a high price. Ten Broeck, flush with cash, would pay it. Lexington would be required to race, fat on spring grass, missing critical days of preparation. He leaned his head against the wall for a moment, despairing. Then he turned and crept down the stairs and away from the grandstand as fast as he could go. Ten Broeck must never know that another pair of ears had heard Viley’s insult. There was nothing for it. He would go to fetch the horse.

An hour later, Jarret leaned against the stall door as the farrier tapped the last of the new racing plates into place. He finished up, as always, running a

hand through Lexington's mane. But instead of the usual, "There's a good lad," Jarret heard him whisper: "It's a manky sort of man would ill use a grand horse like yerself."

It had not rained all week, and the dry track was fast. When Ten Broeck arrived to observe the workout gallops, Willa Viley was nowhere to be seen. As expected, the horse made sluggish times in the first several laps. Jarret called Meichon over to the fence when he'd run for just a mile. "That'll do. Don't push him too hard today. Tomorrow he'll be better." Meichon looked to Ten Broeck for confirmation. Ten Broeck raised his chin in assent. Meichon dismounted and Jarret led the horse away to cool off, certain that tomorrow would not be better at all.

Jarret couldn't sleep on Friday night. He tossed in his bed and finally descended to spend the night wakeful in Lexington's stall. In the morning, he took Meichon off for a private word. "I can't tell you not to use the stick and the spur, but I am asking you not to thrash him. He will give you what he can, you know that. Just don't ask him for more than he got."

Ten thousand spectators came to watch the race that Saturday. Some of the Kentucky delegation, on hearing of the rematch, had extended their stay in New Orleans. Jarret was relieved to see that the Warfield party was not among them. He did not want the old doctor to witness what he dreaded would be Lexington's humiliation.

Lecompte shot to the lead at the drum tap. Lexington contested hard, staying always within striking distance, but was never able to come up on the fitter horse. In the last mile, Meichon, desperate, began to lay on both whip and spur. Jarret couldn't watch. He knew the boy was punishing the horse to no purpose. Lecompte pulled away and won by six lengths. Abe Hawkins, hands down throughout the race, had not had to resort to either rowel or lash. The crowd erupted as word of the time spread from mouth to mouth. Lecompte had broken the record in a most spectacular fashion. His blistering 7:26 shaved six and a half seconds off the previous four-mile record, which had stood unchallenged for years.

When Jarret reached Lexington, he could see the horse's flanks heaving, his head drooping in obvious distress. He turned on Meichon. "What were you rowling him for?" he cried. "You could see it wasn't in him."

Meichon looked defiant. "Marse Ten Broeck say I 'ave to ride 'ard. I think—they say—he 'as bet against us, so 'e want no person to say he cheat."

Jarret threw his head back and cursed at the sky. He wanted to grab the crop from the jockey's hand and find Ten Broeck. But the horse's heaving breath brought him back to himself. He had to care for Lexington or the horse might drop from exhaustion. He shoved Meichon out of the way—the boy's chest felt flimsy as a bird's—and led the horse, gently and slowly, until his distended nostrils eased their bellows-like quest for air.

Jarret was relieved by how well the horse recovered. If he couldn't win this misbegotten contest, at least he might not be broken by it. By the time of the second heat, he seemed his usual self, dancing to the starting line. At the drum tap, Lexington shot into the lead, widening it to two lengths. Jarret was certain that Abe must be holding Lecompte back. Sure enough, at the third mile he made his move. Jarret expected to see Lecompte shoot past Lexington, but the earlier dominance wasn't there. Lexington was able to increase his pace so that the two hurtled on, nose-to-nose, with Lexington able to pull just ahead.

Only as they drew near the stand did Lecompte look like a threat, but then a voice called out, high and piercing, above the general roar of the crowd.

"Henri! Pull up your 'orse! Pull 'im up! The race is over!"

Meichon's head swiveled, searching for the source of the cry. As he lost his focus, Lecompte darted ahead.

Jarret yelled, "No! Go on!" But from his place with the outriders, Meichon could not hear him. Jarret heard Scott's voice, from the rail, crying a plaintive: "Go in and win!" Meichon turned again, looking for this new voice. Only then, several beats too late, came Ten Broeck's roar.

"Ride on, fool! Ride on!"

Meichon sat down and plied his spur. Half the crowd cheered him onward, others booed and jeered. Lexington responded and put on a blistering dash, but it was too late: Lecompte crossed the line and won by four lengths. Abe raised his crop high in the air, waving to the crowd in a victory salute.

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*New Orleans, Louisiana*

1854

I lost money on that race, but I made it back smartly. Dispatches on the controversy were in high demand. The New York turf papers were hot for every speculation. Generally, they took Ten Broeck's side, he being a native son of the north, but there was, as well, some measure of opprobrium for his greed in running an unfit horse. And Lecompte's record-setting time needed to be lauded with much verbosity.

General Wells, of course, had plenty to say about that on the record, while off the record he had even more to impart, of a highly slanderous nature, regarding his hated rival. Viley became his confederate in this, assiduously feeding grist to the rumor mill, making clear his disapprobation and letting it become well known that he had severed his partnership with Ten Broeck prior to the ill-judged contest.

Meanwhile, controversy broiled around the boy, Meichon, whose career took a mortal injury that day. Had someone really cried out to him to pull up, or had he been bribed to throw the race? If someone *had* yelled, was it an honest mistake or a nefarious trick? And if the latter, who was behind it—Wells or Ten Broeck?

Ten Broeck fired Meichon forthwith—he had to, if he were to plausibly distance himself from suspicion—and wrote to the turf papers. “For an owner to defend the defeat of his horse is an ungracious task,” he admitted, before going on to ungraciously lay the blame for the defeat squarely on the

narrow shoulders of his inexperienced jockey. He had, he said, been unsatisfied with Meichon's ride in the first heat and had another jockey already dressed to replace him in the second, but that boy's owner had refused to allow the ride at the last instant. It seems unlikely young Meichon will get other mounts of any note very soon. Yet I incline to think the youth was but a pawn in some high-stakes game.

There were rumors that Ten Broeck had bet heavily against his own horse and had planted a confederate in the crowd to confuse his callow jockey, this as an insurance in case his unfit-to-run horse managed to trounce expectations and pull ahead. But of course the man was too astute to have left a trail of bread crumbs, and even after I had interviewed every one of my connections at Metairie, all of whom had opinions but none of whom had proof, I was able to form no fixed view on that matter. I did learn, however, that Ten Broeck had secretly secured the services of Abe from Kenner, should there be a rematch. Later, I heard a further rumor that Ten Broeck had also tied up the services of Gil Patrick, which, if true, would leave Wells scrambling for a first-rate jockey.

With all this to work with, I was a busy scribe and, for once, decently compensated. Everyone wished to tell me their private theories of the case, except of course Jarret, who kept his own counsel, as always. I did note with great interest that when I saw him in company with Ten Broeck, something in the temper of their partnership had changed. Jarret barely spoke and didn't meet the man's eye. I was inclined to believe the youth was nursing a grudge over the ill usage of the horse. But I wondered if he held the evidence of a deeper corruption.

Ten Broeck, meanwhile, did not act like a man disgraced or traduced. And in the Crescent City, the matter seemed more like to prove nine days' wonder rather than ninety. A man as wealthy, connected, and presentable as Ten Broeck is unlikely to suffer long under the moral lash in any but the most Puritan circles, and in New Orleans those circles were small as motes.

His immediate reaction to Lexington's loss was to capitalize on the interest it had engendered. As soon as he had made arrangements binding the two top jockeys, he wrote an open letter to Wells, proposing a rematch later in the spring for a staggering ten thousand dollars, plus a generous share of the gate. Wells's brusque reply: *I beg leave to decline.*

If Ten Broeck felt the sting of this terse snub, he did not brood on it. He tried to rowel up Wells with another tartly worded letter to the *Spirit of the*

*Times* that implied Wells lacked confidence in his horse and did not have the nerve to risk a rematch. Wells replied indignantly that Ten Broeck was merely trying to give his horse a “fictitious reputation” and to gain for himself a “wondrous notoriety” while at the same time tying up Wells’s preferred rider, “thus being fortified against the possibility of a fair and equal challenge.”

Unruffled, Ten Broeck became ingenious. If he could not get satisfaction in the usual way of a match race between gentlemen, he proposed a great innovation. He would run Lexington against the clock. If his horse could beat Lecompte’s record time of 7:26, it would prove Lexington’s superiority just as well as a rematch. Turfmen like novelty, so this was a tantalizing prospect. Two distinguished Virginian turfmen took up Ten Broeck’s bold offer and backed Time against Lexington to the spirited tune of twenty thousand dollars. Ten Broeck, knowing how the notion of fortunes at stake increased the public fascination with a contest, gleefully accepted. Meanwhile, an enterprising clockmaker in New York devised an affordable stopwatch and advertised it as a necessary accoutrement for what was now being bruited as the Race Against Time.

The Crescent City had slumped, by then, into that summer stew in which no exertion is desired. Without fanfare—indeed, with some subterfuge—Ten Broeck sent Jarret and the horse north, where the stallion might be conditioned in a better clime. I learned of this quite by chance. One early evening, when some piece of business or other regarding an artistic commission had brought me to the track, I went to look for Jarret, thinking his lips might have loosened with the passing of weeks and that I might learn more about what had occurred in the now-infamous race. But when I went up to his quarters, I found his bed stripped and his effects gone. I then checked the stall blazoned with Lexington’s nameplate and found it also empty. Try as I might, I was unable to uncover which facility had received them. Clearly, Ten Broeck was after cultivating a sense of mystery regarding the horse’s training gallops. Since this, too, was fodder for a few column inches, I did not find the obfuscation ungratifying. My columns speculating on the whereabouts of the swift bay stallion kept me fed through the summer, if not on *boeuf au vin rouge*, at least on red beans and rice.

I wasn’t able to discover where they spent that season until the pair returned, unheralded, to Metairie, very late in the fall. I came upon them just finishing off morning work. The horse had been brought to peak condition.

I'd always thought the bay a splendid specimen. But now he moved into his characteristic low running posture as if he were made of silken fabric, not flesh and bone. As they came off the track, the youth dismounted and did not even bother to lead the horse by the reins. The beast followed at his shoulder and moved left or right entirely by verbal command. I had never seen a highbred racehorse—a stallion, no less—biddable enough to do such things.

If the horse had improved, the youth had too. The months away had given him a new confidence. He was less shy with me and, when I asked, was ready to give an account of his adventures—and misadventures—in the north. I followed along as he cooled the horse off and led him to a paddock to graze. We leaned on the fence rail as he recounted how they had gone north by steamboat to Louisville and then onward with Ten Broeck's friend, Captain William Stuart, to Saratoga Springs, where they had rusticated among the fancy folk taking the waters in that spa town. After that pleasant interlude they had proceeded to New York City, to train at the new National Race Course. I assumed that he would have disliked the experience of such a large city, but when I asked, he looked thoughtful.

He said he was oppressed by the noise, which didn't stop even in dark of night, since people worked all hours. He'd roomed at a Black boardinghouse among free laborers and tradesmen, sharing a cot with a boy who made hawsers at the docks and reeked of pitch. He called that a blessing, since it was a clean stink, strong enough to overpower the fouler stench of the place.

In the heat of late summer, Captain Stuart had fallen suddenly ill with what turned out to be the cholera. Jarret had helped to nurse him through the ghastly course of the disease until the poor man expired of it. I could tell he was still haunted by the experience. I knew something about cholera from medical school; the indignity and the terror of watching your innards leak their contents until there's naught to expel but the very stuff of your own guts. I remembered the rice-porridge look of those *in extremis* emissions. It was not a thing one could forget.

I asked him, after his grim recounting of this tragedy, what on earth he'd found *not* to dislike in that smelly, noisy, disease-ridden city. He looked at me with a frank, appraising look, as if to assess how far he could trust me with his true opinions.

He said it was the folk he came to know in the boardinghouse, every one of them with a powerful drive to work at some kind of trade, even if the task

was hard, dirty, or thankless. You know why that was, Mr. Scott? he asked me. Tell me, I said. He stretched his hands out in front of him, his two palms facing up, and this, verbatim, is what he said: Their hands is their own. And that dollar that get put in those hands, that's their own dollar.

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

Theo's phone bleated with bright notes of the Coltrane ringtone he'd assigned to his friend Daniel. He hit answer and plopped on the sofa.

"Hey man, how's things in Chocolate City?"

Theo laughed. "How would I know? I live in Vanillatown."

"You still sulking over Makela? You haven't found some other fine woman can show you the real city?"

"Not sulking. Moving on."

"So you *have* found someone?"

Theo cleared his throat. "Actually, the woman I seem to be dating isn't from here. She's even more not-from-here than I am."

"Seem to be dating'? Well shit, you are, or you aren't."

"She's White," he blurted.

There were a couple of seconds of dead air. Theo braced himself.

"No big. You won't be the first brother to fall for a snow bunny."

"I haven't exactly fallen for her. It's only been a couple of weeks."

"How'd you meet?"

Theo hesitated. Being tacitly accused of bike theft wasn't exactly a meet cute. "Ah, researching an article. For *Smithsonian* magazine. She runs a lab there." Best change the subject. "How's *your* new lab? How's San Francisco?"

Daniel had made a vast swerve in the middle of his sophomore year. He'd come east to Yale from his home in Baldwin Hills intending to be a music major and follow his parents into the recording industry. But he'd taken an intro genetics class to fill a science requirement and become obsessed with molecular biology targeting hard-to-treat cancers. His master's thesis, on disrupting a protein with the unlikely name of sonic hedgehog, had landed him a large grant at a biotech incubator. "The hours are crazy, but the lab's sick. Anything I want—mass spec, cryo-EM, Illumina sequencer—I just ask and boom, it's there. Bright shiny everything. But I literally step over people sleeping in the street to get into the place. The homelessness here is epic."

"It's not like New Haven was so great for poor folk."

"No, but the disparity wasn't so stark. This place is like some dystopian vision of inequality. I mean people are literally sleeping in the shadow of the Salesforce Tower. Anyway, reason I'm calling, Hakeem's been working his ass off at Stanford and Mike's sold his soul to Palantir. So we think we should all take a break—a long weekend—and hike Tuolumne Meadows. You know, see it before climate change totally fucks it. Do you think you could swing it?"

"Love to. Let me see if I can find a cheap flight."

Theo thought about the logistics as he and Clancy ran in Rock Creek Park. If he asked Jess to take Clancy for the weekend, would that imply too much? Perhaps a sitter from Rover.com would be less complicated. He looked down at Clancy, loping just a little ahead of him. The dog would be happier with Jess than a stranger, that was for sure. So why was he reluctant to risk the entanglement?

Daniel's call had made him a little later than usual starting his run. He realized he'd hit the post-private school drop-off hour. The mommies were out, running in pairs or threesomes, wearing vivid tank tops and cropped tights that showed off well-kept bodies and toned calves. They smiled as they moved over to let him pass on the narrow trail. "Cute dog!" called one. Theo turned, running backward for a few steps. "Thanks, but don't tell him that. You'll give him a big head!"

He sped up, passing the chatting groups, seeking some clear trail. Then he settled back into his favored pace, still perseverating about Jess. She was such an odd mix; supersmart in many ways, superclueless in others. He liked her self-deprecating humor and her down-to-earth comfort with her own body. She was unembarrassed by her appetites and clear about what she

enjoyed, which was refreshing. She didn't expect him to read the tea leaves. And there was no passive-aggressive subtext. She just said what she felt. Also, she was the least princessy woman he'd ever been with: it didn't take her more than ten minutes to get dressed and out the door, a big contrast to some of the women he'd dated.

He probed himself for the source of his ambivalence. Daniel had seemed cool enough about it. Was it simply Abiona's certain disapproval that was nagging at him? On his personal list of things a Nigerian mother will never say, "Why don't you date a nice White girl?" was very high, right next to "You got a B-plus? That is a very good grade." It was so easy to hear her: that lilting, rich maternal voice.

It was less easy to hear his father. What would Barry have said? He had no idea who his father had dated before he met Abiona. It was the kind of man-to-man talk they'd never had a chance to have. He missed his dad every day, and even more acutely since he'd moved to America. There were so many questions Barry could've answered; so many that Theo wouldn't even have had to ask. He would've just been able to watch his father move through the world and take his cues from that. He did not regret his international upbringing: he was glad to have experienced life on three continents before moving to America, and while he loved his friends, they could sometimes amaze him with their insularity. When he'd proposed a spring break trip to Mexico, he'd been shocked to learn that Mike and Hakeem didn't have passports. But he felt sad and cheated that he'd never had time in America alongside his dad.

He was coming up on the chestnut oak where he usually stopped to stretch. He whistled to Clancy. The dog swiveled and came to heel, his panting regular as a piston. Theo leaned into the rough alligator bark of the big tree, stretching out his calves, hamstrings. Then he gave his limbs a shake, shrugging off the self-pity. He decided to go another mile. His heart beat faster as he pushed on.

*Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.* Where did that come from? Emerson? Yes, that was it. That stupid essay, "Self-Reliance." Theo had been required to read it for a seminar on American Idealism. He'd written an angry screed in response, arguing that individualism to an almost infantile extreme was America's great weakness. He asserted that Emerson's insistence on allegiance only to himself and those like him, his characterization of alms to those unlike as "a wicked dollar," was the kind of

thinking that underpinned the country's yawning divisions. He'd drawn a sharp contrast with the more communitarian ethos that prevailed in societies with which he'd had personal experience—Yoruba, Australia, even Britain in times of crisis.

But now, years later, a few fragments from the hated essay suddenly chimed. *Speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls* and tomorrow . . . what was it? Speak tomorrow's truth in hard words again, even if you're totally contradicting yourself. Something like that. And something about hobgoblins. He smiled and swiped at the sweat dripping down his face. *Sic transit* expensive education. He'd look up the proper quote after a nice cool shower. He turned for home.

He'd ask Jess to take Clancy, risk a little more intimacy.

Trust his heart's iron string. For now.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1855

Jarret stood by Lexington, a hand resting lightly on his shoulder, as Gilbert Watson Patrick approached for his first morning's work with the horse.

Though Jarret was sorry for young Henri Meichon's disgrace, which he believed unwarranted, he never had thought him a worthy jockey for Lexington. He was glad that Ten Broeck had engaged this veteran to ride Lexington in the Race Against Time. Gil Patrick was nearing the end of his long career, and it was whispered that this unique race might be his swan song. Jarret knew the man was as skilled a rider as any in the country. Now the question was how much he could trust him.

From a distance, Patrick looked like a boy: not quite five feet tall and thin as wire. "Little Gil" some people called him, although not to his face. His other nickname, "the Punisher," referred not to his treatment of horses, but to his ability to make a race hellish for competing jockeys if he harbored a grudge against them or the owner of their mount. At thirty years of age, the fine English complexion he'd inherited from his immigrant parents had weathered into a leathery, almost simian texture, deeply etched with lines. But it was a face that lit with admiration as he regarded Lexington.

He approached the horse slowly. Lexington's nostrils widened to take in his scent. He extended his hand and held it steady as Lexington dropped a soft muzzle, sniffing his palm. "I rode your da and your ma," Patrick said quietly to the horse. "You're a much calmer fellow than either." He turned to

Jarret and rolled up his sleeve to expose a raised pink scar on his forearm. "That was from Boston, in the race against Fashion, back when I was a youngster in forty-two. He didn't like being beat by that filly. Neither did I."

Patrick offered his leg and Jarret hoisted him into the saddle. Jarret walked them out to the track, talking to Lexington in a low whisper until they reached the gate.

Patrick started with a gentle warm-up for a mile or so, then asked for speed. Jarret could see Patrick trying the horse's responses, asking him to hold back for a half mile, then give all again in a great energetic burst. For almost an hour, the two worked together, establishing a partnership. It was a flawless workout. But when Patrick brought the horse back to Jarret, his face showed none of the exhilaration that generally came with such a ride. He was frowning as he slid from the saddle and handed the reins to Jarret.

"How long?" he asked.

"How long what?"

"Don't trouble, boy. You know very well what. The reason you are always pouring out a stream of talk to this horse."

"The last three month. Not more. Maybe it begun before the last race, but I can't say for sure. I noticed his eyes were inflamed just after, but I thought I could bring that right with cold compresses. And I did, but . . ."

"Does Ten Broeck know?"

"Not yet."

"You going to tell him?"

"Are you?"

The older man looked up at the taller youth, his pale blue eyes boring into dark brown.

"I don't know."

"He can still run. Just as well—better—than he ever did."

Patrick nodded slowly. "That's true enough."

"And he'll only have the pacemaker horse. It's not like he'll be crowded out by a big field."

"That's also true."

Then Jarret blurted out his concern. "I'm afraid if Ten Broeck knows, he'll bet against him. And if he does that—" He stopped. He'd said too much.

Patrick pushed back the jockey cap atop his sparse, sandy hair. "If he does that, you are worried he might take other steps to ensure a loss?"

"I didn't say that."

“No, you didn’t. But I had that boy Meichon crying in my rooms. I know what he thinks happened the last time Ten Broeck backed the rival horse.”

Gil Patrick turned from Jarret and ran a hand down Lexington’s flank. “He’s barely sweating, after a workout like that. You have done a fine job with him.” He gazed at the track, weighing his options. Then he nodded. “Very well. I’ll keep your secret. Just for this one race. After that, no promises.”

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum Support Center, Maryland*

2019

Jess stood back and leaned against the cool steel bench as Catherine examined the skull.

“It’s not what you think.”

“Not an injury?”

“Almost certainly not. I’d say this malformation had an organic cause. It might’ve happened over a period of years, in fact. Probably so gradually that the horse didn’t even feel it.”

“Well, that’s good. I was imagining all kinds of hideous trauma. Somebody beating the poor animal. Or a bad fall at the racetrack. But you’re saying disease?”

“Most probably. Although trauma was a reasonable assumption, given that the damage is not bilateral, and that the rest of the skeleton shows no similar morbidity. It was a sensible guess.”

“So, what makes you think it has an organic cause?”

“The first thing I say to myself is, what do I know about *Equus ferus caballus*—the horse skull in its normal state?” Catherine lifted the skull and turned it. “What a beautiful, fragile, complicated thing it is.”

“Thirty-four separate bones,” Jess said. “Ours has only twenty-two.”

“Right, and like ours, these bones serve myriad functions, apart from the obvious ones of protecting the brain and operating the jaw. There’s all kinds of nooks and crannies to move blood, lymph, cerebrospinal fluid. Pathways

for nerves to and from the brain. And pathways for infection. A lot can go awry in there.”

Catherine set the skull back down on the bench and drew a finger along the faint suture lines. As she did so, Jess named the bones. “Occipital, parietal, nasal processes, zygoma . . . and . . .” She hesitated.

“Vomer,” Catherine prompted.

“Vomer. And then the deformation, there on the lacrimal.”

“It’s quite a gross deformation. Sad to say, I’ve treated a lot of horses who had something like this—an imbalance in their cranial bones. Not as pronounced, for sure, but of course this horse is much older. I was generally called in to treat two-year-old babies, in the racing game. With the young racehorses, bone issues generally *were* a result of trauma—they’d banged themselves up in the starting gate or pulled back when tied, or some other common, young-horse foolishness.”

She ran her finger over the teeth. “This horse’s teeth are pretty terrible, even considering his age at death. Major dental pathology. Horses can’t say when they have toothache, so things can go very bad before anyone notices.”

“All I ever heard was the expression ‘long in the tooth,’ and that you could tell their age that way,” Jess said.

“Well, you can, and most of the dental work on horses has been just about rasping away at that overgrowth. We weren’t much good at equine dental care until quite recently. A horse’s mouth is so deep, and its crushing strength so high, you don’t want to just be sticking your head in there to look what’s up. It’s only since microcameras that the field has really advanced. When all they had was a rasp, they didn’t get very far with complex pathologies. If your only tool is a hammer, everything is a nail, and all that.”

Catherine went to the basin and washed her hands. “There is another possibility. With an older horse, one who didn’t live in an era of modern veterinary practice, I’m thinking maybe Strangles. *Streptococcus equi equi*. Nasty, causes abscesses in the lymphoid tissue of the upper respiratory tract. Untreated, it’s the kind of thing that could deform the bone. We could take a sample and screen for signs of infectious organisms. See if we can find any pathogens in the DNA. Depends how keen you are to know.”

Jess realized that she did want to know. She’d become quite obsessed with this horse. He was, after all, the reason for her first date with Theo.

“Our lab can do it. I reckon we should try to find out everything these bones can tell us. Maybe he’ll be rediscovered one day, like Seabiscuit, and

people will want to know his whole story.”

“I suggest we also order a CT of the skull in that case. There’s a vet at my college who does equine maxillofacial surgery—he might have some insight, if I can show him scans.”

Catherine had spent the day overseeing the scanning of the skeleton’s locomotor bones. Jess had invited her for dinner, and at the last minute, since they had England and Oxford in common, she texted Theo to see if he wanted to join them.

She biked home via Eastern Market, getting there just before her favorite fishmonger closed. She selected some decent-looking shrimp for a fiery Malaysian sambal. By the time Catherine arrived, Jess’s eyes were watering from roasting chilies. Catherine coughed as the aromatics hit the back of her throat. She mucked in as unselfconsciously as she had the first time, mincing garlic and lemongrass while Jess sautéed candlenuts and belacan.

When Theo arrived at the open front door, he reeled. “It smells fantastic in here.” Clancy’s nose twitched violently at the unfamiliar odors.

“I hope you like it spicy,” Jess said. “I’m not making this for wimps. Theo, I’d like you to meet—”

From behind the kitchen counter Catherine, smiling, waved a garlicky hand. “I know who you are, Number Three. I was at Oxford when you were playing. Total polo tragic, I was. Never missed a match.” She turned to Jess. “When you mentioned he was a polo player, I had no idea you meant this one. This man was *such* a star. We all died when he quit the team. Everyone expected he’d go professional.”

“Well, it couldn’t have been any less lucrative than art history,” he smiled. “I’m sorry I didn’t recognize you at first—”

“Oh, don’t bother pretending,” Catherine interjected with a laugh. “You couldn’t possibly remember me. We were never introduced. I was just another girl hanging round the pony line, treading back divots at halftime.” She turned to Jess. “The team had quite a fan club, especially this guy.”

As Jess spooned the rust-colored sambal into bowls of rice, Theo and Catherine made small talk, comparing their Oxford experience. She was older, and already in the midst of her graduate degree when Theo came up. Polo was the only point of intersection, and Jess noticed Theo seemed resolute in not wanting to pursue that topic. Catherine, with an English sensitivity, followed his lead and steered away from it, although Jess sensed

her disappointment. She clearly would have replayed every match, in detail, had Theo offered the least encouragement.

Instead, she turned the conversation to Theo's interest in equestrian art. "I live with a Stubbs, you know. Hangs just outside my office. Supposedly it's a very great painting. But speaking as a vet, I don't care for it. The anatomy is bizarre. Drives me a little bonkers, to be honest, every time I look at it. Especially since Stubbs could be a fine anatomist. His book of drawings on the subject of equine anatomy is meticulously done."

When Jess cleared the table, Catherine called up the Stubbs portrait of Eclipse. Theo read the caption aloud: "*Eclipse with a Groom*. I don't recall seeing this one. Nice composition, even if the horse anatomy is off. He did like to include the servant class in these portraits, didn't he?"

"Did he? I haven't seen enough of his work to know if that's usual."

"Oh yes, quite usual. There's often a groom or a jockey. Or both. Sometimes I think the men are included in the composition simply to aggrandize the horse, you know. The horse towers over the human, with a great arcing crest and a disdainful eye, just as the owners probably liked to see themselves in relation to the rest of the world. I don't think it a stretch to imagine the nobility identifying with their high-bred horses."

"Well," said Catherine. "There you are. Everything in England comes down to class. It wouldn't be the same here, I'm sure."

Theo leaned back, frowning. "You think not? The slave-holding classes considered enslaved people subhuman. They referred to them as 'the necessary mudsill' on which one constructed the edifice of a higher kind of society."

"What a distressing concept," said Catherine. "Although I'm not sure it's an order of magnitude worse than the upper-class attitude to the lower classes. I mean, not everything has to be about race, does it?"

"Perhaps not, when you're White."

"Oh, well, I didn't mean to downplay . . ."

Theo shifted in his seat. He imagined she would file the exchange away as an example of how easy it was to offend a Black person. He felt irritated and suddenly exhausted. Despite his aversion to ill manners, he let himself enjoy the release of a large yawn.

"Up too early this morning." He folded his napkin as he spoke. "Marking some very indifferent undergraduate papers on Michelangelo's Mannerist tendencies. In fact, I really should go—I have several more to finish." He got

up and reached for Catherine's empty plate, carrying it with his own to the sink. Clancy padded after him. Jess stood and followed him to the door. She stepped outside into the cooling air.

"Are you okay?" she whispered.

"Quite."

"I was hoping—I thought you might stay. There's nothing wrong, is there?"

Is there? He wasn't sure. He bent and gave her a perfunctory kiss on the brow.

"I'll call you." And when I do, he thought, it'll be to say this isn't going to work.

Jess watched him walk briskly away. At the end of the street, only Clancy turned to look back.

As she closed the door, Catherine was fiddling with her wineglass. "I do hope I didn't say anything wrong." She gazed at the wine for a moment and sighed. "Hard to say the right thing, these days."

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1855

With twenty thousand dollars staked on the outcome, Ten Broeck expected a decent gate. He did not expect the throngs who turned up to watch a horse run against a stopwatch.

But there they were, crowding the shell road once again. Ten Broeck had built the public stand to hold fifteen hundred souls, but as race time approached it was jammed with many more than that. The *Picayune* had run a long dispatch that very morning, praising the “temerity of Lexington’s owner in sending this challenge to the world, in the face of a recent defeat.” Should success attend the effort, the paper wrote, “he will have the proud satisfaction of possessing the champion of America.”

Ten Broeck smiled, thinking how reading such lines in his hometown paper surely had put Wells off his breakfast. Wells might have been better pleased by the dispatch in the *Daily Crescent*: “We believe Lexington will win his match against time, and still we don’t think he will beat Lecompte.” The paper took issue with the fact that the judges had agreed to allow Lexington a running, rather than a standing start, and had allowed pacemakers to run with him.

It was a fine day, though a stiff breeze pushed the drifting tendrils of moss almost sideways on the oaks. Ten Broeck noticed Jarret out on the track. He squinted in aggravation when he saw him kneel down in the dirt. What was

he thinking—already dressed for the race? If he knew the price of that embroidered banyan he wouldn't be fouling it so casually.

Ten Broeck eased his way through the gathering crowd and waved to get Jarret's attention. Jarret stood, dusted off his hands, and came toward him, his face grave.

"They've stripped the track," he said, before Ten Broeck could remonstrate with him about the state of his garments. "It's smooth, as you wanted. But it's hard as rock. They've taken too much soil off."

"I said smooth and hard," Ten Broeck said. "We want a fast track."

"Well, it's like iron out there," Jarret said. "All the spring is gone from it."

Ten Broeck shrugged and waved a hand at the dirty circles on the knees of Jarret's breeches. "Do you have any others you can wear? You've quite ruined those."

"I'm worried about ruining the horse," Jarret retorted.

Ten Broeck ignored Jarret's ferocity. "I'm sure it's not as bad as all that. In any case, nothing to be done at this hour. Go and see if Gilpatrick is in want of anything, will you?" Ten Broeck had adopted the common habit of running the jockey's first and last names together. Jarret glared at Ten Broeck and stomped off to the stables. He could at least ensure that the jockey was aware of the appalling state of the track—so different to what they had trained upon.

As the hour for the race approached, grooms ponied out the two horses who would challenge Lexington to make his best time. A gelding named Joe Blackburn would start with him for the first two miles, then Arrow, brought in fresh, would take over to challenge him for the race's second half.

Gilpatrick started Lexington up the stretch, turned him at the draw gates, and was at a full gallop as they passed the judges' stand and heard the drum tap. Throughout the stands, spectators clicked the buttons atop the cases on their brand-new stopwatches.

Jarret had placed himself by the outer rail, as near as possible to Ten Broeck. As Lexington blazed through the first half mile, concern creased Ten Broeck's face. At the mile, he glanced at his stopwatch: 1:47:25. Too fast. "He can't hold out at such a pace," he muttered. As Gilpatrick passed him he roared his instruction: "Take back! Take back!"

The disciplined jockey complied and held Lexington to just under two minutes in the second mile. Even so, the pacer Joe Blackburn couldn't keep up. Just three minutes into the race, he had dropped back so far as to be

useless. Ten Broeck shouted to bring Arrow up early. The jockey spurred the fresh horse to challenge Lexington as he rounded the curve. Hearing him coming, Lexington fought Gilpatrick's pull and asked insistently for his head. Gilpatrick allowed enough extra speed to keep ahead of his challenger. The horse again passed the mile mark. Stopwatches clicked. Mile three: 1:51:5.

The effort to challenge Lexington at such a speed was too much for Arrow, so Ten Broeck waved Joe Blackburn back into the race. Neither horse could muster speed enough to be of any use. No matter. Lexington needed no competition to set his pace.

Jarret noticed that Lexington was fighting Gilpatrick all through the final mile, trying to swerve out from the rail. "He's trying to find the softer going," Jarret shouted to Ten Broeck. "He must keep him on the rail," Ten Broeck replied.

Only in the stretch did Gilpatrick give the horse his head, allowing him to finish the final quarter mile in under 25 seconds. As Lexington blazed across the finish line, spectators thumped their stopwatches. There was a momentary hush as they stared at the time in disbelief. Then a howl of thrilled approval. Lexington, running alone, had conquered four miles in a new record time of 7:19:75. He had trounced Lecompte's 7:26 record.

As Gilpatrick brought the horse back toward Jarret, it was immediately apparent that both his front shoes were loose. Jarret shouted to the jockey to dismount. Gilpatrick did so, standing by, concerned, as Jarret picked up Lexington's right leg, and then his left. Both of the thin racing plates had worked loose, rattling against the horn of the horse's hoof. One shoe had all but three of ten nails out. The remaining ones were bent and twisted.

"His feet must be stinging something terrible," Jarret said.

Gilpatrick pushed back his cap. "If his shoes had been right, he'd have shaved another four or five seconds. Just shows what courage he has, to run on, with shoes like that," he said. "I don't know another horse that would have kept giving like he gave, and not even a pacemaker in earshot of him. I think he's proved something today, for sure. Not just the fastest horse in history, but maybe the bravest one as well."

The next morning, Gilpatrick leaned over the door of Lexington's stall as Jarret positioned the horse's right hoof in the soaking tub. He spoke softly so that no one else could hear.

"You have to tell him."

Jarret stood, wiping his hands. "Still holding too much heat in that leg."

"Legs'll be just fine after a few more cold soaks. It's the other thing worries me. Should worry you."

"Course it worries me." Jarret ran his hand through Lexington's forelock. The horse leaned into his touch and didn't flinch as Jarret found the lumpy protrusion of bone encircling his eye. "Worries me every waking minute."

"You know they're about to set terms for the rematch. Old Man Wells is all but begging for it."

"Heard tell he's having vapor fits over Lexington being called the fastest racehorse in history."

Gilpatrick gave a dry laugh. "He fell right into the trap your man set for him." He leaned farther into the stall and dropped his voice even lower. "I think the only thing that will put a stop to it is if you speak up. Tell Ten Broeck the truth."

Jarret busied himself swabbing the other leg. He didn't reply.

"Jarret!" Gilpatrick's tone was jussive. "If you don't tell him, I will. You leave me no choice."

"You got a choice. You don't got to ride him."

Gilpatrick thumped a fist against the stall boards. "Damn it, you're a stubborn boy. You know how much I want the ride. But an owner has a right to know what he's agreeing to." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "He ought to know his horse can't see."

"He can see. Shadows, still."

"But it is getting worse."

Jarret straightened and finally looked Gilpatrick in the eye.

"Oh yes. Much worse."

It had started with the inflammation. But Jarret had tended that with cold compresses, and it had subsided. Then, in Saratoga Springs, Jarret had noticed that the horse was spooky in a way that wasn't usual for him. Jarret had ascribed it to the unfamiliar surroundings, the stress of the long journey north. When the horse began to trip during workouts, Jarret suspected he'd been nail-quickened by an unskilled farrier and called the man back to reshoe.

It was only when Lexington walked right into a barrow that someone had carelessly left in the midst of the paddock that Jarret began to suspect the truth. He pulled a kerchief from his pocket and flapped it. The horse leaped sideways and Jarret felt a rush of relief. But when he tried the same test on the other side, the horse made no response at all.

One eye was failing. There had been signs: a manner of tilting his head to favor the better eye, the way he dropped his muzzle to probe the ground, especially where surfaces changed suddenly from dark to light. The horse had been resourceful. In the familiar surrounds of Metairie, he'd made his own mental maps and compensated even as his world began to darken.

A blind horse has other acute senses: smell and hearing and the delicate sense of touch in the fine hairs of his face. He can travel well through his known world using these. But away from his familiar home, there was fear.

Harry had always told Jarret that Boston went blind because of a savage beating. He'd been sure that the blindness wouldn't be passed down to his foals. But now Jarret wondered if his father had been mistaken. Perhaps Boston's blindness *was* hereditary. He walked Lexington to his stall on the Saratoga farm and examined his eyes closely. There was no discharge, no clouding. But then his fingers found the lump of misshapen bone. He felt the other side—no lump. That, at least, was good. He knew of many horses who raced just fine with sight in only one eye. But what could have happened to deform his bone in this way? Jarret had been with the horse his whole life, except for those hard weeks at Fatherland, and even there, he'd watched him from a distance and would have known if the horse had injured himself. Pryor had called on him for the colic; he would have done the same, surely, for any other crisis. He couldn't think what, besides a bad injury, could misshape a bone and rob a horse of vision in that way.

When they left Saratoga and transferred to the stables at the National Race Course in New York City, Jarret made various excuses as to why Lexington should not be turned out with other horses and why he alone should have the handling of the stallion. It was easy enough to convince the hands that the stallion had a foul temper, since so many did. They were willing to take Jarret at his word and leave everything, from the mucking of the stall to the morning gallops, entirely to him. Then, when Captain Stuart sickened and died from the cholera, the misfortune gave cover for their untimely return south. Stuart had been the one with good connections at the new course, and Ten Broeck had relied on him to create interest in a northern contest. With

the death of his friend, Ten Broeck seemed to lose heart for promoting such a race, and sent word to bring the horse home, by slow stages, keeping him in condition for the Race Against Time.

Jarret had done so, taking every opportunity on that journey south to build on his strong bond of trust with the horse and to expand the range of verbal commands Lexington responded to. They had stopped for long rests at farms where Ten Broeck had connections, and in every strange place, Jarret worked from first light to last on building Lexington's confidence. He slept in the pasture so that the horse would be reassured by his familiar scent. By the end of the journey even a strange paddock held no terrors.

He had been confident Lexington would run brilliantly in the Race Against Time. He was just as certain that if he had time to heal the soreness in his feet, Lexington would defeat Lecompte. Maybe, with a worthy challenger to press him on, he would even beat his own world record.

Jarret wanted this chance. The blindness was progressing rapidly. Despite his hopes, the sight in the good eye had begun to fade. Soon, he feared, Lexington would be completely blind. And no one would risk racing a stone-blind horse.

But if Lexington beat Lecompte, he would prove himself beyond doubt the champion stallion of the age, assured of a good life as a coddled stud sire. He didn't need to see to do that.

Jarret lifted Lexington's hoof out of the soaking tub and dried each leg vigorously. Gilpatrick held the stall door as he carried the tub to the barn entrance and threw the water in a wide sparkling arc.

The two men stepped out into the warm spring morning. A grimace of vexation deepened the lines on the smaller man's face. Jarret sighed. "You really think he gone call this thing off if you tell him?"

"Yes, I think—I expect—"

"Then you don't know him. There ain't nothing gone make him do that. He plans to make this thing the race of the century. He reckons it's bigger than American Eclipse and Sir Henry back in 1823, bigger even than when you raced Boston up against that Fashion filly in forty-two."

"But there were seventy thousand people at that race! He can't possibly think—"

"But he does. That's exactly what he thinks. He saw how many folk came out just to watch a race against a clock, and now he reckons this rivalry—the two great sons of Boston—is sure to take hold of the racing press and fire up

every single person ever liked a horse race—rich, poor, old, and young. That what he thinks. You, me—nothing we say is gonna stop him.”

Jarret looked around, to make sure they weren’t overheard. “But what you might do is rowel him up to some kind of foolishness. Just like we talked of last time. That man might do anything. You know that.”

Gilpatrick stared up at the tall youth, considering. He’d raced against talented Black jockeys all his long career and ridden winners trained by expert Black horsemen. Any notions he’d had about natural inferiority had long ago been rasped away by the evidence of his own experience. He knew Jarret’s gift with horses was prodigious. But was he also a judge of the motives of men—especially of such a subtle player as Ten Broeck? Gilpatrick wasn’t sure.

In the end, he said nothing, and the race date was set for April 14. The sporting press waxed enthusiastic, as Ten Broeck had predicted, hailing Lexington and Lecompte as “the great lions of the day” and proclaiming that their contest merited the “same interest and avidity as the probable fate of a nation.”

Readers apparently agreed. New Orleans filled to brimming, once again, with racing fans lured by Ten Broeck’s promotional flair. Wells’s friends from the Red River district crowded the city, avid to see their man put the northern interloper back in his place. The Kentucky-bred horse and his New York owner could not be allowed another triumph. Wells’s sister boasted that half of Rapides Parish had come to bet on Lecompte, “not only because they considered him the best horse in the world, but because he was Jeff Wells’s horse.”

By midday, coaches and drags packed the infield, carrying their noisy parties. As the clock eased slowly to the three p.m. race time, strolling bands of minstrels, acrobats, and Creole dancers entertained the crowd. Vendors carried trays piled high with fruits and iced drinks. Ten Broeck had ordered the stands decorated with festoons of bright fabric and soon the gaudy tiers were crammed. Trees sagged and boughs cracked under the weight of spectators. It was, the French denizens proclaimed, a “*succès fou*,” even before the horses left the stable.

Ten Broeck moved through the crowd, pensive. The Red River men, it seemed, were not betting on their horse. Ten Broeck didn’t know why, and for him that was an unaccustomed experience. By all measures, their horse should have been favored. For one thing, Gilpatrick was riding above his

ideal weight, so Lexington would be carrying 3¾ pounds more than Lecompte. This was no trifling matter since Lexington was the smaller horse by some 160 pounds. It was not as if he had no eyes on the Wells horse. He had paid to be kept informed on Lecompte's form in training. A few days earlier, his informant had sent a message that Lecompte was looking grand and training perfectly. So why was the money going so heavily to Lexington? What was depressing wagers on the Wells horse?

Ten Broeck turned the matter over in his mind as he did a circuit of the stables, looking for the youth he'd paid. He could hardly ask after the boy by name without raising questions, but his scan of the grooms' quarters proved futile. His informant was nowhere to be seen. Vexed, he sought out Jarret, who was preparing Lexington.

"Have you heard anything that would account for a dearth of Red River money?"

Jarret shook his head. "But you might ask the painter, Mr. Scott. I know he was up in Rapides Parish this week past. He knows a good many of Hark's people and—"

Ten Broeck didn't wait for Jarret to finish. He'd seen Scott down by the rail earlier and now he forced his way through the crowd to find him. Scott, journal in hand, foot on the rail, was scribbling notes for his column. Ten Broeck touched his sleeve.

"Do you know why there's no money on Lecompte?"

Scott looked over both shoulders and dropped his voice.

"Three days ago. Sudden, out of nowhere. Severe colic. Hark insisted on drastic treatment. Got the horse on his feet, but I heard he's off his feed and dull in the gallops."

"Thanks for that. I assume you've bet accordingly."

Scott smiled wanly. "I would have, were I in purse to do so."

Ten Broeck patted his arm. "I'll place a wager for you." Before Scott could say anything, he slid away into the crowd.

In the saddling enclosure, Lexington danced with an excitement that told Jarret his feet were fully healed. Wells's grooms led Lecompte out. It was an impressive procession. The trainer Hark, in frock coat and top hat, walked on one side, Abe Hawkins in Wells's golden silks on the other. When the grooms stripped Lecompte's sheet, his chestnut coat gleamed. But once saddled, the outrider had to urge him forward toward the track. There was a coin toss, and Lexington drew the pole.

At the drum tap, the two rivals burst forward at sprinter speed. At the first turn, Abe challenged Gilpatrick for the pole position, but the veteran would not allow an inch. They came into the stretch head to head. No one had seen such early speed—both horses apparently going flat out—in the first quarter mile of a four-mile contest. Ten Broeck clicked his watch at the quarter mark and cursed. Twenty-five and a half seconds. “Suicidal. They will walk home.”

Jarret wasn't so sure. He could see that Gilpatrick wasn't even asking as Lexington pulled ahead and took a lead around the upper turn. Abe answered with whip and spur, putting maximum pressure on Lecompte to close the gap.

The chestnut did his best. Hearing him move up, Gilpatrick nudged Lexington a single time and the horse answered instantly, widening the lead to several lengths as Lecompte labored and showed his distress under Abe's pitiless thrashing. When Jarret saw Lecompte's tail droop and fall, he knew the great horse's spirit had surrendered. Ahead of him, Lexington's tail streamed high, like a plume of triumph. Gilpatrick tried to hold Lexington back, worried he couldn't sustain this blistering speed. But as they passed the stands, the crowd's wild cheering seemed to inspire the horse. Gilpatrick, for all his wiry strength and skill, could not check him. He broke away and hurtled to the wire.

The time was 7:23. Lexington pulled up so fresh it was clear he could have beaten his own record if Lecompte had pressed him.

Lecompte, however, was head down and heaving, lathered and bloody. Wells's grooms swarmed the course carrying damp cloths and fans to cool him.

Within the half hour, Wells had accepted Hark's verdict: the horse could not recover for the second heat. To ask him might be fatal. He would be withdrawn. While the Red River contingent filed out, chagrined and defeated, most of the crowd stayed to watch and cheer as the now unrivaled champion did a leisurely strut around the course to secure a walkover victory and the indisputable title: greatest horse of the era.

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

Theo's day began as it always did: the press of a whiskery muzzle against his cheek. He was aware of damp, metallic breath. Clancy didn't nudge or fidget, just rested a cold nose gently on Theo's face. If he kept his eyes closed and tried to stay asleep, Clancy would give a small sigh and rearrange himself across the top of Theo's head like a large furry crown. He would doze there for as long as it took until Theo decided to stir. That usually wasn't long, since it was hard to sleep with thirty pounds of kelpie pressing on your head.

"Good morning, alarm clock," yawned Theo, reaching up a hand to rub Clancy between the ears.

Theo was well aware that there are people who don't have dogs in the house, much less on the bed, much less sharing their pillow. His mother, for one. It wasn't that Abiona disliked dogs, but she didn't see the point of them, either, unless they were guard dogs like the ones who patrolled the high fences of her compound in Lagos. Theo's father had been an animal lover but not to the point of confronting Abiona.

Confronting Abiona. Something he would have to do if he carried on with this new relationship and let it get serious. But Abiona was five thousand miles away, so he didn't have to think about that just now. Which was good, because in the lazy, sensuous moments between sleep and wakefulness, he'd rather think about Jess.

He'd left her place angry, walking off his annoyance in a brisk half jog down the length of the Mall. In retrospect, he shouldn't have accepted the last-minute dinner offer, since he'd been in a foul mood long before he stepped into the apartment.

First had come the news that he had to cancel the weekend with his friends in Yosemite. "Seems like climate change got there before us," Daniel said. "The Cali wildfires are making the air 'undesirable' for serious hiking. Anyway, Hakeem's supervisor was giving him shit about taking a long weekend away from the lab. You know how it is, Black man gotta work at least twice as hard."

Theo was dispirited, and not just because the cheap ticket he'd bought was nonrefundable and money he couldn't afford to waste. He'd longed to reconnect with his friends. Now, who knew when they'd be able to hatch another plan?

And then he'd had a meeting with his thesis adviser that hadn't gone well. She was the only tenured professor of color in the entire department, a po-co specialist with a particular interest in the art of the African diaspora. Theo had admired her writing and thought her background—Côte d'Ivoire, University of Bordeaux—would make for a unique perspective. He'd expected West African warmth but encountered, instead, an icy crust of French *froideur*. By then, however, it was too late to make a change. Invitations to graduate programs in his field weren't exactly growing on trees.

He'd hoped that she might warm up a bit as she got to know him better and read more of his work. But almost six months into their relationship, she remained excruciatingly reserved. He tried to put himself in her shoes (which, he noted, were elegant, strappy things that emphasized her slender ankles). It couldn't have been easy to rise as she had—a Black immigrant woman in academia's chauvinist ivory towers.

He held on to that thought as she gave him the silent treatment, gazing down at the document on her desk while he sat and squirmed. He couldn't guess her age. Though her CV made it clear she must be in her fifties at least, she looked much younger. She wore clingy boat-neck sweaters that showed off a long neck and slender, expressive arms. She wore her glossy, straightened hair swept up in an elaborate chignon. His revised proposal was on her desk. She always used a Mont Blanc pen and now she tapped it on his manuscript.

“Well, Tay-oh”—she pronounced his name as if it had an acute accent over the *e*—“this strange swerve in your topic. It is, I think, a little bit disappointing. A little bit . . . niche, no?”

Theo wanted to say that PhD theses were by definition “niche.” But he restrained himself. “How so?”

“These artists you propose to study, these”—she paused and dropped her voice—“White males. They are not so *intéressant*, I think. Not so important.”

“Well, it is actually the Black subjects that I—”

She tapped her pen harder and cut him off. “And also I am not so sure about your dialogical principles of cross-cultural interaction.” She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose with a long, manicured forefinger. “What really is at stake? The subjects are Black, the painters White, yet you want to argue *against* objectification in this case? What can you usefully say about the aesthetics of hybridity and transculturation if you take such an approach? It’s a choice, I think, a little bit perverse, no? Why must you illuminate these cases, where enslaved people are *not* depicted in a dehumanized and stereotypical way? It’s rare and exceptional.”

“Well, professor. You have answered for me. Because it is rare and exceptional.”

She leaned back in her chair, lifted her narrow shoulders, and turned her hands up in a slow-motion Gallic shrug. “Per’aps. If you must. But I think you chose for yourself a very ’ard road.”

Theo strode out, irritated. He’d wanted to be in Washington for the wealth of connections he could make for potential future employment at so many exceptional museums. But the Fine Arts Department was small, the PhD program quite new. And now he was stuck with an adviser hostile to his work. He’d been chewing on all that before he even got to Jess’s place. And then, that English vet. Banging on about his aborted polo career. Bringing all that old misery back up to the surface. The last thing he’d needed: a reminder of the road not taken. No wonder he’d essentially stormed out, insofar as someone with his impeccable manners *could* storm.

But as he’d kept walking beyond the Mall, into the backstreets of Georgetown, he thought about the hurt, puzzled look on Jess’s face when he’d left. By the time he stepped into his apartment, crawling into bed with his dog suddenly felt like a poor decision. He looked into Clancy’s eyes, luminous on the pillow. “All right then. Don’t stare at me like that.”

He reached over the side of the bed, groping for his phone. He'd text her before he fell asleep. *See you on the weekend?* She immediately texted back: *Sure.* He rolled onto his back and exhaled.

"You like her, too, don't you, Clance?" he said, as the dog wriggled into place beside him. Clancy's answer was a long sigh, as if to say, "That's obvious."

In the morning, Theo swung out of bed and into a pair of running shorts, put on water for coffee, and plopped a handful of dog food into Clancy's bowl. He took a few sips of espresso as Clancy chased the bowl around the floor, hoovering up every last speck of kibble. They ran for more than an hour. Theo wanted to give them both a good workout before he headed to the Library of Congress for the day to research Scott, Troye, and any other nineteenth-century equestrian painters who might have depicted Black horsemen.

At the library, he was pleased to find that works by both Troye and Scott had been reproduced prolifically as engravings and published widely in the turf press of the day. In a very old *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, he came upon an intriguing reference to a Scott painting. The painting wasn't reproduced, but it was described in detail, and the subject was the horse Lexington.

*One of the best portraits of him was painted by Scott, representing him led by Black Jarret, his groom.*

Was this, perhaps, the same Black groom as in that early photograph that Jess had shown him? Theo wrote down the name and underlined it.

*The head is turned outward, and we have a full view of the dull, sightless eyes. The right fore-foot is thrown out haltingly, as if feeling for clear and firm ground upon which to place it. The whole form of the horse speaks blindness, and one can not gaze upon the picture, and recall the brilliant triumphs of the past, without a shade of sadness.*

Blindness. That was interesting. Explained why the horse's racing career was so short. He must ask Jess about that. As he read on, Theo learned that this painting had been unanimously declared the best that Scott had produced, his masterpiece. In 1866, it had hung at the offices of the newspaper *Turf, Field and Farm* in New York City. But that paper had faded as the national passion for racing ebbed, and it had gone out of business in 1903. Where then was that painting now?

Theo turned to the only catalogue of Scott's work, published in 2010. Unsurprisingly, the painting that he'd plucked from the trash wasn't listed. But two other portraits of Lexington were. One was the fine work from Martha Jackson's bequest that they'd viewed at the Smithsonian. The other—the last, supposedly the best, the one with the Black groom named Jarret—was listed in the catalogue with a dispiriting note: *Has not been found*.

# TEN BROECK'S JARRET

*Metairie, Louisiana*

1855

Jarret did not hear Ten Broeck approach the corral. He was focused on the horse, working on voice commands. For a moment or two Ten Broeck stood silently behind him, one foot on the fence rail.

“Did you think that I, also, am blind?”

Jarret spun around.

More than a week had passed since the walkover win against Lecompte. Ten Broeck, hosting lavish celebrations in the city, hadn't been seen at Metairie. Those idle days following Lexington's triumph should have been joyful ones for Jarret. Instead, a growing unease ate at his soul. He had accomplished his goal: the little foal with four white feet had become acclaimed as the greatest racehorse in the country. He had written to Ten Broeck and asked to buy himself out of bondage. What better time?

But no response had come. And every day, it was clear to Jarret that Lexington's blindness was worse. To Jarret, who knew, it was apparent that the left eye—the worst one, the one where the bone felt lumpy—had begun to lose its luster and its roundness. Other grooms had noted the horse's odd behavior. Jarret had begun to fret about how Ten Broeck would react when he learned the truth.

Now the question hung between them in the misty morning air.

“Well?”

Jarret blinked. The silence swelled. Ten Broeck turned abruptly. "Come to my office. Now."

Jarret followed his retreating back over the rolling sward of grass still scuffed and torn from the boots of the crowd. Ten Broeck strode into his office and stood at the window, his back to Jarret, his gaze held by an exercise rider breezing a horse around the track.

"Close the door," he said. He did not turn. "We have not been acquainted very long, and yet I find myself strangely vexed that you know me so little. Did you really think you had concealed such a grave matter? I have known the horse was losing his sight almost, I imagine, as long as you have. No, I am not blind. Far from it. I have eyes in my employ in every place where I have a significant asset." He turned and glared at Jarret. "I am astonished that you did not have the wit to realize that. Why do you imagine I abandoned the idea of a New York contest?"

"I thought—I believed it was because of Captain Stuart . . ."

"His death? It was unfortunate, even tragic. But I had means to arrange the contests without his help. No. It was because I did not choose to run a horse with failing sight in a field the size and nature of which I could not control. Not before he had won the Race Against Time for me. So I brought you both home to Metairie, expecting every day you would come to me and lay out the ground of what you knew to be true. That you did not do so disappointed me. I believe I know the motive, and I feel no obligation to one who both deceives and mistrusts me. So I must deny your request. You may not buy yourself out of bondage at this time. In fact"—he looked down at his walnut desk, shifted some papers—"I have sold you."

Jarret's vision blurred. He reached out a hand and grasped the edge of the desk. Ten Broeck regarded him coldly.

"For a very fair price, I must say. But not as rich as the price I will receive for Lexington."

Jarret felt his throat close.

"You—you've sold our horse?" he whispered.

"I have a vague idea that Lexington is my property, and the prevailing opinion in this country is that a man may dispose of what he owns as and when he chooses. So yes. I have sold *my* horse. For fifteen thousand dollars. Which is, I am pleased to note, the highest price ever paid for a thoroughbred in this country. A tidy profit on the amount I paid for him. I have had the lion's share of his purses, plus my winning wagers, plus the

gate. A happy sum. So it has been an extraordinarily successful partnership, all told.”

The thought of all that money seemed to have a mellowing effect on Ten Broeck’s temper. His face lost its angry cast and he took his seat behind the desk. Jarret’s stomach heaved. He forced himself to swallow the sickness that rose up in his throat.

“For pity’s sake, boy, sit down.”

Jarret sank into a bentwood chair.

“Before I let you go, it is important that you grasp the extent of your folly. I am going to set it out for you. As I have said, I harbor grave concern that the present regional tensions in this country will escalate. Accordingly, I intend to establish myself in England. I will be the first American owner to travel there with a string of fine American horses, and I hope to elevate the position of the American turf to rival its ancient counterpart. This is an event that the sporting world has been anticipating with interest for many years. I had intended that Lexington would be the lynchpin of my strategy. However, that is not now possible. In the event, Lecompte will do.” Jarret’s head shot up at that. “You are surprised? So was I. Yet it is true: Wells has sold him to me. I believe he did not wish to have the source of his humiliation lingering to remind him of it. I will also take Stark, Pryor, and Prioress, since all of them have been running well. I had intended that you would accompany me as trainer, and Gilpatrick as my jockey. As you may know, there is no longer a condition such as yours in England, so at the moment you set your foot down on that soil you would have been free to stay in my employ or not, as you liked. And to keep whatever monies I must now assume are in your possession, since you have proposed to buy your own manumission. For the service you have rendered to me, I will not confiscate those funds, although as you know, since slaves may not legally hold property, it is within my right to do so.”

Ten Broeck paused and regarded Jarret. His face softened. The stricken look on the youth’s face stirred him to a modicum of compassion.

“The short of it is, I am sending you back to Kentucky with the horse. In the course of exploring my options in England, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Alexander, owner of an estate in Scotland and now also of lands adjacent to the Vileys. Despite your recent lack of candor, I spoke to him in your favor. I told him he’d be well advised to have you continue to manage

the horse as he transitions to the breeding shed. You are to transport Lexington to him and assume whatever general duties he assigns to you.”

Jarret barely heard what Ten Broeck next said. His mind reeled and whirled. He could stay with Lexington. As that thought took hold, he found he could breathe again.

Ten Broeck was still talking. Jarret struggled to pay attention. “Alexander’s reputation is, as far as I know, impeccable. In fact, he has become, in very short order, the most successful breeder of fine livestock in the country. Thoroughbreds, sheep, cattle—his interest is in producing the finest thing of its kind. Which is why he desires to have Lexington as a stud sire. He has it in mind for Lexington to cover broodmares sired by Glencoe. An interesting notion. You should gather your possessions. You will leave with the horse on the morning’s packet. That painter, Scott, will accompany you. He will be undertaking commissions for Mr. Alexander, whose man will meet your boat in Louisville. That will be all. I do not expect that we will meet again.”

# JESS

*Smithsonian Museum Support Center, Maryland*

2019

Catherine called Jess from London with the results from scans she had carried back with her.

“Craniofacial infection leading to malformation of the bone. That’s the official diagnosis. As you know, the bone over the sinus is very thin, so it’s easily distorted by disease. The scan shows the teeth interacting abnormally with the sinus complex. So, the hypothesis is that a dental infection caused the outbulging.”

“Poor horse,” said Jess.

“Indeed,” said Catherine. “Though it might’ve all started with a pleasant binge at the feed bins.”

“Huh?”

“Just a theory. The horse may have got loose and gorged himself. Food went where it shouldn’t have and caused an occult abscess in the lining of his sinus. Result: erosive osteomyelitis. It’s probably what caused the blindness—the infection damaged the optic nerve.”

“But why would he have gone totally blind? The malformation is only on one side.”

“It doesn’t need to get to the other eye. There’s a sympathetic response in the ‘good’ eye, and that inflammation causes the damage. But you know, it may have even been a blessing in its way. Otherwise he’d probably have been shipped to England and raced till he broke down.”

“England? Why England?”

“I’ve been reading up on the man who owned him. Turns out there’s quite an English angle to the story. Ten Broeck—strange name, Dutch, I think—the one who owned Lexington at the height of his racing career, went on to become quite a celebrity over here. He was the first to bring American horses; at the time the press called it ‘the American Invasion.’ He won some big races and palled about with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh and miscellaneous European royals for about thirty years. Then he managed to lose his fortune entirely. Died alone and penniless in a bungalow in California. The man who found his body had come to buy his racing trophies—they were all he had left to sell, apparently.

“But I digress. The point is, he didn’t take Lexington on account of the blindness. Lecompte became his star horse. But Lecompte suffered during the sea voyage and died soon after his first English race. That might have been Lexington’s destiny. Instead, your horse was having a leisurely life at stud. It wasn’t like it is now. Now they treat the poor stallions like machines, making them stand three times a day sometimes, all year long. No winters out to graze these days. They even ship them about to the Southern Hemisphere when the mares go into heat down there. But in those days, they’d only have to cover a few dozen mares in the springtime and then they’d have the rest of the year off.”

“Not a bad life then.”

“Not bad at all.”

# ALEXANDER'S JARRET

*Woodburn Stock Farm, Woodford, Kentucky*

1861

Jarret could see his breath. He rose from his desk in the corner of the broodmare's barn and crouched to open the door of the woodstove. The metal hinges whined their complaint. He added a log and stood back as the coals flared. Outside, pastures glittered under a hard frost and a Union Jack snapped in an icy January wind. The clang of the lanyard against the pole had grown louder as the wind picked up strength. When the kettle atop the stove began to hiss, Jarret made himself a pot of strong English tea. He'd developed a taste for it in the six years he'd spent at Woodburn.

The Belland boy came in, clutching the morning newspaper in fingers blue with cold. He had been breaking the ice on the horses' water troughs. Jarret poured him a mug of tea. "Sit a minute and warm yourself," he said, pushing a stool closer to the stove. The boy took the tea but didn't approach the fire. Instead, he stood by the drafty window, gazing out at the flag rattling on its lanyard. Jarret supposed this was not such a cold morning for a Quebécois. He spread the newspaper on his desk and scanned the front page. The Clay girl had been right, all that time ago: the war she had predicted now seemed inevitable. Everyone was choosing sides.

"Well, Napoleon, our county has voted. Says here we're going to stand by the Union."

"Is good or is bad?"

Napoleon Belland understood English quite well but he was shy about speaking it with his heavy accent. He reminded Jarret of himself as a youngster, more comfortable with the language of horses than people. Jarret liked the boy. He was a gifted rider and a hard worker, and since he had lived in Kentucky for less than a year, he hadn't yet acquired the antagonism that other White employees showed in the face of Jarret's authority.

Jarret spread his hands and shrugged. "Kentucky's in three minds on this thing: some for the Union, some for the secesh, and a whole lot in the middle who say we shouldn't take sides at all."

Wedged between slave states and free states, Kentucky's counties were divided, its families were divided. Jarret suspected that not a soul in their county had voted to stand with the Union in order to end slavery. On the contrary, they stood with the president-elect because he was canny enough to assure them that they could keep their slaves if they stayed loyal.

"It's good news for the Union to have one more Kentucky county take their side. But for the farm, who knows? You chose a side, you also chose an enemy."

Napoleon tipped his head in the direction of the flag, the sharp blue and red stripes blurred by the wavy glass of the barn window. "He thinks *that* will help us?"

"He wants the Rebs to know this is a British man's farm, since the British are siding with them." Jarret thought a bit of flapping cloth unlikely to mean much when it came to irregular bands of horse thieves. He was more reassured by the fact that Mr. Alexander had gone off to Illinois to buy land, in case it became necessary to have a safe place to move the horses. Jarret hoped the North's superior power could crush the rebellion long before it came to that.

Belland went out to begin his exercise riding, and Jarret set his attention to assigning the rest of the day's chores. When it came to the thoroughbreds, Jarret answered only to Alexander himself and the farm manager, Dan Swigert. He was in charge of more than seventy broodmares, five stallions, and forty-four colts, fillies, weanlings, and yearlings. Doctoring them, exercising them, breaking them, preparing them for the spring sales.

Six years earlier, Robert Aitcheson Alexander would have been hard-pressed to put a name to the groom who had come north bringing Lexington. Alexander set the broad goals for his breeding operation, hired sound

management, and did not overly trouble himself with the daily details. Jarret was, to him, just one among scores of laborers.

That had changed on a quiet Sunday afternoon. Alexander came across Jarret leaving the stallion barn and noticed that he was carrying a book. He waved Jarret over. "You can read?" He held out his hand for the battered volume. It was missing a cover and spine. "Where on earth did you get this?"

"I found it in the kindling basket."

"You saved it?"

"I don't burn books."

"You can comprehend this?"

"Not every word. But most."

"Most of it? Can you so?" Alexander smiled doubtfully. "And might you share some particular passage that you find worthwhile?" He handed Jarret the book.

"Well," said Jarret, "there's this, that the prince says." Jarret flipped the pages and read: "I will not trade my horse for any that walks on four legs. When I sit astride him I soar, I am a hawk. He trots on air. The earth sings when he touches it."

Alexander took more notice of Jarret after that day and instructed the farm manager to advance him beyond barn chores to small clerical tasks. Before long, Jarret was preparing the entries for the catalogue of stallions and broodmares. Later, when Alexander learned what a prodigious memory he had for pedigrees, he made Jarret responsible for meticulously recording the lineage of every horse brought to the farm for breeding. Now, Alexander consulted him to determine which horses should be bought and which sold.

When Jarret had given out the necessary instructions for that day's tasks, he pushed away from his desk and shrugged on a heavy felted jacket. Outside, the frost crunched under his boots. As he approached the stallion barn, he felt the knot in his head begin to loosen.

He loved this hour, the best in his day. As he rolled back the heavy door, Lexington caught his scent and raised his head, ears forward. He shifted his weight from hoof to hoof, as if dancing in pleasure. Jarret gave his usual three-note whistle and the horse answered with a nicker. A groom had already tacked him up, so Jarret signaled the boy to open the stall door. Lexington stood until he gave the voice command. Then the stallion walked out, confidently finding his way down the aisle and outside to the mounting

block. He dropped his nose, measuring the exact place, and stopped, waiting for Jarret.

“Where will we go this morning?” Jarret asked. “Mares, foals? You decide.”

At eleven years old, Lexington remained in peak condition. The blindness that prematurely ended his racing career also had saved him before the strain of grueling four-mile contests took a toll on his joints. Even in the cold, his gait was springy and forward. And though the wind surely interfered with both his hearing and scent, his trust in Jarret was such that he readily picked up the trot, just as he would on a still day when his ears and nose worked hard to map his known world.

Lexington’s race record stood unbroken. Yet he looked set to become even more famous in the breeding shed. As a stallion, he had proven virile and fruitful. Jarret had soon realized that there was no need for a teaser stallion. As soon as a mare in estrus scented him, she signaled her readiness. And he’d got foals on an unprecedented number of the mares he covered, at a stud fee of one hundred dollars each. In 1859, his first crop of seven foals won ten races. The following year, twelve of his get raced and won thirty-seven times, enough prize money to rank him second that year as stud sire. Jarret was entirely confident that he would lead the list in the coming year.

Jarret shaded his eyes against the dazzle of the frost-crusting ground. He often wished the horse could see the place they’d come to. Even in the dead of winter, Woodburn was a magnificent prospect: four thousand acres of rolling fields marked off by neat fences and stone walls, containing what must be some of the richest soil in the world. In the nearest field, the farm’s large flock of Southdown sheep—seven or eight hundred—clustered together for warmth. In the far field, fat Durham cattle stood apart, all facing into the wind, attentive as an audience attending a concert. Mature trees, bark lacquered black, fingered upward. The twigs formed fine black trceries against the white sky. They reminded Jarret of pencil lines on snowy canvas.

There was always an artist in residence at Woodburn: Alexander needed images of his fine livestock for his sale catalogues. The Swiss painter, Mr. Troye, had been a recent guest, staying more than three months to complete just two portraits. Jarret had to listen to the complaints of Swigert, the farm manager, who with his pregnant wife had to play host to Woodburn’s guests during Mr. Alexander’s absences. He’d been vexed by the artist’s rapid

depletion of his employer's good cellar—"and at the end of it, the portrait of Belmont was no likeness, for all his fussing with it."

Jarret had watched the Swiss artist at work on the unsuccessful Belmont painting, and more happily, on that of another horse, Woodford, where he had produced a fine portrait. It was clear to him that Troye's technique was more polished than Thomas Scott's, but Jarret admired the vigor of the younger artist, and his ability to get the job done without revising and fretting over every detail.

Troye had recommended Scott to Alexander when the Woodburn commissions grew too numerous for him. Alexander, abroad in England when he purchased Lexington from Ten Broeck, particularly wanted a portrait of his new acquisition and Troye was unavailable. So Scott had traveled with Jarret and the horse north from New Orleans.

Jarret had helped the painter, as always, keeping the blind horse calm in his unfamiliar high-walled turnout. Scott's first effort had captured the horse superbly, but he was unsatisfied with the background. Knowing that Alexander was used to Troye's rich finishes, he decided to try a second time. He presented this work to Mr. Alexander. The other, he gave to Jarret. "If Lexington is a success at stud like he was on the track, you'll find a buyer for it someday. Think of it as payment for all the help you've given me these years."

Now Jarret wondered if he would see Scott again: he'd said, as he left Woodburn, that if it came to war he intended to enlist.

"Which side?"

"Why, North, of course. How can you need ask?"

"Hard to tell what side anyone is on. Families being split right down the middle and all."

"Maybe so. But just because I work for these Southerners doesn't mean I hold with slavery."

Might not hold *with* it, Jarret had thought. But don't mind holding the cash that comes *from* it.

Jarret eased Lexington to a walk as they circled Alexander's residence. The house was a plain two-story clapboard with a wide front porch. Wings had been added, built to accommodate the guests who came to buy livestock.

Jarret kept Lexington on a loose rein, letting him choose their direction. As they approached the broodmares' turnout, the horse raised his head, scenting. The past spring, Lexington had mated successfully with two

daughters of the great Glencoe, Nebula and Novice, both exceptional mares. Jarret had already chosen the name for Nebula's foal. He would call it Asteroid, which sounded fast and powerful, and would do for either a colt or filly.

Scott's painting hung over the mantel in Jarret's cottage. It was the first thing he saw when he came home of an evening; that honey-toned painting over the welcome hearth, where May would already have a fire going and something good simmering in the crock. She'd look up from her needlework and smile in that shy, slow way that made him feel warm inside. Her boy, Robbie, would run and throw his plump arms around Jarret's knees, wanting to be lifted high in the air and spun round. Jarret was the only father he knew.

When Jarret first came to Woodburn, he had noticed May, the laundress and seamstress for Mr. Alexander. The manager, Dan Swigert, had noticed him noticing and warned him off. "Never mind that one," he said. "She's married abroad to Robert, the carpenter over by Hawthorne's farm. In fact, she's with child by him, so you'd best not be looking that way."

The baby wasn't even weaned when Hawthorne sold Robert to traders profiting on the growing labor demands of the southwest expansion. Mr. Alexander had been sympathetic to May, but that sympathy did not extend to buying her husband, as she begged him to. "I already have a carpenter, May. I have no call for another. However, if you wish, you may travel to Frankfort to say goodbye to Robert, before he commences his journey from this state." Alexander asked Jarret to select a quiet horse for her and to provide an escort.

They managed to find Robert just as he was being herded into a cart, roped at the neck and stapled by the arm to the other unfortunates on their way west. May ran beside the cart and was able to catch hold of his hand. She stumbled along, clinging to him, until she could run no farther. She felt his hand slip from her grasp until just their fingertips touched. He continued reaching out to her as she slumped on her knees in the dust.

Jarret brought the horses up and stood by her as she keened. When it seemed the right time, he lifted her and put her on the horse, carefully placing each foot in the stirrups. As he threaded the leather reins through her limp fingers, something in his own heart broke open. He was overwhelmed with tender feelings for her, an urge to protect her and her baby.

In the weeks that followed, he had written letters, seeking word of Robert's ultimate destination. After almost a year and no word in reply, May told Jarret that her hope was extinguished. "I might meet him again in heaven, but not on this earth."

A few days after that, Jarret gently broached the subject of her taking up with him. She agreed to think on it. But days passed and he did not see her. He worried that he had offended her and that she was keeping out of his way. Then one evening he came in from the barns to find his cottage scented with fresh-baked bread. When May walked toward him shyly and took off his barn coat, he felt a contentment he'd never known.

She had decided to come to him because she thought it best for her boy and because Jarret was able to provide her with a safer place, away from the many travelers who passed through the Woodburn mansion. To the worst of them, she had been just another piece of Mr. Alexander's choice livestock, and her pallet, in an alcove off the laundry room, had afforded her no lock or door bar. Since then, she and Jarret had managed to live in the precarious intimacy that is the only kind possible when one partner still ardently loves another.

When Jarret sat by his hearth under the oil painting of Lexington, gazing at her lovely face in the firelight, he tried to forget that. As he tried to forget that it wasn't a legal marriage and that, for all his authority at Woodburn, he was still enslaved.

# MARTHA JACKSON

*MJ Gallery, 32 East Sixty-Ninth Street, New York, New York*

1956

It had rained in the night. A long finger of dawn light silvered the wet asphalt of East Sixty-Ninth Street all the way from the East River to Central Park. Martha blinked in the reflected glare, glad of the huge glass frontage on her new gallery. Natural light flooded the space and invited—demanded—attention from passersby.

Not that there were many people on the street at that hour. Martha was expecting delivery of some large works for a Hepworth show, and the art carriers preferred to unload before rush hour clogged the streets. As she descended the sweeping metal staircase that connected the four floors of exhibition space, she wished again that she could have moved into this building when it was first offered for rent. If she had, she felt sure she would be representing Pollock and Kline and the other big names whose potential she'd seen years earlier than others.

But she hadn't had the money then. Banks wouldn't lend to a woman, especially not for such a speculative business. Even her own father had shown scant faith in her. "You've got no business plan, you've got no track record," he complained. And she knew, even though it remained unstated, that he didn't really believe a woman could be any good in business. The robber barons who built Buffalo hadn't included any baronesses.

Martha had been forced to live within her means, and that meant her first gallery had been a small town house with rent she could afford, barely,

thanks to her grandmother's bequest. She'd forsaken her nice apartment on Sutton Place to cook on a hot plate and sleep in an alcove as she converted the house to a gallery. The paint was barely dry on the newly white walls when she mounted her first show of American watercolors. She'd sold half. From there it was a new show every month. The abstract expressionists out on Long Island got used to seeing her in their studios. If she couldn't get American painters to show with her, she looked abroad and brought unfamiliar names with radical visions.

This fast pace and wild ambition drew notice. The takings from one show just managed to fund the next, and she kept up that frantic tempo for two years. At her openings, the cramped interior of the little town house meant that people spilled out into the street, giving an urgent excitement to the works inside. She would move among the crowd, constantly pouring cheap wine into mismatched thrift-shop glasses, brainstorming how to build her mailing list, scouring names from donor acknowledgments in museum catalogues, and begging friends for their contacts. And then, when the East Sixty-Ninth Street place became available again in 1955, she could just manage to scrape up the funds to secure the lease.

The sigh of air brakes signaled the arrival of the truck. The back ramp clanged onto the asphalt. Brawny men wrestled with the crated sculptures. Within seconds, a cacophony of horns erupted as drivers realized they'd have to edge around the truck. Martha, preoccupied with directing the men to the freight elevator, didn't at first see Annie, waiting tentatively in the street. She was clutching a brown paper parcel. Martha waved at her to come in.

"You're early today," she said.

"Yessum. This just came up with my kin from Ohio last night. We didn't want to trust putting it in the mail, and I had a powerful urge to bring it right here to you."

"Is that the picture you want me to value?"

"Yessum."

Martha had almost forgotten the conversation about the painting. It had been some months, and Annie had not mentioned it. If the thing was worthless, as she expected, she hoped the girl hadn't gone to a lot of trouble getting it from Ohio to New York.

"Well good, then. Come on back to the office and let's take a look."

As the girl struggled with the knots in the string, Martha saw that her hands were shaking. Poor kid, she thought. They must be desperate for this money. Whatever comes out of that brown paper, I'm going to have to buy it from her for at least a hundred dollars.

Annie smoothed back the wrapping and stepped aside. Martha drew a sharp breath. Her mother's horse. The bright bay coat, the luminous eye, the intelligent, white-blazed face. The four white feet.

"Royal Eclipse!" she whispered. Even as she said the name, she knew it couldn't be so. The painting was too old—certainly from the last century.

"'Scuse me, ma'am, but that's not this horse's name. The horse named Lexington, like the city, so we always been told in the family."

"Lexington?"

"Yessum."

"This is a painting of *Lexington*?" Martha's voice had gone up in pitch. Annie looked alarmed.

"Yessum. 'S far as we been told."

"Lexington was the great-grandsire of Royal Eclipse."

"Great-grandsire?"

"Like a great-grandparent . . . your great-grandfather's father."

"But I don't rightly know who was *my* great-grandfather, much less his father. How come you know that about a horse?"

Martha smiled. "Not just a horse, Annie. Lexington was the greatest thoroughbred stud sire in racing history. No horse has ever surpassed him. For sixteen years, his foals, when they came to race, won more prize money than any other horses that raced those years. I'm sure you've heard of some of them—Preakness was one. Even today, people pay thousands of dollars for horses in Lexington's bloodline. My father paid a fortune for Royal Eclipse."

Martha gazed at the painting. She was so excited by the improbable association that she had barely noted the quality of the art. Now she saw it was a highly competent oil. Uneven, perhaps, in the refinement of the horse compared with the sketchily rendered background. The water trough, the stone wall, the tufts of grass—these seemed to have been dashed off, while every detail of the horse's anatomy and expression had been finely executed. She peered at the signature. The name Scott meant nothing to her—nineteenth-century representational art had never been an interest.

She wanted the painting. She knew the girl would be more than satisfied with what she would offer. But her conscience would not let her take advantage. She knew someone who could—who almost certainly would—pay far more.

“I’m no specialist in nineteenth-century equestrian painting, but I know someone who is.”

“You think it might be worth something?”

“Oh yes, Annie. It’s worth something.”

# THOMAS J. SCOTT

*Stones River, Tennessee*

1863

*Cher Julien,*

*I was most pleased to have a letter from your hand after so many months, and to learn from its direction that you are safely in New York and far from the fighting. Even so, your note carried with it the scent of linseed oil, the hush of paintbrush against canvas—memories of the long, warm afternoons at work in your studio.*

*Here, the only canvas is the stained, wet stuff that provides our poor shelter; the only scents are of unbathed flesh, damp wool, and the occasional gust from a latrine that might better have been dug some way farther from this bivouac. I am serenaded by a chorus of moist coughing—many men are ill. My ears are dull, still, from the clangor of the last affray. After so many cannons, I do not think that I will hear again so well as I was used to do.*

*We are a weary, footsore, ragged army taking our needed rest after fifty-six straight days of fighting. I will not write to you of battles: no doubt you read of them in the New York press. They say we are winning this war. They say it, and yet that word does not carry the same meaning to me as it once did. This does not feel like winning, even when the cannons fall silent and I stand up with my head ringing in the midst of shattered trees and shattered bodies and can count more of us alive*

*and more of them dead. I will not write further details of this here. Instead, I will tell you something of the personalities who are become central to my present life.*

*I will begin with the first in importance, another Thomas, who is our chaplain. When we met, we seemed to share no point of sympathy one with the other, save that name we held in common.*

*This young man of the cloth had decided he disliked me from the first moment we mustered. I could tell he thought I didn't belong in his company of well-to-do Lexington lads. They had most of them been schoolfellows together. To him, I was an unwelcome stranger who uttered oaths and had made my living from what he considered the disreputable trade of horse racing. It was all too evident he didn't want me in his mess.*

*Well, as you know of me, I do enjoy a challenge. I decided I would make an ally of young Parson Gunn before our 21st Kentucky Volunteers struck camp. That night, I waited until he had placed his bedroll, and then unfurled my own exactly next to it. When he saw this, he shot me a disgusted look, turned on his side, stuck a candle stub in his bayonet, and set it in the ground. I perceived he intended to read from his Testament. There I saw my first chance.*

*I rose on my elbow. "Parson Gunn," I said, loud enough for all sixteen men in the tent to hear me. "Read that Testament aloud, would you? There's not one of us in here but needs to hear it more than you."*

*I could see his callow face flush in the candlelight. "Certainly," he said, "if the rest are agreed."*

*"Of course they are, well-bred, God-fearing sons of Lexington!" I exclaimed. "Are you not, gentlemen?"*

*There were murmured ayes of small conviction. So the chaplain read for some while from the Gospel of John. When he closed the book at last and turned to douse the light, I asked: "Are you meaning to pray now? If so, might I ask that you do so aloud, as we all of us need prayers more than you do."*

*At this I heard some muffled sighs as men shifted on the hard earth. But the young chaplain intoned the Lord's Prayer for us and then some words of entreaty for our safety in the coming fight. The next day, I saw him watching me with a speculative eye. My cause was helped when our regiment commander, the noted surgeon Ethelbert Dudley, said that*

*on account of my pharmacy training and my brief time as a medical student, I was to be steward of the field hospital. I took this news to Gunn and begged for his prayers for the men who would be our joint charge—he to salve the spirits of those whose bodies I could not save.*

*That night, I again prevailed on the chaplain to read his Testament aloud, then I asked if he would enlighten us as to his own journey to the Gospel. I have observed that there is nothing a man is more pleased to do than speak of his own life, and this turned out to be the case for the chaplain, who related his journey south to Clarksville, Texas. Not yet twenty-one and directly from college, he had won an appointment as vice president at a school there. The pupils were some two hundred rascals, as he described them, who had been sent to be “broken in and learn discipline” through what he called “a wise combination of prayer and the rod.”*

*The whole school gave over one hour every day to visit a large and shady grove in which the boys were instructed to read their Scripture aloud. It was in that place, he said, that the conviction grew in him that it was his duty to become an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas, his heavenly musings were interrupted by the rude mutterings of war. On the day of Mr. Lincoln’s election, the Stars and Stripes was pulled down without proper ceremony at his school and up in place went the Lone Star and the Rattlesnake flags.*

*Evidently, this line of talk held more interest for my tentmates than his waxing on the Gospel, for they began to stir and question Gunn as to how it had gone on for him in that nest of Texas traitors. He was happy to oblige their curiosity. It had rapidly become clear to Gunn that his Union sympathies might put him at some risk there.*

*Nevertheless, for a time he remained open in his opinions. But then a preacher in a nearby town was hanged simply for being an ardent Union man. Others of like mind were marched to jail. Gunn began to keep his loyalties more private, only worrying that he might betray himself to his bedfellow by talking in his sleep.*

*In February, Texas seceded and Gunn’s school was ordered to become a military academy and prepare troops for the rebel army. Before the weapons arrived for these new cadets he fled, arriving home just in time to rush to arms. His mother, instead of gainsaying him,*

*quite pushed him out the door: "If God has a mission for you on earth," she told him, "he will preserve you to fulfil it."*

*Our mission, in those early days of war, did not seem especially God-given. We did little all day but drill: marching, wheeling, marking time, and complaining bitterly that we had none of us enlisted in order to be trotted to death.*

*Kentucky, as you must know, was supposed to be neutral at that time. But secesh sympathy was strong and all over the state irregular guerrilla bands were forming to fight for Jeff Davis. The news of this emboldened that fool to dispatch his troops to seize the bluffs at Columbus. This galvanized those of uncertain opinion. There was rage at the violation of our supposed neutrality. As you will know, Kentucky voted then to join the Union cause and our orders came to march south.*

*The ladies of the Lexington Bible Society presented us with a Testament each, and a band played us on our way along the Nicholasville Pike. Some of the men had to bear the sight of wives, mothers, lady friends, and young children, in carriages or on foot, all bathed in tears. At that moment, I was glad that you were not in Lexington, and that I had no ties of affection to be so publicly displayed.*

*We expected to go all the way into Tennessee but got no farther than Green River Bridge, which we were charged to guard. We spent the winter there, in hand-to-hand combat with measles, scarlet fever, diarrhea, and much discontent from men eager for a proper fight.*

*They might not have been so eager had they known what lay ahead. I will not revisit it here, except to confess to you that no matter how dreadful the experience of battle, there was always in me, before a fight, that same deep excitement as I felt at a race when waiting for that drum tap.*

*But oh, after. All was a blur as we tended the injured, amputating limbs, dressing wounds, writing last letters, washing and burying the dead. Gunn was my inseparable companion in this labor. The first time I asked him to give the chloroform, the poor man fairly swooned. I shook him and told him to have a good nerve. It didn't help that the patient, as the chloroform took hold, kept crying to his new bride: "Oh Lamira, Samuel is coming back to you with one arm—this hand has done its last ploughing." He was right in that. The arm was fully flayed*

*as if it were an anatomy lesson, and the bones cracked into wandering shards. Later, when he awoke, he insisted we bring the severed member so that he might see it one last time. Since he would not settle until we did so, Gunn retrieved the grisly thing from the bin. Samuel took hold of his own now-stiffening fingers and cried: "Farewell until the Resurrection."*

*I saw tears in Gunn's eyes at that, and he took the arm away and gave it a proper burial. He was full of such small kindnesses. I would sigh to him of some poor boy gone past help and urge him: "If you've a word to say to him, say it now." For my part, all I could give was my small store of skill, and when that ran dry, some measure of tenderness. It breaks me when I see a man a second time, having saved his life by some drastic measure after one battle, to find him some months later back in my care again. If the second wound proves mortal, I try to stay at that soldier's side until death claims him.*

*Julien, I am sick and tired of carnage. I must set down this pen now as my hand aches from the effort of writing so much. My nails have gone soft, my fingers are tender from constant steeping in the blood of others. I would fain set down my surgeon's saw and pick up, once again, my painter's brushes.*

*They say that day will come soon, that the South is like a man who has received his mortal blow and only staggers feebly toward an inevitable extinction. I will join my friend, Chaplain Tom, in praying that it not be long.*

*Yours, etc . . .*

# MARTHA JACKSON

*125 East Seventieth Street, New York, New York*

1956

Martha Jackson was annoyed with herself. As the butler ushered her into Paul Mellon's library, she felt a flutter of nerves. Her grandfather's mansion had been grand enough. But this was a different kind of rich.

The five-story edifice felt more like a French château than a Manhattan town house. Morning light spilled through three French doors that opened onto the courtyard. Outside, a team of gardeners snipped the topiaries edging the reflecting pool. The stone pavers had been chosen for their patina; the mature boxwoods looked like they had been in place for years. Only the modest circumference of the young tree trunks gave any sign that this expansive garden was new.

Martha felt as if someone were looking at her. When she turned, a portrait of a young girl gazed down with confident amusement, her terrier balanced casually on a cocked, red-sashed hip. Martha gazed back at the painting, her brow creased. She felt she had seen it before.

"It's John Singer Sargent," said Paul Mellon, crossing the hall from his study. "The one painting my father ever gave me. They were packing it up with all the masterpieces he was giving to the National Gallery. He turned to me and said, 'You like terriers, you ought to have that one.' He never let me have an actual dog, you see."

Well, thought Martha, that was an odd introduction. She had never met the bookish billionaire, who had started his own art collection only recently,

under the influence of his second wife. His first, Mary, had been more enthusiastic about his equestrian interests, and the couple had stayed mostly on their estate in Virginia. Even after Mary's physician warned her that horses exacerbated her asthma, she refused to give up riding at Paul's side in the hunts. It was an attack at the end of one such ride that killed her. Bunny, Mary's friend, quickly jettisoned her own husband to console her bereaved neighbor, and now was happily spending his money on her favored French painters: Renoir, Matisse, Cézanne, and Monet.

The Mellon taste did not run to edgy contemporary art and had not brought them to either of Martha Jackson's galleries. Bunny favored Impressionist landscapes; Paul's interest was equestrian art. Martha's research had disclosed that the first painting he bought was a racehorse portrait—George Stubbs's *Pumpkin with a Stable-Lad*. Martha knew he'd also recently bought Degas and Lautrec racing scenes.

The modest picture she'd carried uptown was not in that league, or that price range. It would normally have been beneath his interest. But Martha knew that this work would have an attraction for him that might cause him to look beyond the relative obscurity of the artist.

Mellon gestured toward a highly polished library table. Martha set the painting down and began to unwrap it. Once again, she was vexed with herself. Her hands were shaking, just as Annie's had been, a week earlier. Really, why should she be so invested in whether this man liked the work or not? She was just doing her maid a favor, after all. Mellon would likely never be her client. Still, she fumbled with the string until Mellon drew a mother of pearl letter opener from his desk and severed the twine.

"I've done some research into this artist, since you called. Not of the first rank. Troye, perhaps, would be of some interest to me, but—"

And then he stopped and drew a breath.

He stepped back.

"Well. I see."

"Exactly," said Martha, in equal parts gratified and relieved by his reaction.

Paul Mellon loved his racehorses, especially his two big winners, Mill Reef and Arts and Letters. Mill Reef was an English thoroughbred, but his pedigree traced back to Lexington three ways. Lexington's blood also coursed through the veins of Arts and Letters. Martha had guessed that Paul Mellon would be tempted by a portrait of their great progenitor.

“It’s really quite accomplished, as a painting. I’m interested. What will you take for it?”

Martha had given some thought to this question. Paul Mellon was famous for his refusal to haggle. He thought it ungentlemanly. If he didn’t like the first price, he wouldn’t say so, he just wouldn’t buy. For Annie’s sake, and her brother’s, she didn’t want to undersell the painting. But she didn’t want to overplay her hand and risk losing the sale.

“Why don’t you keep it for a week, think about it, do some more research, if you like. Then you can tell me what you believe it is worth.” She had reasoned that a man used to paying French Impressionist prices might find his way to a higher figure than she would dare suggest.

Mellon’s thin lips gave a hint of a smile. He knew a canny move when he saw one. He looked at Jackson with new interest. She might be a dealer worth knowing. “Very well. I will need to show it to my wife, in any case. We make these decisions jointly, you see. She has excellent taste.”

“Of course,” said Martha. “Her gardens, in particular, are highly regarded.”

“I envy her. It’s a passion she has nurtured since she was five years old. Not many of us find our *métier* at such a young age. Shall I have Christopher fetch you a cab?”

“Oh no. I’ll walk, thanks. My gallery is rather close by. Perhaps you and Mrs. Mellon will visit, someday.”

“Perhaps we will,” he said and rang the bell for the butler to show her out.

Back at her apartment, she sat on her bed, staring at the empty wall where the Lexington painting had hung.

She’d put it up next to the photos of her mother while she waited for her appointment with Mellon. It had given her pleasure, seeing it there. Now, her eye traveled to the blank space. The black-and-white photos of Royal Eclipse seemed duller, lifeless. She got up and walked restlessly to her desk and drew out the leather journal in which she noted her income and expenses. It was a lean ledger, as always. Without the quarterly payments from her trust, she would barely be solvent. She put the journal away. It wasn’t like her to form a sentimental attachment to a picture. And yet, she had. Half of her hoped for a large offer from Mellon, half of her hoped he’d offer only a low sum, one that she could easily match.

From the other room, she heard Annie singing as she went about her work. The main thing was helping her. She had to keep that in mind.

She could sell the sports car. She'd barely driven it all winter. Last time she was out on Long Island, Pollock had offered to trade her a painting for it. With spring just around the corner, perhaps he'd be tempted by a convertible. Maybe she could bargain him up to two paintings—it wasn't like his new work was exactly leaping off the gallery walls. In fact, he was barely painting. Perhaps the car would improve his mood. If she got two paintings for it, she could keep one as an investment, and sell one. That'd allow her to give Annie a decent price for the Scott picture, *and* keep the gallery lights on for another month. But what would Lee say? Maybe she wouldn't want him to have a sports car, if he was drinking heavily again. They weren't getting on well, Martha knew that much. She'd heard that there was another woman. After all Lee had put up with, all she'd done to support him. She should definitely ask her friend's opinion before she broached the subject of the car with Pollock.

The week passed with no word from Mellon. Another week. Then a month. She didn't want to harass the man, but she could tell that Annie was anxious. And every time Martha entered the bedroom, the blank space on the wall continued to draw her eye. Damn it, if he wasn't going to buy it, she wanted it back. She decided to advance Annie some money ahead of the potential sale. When Martha handed her the envelope, the young woman could barely hold back tears.

It wasn't considerate of Mellon to keep her waiting in this way. She resolved that if the week ended and he had not called, she would call him, as unsavory as she found the thought.

At a quarter to five on Friday, Martha sat staring at the telephone. It was four fifty-one when she steeled herself, placed her finger in the rotary, and dialed the number.

As she expected, Paul Mellon's English secretary answered. The woman had a voice as chilly as a January evening. Martha's own voice suddenly sounded very upstate as she explained the reason for her call.

"I see," the icicle replied. "I must tell you that Mr. Mellon is not accustomed to being dunned."

"'Dunned?' I'm hardly dunning him! I'm merely asking. Our understanding was that I would leave the painting for his consideration for one week. That is now six weeks ago. I believe that is ample time."

"Well, I am afraid Mr. and Mrs. Mellon have gone to Paris."

"When do you expect their return?"

“Not for some weeks. My understanding is they intend to spend the spring there.”

“And when do you expect to speak with him?”

“I cannot tell you with certainty.”

Martha sat seething at the other end of the line. She felt her spine straightening. She tilted her head to the left and right, easing the tension that had accumulated in her neck.

“In that case,” she said, “would you be kind enough to have the butler—Christopher, I think?—ready the painting. I will send for it first thing tomorrow morning.”

“I see,” said the icicle again, but Martha caught the note of surprise that had slipped into her voice. “And what may I tell Mr. Mellon?”

“Tell him I have another buyer, who has already been quite patient, and since you say the delay on your end may be indefinite . . .”

“In that case, perhaps I *could* place a call to Mr. Mellon in Paris . . .”

“Don’t trouble. I’m sure it’s a matter of indifference to him. I would not want him disturbed. Goodbye.” Before the flustered assistant could reply, she depressed the button on the cradle with a decisive click.

As Martha replaced the handset, she smiled. She had never expected that blowing up a millionaire client would be so very gratifying.

# ALEXANDER'S JARRET

*Woodburn Stock Farm, Woodford, Kentucky*

1865

Jarret trudged wearily from the stallion barn to his cottage. He'd been up most of the night helping with a troublesome foaling, and as often happens when one is least equipped to deal with it, the day had been nothing but one problem after another. A colic in the mare's barn, mold in the hay, a fall by a new exercise rider that had caused a broken wrist.

He was yearning for the comfort of his wing chair, of the boy crawling into his lap, all hugs and small confidences, of May's soft smile as she helped him ease off his boots and brought him some good warm thing to eat.

But May was not smiling when she opened the door. Her lovely face was pinched. It looked as if she had been crying. The boy, who usually jumped into his arms, cowered and clutched her skirt, his eyes wide.

"Why May, honey, whatever is—"

As Jarret reached out to caress her brow, she flinched and drew away from him.

A tall man in Union blue, one arm in a sling, came forward and stood behind her. "Jarret, it's Robert," she said quietly.

Jarret took a step backward into the dooryard. Struggling to master himself, he closed his eyes, took a breath, stepped back inside the cottage, and closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Robert."

"Hello, Jarret."

It was an awkward supper. There were long silences, interrupted only by the scrape of spoons on the bowl and the fall of logs in the fireplace. Eventually, Jarret learned that Robert Hawthorne, as he now styled himself, had been sold into Louisiana. He had worked as a carpenter on a cotton plantation until he heard news that Union forces were closing in. He escaped and fled to a contraband camp and volunteered for the army. He had been in Tennessee, building breastworks, when a minié ball shattered his left arm. “Look like the war ended for me that day,” he said. “But I still got my good arm so I can do some kind of work with that.”

May got up to clear the bowls and put Robbie to bed.

Through the thin wall, Jarret could hear her singing softly to the boy.

“Why did you not send a message?” Jarret said quietly. “You’ve done May—all of us—a great wrong.”

“I know it. I am sorry. Truth is, I didn’t want to say anything to May until I could say what I came here to say today. That I have saved my army pay, and been to Marse Alexander, and he done said yes to what I could give for the both of them. So, May and the boy free to come with me, if that her choice.”

Jarret swallowed hard. “And . . . is it?”

“She ain’t give me an answer yet. She say she need to talk to you, first off.” The two men sat in silence, staring into the embers. “I know you give her and the boy a good life here. I’m thankful to you.”

Maybe, thought Jarret. But he had never been sure that May felt good about the life they shared. Even though no law on the books recognized a slave marriage, that didn’t make it less real to two people who loved. In his bed, May never initiated lovemaking, and never looked him in the face during the act. Jarret couldn’t shed the conviction that she was thinking of Robert. This caused a waning of his own desire. Now, he thought, it was fortunate that their lovemaking had been infrequent and that there was no baby of their own.

Jarret knew what her answer would be. She would go with Robert, even though it was uncertain how well he could provide.

“Where will you go?”

“Head up north to Ohio. One of the freedmen in my unit say we could go to his family—they got a small hog farm outside Ripley. His momma widowed and all alone there. He say she could use help since he and his brother still in the fighting.”

Although he longed to hold May in his arms for one last night, Jarret left the cottage, making the excuse that he was needed again at a foaling. He went, instead, to the stallion barn and spent the night on the floor of Lexington's stall, his heart soothed by the horse's steady breathing.

In the morning, at first light, May came to find him. She knew exactly where he would be. He took her by the hand and walked with her into the privacy of the woods. Tears glazed her eyes and ran down her cheeks. He softly wiped them away with his two thumbs.

"No need of that," he said gently. "You've been good to me, but you weren't never mine. I know that."

"Jarret, I—"

"Hush now," he said. "Robert is your boy's rightful pa. No one should stand between a good man and his son. And he see to it you two gone be free, no matter which way this war goes on." He drew her to him and kissed her for the last time.

They walked back to the cabin, side by side but not touching. As May went to pack her things, Jarret took the painting of Lexington down from above the mantel, removed it from the frame, and rolled it in a piece of sacking. He handed the package to May.

"That's the painting of Lexington that Mr. Scott gave to me some while back."

"Jarret, I can't take this."

"Sure you can. I still got the old picture he painted for me when I was a boy and Lexington but a colt. I can put that one here on the wall. You take this one, and if you ever need money for the boy, you sell it. Don't you take less than ten dollars for it. Someone might even give twenty, if they know what horse it is."

# MARTHA JACKSON

*Springs, Long Island, New York*

1956

Lee Krasner flung another sweater into the open suitcase on her bed. Her plum-colored bathrobe swirled around her. She cinched the sash on the robe.

“Give him the goddamned car. What do I care?”

It was a cold, bright February day, the sun low and silvery on the pond. Martha, dressed in a woolen jacket and slacks, felt chilly just looking at her friend. But Lee’s cheeks were pink with restless agitation. Her internal fires seemed to be protecting her from the drafts rattling the poorly glazed windows.

“I just thought—I didn’t want to do it if you would worry—”

“About him driving drunk? Honestly, Martha, I’ve worried about him long enough. I can’t keep carrying him. Everything I’ve done to protect him has just turned him against me. That’s why I’m going to Paris. If the Big Game Hunter thinks she can get him sober and painting again, then let her try. I won’t be in the way.”

Everyone in New York knew about Pollock’s new lover, an art student half his age with movie-star looks and an appetite for famous men. One account said she’d gone after Pollock, asking a friend to draw her a map of where he sat at the Cedar Tavern. Another rumor claimed she was there with someone else, and that Pollock had been the one who’d fallen all over *her*. Either way, it hardly mattered. Bloated, balding, without a significant piece of work in three years, Pollock had been easy to seduce.

Lee slammed the suitcase and pressed down hard to snap the clasps. "In Paris I might be able to get my own work done, for a change."

"Your work is wonderful."

"I'm glad you think so. No one else does."

"That's not true, Lee. It's just always harder for women."

Lee flopped on the bed. The pink in her cheeks became blotchy. She swiped at her eyes. Martha rose from her chair by the window and crossed the room to sit by her friend.

"This thing won't last. You know that. By the time you get back from Paris he'll be sick of her and desperate for you."

Lee sighed. "That's what I tell myself. But you've seen her. What man wouldn't want that? You know he's never stopped telling people how plain I am. Now he's finally got the glamour girl he thinks he deserves."

"Oh, Lee," said Martha. "It's not true. He adores you. He's going to remember that."

Lee ran her paint-stained fingers through her hair, took a deep breath, and changed the subject.

"What paintings did he offer to trade you?"

"Two of the black enamels from fifty-one. The one I always liked—number five—you know, the one I call Elegant Lady."

"You know he hates it when you give them names."

"I don't do it in front of him. The other one is twenty-three—I think I'll call it Frogman—but don't tell him."

Lee gave a snort. "Never," she laughed. "Or maybe I will, just to annoy him."

One week later, back in the city, Martha Jackson handed over the keys to the convertible to Pollock. It wasn't even noon, but he was already slurring his words. She watched him walk unsteadily out of the gallery and climb into the car. The woman was waiting for him. She slid across the bench seat, flipping back a glossy fall of dark hair and thrusting her hand between his thighs. Martha glimpsed full lips, dark eyes. Young, luscious. Poor Lee. She heard the gears grind as Pollock inexpertly threw the stick into first. She winced. Rubber screeched as they sped off down Sixty-Ninth Street.

Then she shrugged. You couldn't live everybody's life for them. You just helped where you could. She got out her checkbook and wrote:

*Pay to the order of Annie Hawthorne. One thousand dollars only.*

It was a lot of money. But Annie said her brother aimed to become a doctor; he would need every penny. And with the Pollocks in hand, Martha could afford it.

The two enamels leaned against the gallery wall, their energetic lines of bold black calligraphy commanding her eye. She gave a sigh of satisfaction. She picked up the modest old painting she'd just overpaid for and climbed the wide staircase from the gallery to her apartment.

In the bedroom she hung the portrait of Lexington back on the wall between her mother's photographs and laughed at a stray thought.

"Martha Jackson, when you die, and the vultures start circling over your collection, they're all going to look at this painting and say, What the hell is *this* one doing here?"

# ALEXANDER'S JARRET

*Woodburn Stock Farm, Woodburn, Kentucky*

1865

Jarret bought May a pair of mules for the journey north. He made sure they were sound animals with steady tempers. When they got to the farm in Ohio, they could sell one and use the other to work the land.

Jarret couldn't clear his mind of the last sight of them, May and the boy atop the mule and Robert Hawthorne in his Yankee-blue uniform walking alongside, leading the other animal with the rope in his good hand.

So on the morning Jarret looked up and saw a Union soldier standing in the barn door with the light behind him, Jarret thought it was Hawthorne, returned. He felt a rush of joy and dread. Hoping to see May again, fearing that something had befallen her. Then his rational mind overrode his emotions. The figure in the doorway was much slighter, and as he stepped out of the glare Jarret saw clearly that he was White. It was a few more moments before he recognized him.

Three years of war had aged him. Scott's army uniform hung off his spare frame, and his face, once so open and youthful, had fallen into haggard folds. Scott, for his part, barely recognized the sleek figure who rose from his desk, his brow creased in puzzlement as he tried to align the image of the man he had known with the one who now stood before him.

"Mr. Scott . . . ?"

"Private Scott, Jarret. The infantry owns me now."

"Infantry? Why, I thought you'd join the cavalry for sure."

Scott shrugged. "You need a mount for that. I only paint horses; I can't afford to own any."

"It's good to see you, still standing on two legs. But what brings you here?"

"Well, for some addlepated reason, I just reenlisted. So they gave me a furlough, and since my regiment is encamped nearby, Mr. Alexander was kind enough to invite me to take my rest here, which offer I was more than glad to accept. I've heard all about what you've accomplished here, Jarret. I saw General Grant's mount, Cincinnati. That's a grand horse. You bred something special with that one."

"Lexington's get are most all turning out to be something special," Jarret said. "Last year was his third in a row as leading stud sire, this year will make it four—and that's with half his colts and fillies not racing but going off to the army, just like Cincinnati."

"Well, Grant loves that horse, and he's a man who knows horses. The only other soul he lets ride him is the president himself."

"President Lincoln rides Cincinnati? That's a fine thing to know." Jarret wished he could tell his father that he'd bred a horse fit for a president. Harry Lewis would be proud.

"You want to see Lexington?"

"You know I do."

On the way to the stallion barn, Scott, muscle-weary and worn to a raveling, found it hard to keep pace with Jarret's springy step. "You've fared well enough here, during the war?"

"We've had a good amount of luck," Jarret said. "Bushwhackers been through some nearby farms, snatching whatever horses they want. But seems like the secesh count on Mr. Alexander as a sympathizer, on account of his British raising. On the Federal side, they paid for the horses they got from us—including Cincinnati. Course now you told me where that horse ended up, I got to hope the rebels never get word we're mounting Union generals."

They found Lexington turned out in the paddock, grazing under his favorite tree, a wide beech. Jarret whistled. Lexington's fine head shot up, ears swiveling. Jarret whistled again and the stallion collected himself and cantered to where they stood by the rails. His nostrils widened, taking in Scott's scent, then he dropped his head for Jarret's caress.

"I thought it then, and I think it still. This is the handsomest horse I ever saw."

“You fixing to paint him again, while you’re here?”

“I wish I could; I don’t have my things.”

“Mr. Troye left a good amount of his paints and linens and such, the last time he was here. He was planning to return, but I doubt we’ll see him while this war goes on.”

Scott flexed his fingers. It would feel good, he thought, to have a brush in his hand, to lose himself again in a painting. He regarded the sightless horse, his head resting on Jarret’s shoulder. After his studies with Julien, Scott no longer shied from the idea of figure drawing. It struck him that it would be something, to capture the bond between Jarret and the horse. The stallion was still glorious, but there was a vulnerability to the champion now; it would be a challenge to see if he had the skill to convey that.

That afternoon, he asked Jarret to pose with the horse. Jarret felt awkward as Scott stared at him. His mind churned with all the many tasks that would fall neglected while he stood there. Nevertheless, days later, when he looked at Scott’s finished canvas, he realized Scott had caught both Lexington’s grandeur and his defenselessness. Jarret had not spent any large part of his time considering his own appearance, so he barely recognized himself in the slender young gentleman that Scott had depicted. Scott had asked him to pose in his shirtsleeves, saying that the soft whites and creams of the linen would look well against the bright bay of the horse’s coat. He had painted Jarret gazing pensively at the horse, his face in three-quarter profile, his arm, holding the lead rope, raised in a graceful arabesque. Somehow Scott had conveyed, in that gesture and that gaze, the current of affection and trust that flowed between horse and man.

“I think it might be the best one you done. And I don’t say that just cause I’m in it.” Jarret paused, trying to express what he meant to say. “This time, you set down who Lexington *is*.”

Scott gazed at his own work and felt the rightness of Jarret’s words. It *was* his best picture. He would send it on to Julien in New York, where it could be put on public display and help to build his reputation.

He was grateful to Jarret. What a journey it had been, since that day in Warfield’s paddock. That shy boy shoveling manure had traveled a long way, given the foul system that constrained him. As they walked to the stallion barn, Scott lowered his voice and placed a hand on Jarret’s arm.

“You know, you could come with me when I leave this place.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know the Union Army is enlisting colored soldiers now—which means you’d be emancipated. I could go with you to the colored’s unit, introduce you to the officer in charge.”

Jarret stopped in his tracks so suddenly that Scott almost tripped over his own feet.

“What makes you think you know what’s best for me?”

“Well, don’t you—”

“Want to be free? Course I do. But a soldier ain’t free.” He thought about May’s husband, his shattered arm, his uncertain future. “I respect the men who joined your army, I do. But I’ve been taking orders all my life, and now I’m giving them. I good as run this place, Mr. Scott. And I get paid to do it.” He saw the surprised look on Scott’s face. “Mr. Alexander commenced to pay us wages right after the president’s proclamation. What makes you think I’d give that up to take orders from some White officer, a stranger, who don’t care if I live or if I die? Just another massa, is all I see. We suffered enough on account of slavery already. I don’t plan on laying my life down to end it. You folk who made this mess, I reckon you owe us to clean it up.”

Jarret strode off. Scott watched his retreating back. He couldn’t fault the logic.

Scott was invited to dine with Alexander and Dan Swigert. He set about making himself as presentable as his meager wardrobe allowed. Someone had already placed a pitcher of warm water on his washstand. As he shaved, he stared at his reflection in the speckled glass. He felt much older than his thirty-two years. He had lost flesh and couldn’t help but imagine, as an anatomist will, the skull beneath his tired skin. He lifted a cheek with his index finger, trying to find his way to the younger man’s face he had worn not long ago.

Why had he reenlisted? He surely had no further appetite for fighting. Partly, he acknowledged to himself, it was his bond with the men. Almost the entire unit had reenlisted and he was needed by them. He was more useful in the army than he had ever been in his life—more useful than he ever likely would be again. Because of him, men lived who would have died. That was something.

And this, also: He had come to ardently believe in the rightness of his side. It was a conviction that had grown in him far beyond the common loyalty to birthplace and nation that had first prompted his enlistment. In the beginning, he had spent much time with the prisoners. It was his duty, if they

were wounded, to tend to them. At first, he was kindly disposed to these men, young as they were, skinny, sometimes shoeless rural boys, most from farms too poor to afford slaves. It had seemed to him an evil fate, a geographical accident, that had forced them to take up arms in what was, to him, a war to secure the rich man's wealth. Beyond what was strictly required for their care, he would talk to them, to better know their minds. But after a time, he had stopped seeking such dialogue. They were, all of them, lost to a narrative untethered to anything he recognized as true. Their mad conception of Mr. Lincoln as some kind of cloven-hoofed devil's scion, their complete disregard—denial—of the humanity of the enslaved, their fabulous notions of what evils the Federal government intended for them should their cause fail—all of it was ingrained so deep, beyond the reach of reasonable dialogue or evidence. Scott had become convinced that a total obliteration of their rebellion was the only way forward. And since the drift of things was strong in that direction, he would see it through to the end.

As he shook out his one clean shirt, he felt a certain heaviness about the coming dinner. He was in two minds about his canny host. Surely Alexander was wise to safeguard all he had built and all those who depended upon him for their sustenance and their safety. And yet to portray yourself as in some kind of sympathy, or even neutrality, with the slavers' cause seemed to him a moral bridge most hard to cross. He buttoned his uniform jacket, wondering how he might, in the next few days, show an appropriate gratitude to his host for the kindness of this respite while not blurting out the grave reservations of his heart.

As it happened, he need not have concerned himself.

When he entered the dining room, there was the bell-like chime of fine crystal as Alexander lifted the stopper from the wine decanter. He turned from the sideboard to greet Scott. But the words never left his mouth. A kitchen girl, wide-eyed, plunged into the room, shrieking.

"They here! They here! Rebels in the barn, stealing horses."

"In broad daylight, Sara? That seems un—"

As Alexander spoke, a heavy tread pounded down the long hallway from the kitchen and Swigert burst into the room. "They're in the training stable—eight or ten of them, and I think—I'm pretty sure—it's that mongrel Quantrill in the lead, and those bloody-handed James boys with him. They've already got Lexington's Asteroid and Bay Dick. I don't know which others."

“Secure the house. Bolt the windows.” Alexander strode across the room and flung up the lid of his writing desk. He crammed a pistol into his waistband and took another, cocked, in his right hand. He turned. “Mr. Scott, are you armed, sir?”

“No, not presently.”

“Could I suggest you attend to it?”

Scott took the stairs to his room two at a time. He had heard of the notorious William Quantrill. The brute had led a dawn massacre against antislavers in Lawrence, Kansas. They’d killed everyone—old men, boys, an entire encampment of unarmed Black recruits. They’d looted and burned the town. His unit had been warned that the brigand might have slipped into Kentucky with a small band of his most desperate killers. He felt his skin prickle and his heart pound. He hadn’t cleaned his gun in days. He was not ready for this fight.

Alexander had gone out through the front door to confront the raiders. He stepped right into their path as they rode into the kitchen yard, raised a hand, and cried “Halt! What will you have, gentlemen?”

Scott crept out by the rear door and made a way behind the house till he reached the cover of a copse of trees. He went stealthily, tree by tree, to the rear of the barn. Scott wanted to take the measure of this party so as to determine how many men they may be up against. Bushwhackers were like quicksilver—they’d come together for a big operation and then split apart into small units, the better to hide from Federal pursuit. It was a strategy that had kept the killers at their blood-soaked trades throughout the war.

He could see now how they had the gumption to travel in daylight. They were clad in Federal blue. But as he crept closer, the motley nature of their disguise revealed itself. They wore an ill-assorted selection of clothing, probably pillaged from the bodies of soldiers they’d murdered. Most of them had the long, unkempt hair favored by ill-disciplined, bloody-handed bushwhackers. He peered at the strange collar around one man’s neck and it came to him with a sickening jolt that the necklace was made of human scalps. He felt a dreadful heaviness—had they come upon his own unit’s encampment? Surely not—they were opportunists who preyed on the weak. They would not hazard a fair fight with a large, well-armed force.

He crept closer and flattened himself against the barn. Through a broken piece of board he was able to sight his gun on the guerrilla leader. Quantrill was a handsome youth, dark haired, with defined brows and generous lips

that turned down at the corners in a kind of permanent sneer. His smooth, unlined face belied the hellish things he was said to have done. But his victims—the few left alive to speak of him—had always reflected in astonishment on his youthful appearance.

Scott made a grim calculation. He could take the shot and wipe that sneer off for good and all. But he was an indifferent marksman. He might miss. Even if his shot was true, Quantrill's men would surely fall upon Alexander and everyone else in the place.

Alexander gazed up at the mounted Quantrill, who had just given the name "Marion" and was persisting in the threadbare fiction that he led a Union detachment, sent to press good horses for cavalry mounts.

"Then let me see your orders," said Alexander calmly.

At this, pretense fell away. Quantrill raised his gun, and all his men did likewise.

*"These are our orders."*

Alexander remained cool. He tilted his head. "Well, I suppose if you are bound to have the horses there is no need for a fight about it. But if you are bound to have a fight, I have armed men here and we will give you the best fight we can."

Quantrill gave a hand signal at that, and one of his raiders led up a sagging figure, mounted on what looked like a child's pony. The man was slumped over on the horse's withers, his face shadowed by a hood. Quantrill flicked his head and the raider drew off the hood to reveal Willa Viley, gagged, bound, already bruising from a beating.

"You recognize your friend?"

Alexander, for the first time, seemed discomposed. "For pity's sake, unbind my neighbor. He's an old man who should not be treated in this way."

"I will unbind him when you give me the horses, march out the armed men you brag on, and deliver up your arms."

"I will not, sir."

Quantrill reached over and violently tore the gag from Viley's mouth. A trickle of fresh blood ran into his silver beard.

"Tell him, old man."

Viley's voice rasped. "For pity's sake, Alexander, give him what he wants. They burned the depot and the freight cars at Lair Station last night. I tried to stop them. I—" His voice broke. "They'll torch this place if you don't."

Quantrill nodded. "I will. Now, where are the horses? I will have Lexington."

"But you must know Lexington is blind! He's unridable. Let me give you —"

Quantrill raised his hand.

"I heard you got a boy here can ride him just fine. I'll take him too."

"But why—I can give you two of the best cavalry mounts you could find —"

"I already have a buyer for your blind hero. But since you offer, I'll also take the two cavalry mounts."

"Whatever you expect to be paid for Lexington—I can match it."

"Bring out the cash then and we'll see. And those arms you mentioned."

"But I'm giving you the horses. I need arms for my own protection. I will order my men to stack them until you leave, if you let Captain Viley go."

Scott, pressed flat against the barn boards, measured the distance from his hiding place to the stallion barn. He would try to get across the yard and warn Jarret. He might make it, while the two men haggled. He eased himself away from the barn, into the gathering shadows. Quantrill's men had their guns fixed on Alexander, their attention on the parlay. If only they do not turn . . . He placed his feet carefully into soft leaf litter, trying to avoid a twig whose crack might draw an eye his way.

"Fetch the arms out here then, and if one shot is fired I'll torch the place."

"If one shot is fired it'll be your men who do it."

Alexander turned on his heel and strode to the house. His mind raced with possibilities. But as he opened the kitchen door, he found himself face-to-face with one of Quantrill's guerrillas. The man was molesting Daniel Swigert's young wife. He spun round as Alexander burst in and cocked his pistol against her temple. Her little daughter, not yet three, clutched at her skirt, howling.

This was more than Alexander could stomach. Impulsively, he swung at the man, knocking the pistol away from the girl and her child. The raider lunged and the two men fell, grappling, onto the gritstone floor. The pistol discharged. Alexander brought his knee, hard, into the raider's groin. The raider bellowed like a castrated calf and folded up on himself, retching. Alexander struggled to his feet and pushed the girl and the child into the corridor, bolting the door behind them. Then he ran outside.

Dusk had gathered but flames leaped from a fire by the training barn, and he could see four of Quantrill's men leading out several horses. Then he saw Scott, hog-tied, helpless on the ground.

From every direction, raiders converged with loot—candlesticks, paintings—anything small enough to carry off. Someone had raided Jarret's cabin and shoved the portrait of Lexington into his saddle bag. Another threw one of Alexander's prize calves onto the dirt next to Scott, pressing its head under his knee. The beast bawled as he plunged a knife into its heaving throat. A bright spurt of vermilion arced through the air, splattering Scott's uniform with warm blood.

Quantrill wheeled his mount and pointed his pistol at Alexander. "Harboring this filthy Federal on your farm, you damned traitor. All our bargains are off. Lead the way to Lexington or I'll shoot this scum as he lays."

Alexander, impotent and furious, strode toward the stallion barn. Someone, he saw with satisfaction, had padlocked the door. Two of Quantrill's men bashed at the barn boards with a piece of fence rail. Inside, the horses squealed. The timbers shivered and gave.

Alexander stepped over the broken boards and into the gloom of the barn. Lexington's stall gaped empty.

"Jarret?" he called. No answer. Alexander allowed himself a small smile. But Quantrill's rage made his gladness brief. "Take whatever's here," the guerrilla barked. "Bring the Federal and the old man."

He turned his horse. His raiders followed. One threw the steaming, half-butchered calf carcass across his saddle. They galloped for the gate, taking Scott, Viley, and a dozen thoroughbreds with them.

Through dense trees, half a mile down the road, Jarret watched them hurtle past. He let them get just far enough ahead, and then he asked Lexington to follow.

# THEO

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

“But she threw it out. She gave it away.”

“I know.”

“You don’t have an obligation—”

Theo poured wine and handed Jess a glass. “I know.” They sat on the sofa, regarding the freshly cleaned painting propped up on his desk. Jess leaned her head on Theo’s shoulder. Clancy turned three circles and then collapsed with a sigh across their feet.

A very young Lexington—not even one year old—gazed from the canvas with a lustrous eye, scanning the landscape of the Meadows. “It’s such a lovely painting, now that you can see all of it.”

“Yes, and it’s probably been years since anyone *has* seen it—properly.” He took another sip of wine. “There’s an energy to the brushstrokes that’s a bit unusual for the style of the era. You feel that the painter must’ve been having a good day, like he didn’t need to labor over this work.”

“That’s why I don’t think you should give it back. She didn’t appreciate it.”

Theo played idly with a strand of Jess’s hair. “She’s old, Jess. A widow. And poor, from the looks of it. She didn’t know how valuable it was. Fifteen thousand dollars is a lot of money to someone like that.”

“Fifteen thousand dollars is a lot of money for a grad student too. You were the one who recognized that it might have value—you’re the one who

found out that it did. You should be the one who benefits, not her.”

He shrugged. “I got a thousand dollars for writing the *Smithsonian* piece. I think that’s a pretty good return on something I picked up off the curb. Plus it inspired my thesis topic. And I’ve been able to put a new work in Scott’s catalogue raisonné—that’s a big deal, you know, in art history circles. It’s the kind of thing that gets people like me up in the morning—adding our little dash of spice to the historical stew.” Theo had emailed the art historian who had compiled the catalogue of Scott’s known work, to tell her about his find and send her a high-resolution image. A week later, she’d called Theo with an offer for the painting from a buyer in Kentucky.

“It’s tremendously exciting when we find a new work,” she’d said. “And especially one with such a sound authentication.” She said that Scott had become collectible ever since 2010, when she mounted the first one-man show of his work. Since then, his paintings had been selling over estimate. “If you send it to auction you might get even more—a new Lexington portrait might set a record,” she said. But Theo would need to pay the commission and hassle with insurance and transport, whereas in a private sale he’d get the full amount. “I’m not advising one way or the other. Let me know what you decide.”

Theo had known, as soon as he heard the figure, that he would give the painting back. He ran his fingers through Jess’s hair. He liked the way every strand was a slightly different color, like grains of sand on a beach.

“I’m not desperate for that money, Jess. I inherited some from my father. Not a lot, but more than some people have. More than she has.”

“But you said she was a bigot.”

“Jess.” He spoke more sharply. “Whatever *she* might be, it doesn’t mean that *I* won’t do what I know to be right.”

Jess sighed, defeated, and smiled at him. “You’re just a better person than me, I guess. When are you going to take it over there?”

“Maybe tomorrow morning? I was hoping you’d stay the night and come with me before you head to work. I think she’ll be more relaxed if there’s a White woman at her door, rather than just me.”

“That’s awful.”

He felt a flare of anger. “You think I don’t know that?”

“I’m sorry.”

He took her face between his hands. He’d thought her eyes were green, but he’d come to realize that they were more than that. All the colors of the

forest were there—flecks of umber, bronze, and gold. “It is what it is,” he said. “But I can’t let it change what I am. You do get that, right?”

“Of course I do.” *And that’s why I’m falling in love with you.* She wanted to say it. But he was gently extricating himself.

“I’m going for a quick run before dinner.”

“But it’s still raining, and it’s getting dark,” she whined. “And the moussaka smells so good!”

“It’ll be even better in an hour. It’s just a light drizzle now, and Clancy’s barely been out all day, have you, mate?” The dog looked up, tilting his head in agreement.

“That’s true—I’ve been hogging you.”

It had been a relaxing Sunday. They’d met Lior and his wife at an Ethiopian restaurant on U Street the evening before, and then gone club hopping, something neither of them had done since their undergrad days. They slept late and ambled out to Theo’s favorite local coffee shop. Then, when it started pouring, they’d run back to his apartment through the pelting rain. While her clothes dried, Theo had given her the Hoyas sweatshirt he usually ran in. It came down past her knees. He spent a few minutes rummaging in his drawer looking for the shirt before he realized she was still wearing it. A rain shell made more sense, anyway. He shrugged it on.

“Can you take the moussaka out in fifteen minutes? It needs to rest, to let the flavors—”

“I know, I know.” Jess rolled over on the sofa and picked up a *New Yorker* from a pile on the floor. “And I’ll set the table.”

Theo laughed. “Don’t forget the candelabra.” There was no dining table in his tiny apartment. They’d be eating on their laps.

He stepped out into the rain. The fine mist glistened in wide, arcing billows, like a wind-blown curtain. Clancy danced from paw to paw with anticipation. Theo looked down and smiled. He had the dog to thank for his running habit. He’d never been a runner before he brought Clancy home from that New Haven shelter, but the dog’s coiled energy had demanded a release, and once he started running, he realized that his athlete’s body had been craving it.

They began slowly and picked up speed as they entered the park. He decided they’d take the valley trail that paralleled the creek along the park’s eastern edge. Over the traffic on Rock Creek Drive, he could hear the water, replenished by the day’s rainfall, tumbling over boulders. Theo felt his lungs

fill and empty, the moist air as exhilarating as a cocktail. Before Jess, he'd never given much thought to his own anatomy. He'd always just expected his legs to do the motions that human legs always have done since they evolved to chase down prey and flee from predators. But she'd made him aware of the mechanics of his bones, the connections of each intricate set of tissues, the nerves traveling through vertebrae to fire along the clusters of muscle. He enjoyed thinking about that now as he lengthened his stride and increased his pace.

The leaves were slippery underfoot and exhaled a fresh, woody aroma as he landed on them. His stride settled into a pleasing rhythm. He was aware of his heart rate, effortlessly increasing to push the blood to his muscles. Ahead of him, Clancy paused to shake off the wetness, flinging sparkles. Along the rim of the park, streetlights blinked on, and the night shimmered. Theo felt the edge of runner's high begin to flood his body with well-being. He picked up speed, feeling his heart working harder as he sprinted up a slight rise of ground. The track narrowed as the rise became a hill, slanting along the creek where it cut deep into the rocks, forming a small ravine. He leaned into the incline until he reached the crest. Going downhill, Theo slowed his pace, watching for tree roots and loose stones. As the light faded, it was becoming hard to see. He realized he should head back soon. There was a bridge over the creek about a quarter of a mile ahead. That's where he would turn for home.

The path took a sharp curve right. Clancy dashed ahead out of sight. As Theo came around the turn, he almost stumbled over the dog, who was standing stock still in the middle of the path, staring down at something in the ravine.

"What is it, Clance? Did a deer go by?"

Clancy whined. Theo came up level and looked down toward the water. About fifteen feet down, a figure—a woman—lay prone against the rocks.

"Ma'am? Are you okay?" he called. She didn't answer. "Miss?" he said again. "Can you hear me?" There was a muddy scar down the bank, marking her skid. She'd either slipped taking the turn and hit her head or passed out in midstride and fallen. He fumbled for his phone to call 911. Then he cursed. No signal.

Theo slid down the bank to her side. Her spare frame was clad in vividly colored technical fiber. She wore marathoner's shoes—a serious runner. Tentatively, he reached for her wrist to check for a pulse. Her skin was cool

to the touch—she must have been passed out for a while—but the beat, when he found it, was strong. He breathed out, relieved.

He ransacked his memory for the little first aid he knew. He couldn't see any obvious signs of injury. Her spandex leggings were streaked down one side, where she'd skidded down the bank, but he could see no blood. Her fair hair was cut very short and there was no obvious mark of injury on her head. He recalled something about trying to put an unconscious person into the rescue position—left side, knees bent, helps the blood flow. He hesitated, wondering if he should move her. Then he knelt down and bent over her still body. Gently, slowly, he eased her onto her side. As he tried to bend her legs, she gave a catlike wail. Theo reached for his phone, checking again for a signal. Her eyes fluttered open.

“Ma’am, you fell,” said Theo. “Are you—”

At that moment a blaze of white light flared from the bridge, illuminating Theo as he knelt over the woman. Theo looked up, blinded by the sudden brightness.

“Police! Freeze!” bellowed a voice from the bridge.

Theo lifted his cell phone to shade his eyes from the glare.

And then Clancy's thin howl, shearing the night.

# ALEXANDER'S JARRET

*Road to Midway*  
*Woodford County, Kentucky*  
1865

Jarret cantered Lexington through the gathering dark, staying at the barely audible edge of the hoofbeats ahead. The horse seemed energized by the high emotion of the evening's events. Jarret had to hold him back from a full gallop that would overtake their quarry.

The sky was cloudy, the rising gibbous moon offering only sporadic illumination. "We're both blind, tonight," Jarret murmured. Quantrill's gang was keeping to the road, which was fortunate. Jarret was not sure he would have been able to guide Lexington had Quantrill led his men into the woods.

He tried to divine their destination. He had come to know most of the nearby families. They were heading west, so he visualized the map of farms that lay in that direction. Was there a secesh sympathizer among them ardent enough to give sanctuary to men such as these? If so, he couldn't think who that would be. Many families in the county supported the rebel cause; some even had sons fighting in the Confederate army farther south. But those men followed the rules of war. Quantrill's gang were murderers. And Willa Viley was widely respected. Jarret could not think of a local family who would countenance an assault on the old man.

Just then, the moon edged from behind a scallop of cloud and illuminated a pale, lumpen bundle on the road ahead. Lexington's nostrils flared. Jarret eased him to a walk as they came up on it. At first, he thought the

bushwhackers had jettisoned a bedroll or dropped a sack of some kind. Jarret peered down as the fabric fluttered.

He slid from the horse. "Captain Viley, that you?"

Viley groaned. He was lying facedown in the dust, just as he'd fallen. He tried to turn himself, but failed and flopped back, helpless.

"Captain, it's Jarret here. Can I help you up, sir?"

Viley reached out weakly and Jarret took the arm over his shoulder, easing the old man into a sitting position. His flesh, where Jarret touched it, was on fire. His face registered the agony of every move.

"Jarret?" he rasped. "How did you—boy, you shouldn't have followed, they want you and that horse of yours. You'd best turn back."

"I know they want us. I heard them—that's why I got Lexington out of there. But I need to help Mr. Scott, and rescue the horses. They made away with six or more of Lexington's get, including Asteroid, and those horses are too good for the likes of them."

"I don't see what you think you can do," Viley rasped. "Where's Alexander?"

"Fighting the fires they lit, I guess. To be honest, I didn't wait round to find out."

"You're a foolish boy."

"I ain't a boy. Sir."

Viley drew a painful breath. He looked at Jarret as if seeing him for the first time. Jarret's eyes glinted in the dark, holding the gaze. Viley's face collapsed and he nodded. "No, you are not. You're . . ." He broke into a fit of coughing and doubled up. "I think I've broken some ribs," he gasped. "I fell off the pony—my grandson's pony—had no choice, only horse on our place saddled up when Quantrill's pack of rats swarmed us. I'm a fool, like you, thinking I could give chase. And now look at me." He coughed again, and blood ran darkly down his beard. "They just left me to die where I lay," he wheezed. "Rode right on over me. Not a conscience left in a one of those devils."

"Do you know where they're making for? Can you think of anyone who would take them in?"

"Judge Sayers, my guess," Viley wheezed. "His wife, Finetta, is old friends with those damnable James boys who ride with Quantrill. I heard one of them—Jesse, it was—speaking of her. Their place is on the road to Taylorsville, between Samuel's Depot and Deatsville. You know the place?"

“I think so—big brick house—the white one—is that it?”

“Yes, that’s the one.”

“But we have to get you situated first.”

A violent cough wracked at Viley. Tears of pain rolled down his bloodied cheeks. “It’s no good. I can’t mount a horse.”

“Don’t you say so. I think we’re close by the Kirklands’ Cane Spring farm. We can get you that far, at least, and the Kirklands can send word to your son.”

Jarret asked Lexington to kneel. He lifted Viley and placed him in the saddle. “Just grab onto the mane. This horse won’t let you fall.” He clicked for the horse to stand. Jarret estimated it was less than a mile to the Kirklands, and when it proved to be just half that distance he was relieved, because by then Viley was slipping in and out of consciousness.

The Kirklands came out armed but lowered their guns and rushed to help once they recognized Viley. As Jarret eased the broken old man off the horse, he grasped Jarret’s arm with a sudden burst of strength.

“We shouldn’t have done what we did. This horse—it should have been yours. Richard and I—I put him up to it—I showed him the way to get around Warfield. It was wrong. I’m sorry we cheated Old Harry. We never ought to have done that.”

Jarret let a tide of anger crest and pass before he spoke. “No good be done thinking on that now. Harry Lewis long past minding.” He stood by Lexington as they carried Viley indoors. He took the bread and the flask the Kirkland woman offered, and then he mounted up and rode off toward Taylorsville.

He steered Lexington off the road before they reached the gates to the Sayers home. Traversing the paddock, he picked a careful way closer to the house. He could see lights flickering in one of the downstairs rooms. And in the woods behind, a small campfire. Perhaps Quantrill and the James brothers were with their friends in the main house while the rest of the band camped out.

He resolved to find a safe hiding place for Lexington and to go forward on foot. He followed the fence line down a gentle hill toward the sounds of a brook. He let the horse drink and then tied him up loosely in a small copse of trees. Then he waited for the moon. When a luminous edge emerged from the clouds, he scanned the pasture, picking out his path. In a moment, it was dark again. That was when he sprinted for the trees.

He melted from tree to tree until he had a vantage point on the campfire. From a distance, he watched the moving figures. He could count only four men. So they'd followed their usual tactics and split into small units to confound pursuit. It would be sheer luck if this was the group that had Scott.

He would need to be patient. He could tell from the slurred voices that the whisky jar was out. As the intermittent moon climbed higher, the drunken utterances grew louder.

An hour passed. Jarret felt his muscles cramping as he tried to remain still. As the air cooled, he felt a heavy dew misting his skin and clothing. Talk ebbed and became sporadic. Jarret risked creeping closer.

He was behind the men now—only two still awake by the dying fire. Another snored. He strained for snatches of their conversation. The men were slurring; it was hard to make out words. It seemed like some long-winded reminiscence of a raid on a dry goods store. Then: "Don't know why we didn't kill *this* Federal right where he stood, like we did them damned Dutchmen shopkeepers."

"Quantrill say he want to trade him for the five got they selves captured over in Mercer County—Jim, Andy, and them others. Federals took 'em up the road to Louisville, fixin' to hang 'em in a big show."

"Well, it don't sit right with me, having to haul his sorry ass."

"Me neither." He yawned, stretched, then struggled up from his squatting position. He staggered away from the fire. Jarret heard the thud of a boot landing in flesh, then a muffled groan.

"You shut the hell up."

Another kick, another groan.

A hissing sound. Jarret realized the secesh was pissing on Scott. The other one laughed at that, drunken guffaws. He struggled to get up, fiddling with his own fly. The two sleeping men did not stir.

The secesh couldn't seem to untie his pants. He was looking down, cursing, as he began to piss himself. Jarret only had to lean forward, grab a hank of his long hair, and pull his head back. He sank his knife into the side of his neck and drew it in a wide arc. The man pitched forward, gurgling. Jarret eased him back down to the ground.

The man standing over Scott's prone form turned. "Jimbo, ain't you—"

But Jarret was behind him, and the question was never asked.

In the flicker of the dying fire, Jarret saw Scott's pale eyes, wide and incredulous as he sawed at the rope binding his ankles. There wasn't time to

mess around with the ties on his wrist. Scott struggled to stand as the blood rushed back to his feet. He staggered and Jarret supported him as they faded into the trees.

Only when they were clear of the copse did Jarret pause to cut the ropes around Scott's wrist and pull the filthy gag from his mouth.

"Where are the horses?" Jarret hissed.

"In the barn, but we can't risk . . ."

"We can. We will."

The lights were out in the big house now. They circled the house in case a picket had been posted, but Quantrill must have felt secure that no one knew of this safe harbor. When Jarret was sure there was no guard, he came up to the barn. Carefully, he eased back the door bar.

Inside, a young Black groom startled awake. He scrambled to his feet. Jarret grabbed the boy by the shirt and put a finger to his lips. "You never saw us. We knocked you out cold. Got it?"

The boy nodded. "I ain't gonna hurt you. But I got to make it look like I did, understand?" Jarret pulled out his bloody knife. The boy flinched, his eyes wide. Jarret ran his hand down the blade and smeared the blood on the groom's forehead. Then he pushed past him and went stall by stall. Five of Alexander's stolen horses were there, including Asteroid.

Jarret threw a bridle on Asteroid and the thoroughbred mare, Nanny Butler. Working quickly, he roped the other horses together, tail to neck with a bowline, and led them out of the barn. He'd never ponied so many thoroughbreds before and he prayed they'd have the horse sense to stay calm about it.

"Quick," he said, signaling Scott to mount up on Asteroid. "Ride and find your unit. On that horse, no one can catch you. Lead them back here, clean up this mess, and find out where the rest of our horses are." As he spoke, he jumped on Nanny Butler and drew the other horses up behind.

"Where are you going?"

"To get Lexington."

"And then what?"

Jarret didn't turn.

"North," he said, and led the horses out into the dark.

# JESS

*Georgetown, Washington, DC*

2019

The moussaka had been cooling on the counter for more than half an hour. Jess checked her watch. He'd said it would be a short run. "Weird idea of 'short,'" she muttered to herself, slicing a lime. Even though she'd been drinking wine, her slightly irritated state demanded something stronger, so she made herself a gin and tonic and sipped it as she perused the shelves of art books.

One title intrigued her: *You Are an Acceptable Level of Threat*. She reached an index finger into its spine and pulled it down. Banksy. She plopped on the sofa and leafed through it. She checked her watch again. This was borderline rude. Not like him. She put the book back and pulled out a fatter tome about the Museum of Old and New Art in Tasmania. Promising. He seemed pretty enthusiastic about Australia, which was a change from most Americans, whose interest didn't extend much beyond the charismatic fauna. She'd been saving up vacation time so she could take three weeks with her parents in Tasmania the following winter. Maybe she could convince Theo to come with her, if they were still an item by then. Jess's mind wandered pleasantly around an itinerary. Tassie first, then Uluru to see an entirely different Australia—he'd be interested in the Papunya Tula artists—then fly back after a few days in Sydney. If he loved it, maybe they could even move there . . .

She reeled the fantasy back in. She was getting way ahead of herself.

She wandered over to his desk and glanced at some pages of his thesis he'd printed out for editing. He was working on a chapter on Harry Lewis, whom he had identified as the Black trainer depicted by Troye in the painting titled *Richard Singleton with Viley's Harry, Charles and Lew*. She picked up a page.

*Evidence exists that Lewis's interest in the racehorse Lexington may have been plundered from him against his will. Willa Viley's own copy of the rules governing the Kentucky Association racetrack bears a suggestive annotation—someone—Viley?—has inked a cross next to the following rule: "No negro or mulatto, to make nomination in any stake, to be run over this course." Since Viley succeeded in acquiring a valuable interest in Lexington, it is plausible that he used this rule as leverage in order to compel a sale of the horse.*

Jess replaced the page on the desk. She recalled how excited Theo had been to discover that annotated document among Viley's archived papers. It was one of the things they had in common, this enthusiasm for chasing down small shards of knowledge.

The rain picked up again and began to lash against the window. She checked the moussaka. The bechamel topping was congealing, getting cold. Surely, in this kind of rain, Theo would be home any minute—dripping, with a sodden kelpie at his heels.

She would call his cell phone. Why hadn't she thought of that earlier? She hit the numbers on the keypad. Took a breath. She didn't want to sound as irritated as she felt.

The voice that answered wasn't Theo's. Instead of the clipped, Oxfordian "Hello, Jess," it was a flat Baltimore accent.

"Who is this?"

"It's Jess. Who's *this*? Where's Theo?"

"Theo." The voice repeated the name without inflection. "Theo who?"

"Theo Northam. What are you doing with his phone?"

"Is this Mrs. Northam?"

"There is no Mrs. Northam. Who *is* this? What's going on?"

"Ma'am, what is your relationship to Mr. Northam?" There was something in the way he said "Ma'am" that made Jess's head feel light.

"I'm his"—she paused—"girlfriend. What's happened? Has he had an accident?"

Her voice was suddenly feeble. Her legs began to tremble. She sank onto the sofa. Whatever was coming next, she didn't want to hear it. The words came out of the phone: "Interrupted assault. Police-involved shooting. Homicide detective." Jess heard them, but they made no sense to her.

"But he just went out for a run. With his dog."

"Yes. Well. As I said, it's under investigation. Can you tell me the name of his next of kin?"

"Next of kin? You mean his mother?"

"Mother. Or father."

"His father died in Afghanistan. His mother lives in Lagos."

"Lagos?"

"In Nigeria."

"There's no one else—brother, sister?"

"No. He's an only child."

"Then we may need you to identify the body."

"Body?"

"Yes."

Jess felt a big lump of something land on her chest. She couldn't get any air. "What happened?" she asked again.

The detective cleared his throat. It sounded like he was reading. "At seven twenty p.m., an officer in Rock Creek Park interrupted an assault and robbery in progress. The victim was a female Caucasian. When the officer asked the suspected assailant to freeze, the suspect appeared to raise a weapon, at which time the officer responded with lethal fire."

"But what's that got to do with Theo? Did he witness the assault, or something?"

"Ma'am, he was the assailant."

Jess gave a strangled laugh. "Assailant? Theo? He's an art historian. He's a PhD candidate at Georgetown."

There was a long silence.

"Ma'am. Are you presently in DC?"

"Yes, I'm at his place. We were about to have dinner . . ."

"If you'll give me the address. I'll need to take a statement."

Jess, numb with shock, opened the door to the detective a few minutes later. He was accompanied by a woman officer. Both of them were extremely wet. The detective was a thin man, haggard, with restless brown eyes that seemed to be constantly scanning. As his gaze radared over Theo's

neat apartment, the vintage-modern furnishings and book-lined walls, his face tensed. The detective and the police officer exchanged glances.

Step by step, he took Jess through the events of the day until the point when Theo left for the run. She heard herself answering his questions, but her mind was in the park, agonizing over what on earth could have happened there.

“The officer at the scene said the suspect was wearing a black hoodie. Is there any reason he would wear black, to run, at night?”

“It was a rain jacket, not a hoodie. He usually runs in this,” she said, plucking at the white sweatshirt with its blue Hoyas lettering.

“You said earlier—his parents—Nigeria? Afghanistan? So he’s an immigrant? Muslim, maybe?”

Jess felt anger flare through the shock.

“He’s American. His father worked for the State Department and was killed in the line of duty in Afghanistan. Star on the CIA wall, for all I know.”

She saw the grim look pass between the detective and the officer again. She stood up, shaking.

“We’re done here.” She was trembling from head to foot. She could barely walk the few steps to the door. “Get out. I don’t want you in his home.”

The female officer looked to the detective. He nodded slightly and rose. He scribbled something on his notepad, tore out the page, and placed it on the coffee table. “That’s the address of the DC Medical Examiner. Next of kin IDs are from ten a.m. to four thirty p.m. I’d be grateful if you could be there tomorrow morning.”

Jess closed the door behind them without replying. She leaned her back against it, fighting down a heaving sob. Then she turned, flung open the door, and ran out into the rain, scanning the street for the officers. They were halfway down the block, almost to their car.

“Wait!” she yelled. “Where’s Clancy? What happened to his dog?”

# ALEXANDER'S JARRET

*Road from Midway, Woodford County, Kentucky*

1865

North, he had said. But to get there, he'd need to ride west. And to do that, he'd need forged papers. Jarret shook his head, trying to rid himself of the fatigue and fear. He needed to think, which was difficult, picking a way through the dark with so many horses. His mind was filled with the soft, wet give of the knife, the warmth of the flesh under his fist, the graze of the stubble. Men killed one another in war; he knew that. But knowing was one thing. Doing was another thing entirely.

Lexington whinnied as he smelled the other horses approaching. Jarret gave a low whistle so that the horse would recognize him. He let Lexington scent each horse in turn, so he would know they were familiar members of his own herd. He then retied the string to put Lexington in the lead. Before he remounted, he went to the stream and washed the blood from his hands and forearms. He held up his arms in a sliver of intermittent moonlight, but he could not tell if he'd removed all the traces.

He needed paper. He needed a pen. He decided his best chance was to double back to the farm where he had left old Viley. They would recognize him there.

The brothers came out armed, as they had the first time. They were edgy. "We were expecting young Viley, coming for his pa, but then when we heard all them horses we thought it was Quantrill, come back this way to burn us out. They Mr. Alexander's horses?"

“Yessir.”

“You rescue them? Well. That’s something. You taking them back there?”

“Nossir. Not risking that. Not while Quantrill’s on the loose. I plan to bring them to Mr. Alexander’s farm across the river. He meant to bring his best horses there if things here got too hot.”

The boys murmured together and then nodded. “Our sister will give you some supplies.”

In the kitchen, the girl put out a jug of water and Jarret drank thirstily. She made him a sack with a loaf and some cheese. As she set it down on the scrubbed deal table, she took a step back, startled.

“That’s not Captain Viley’s blood on your shirt, is it?”

“No, miss.”

“Did you . . .”

“I had to kill two of Quantrill’s men to free Mr. Scott, the Union soldier they had hostage.”

The girl twisted her cotton pinafore in her fist. Then she pulled the shawl from around her shoulders and handed it to Jarret. “Cover yourself with this and give me that shirt while I wash that blood off it.”

“I’m obliged, miss. How’s the old man doing?”

“Poorly. He’s done burning up, his fever so hot. I don’t think he’ll last the night.”

“You’ve sent for his son?”

“One of my brothers went to fetch him. But unless he makes haste—” She turned away as Jarret took off his shirt. She stretched out a hand behind her back to take it from him.

“Miss—could you give me some paper—a pen?”

“Might be. But what for?”

“I need to send word to Mr. Alexander.”

“You know your letters then?”

“Yessum.”

Jarret did write a note to Alexander, listing the horses he’d recovered and explaining his intentions. But then he wrote two more notes, forging Alexander’s signature on each. One set asserted that the Woodburn horses were destined for Grant’s army; the other said they were a secret gift to John Hunt Morgan. If he met a Union army unit or a rebel militia, the papers might just save the horses from being commandeered.

Luck was with him: traveling by night, and on backroads, he made it to the river crossing unchallenged. To the bargeman who would ferry them across to Illinois, he told the simple truth: that he was bringing his master's most valuable horses out of reach of the war, to safety on his property in Sangamon County.

Jarret knew the way. He had traveled there in the company of Napoleon Belland not long after Alexander bought the place. He had been charged with choosing a good location for a stable on the farm and instructing the Belland boy in fitting it up to receive horses. But none had been sent, month following month. Alexander's faith in his neutral status had been unshakable. Jarret had come to resent the wasted effort. But he didn't feel that way as he trotted the string of horses through the dark.

Dawn was just breaking over the ridge as they neared the farm. Belland burst out of the farmhouse door, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Finally brought you some work to do," Jarret said, and together they led a small fortune in horseflesh through the gates into the waiting pastures.

A few days later, they met the train carrying a dozen more horses that Alexander had loaded in secret, by night. By the end of the war, most of his horses had been transferred to Illinois, and Jarret had crossed the border into Canada, not as a runaway seeking freedom, but as R. A. Alexander's trusted agent, charged with buying and selling thoroughbreds on his behalf.

# JESS

*Capitol Hill, Washington, DC*

2019

Jess spent the night sleepless in Theo's bed, burying her face in his scent. Without his cell phone, she had no way to contact anyone—not his mother in Nigeria, not any of the friends he'd told her about. She waited for the first gray daylight, then rose wearily and crossed the city to her apartment. In the shower, she turned her face up into the cascading water and wept.

Just before ten a.m., she walked the short distance from her apartment to a building she'd passed a hundred times—a vast, glass-fronted edifice on E Street. She'd barely registered it; just another shiny block in the sprawling DC bureaucracy. She hadn't realized those shimmering glass walls enclosed a palace of sadness.

She handed her ID to the security guard, passed through a metal detector, and was directed into a windowless room. A soft-spoken woman with Fulani braids and gel fingernails decorated with tiny stars indicated that she should sit. The sofa was very new, contemporary, like it belonged in the waiting room of a high-end medical practice.

"I'm going to give you this clipboard. On it, there is a photograph, facedown, of the deceased. When you are ready, please turn it over and, if you can, give an identification."

"Photograph? You mean I don't get to see him?"

The woman shook her head and her beaded braids rattled. "In DC we don't let next of kin inside the morgue. People get emotional. Too many

incidents.”

Jess had steeled herself for metal drawers, toe tags, a body bag unzipped by a sympathetic coroner. She stared at the clipboard with its little passport-size square. Having screwed her courage to the sticking point to view his body, this seemed inhuman, inadequate.

“When you’re ready,” the woman repeated softly.

She would never be ready. She willed her thumb to release the clip. She slid the picture down and turned it over. She stopped breathing. There was Theo, his beautiful face. He looked exhausted, as if he’d fallen asleep after some kind of long ordeal. She wanted to caress that face. She touched her finger to the photograph. After a long moment, she handed it back to the starry fingernails. “Yes,” she said. “That’s him.”

After filling in the required paperwork, she walked unsteadily out into the bright morning. The rain had stopped and now the streets were exhaling the musky scent of wet leaves and drying concrete. She hailed a cab and gave the address of the animal shelter.

“Come in, we’re expecting you,” the attendant said, over a chorus of yaps and barks.

“Expecting me?”

“Yeah. The police called. Said you’d be coming by around this time to pick up the dog.”

That, at least, was kind.

“He’s been moping. He’ll be glad to see a familiar face. Just wait here and I’ll bring him out.”

The attendant emerged a minute later with Clancy, his body hunched, his tail clenched between his legs.

When she saw him, Jess crouched low. “G’day, little mate,” she said softly. His head shot up. She held out her arms and he rocketed into them, whining.

“I know,” she said. “I know.” She buried her face in his fur. It was matted and hard. She ran a hand through his coat. A dust of rust-colored powder speckled her fingers.

“I’m really sorry, we didn’t get a chance to give him a bath. We only have one person here overnight. I was going to do it this morning, but . . .”

“It’s blood,” Jess whispered.

“Yes. I’m so sorry. The officer who brought him in said he was lying on the body—wouldn’t let anyone near it.”

“Oh, Clancy,” Jess said.

She crumpled on the disinfectant-scented floor, cradling the dog in her arms. The two of them stayed there a long time, whining and weeping. The attendant brought a box of tissues, then a bowl of water, and finally a cup of tea. She placed them on the floor.

Jess reached blindly for the tissues, then the tea. Jess’s mother had always sworn by the curative properties of a “cuppa.” Not that her mum would have recognized the pale sepia beverage in the paper cup as tea.

Jess thanked the attendant for her kindness, signed the paperwork, and led Clancy outside. His tail gave a single wag as they left the building. Jess leaned down and gave him a reassuring pat. “Oh, mate. You didn’t think I’d leave you there, did you? I forgot he adopted you from a shelter. Must’ve been horrible being back there. We’ll go to your place and get your stuff, then you can come home with me. We can be sad together.”

It was an hour walk from the shelter to Theo’s, but Jess was in no hurry to arrive there. She thought a long walk would do them both some good, and she tried to quiet her mind and focus on the feel of the sun on her skin. When they turned the corner to his street, Clancy strained at the leash.

“He’s not going to be there. I’m so sorry, mate.”

But somebody was. A young Black woman stood at the door to the graduate apartments, bending over to scan the names on the buzzers. Jess saw her press the button next to Theo’s name.

“No use. He’s not there.”

“Oh, I know. I just thought there might be someone . . . Do you live here? Did you know him?”

Jess said nothing.

“Sorry, I’m Justine Treadwell from *The Washington Post*. I’m writing about the shooting.”

“I know your work.”

Until she met Theo, Jess had only scanned Treadwell’s articles. The neighborhoods and subjects—racial profiling, excessive use of police force—had seemed like things that didn’t have much to do with her. Of late, though, she’d read her work more carefully. It was always meticulously reported, full of telling details that brought the people she wrote about into clear focus.

“This must be the dog?”

“He’s Theo’s dog, yes.”

“My colleague, the beat reporter at the scene, said the dog wouldn’t leave him. They had to get an Animal Control guy with one of those noose-on-a-stick things to haul him off.”

Jess’s face crumpled.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have—”

“No,” she said, rummaging in her bag for a tissue and wiping her nose. “I want to know. I need to understand how this could’ve happened. I am—I was—” What, exactly? Girlfriend, she’d told the police. But there had been no declarations between them. Their short, intense affair hardly gave her the right to claim anything.

“I was his friend. Would you like to come in?”

“Thanks, yes. I would. I’ve got this morning’s police report, if you want to see it. It’s not much, not yet.”

Inside, Jess poured Justine a glass of water and sat down to read the terse, single-page report:

***MPD Officer Involved Shooting,  
Rock Creek Park,  
September 6, 2019***

*At approximately 7:20 p.m., a uniformed patrol officer of the Fourth District interrupted an apparent assault on a Caucasian female jogger by a Black male. Officer heard the female victim scream, at which time the officer identified himself and called upon the suspect to freeze. The suspect raised an object the officer believed was a firearm at which point the officer discharged his firearm one time, striking the suspect. DC Fire and Emergency Medical Services responded to the scene. The suspect was pronounced dead, the victim was transported to an area hospital for treatment of minor injuries.*

*The decedent has been identified as 26-year-old Theodore Naade Northam, a graduate student enrolled at Georgetown University.*

*The officer involved has been placed on administrative leave, pursuant to MPD policy. This case remains under investigation. Anyone with information is asked to contact MPD at (202) 727-9099.*

Jess threw the report down on the coffee table. "It's preposterous. There's no way Theo was assaulting anyone. And I'm positive he didn't own a gun."

"Yeah, the investigating officer isn't saying much, but he did admit that no weapon was found at the scene. It's just lucky your man was a Georgetown intellectual and not some kid from Shaw or Deanwood, because they may well have planted one if he was."

"What about the woman? Do you know who she is? Have you interviewed her?"

"Yes, but not much help, I'm afraid. She's got a fractured fibula and contusions consistent with a fall. Has a concussion. Says she can't remember a thing. I'm guessing your friend probably saw her fall or came along just after and tried to help her."

"Yes," said Jess. "That's exactly what he would've done. But what happens now?"

"It'll get investigated, the officer'll be exonerated, and it'll be another statistic in this country's long history of Black killings."

"How can he be exonerated? He shot an unarmed man."

Justine Treadwell shrugged. "The way it usually goes, the cop'll say he *thought* he saw a gun and feared for his life. He's a rookie, apparently—hasn't been on the force a year—so they might use that. But what they have going for them is the woman's concussion. Unless she remembers what happened, no one can prove your man was helping her. They'll continue to claim it *was* an assault."

"But that's bullshit."

"I know. But that's the playbook. Maybe if his father was still alive—from what I've been able to learn, he was a rising star at State. He was acting DCM in Afghanistan when he died and everyone assumed his next post would be an ambassadorship."

"But what about his mother? Can't she . . . ?"

"Nigeria got put on the list of our president's 'shithole countries,' remember? She can't even get a visa. At least, not anytime soon. And she's pretty emotional about it all, as you'd expect. I managed to reach her in Lagos."

"But she's foreign service, isn't she? Surely there's some string she can pull?"

"She *was* foreign service. Different elites in power now and the ex-general she married isn't a favorite with the new regime, apparently."

“How did you find all this out so quickly?”

“Foreign desk. Our West Africa correspondent keeps close tabs on Nigeria—who’s up, who’s down. The whole Boko Haram thing, trouble in the oil fields . . .”

Jess got up and walked to the apartment’s tiny kitchenette. “Can I give you something else? Tea? Coffee? I need something. Maybe gin.” No, not gin. Not ever. The minute she thought of it, she felt nauseated. The scent of it would always remind her of that phone call.

“Coffee would be excellent, thanks. I’ve still got a lot of ground to cover on this story. Even though it probably won’t make any difference in the end, at least I can write a profile of Theo and make it just that bit harder for them to brush this under the rug. Will you help me?”

Jess tore off a piece of paper towel, wiped her eyes, and blew her nose. “Of course I will. Everything I know.” And then the bleak thought: everything she knew about Theo was, now, all she would ever know.

She had thought they had all the time in the world.

# JARRET LEWIS

*Park Row, New York, New York*

1875

Jarret drew the watch from his vest pocket and checked the time. He was early for his noon appointment.

Across the street, sunlight flared off the bright bronze of a newly installed statue. Jarret wondered which grim-faced, potbellied grandee was being honored, so he ambled over to read the inscription. *BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Printer, Patriot, Philosopher, Statesman.* Jarret thought it an odd order in which to list the man's accomplishments. What would the old man think of this depiction of himself? Robert Alexander had owned a far more flattering portrait of Franklin, an oil painting that hung above the desk in the parlor. Alexander's father had served as the great man's private secretary in Paris.

*Printer.* Well, the statue did face the building that housed *The New York Times*. He imagined that Franklin would enjoy being in earshot of the presses. As the noon bells began to chime from a nearby church, Jarret turned back to the barrel-vaulted building across the street. Inside the foyer, he could smell the mist of ink in the air.

"Jarret Lewis to see Colonel Sanders Deweese Bruce. The colonel is expecting me."

"Is he now?"

The doorman scanned Jarret. Polished boots, tailored jacket, buff kid gloves, beaver hat, a silken necktie symmetrical as moth wings.

"*Turf, Field and Farm* office is on the third floor," he muttered.

Jarret took the stairs, passing rows of composers deftly setting blocks of metal type and reporters hunched over desks, scrawling dispatches for the next day's *Times*. The *Turf*'s office was tucked inconspicuously on a floor rented out to several publications.

Colonel Bruce rose from behind a large oak desk. "Jarret Lewis? I have looked forward to this meeting. My condolences, my very great condolences. I hope you feel we did justice, in our obituary?"

Jarret removed his hat and inclined his head. "It was a very fitting tribute." Jarret had read the obituary through a glaze of tears. He had committed the words to memory. *He was as far superior to all horses that have gone before him as the vertical blaze of a tropical sun is superior to the faint and scarcely distinguishable glimmer of the most distant star.* "I did not know the writer—Mr. Simpson, was it?—but he certainly knew how to describe Lexington's quality." He took the seat Bruce pulled out for him and drew off his gloves.

"Such a horse," said Bruce. "Shall we see his like again? Not in my lifetime, that's a certainty. Not only the fastest, but also the greatest sire in history. Remarkable, especially when you think of all his get that never raced, on account of the war. Let me see, what did Tom Scott write for us—" He fumbled with some papers on his desk. "I retrieved this, when I learned that you would visit." He scanned the dense page of newsprint. "*'Lexington transmitted much of his own pliancy of limbs to many of his sons and daughters . . . while some of them, at least, like Norfolk, Asteroid, Kentucky, Lightning'*—my goodness, I'd forgotten what a very long list he gave here, it does go on—" He ran his finger along the type. "Here we are, he finally gets on with making his point: *'have shown themselves nearly his equals in racing powers, will any of them approach his fame as a sire when bred to native Kentucky mares?'* A good question, but personally, I doubt it. It's implausible that one horse could produce so many champions. What was it—sixteen years he led the list?"

"Yes," said Jarret quietly. "Sixteen years as the top stud sire. Even topped the list again this past year."

"Extraordinary. And I understand Alexander was charging five hundred dollars to have him cover a mare? Unheard of!"

Jarret fingered the stitching in the glove that rested in his lap and said nothing. Bruce coughed awkwardly and restrained his ebullience. "They say

you were with the horse from the day he was foaled till his dying day, is that so?"

Jarret nodded. "At the end of the war, and in the years since, I have been obliged, by my affairs, to be in Canada for some months each year. But I was with him in the end, yes, just as I was in the beginning."

"When I was informed you planned to visit us, I began to entertain a hope that you might favor us with an account of the great hero in his last days. The appetite for stories about him is unsated. Our readers, you know—they cannot learn enough of him."

Jarret replied quietly. A month later and still it was difficult for him to speak of that day. "I had a feeling that it might be his last summer, so I returned to Woodburn from Canada quite early in the spring. I had my usual business in the state, in any case, but I was able to spend much of my time with Lexington. He was quite well, till the very end—very few of the usual frailties of a twenty-five-year-old horse. We would still ride out every morning. Mostly at the walk, these last years. But he seemed to want the different smells of the farm, the sensation of the changing footings. Once, when I had concluded he was past the need or capacity for such exercise, he took his own bridle off the hook and brought it to me." Bruce, delighted by this anecdote, scribbled rapidly. He looked up, pen poised.

"May I ask what carried him off, in the end?"

"In the end? He just wore out. Nothing was ever gravely wrong with him. He never broke down, and his legs were clean as a colt's up to his last day." Though the horse had a fine appetite, Jarret had spent many patient hours hand-feeding grain, watching the stable hands sweep up the quidded hay the aging horse could no longer chew. "It was on the first day of July that he refused his feed and began to have trouble breathing. He was alert to the end. We buried him on the hill overlooking the green pastures where his mares graze."

"Most appropriate." Bruce flipped a page of his notepad. As the pen scratched across the page, Jarret recalled the waning heat of the July evening, the lushness of the grass, the horse's head heavy in his lap in the shade of the big beech tree. Watching the sightless eyes close. The strange sense of something passing through him as the stallion exhaled his last breath. Such a still, peaceful ending after so much speed, so much danger.

Lost in his reverie, Jarret hardly noticed that Colonel Bruce had stopped scribbling and was gazing at him expectantly.

“Of course, if you’d rather not say—”

“I’m sorry. What was the question?”

“About your future plans, now that the horse—”

“Oh. My plans. I have determined that this will be my last journey to this country. Canada is my home now and my business is centered there.”

“Really? You do not intend to return? Surely there are still many oppor—”

Jarret interrupted. “Colonel Bruce, you must be aware of the rising difficulty for men like me in the thoroughbred world. You must know that for some who supported the Southern cause, the war is not over. They deplore their reduced circumstances and do not care to see someone like me finding success. It leads to unpleasantness that I would rather . . . avoid. Even the greatest jockeys, the men everyone delighted to cheer for, cannot now get a decent mount, South or North. And if they do chance to ride, it has become perilous. The White jockeys collaborate against them to provoke falls. A great trainer such as Charles Stewart is relegated to house servant, caring for carriage horses.” He felt the anger rising in him. “You do no favor to the turf by not addressing these matters in your journal, Colonel. This sport that once gathered all classes and, yes, colors, will not thrive long if it continues to spit on the talent that built it.”

Bruce stared at his hands. Jarret regarded him coldly. He would say his piece. The man needed to hear it.

“You express surprise that I see my future in Canada. Let me tell you: I saw it the day I first crossed the border. I could vote there, you see, when I was still counted three fifths of a man here. It’s been some few years I have come back to Kentucky only for the horse. So, now there is no further need.” Jarret shrugged. “My wife and child are glad of it.”

He thought of Lucinda, radiant in the early morning light, standing on their farmhouse porch as she had waved goodbye, the baby on her hip. Lucinda, born and raised in Canada, daughter of a runaway, as fearless and resourceful as her mother. When he was introduced to her for the first time, he felt as if his entire life had led him to that moment. She had met his passion with an equal ardor and now they had their son, Lucien Lewis. In just two days’ time, his beautiful wife and his baby boy would be waiting on the porch to welcome him home. That image cooled his anger.

“I think you know, Colonel Bruce, that I did not come here to be interviewed.”

“Quite. Your letter. You saw the notice.”

“I saw the notice.” Jarret drew a folded sheet of newsprint from his vest pocket and read aloud. “ ‘*One of the best portraits of Lexington was painted by Scott, representing him led by black Jarret, his groom . . . Our friends can examine the painting by visiting us in our sanctum.*’ And so, Colonel, though I do not presume to be counted a friend, I am still, I suppose, ‘black Jarret,’ if no longer a groom, and I have come to your sanctum. May we examine the painting now?”

“Of course, yes. Follow me.” They crossed the small newsroom to a wood-paneled library. Over the mantel, the painting of Lexington gleamed. He felt love for the horse rise in his chest. He gazed at the unlined face of his younger self, innocent of the terror that was coming so soon.

So much had happened to the young man in that painting. He still sometimes woke in a sweat, recalling the desperate night ride on the blind horse, the stink of whisky and urine, the slide of the knife. He dropped his head, drew out a pocket square, dabbed his eyes, and struggled for composure. Colonel Bruce, standing a little behind him, extended a hand. It hovered a few inches from Jarret’s shoulders before he withdrew it.

Jarret refolded his pocket square.

“What do you hear of Mr. Scott? We corresponded for a time, but I have not recently had a line from his hand.”

“I suppose you heard he married at last?”

“A widow woman. Yes, I did hear that. In fact, my last note to him was a word of congratulation.”

“That may have been a bit previous. They shared just three months of marital bliss before she returned to her people on Long Island and he resumed his peregrinations in horse country.” Bruce chuckled. “He did not choose the pen name ‘Prog’ for nothing: ‘one who wanders and forages.’ Well, with the death of Mr. Troye so suddenly last year, one hopes he will ‘forage’ somewhat more successfully. I think it safe to say he has succeeded Troye as the most popular painter of thoroughbreds in this country.”

“I should be glad to contribute to the fruits of his foraging. I have previously had two of Scott’s portraits of Lexington in my possession, but I have neither of them now.” Jarret thought bitterly of the oil of Lexington as a colt that Scott had painted for him at the Meadows. It had never been recovered from Quantrill’s raiders. And then the later portrait, when Lexington first came to Woodburn, the one he had given to May. He wondered if she had needed to sell it, or if her life with Hawthorne had

prospered enough for her to keep it. He hoped so. He hoped she looked at it from time to time and thought of him kindly, as he thought of her. Now that he knew what it was to be truly loved, he had no regrets there. Hawthorne's return had freed him to find his way to Lucinda, and for that he was thankful every day.

Now he would again own a painting of Lexington. "I believe you are selling this painting on Tom Scott's behalf?" This one, the best one, would more than compensate the loss of the earlier pictures.

"Well," said Bruce, "Tom's never been entirely clear about that. He sent this painting to us during the war, you know, via a friend of his, a Frenchified colored boy from New Orleans. Fellow was a fine painter himself, so Tom wrote, though I never did have a chance to see his work. Died suddenly—cholera, I think it was? Tom was quite upset, I recall. In any case, Tom was not averse to sell this painting, as was the case with other pieces he sent us. He saw it rather as an argument for his skills and left it in our care to show to those from whom it might inspire commissions. As it has, many times, this past decade. He said to me, 'Sandy, you have my permission to sell it should someone offer a fool's price.'"

Jarret drew a paper from his vest pocket and handed it to Bruce.

"Would that be the sort of sum you think he had in mind?"

Bruce unfolded the paper. His eyes widened. "Well, um, yes, I should say . . ." he blustered. "I thought—your letter—I believed you wished just to view it, for sentimental reasons. You aren't—are you?—proposing to pay this amount?"

"If you look at the note, you will see it is a check drawn on the Imperial Bank of Canada and bearing my signature. So, yes, that is exactly what I am proposing."

"But that's quite a sum."

"And this is quite a painting. As you said, Scott's best work. And even were it not, I have certain reasons, personal reasons, that make it of greater value to me than, perhaps, any other man. Sentimental, you might say."

"Well, then, I am sure, for this sum, Tom would—and your long personal connection, of course . . ."

"Very good. Might I trouble you to have someone wrap it?" Jarret pulled out his watch. "I have a very long train journey ahead of me and I should be very glad to be as far as Albany by nightfall."

"So the painting will go to Canada?"

“To Canada, yes. To my home.”

# JESS

*Los Angeles Airport Freight Terminal*

**JANUARY 2020**

Jess gave Clancy one last long scratch between his pointy ears, tucked the Hoyas sweatshirt around him, and then closed the door of the crate.

“I hate to do this to you, matey. But it’ll be worth it once we get there, I promise.”

She took the backing off the government veterinary seal and taped it over the latch as she’d been instructed. It wouldn’t be opened until an Australian Biosecurity Officer met the plane, some fifteen hours later. At that point, they’d remove the sweatshirt and burn it. She wasn’t entirely sorry. Every time she saw that sweatshirt, it caused her to relive the worst night of her life. She was willing to let it do its final job, surrounding Clancy with a beloved, familiar scent, and then she’d never need to look at it again.

She checked the water dispenser one last time and then reached into her bag for the bulging file of vaccination records, microchip numbers, and import permits. As she passed it to the freight agent, her hand shook. The agent smiled at her kindly.

“Dogs do fine on these flights, really. He’ll probably sleep better through the trip than you will, won’t ya, fella? What’s ya name?”

“It’s Clancy,” Jess sniffed.

“Clancy,” the agent repeated, writing it down in thick black Sharpie on a card that he slid into a sleeve and affixed to the top of the crate: *Talk to me.*

*My name is Clancy.*

“That’s for the guys on the ramp. We’ll take good care of him, don’t worry.”

“You’re sure he’ll be okay?”

“Absolutely sure.” Jess let Clancy lick her fingers through the grate and then reluctantly turned away. She felt absolutely miserable as she walked out into the gathering dusk to wait for the shuttle to the passenger terminal.

Two days after Theo’s shooting, there had been a demonstration at Georgetown University. Jess had gone to it. Anger and grief simmered in the young crowd. Black activists spoke about police violence and the necessity to fight the rising tide of White House-sanctioned white supremacy. A student from one of Theo’s classes broke down as she offered personal reflections on losing a valued teacher. Then his thesis supervisor took the mic. Jess knew the two of them hadn’t seen eye to eye. But the professor addressed the crowd with precision and passion, placing Theo in the pantheon of Black intellectuals whose contribution had been stifled and extinguished by racism. At the end, a student read a somber litany: the names of unarmed Black people killed by police. There were names Jess knew well: Eric, Michael, Philando. And then, so many she didn’t—Aiyana, Rekia, Ezell, Akai. Each name landing like a blow. Jonathan, Dontre, Laquan, Jerame. Finally, at the end of the list, Theodore Naade Northam. A moment of silence before the crowd began roaring the chant: “We gon’ be all right.”

Jess left the campus carried on the hopefulness of those young voices, convinced that this time, the police would have to hold Theo’s killer accountable.

When the *Post* published Justine Treadwell’s profile of Theo—the accomplished Black intellectual, son of a brave diplomat—she was even more certain. But then she made the mistake of reading the comments on social media. She wondered how Justine lived with it: the racist bile directed as much at her as at Theo. She avoided Fox News and right-wing radio, but snatches reached her: *No evidence he wasn’t about to rape that poor woman. Only bad guys wear black in parks at night. Super-predator. Young cop just doing his job.*

By the time the police investigation wrapped up, she had steeled herself. The investigators concluded that the officer had reason to believe an assault was in progress and that the assailant was armed. He was exonerated and

reinstated. There was a vague recommendation about additional training for police in their first year of service—a pathetic sop that would probably never be acted upon.

Jess checked activists' social media for an announcement of further demonstrations. There, she learned that the evening before, an unarmed middle schooler had been shot in front of his house in Southeast DC, and with his family and neighbors calling fiercely for answers, the community was rallying to support them. Jess carried her rage and grief to the demonstration for the boy. But when the chant went up, Jess's voice failed her. She could *hope* the young people all around her were going to be all right, but conviction was gone.

Later that week, Jess got a call from a number she didn't recognize. It was Theo's friend Daniel. He'd flown from San Francisco to deal with the death bureaucracy on Abiona's behalf, since her visa still hadn't come through. The police had released Theo's personal effects to him. "I found your number in his phone," he said. "I'm clearing his apartment today. I wondered if there was anything you wanted."

"Just the dog," she said. "I'd really love to keep him. Will that be okay?"

"More than okay. All of us—all his friends from Yale—are relieved that Clancy's being taken care of. That dog and Theo . . ." His voice caught.

Jess filled the silence, asking Daniel if he had come across the pages from Theo's thesis. "Because I spoke to his editor at *Smithsonian* magazine about the work he'd done and he said he thinks he can shape it into an article."

"That's great. Yeah, I have it set aside. I read some of it—it's really good work. I'd be glad to get the pages to him."

Jess gave Lior's address to Daniel and was about to hang up when she remembered the horse.

"There is one other thing. Sort of his last wish, I guess." She explained to Daniel about the painting and Theo's plan for it. "It was the last conversation we had, so I . . ."

"I get it. For sure. Come on by."

She rang the buzzer, even though she still had her key. Daniel opened the door. The sofa was already gone, the bookcases disassembled to a stack of planks and a half dozen milk crates. On the wall, the hooks where Theo's bike had hung were empty. Jess extended a hand and touched a dark smudge left by the front tire. Daniel pushed a pair of tortoiseshell glasses up the bridge of his nose. "I barely hit send on Craigslist and my phone exploded

with people wanting to buy that bike,” he said. He stood surrounded by cartons, most already filled with art books. “The books are going to a high school in Southeast that doesn’t have much of a library budget. You never know. Maybe some kid’ll get inspired and turn into an art nerd like he was.”

Jess struggled to keep her composure. It was hard being in the apartment again, seeing it in disarray.

“I still can’t believe it.”

Daniel ran a hand through his locs. “Yeah. Right.”

She caught the thin wedge of anger in his voice. “Well. I can’t.”

“He couldn’t, either. Whereas I—we—all his friends—can believe it, no problem. Who *does* that? Go help some White girl. In a park. In Northwest DC. At night.” He shook his head and dropped another book into the box.

“What else *could* he have done?”

Daniel straightened. “Girl, he should have sped up, kept on running right to a well-lit road, and called some White folk to help her. He just didn’t know how he needed to be if he was going to live in this country.” He sighed. “We tried. Gave him ‘the talk,’ like our parents did when we were little kids.” He shook his head. “He thought he knew about cops. But the cops he knew in England, ninety percent of them weren’t carrying guns. No, make that a hundred percent, the bougie ’hoods where he came up. Art historian, Lord Fauntleroy accent, Yale and Georgetown—none of it was ever going to keep him safe. Like I said, we tried to warn him. But seems like it never sank in. And we weren’t here.” He glared at her. “You were.”

Jess felt the sting of the accusation. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Look. It’s not your fault you get to move easy in the world. We just can’t afford to. Sir Galahad was a White dude. Theo should’ve been with someone who would’ve kept reminding him. That’s all.”

“You’re only lucky till you aren’t,” she said in a small voice.

“Huh?”

“Oh, nothing. Just something my dad used to say. About expecting the world to be good to you.”

“Yeah, well. Black people in America sure don’t get that luxury.”

Jess turned away. She didn’t want to break down. She scrunched her fist against her face and struggled for composure.

“Hey,” said Daniel, his voice softened. “We’re having a memorial, in the spring, at Yale. Alumni weekend. There’s going to be a scholarship in his name. You should come.”

"I wish I could, but I won't be here by then. After what happened . . ." She trailed off. "I've given a month's notice. I'm going home."

"Australia's a great bastion of antiracism? I guess I missed that news cycle."

"I just feel like there's more chance to change things there. They actually *want* everyone to vote . . ." Daniel shrugged and turned back to the boxes.

"Thanks for telling me. About the memorial. I better let you get on with it."

"Sure. There's that painting, over by the door."

"Thanks." Jess picked it up, then took one last look around. Soon it would just be anonymous grad-student housing again; no remaining trace of Theo's brilliant mind, his vivid life. She placed the apartment key on top of a carton and let herself out.

Across the street, the woman opened the door without undoing the chain. She peered at Jess. A stale smell—cigarettes and mold—drifted from inside.

"You don't know me. I was Theo's friend."

The woman's papery brow creased. "Who?"

"Your neighbor across the street. You threw this out, but he found out it's worth fifteen grand. He wanted you to have it back."

"He . . . he . . . What? Fifteen thousand *dollars*? That old thing? We—my husband, I mean—had no idea. He said it come down to him from his great-granddaddy in the Civil War." The edges of her thin lips turned up in a bitter smile. "If he'd a known how much he could get for it, I don't think he'd have give two hoots about ol' granddaddy. . . . And your friend—that's mighty generous. Where is he? I—I need to thank him."

"Well, you can't," said Jess. "He's dead. Shot in the park by a cop."

"That was *him*?"

Jess's eyes welled. She thrust the painting through the crack in the door. "Here. Take it. And here's the number for the person in Kentucky who wants to buy it." She turned and ran down the steps. She wanted to get away from the woman's pale, pinched stare.

"I'm sorry about your friend," the woman called. "He was very nice, for a \_\_\_"

"Shut up! Don't say it!" She took off, running blindly.

"—for a student." The woman craned her head around the door and stared at Jess's retreating back.

After that, Jess avoided Georgetown. She moved between her apartment and the lab, working extra hours finishing projects and preparing for a smooth handover. At home, she took Clancy out on long walks and then busied herself paring down her possessions, giving most away.

She'd made the decision to go home before she had any idea what she'd do when she got there. She was thinking about a PhD; something that would redirect her work to endangered species. But when Catherine unexpectedly gave Jess a coauthor credit on her research paper, Jess became the go-to for all those suddenly fascinated by Lexington. Soon, the equestrian community was begging the Smithsonian to lend the skeleton indefinitely to the International Museum of the Horse in Kentucky, where it could be properly displayed: the centerpiece of an exhibit on the history of the American thoroughbred. Jess loved the idea and lobbied for it within the Institution's bureaucracy. Instead of being "Horse," Lexington would be himself again, returned to his birthplace, the star of his own extraordinary story.

In her last weeks as a Smithsonian employee, Jess designed the packing materials that would keep the frail bones safe in transit. Then she traveled to Kentucky to oversee the installation. When she walked into the room where the skeleton was to be displayed, she stopped and stared. Hanging on the wall, already labeled and lit, was the painting Theo had salvaged.

She walked closer and read the text. "Lexington, as a colt, painted by Thomas J. Scott at The Meadows, circa 1851. Given in memory of Theodore Naade Northam."

She turned to the museum director, tears prickling her eyes.

"How did you get this?"

"One of our donors bought it for the museum."

"But how did they know Theo Northam?"

"I don't believe they did. I was told that particular acknowledgment was a special request of the seller. Condition of the sale, in fact."

Jess turned away. The director looked at her with concern. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," she said, swiping at her eyes. "I'm just surprised. To see it again."

"Ah. Right. I heard it was restored and authenticated at the Smithsonian. You were involved with that?"

"Yes," she said softly. "I was involved."

A day later, she was up a ladder, reattaching the horse's skull—a delicate matter of manipulating the tiny, nineteenth-century brass screws—when the

museum director led a tall, pale man with long silver hair into the exhibit hall. Jess didn't pay any attention—there had been a stream of visitors—reporters, museum supporters, local VIPs—ever since Lexington's skeleton had arrived. This one, she thought absently, must be a big donor, the way the museum director gushed over him. The guest circumnavigated the skeleton, staring intently, saying nothing as the director laid on the lashings of southern charm. Finally, he turned.

“Shut up, would ya? I just want to look at the bloody thing.”

Jess recognized the Australian accent. She pushed the binocular loupes up onto her forehead to get a clearer view. She was fairly sure she recognized him. Mathematician, gambler, art collector. The person whose sophisticated betting system had made him a fortune. He'd won \$16 million on a single Melbourne Cup and then spent his winnings building an art museum. It housed his personal collection, everything from Egyptian antiquities to the edgiest contemporary installations, all connected by his fascination with sex and death.

“Why's the bone around the eye socket all buggered like that?”

Jess climbed down her ladder and explained the horse's history and the hypothesis about the deformation. He listened, then turned and walked out without saying anything. The director scurried after him, looking back over his shoulder with an apologetic shrug.

The next day, Jess got an email. He was offering her a commission. Over the years, he wrote, he had collected the remains of more than a hundred extinct animals. He wanted her to prep the bones and articulate the skeletons in a very particular way.

“I want them all fucking. The regenerative act that can't regenerate. The price of the Anthropocene.” He would pay her first-class airfare and put her up at one of the riverside apartments that usually accommodated well-heeled visitors to his museum. “My collection includes the remains of a Dawn Horse from Messel. Forty-seven million years old.”

She rubbed the tips of her fingers together, imagining the delicacy of the fossilized bone. The Dawn Horse, *Eohippus*, was the earliest antecedent of the modern Equidae. The tiny animals stood only two feet tall and had humanlike toes instead of hooves. To study the bones would be amazing; to articulate an *Eohippus* would be a huge challenge. But the project was ridiculous. A frivolous waste of important scientific materials. There was no question: she would turn him down.

But then: a second thought. Perhaps a shocking installation about something as shocking as mass extinction *wasn't* frivolous. Science hadn't moved people. Maybe art could. Theo had certainly believed that. His whole life had been devoted to the proposition that art mattered, that it could change the way we understand the world.

If this crazy offer was for real, she decided, she would do it. For the lost species, and for Theo.

She called the number in the email for his assistant, who was brisk and businesslike. "The studio will be available to you first thing in January. Let me know what special equipment you'll need and I'll get on with ordering it." Jess's voice must have betrayed her uncertainty. The assistant laughed. "If it's any reassurance, I can tell you that this is the least strange thing he's planning."

Jess had traded in the first-class ticket for a business-class one and used the difference to fund Clancy's transport. She'd rented a car and driven across the country in stages, to make the trip easier on the dog, but also to give her a chance to say a slow goodbye to the country that had given, and taken, so much. By the time they reached the ragged desert edge of the LA sprawl, she was ready to go.

As she made her way through the tedium of check-in lines, security lines, boarding lines, she noticed several people wearing paper surgical masks. She wondered if they were being paranoid about that new virus she'd been hearing about. As she stepped from the jetway into the plane, it struck her that for fifteen hours she'd be sealed in a metal tube with hundreds of people. She wished she'd thought to get a mask for herself. It was good she was leaving when she was; if the virus spread, it might get complicated to fly. But then she looked around at all the people cramming their wheelie bags into overhead bins, adjusting their neck pillows, scrolling through the in-flight video choices, and dismissed the idea. Restless humans. You'd never stop them traveling.

She found her seat and began all her own preflight rituals, arranging her space for the long hours ahead. As the plane took off, she glanced at the stranger in the seat next to her. It should have been Theo. They should have been making this trip together. It took her a long time to quiet her mind. When she finally fell into a fitful sleep, the plane was high above the ocean, the turbulent air rocking her like a cradle.

In her dream, Lexington galloped across the red soil of the Australian desert. She could see the long, strong bones that powered his elastic stride, but also the bronze sheen of his coat. He shimmered in the sunlight, each stride sending fans of fine red soil flying into the bright air. All around him, a herd of tiny Dawn Horses gamboled at his feet.

# AFTERWORD

Fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth isn't.

Mark Twain

This novel is a work of the imagination, but most of the details regarding Lexington's brilliant racing career and years as a stud sire are true. He covered 960 mares, resulting in 575 foals, a remarkable percentage in itself. Many of these foals went on to be outstanding champions, four of them winning the Belmont Stakes and three winning the Preakness—Preakness himself was a Lexington foal.

In reconstructing Lexington's life, I relied on reporting in the lively turf press of the day. At a time when the country was still heavily agrarian, these newspapers had an immense readership, and even in New York, two of the three leading papers were devoted to horse racing.

It is also true that Lexington's skeleton, once a celebrated exhibit, languished for many years neglected in a Smithsonian attic before being loaned to the International Museum of the Horse in Kentucky in 2010, which is when I first heard of it. At a donors' lunch at Plimoth Plantation, I was seated across from Harold A. Closter, director of Smithsonian Affiliations, who had just handled the delivery. As a horse lover, I became transfixed by the details he shared and resolved to learn more.

This led me to the remarkable story of Thomas J. Scott, whose work was just then being rediscovered thanks to a discarded painting rescued from a neighbor's curbside throwaways by Gordon Burnette, a manager of physical

plant at the University of Kentucky. The soiled portrait of a mare and her foal charmed Burnette and prompted him to research the painter. What he uncovered inspired the art historian Genevieve Baird Lacer to catalogue and exhibit much of Scott's known oeuvre in 2010. Her catalogue, *A Troye Legacy: Animal Painter T. J. Scott*, is the best account of his life and work to date.

Details of Scott's Civil War service are drawn from a memoir by his unit's chaplain, Thomas M. Gunn. His relationship with the New Orleans painter and his role in the Woodburn raid is imagined.

As horse racing in America becomes increasingly scrutinized and controversial for its treatment of equines, it is important to appreciate its immense popularity in antebellum life. For the wealthy, both North and South, racehorse ownership was a matter of vast prestige. This thriving industry was built on the labor and skills of Black horsemen, many of whom were, or had been, enslaved. After Reconstruction, the racing industry became segregated and these Black horsemen were pushed aside. White jockeys conspired to put their Black competitors at grave risk during races. Some were forced to travel to Europe to continue their careers; others became destitute. As I began to research Lexington's life, it became clear to me that this novel could not merely be about a racehorse; it would also need to be about race. Horse farms like the Meadows and Woodburn prospered on the plundered work and extraordinary talent of Black grooms, trainers, and jockeys. Only recently has their central role in the wealth creation of the antebellum thoroughbred industry begun to be researched and fully acknowledged.

Descriptions of Scott's missing painting of Lexington being led by "black Jarret, his groom" (especially in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, July 1870) prompted me to search in vain for more information on who Jarret might have been, but I could not uncover further references to him by name. There was a typical reference in the *Kentucky Live Stock Record* of Lexington being transported from Natchez in the care of a "Darkie" and on these slim filaments, bolstered by details of other skilled Black horsemen involved in the stallion's welfare, I began to imagine the character in the novel.

The life of Harry Lewis is a little better documented. One of the most exceptional trainers of his era, he was responsible for Lexington's early success, during which period he owned the horse's "racing qualities." I am

indebted to Edward Hotaling's *The Great Black Jockeys* (Forum, 1999), in which he notes the annotation in Captain Willa Viley's copy of the Kentucky Association Rules, next to the item prohibiting any "negro or mulatto" from running a horse on that track. It is possible that this rule was used to pressure Lewis into surrendering his interest in Lexington when the horse was sold to a syndicate that included Viley and Ten Broeck.

Katherine C. Mooney's *Race Horse Men: How Slavery and Freedom Were Made at the Racetrack* (Harvard University Press, 2014) and Tera W. Hunter's *Bound in Wedlock: Slave and Free Black Marriage in the Nineteenth Century* (Belknap Press, Harvard University Press, 2017) provided a wealth of historic detail about Black lives of the period. Jessica Dallow's remarkable essay, "Antebellum Sports Illustrated: Representing African Americans in Edward Troye's Equine Paintings," shaped my thinking about depictions of the Black horsemen in art.

Woodburn Farm was raided twice during the Civil War, including by Quantrill's murderous irregulars, who stole Lexington's progeny. Unfortunately accounts of the raids are incomplete and somewhat conflicting. I have fictionalized many aspects of the incident, including the roles played by Jarret and Scott. But it is true that Lexington and many other Woodburn horses were spirited away to safety in Illinois for the duration of the war after the raids.

Martha Jackson's bequest to the Smithsonian did include Scott's portrait of Lexington, an anomaly among the modern-art masterpieces in her estate. I have tried to imagine a reason why the committed modernist might have owned such a painting. While her mother was a champion equestrienne who died following a fall from her horse, I have invented the connection between that horse and Lexington. But Smithsonian records reveal the painting was briefly in the possession of Paul Mellon, and it is true that Jackson Pollock died in the convertible Martha Jackson traded him for paintings. Many details in the novel are drawn from a 1969 oral history interview with Martha Jackson in the Smithsonian Archives of American Art.

As well as Harold A. Closter, I am indebted to many at the Smithsonian Institution for a wealth of research help. Thank you most especially to Darrin Lunde, head of Collections, Division of Mammals, and Eleanor Jones Harvey, senior curator at the American Art Museum. Daniella Haigler, Osteology Prep Lab manager at the Museum Support Center, and her

assistant, Teresa Hsu, were magical guides to that vast treasure house in Suitland, Maryland, and the funky corner of it that houses the bug room.

At the Straus Center for Conservation at Harvard University, once again my fellow Aussie Narayan Khandekar provided much help, as did his colleague Kate Smith, Conservator of Paintings.

At the International Museum of the Horse, where Lexington's skeleton is now the center of a magnificent exhibition, director Bill Cooke generously shared years of research on both Lexington and the history of Black horsemen. It was Cooke's years of lobbying that finally brought Lexington home to the Bluegrass. His research into the contribution of Black horsemen continues in the blog [africanamericanhorsestories.org](http://africanamericanhorsestories.org). When I looked for a tour guide in the Bluegrass, luck led me to Mary Anne Squires and a true insider's access to the backstretch, breeding sheds, pastures, and manorial estates of Lexington's homeplace. Her husband Jim's account of their unlikely success as breeders of a Kentucky Derby winner, *Horse of a Different Color* (Public Affairs, 2002), is by turns hilarious and horrifying.

Many veterinarians helped me understand horse physiology and their methods of research. I am especially thankful to Renate Weller, professor of Comparative Imaging and Biomechanics at the Royal Veterinary College London; Michael Moore at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution; Denis Verwilghen, University of Sydney; and Dennis E. Brooks, University of Florida.

As always, I relied on the generous help of librarians. Thank you to Keeneland Library, the Filson Historical Society, and my own indispensable West Tisbury Library.

My friend and agent, Kris Dahl, is a marvel, and my long partnership with the whole team at Viking Penguin is a gift. Special thanks, always, to my editor, Paul Slovak, and to Louise Braverman, director of publicity and so very much more.

All of my novels have relied on early readers; for this one they proved indispensable. My dear friends Salem Mekuria, Misan Sagay, and Ed Swan generously and patiently read early drafts and shared insights into contemporary Black experience, as did my son Bizu. I'm lucky to have writers in the family who wield a red pen to great effect. My sister Darleen Bungey, my in-laws Elinor and Joshua Horwitz, and my son Nathaniel were eagle-eyed readers. I also received invaluable input from Fred and Jeanne

Barron, Richard Beswick, Jane Cavolina, Kate Feiffer, Fiona Hazard, Allie Merola, and, as always, Graham Thorburn, *mio miglior fabbro*.

My mare, Valentine, and her companion, Screaming Hot Wings, were daily inspirations and offered their opinions in the language of *Equus*.

I started this novel with the encouragement of my husband, Tony Horwitz, the true historian in the family. He hadn't been crazy about my previous novelistic plunge into myth and biblical history but thoroughly embraced my engagement with a more recent period he knew and loved. Often, a pertinent article or a promising source he had ferreted out would land on my desk. Together with Bizu, we traveled to Kentucky, where our research often intersected in intriguing ways as he followed the trail of Frederick Law Olmsted for his book *Spying on the South* (Penguin Press, 2019). Back home, Tony's quips would keep me on task if I procrastinated: "Doesn't look like *Horse* is galloping to the finish line today."

Tony died suddenly on book tour, not long after speaking to an enthusiastic audience at the Filson in Louisville. My partner in love and in life, I miss him every day.

**West Tisbury, July 20, 2021**

# LEXINGTON'S HISTORICAL CONNECTIONS

## **ROBERT AITCHESON ALEXANDER, 1819–1867**

Alexander inherited his uncle's Scottish estate and lived there nine years before returning to his birthplace in Kentucky and creating Woodburn, a preeminent livestock breeding farm. He bought Lexington from Ten Broeck while in England in 1856. The horse was already standing stud at a neighboring Kentucky farm. While Alexander traveled to and from Europe studying breeding practices, two of his enslaved men, Ansel Williamson and Edward D. Brown (bought by Alexander at the age of seven), took charge of Woodburn's thoroughbred operations. Williamson trained Lexington's colt Asteroid, who was undefeated in his racing career, and went on to train Aristides, the winner of the inaugural Kentucky Derby. Starting as a jockey, Brown won his first race at fourteen on Asteroid. Later he won the Belmont Stakes riding Kingfisher. Emancipated after the Civil War, both men remained in Alexander's employ until his death, then became successful trainers independently. Brown died a wealthy man in 1906 and was finally inducted into the National Museum of Racing and Hall of Fame in 1984. Williamson's induction followed in 1998. Though a groom named Jarret was painted with Lexington by Thomas J. Scott at Woodburn, I was not able to learn details of his life, so I have modeled the career of my fictional character on these two accomplished horsemen.

**RICHARD TEN BROECK, BORN ALBANY, NEW YORK, 1812, DIED SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA, 1892**

“He lived in Clubs and Crowds and Died at Last in His Old Age Forsaken and Alone, but with no Taint of Dishonor Upon His Name” read the headline on his obituary in *The San Francisco Call*. A classmate of Robert E. Lee’s at West Point, he left abruptly after just a year and worked with William R. Johnson, the so-called Napoleon of the Turf, from whom he gained expertise that would lead to his success as a racing impresario. As driver of a racing pair, he competed successfully on the racetrack, as well as owning one. The first to bring American thoroughbreds to race in England, he won the friendship of British aristocrats, as well as almost two hundred thousand dollars in purses, before returning to the United States in 1889, broke, unhappily married, and in failing health.

**CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY, 1810–1903, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY**

The son of wealthy planters, Clay was inspired by William Lloyd Garrison while at Yale and became publisher of *The True American*, an emancipationist newspaper. He survived a mob raid on his paper and two assassination attempts, besting his gun-wielding assailants with his Bowie knife. A founding member of the Republican Party, he was appointed by President Lincoln as minister to Russia and is credited with winning the czar’s support for the Union during the Civil War. While in Russia, he had an affair with a ballerina, which may have contributed to his divorce, after forty-five years of marriage and ten children, from Mary Jane Warfield.

**MARY JANE WARFIELD CLAY, 1815–1900**

Mary Jane was an early leader of the suffrage movement whose daughters would become the most well known of the Kentucky suffragists. While her husband was in Russia, she astutely managed their estate, innovatively renovating the White Hall mansion, and profitably selling farm produce to the army.

**MARY BARR CLAY, 1839–1924**

When her mother was left homeless after divorce, losing the estate she had successfully managed, Mary Barr was appalled by the injustice. She joined the women's rights movement, inspiring her three younger sisters to do likewise. She was elected president of the American Woman Suffrage Association in 1883.

### **WILLIAM JOHNSON 1809–1851, KNOWN AS “THE BARBER OF NATCHEZ”**

Freed from enslavement at age eleven, Johnson became a successful businessman and developed an uncommonly close relationship with Adam Bingaman, on whose plantation Lexington was trained. Johnson, who kept a detailed diary for sixteen years, took a keen interest in horse racing and even dabbled in breeding, with Bingaman allowing some of his own renowned stud stallions to cover Johnson's mares. Johnson held sixteen enslaved people at the time of his death. His house in downtown Natchez is now a National Park Service Museum.

### **HARRY LEWIS, BORN 1805**

Lewis worked as a trainer for Robert Burbridge and Captain Willa Viley, for whom he trained what was then Kentucky's finest horse, Richard Singleton. His expertise allowed him to amass the funds necessary to buy himself out of enslavement, and he went to work for Dr. Warfield as a free man, where he trained Darley, later Lexington, to his first wins, while owning the thoroughbred's "racing qualities." He married Winnie and had one son, Lewis. It may be that the "Lew"—either the groom or the jockey depicted alongside Harry in the Troye portrait—is this son.

### **JOHN BENJAMIN PRYOR, 1812–1890**

A slaveholder (of as many as twenty-seven individuals) and a leading racehorse trainer, Pryor was employed for a time by the prominent Mississippi politician Adam Lewis Bingaman. He is widely credited with Lexington's successful races at Metairie, although at least one of the two occasions on which Lexington injured himself—the colic incident—occurred when the horse was under his supervision. In 1881 he gave an

account of the incident in a letter to *The Kentucky Livestock Record* in which he called Lexington “undoubtedly the best racehorse that ever was foaled.” Like Ten Broeck, Pryor went to England during the Civil War. He lived there with his wife, Frances, who was Black and probably one of Adam Bingaman’s daughters. He trained horses at Chesterfield House in Cambridgeshire and Roden House in Berkshire. He wrote: “I have seen all the best horses run here for five years and seen them run all distances, and feel sure, without prejudice, that Lexington was superior to all horses in England or any other country.” When they returned to the United States in 1872, the family settled in New Jersey, where at least four of his sons also pursued careers as trainers.

**THOMAS J. SCOTT, BORN TULLYTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, C. 1831, DIED  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, 1888**

A pharmacy graduate, Scott became an itinerant thoroughbred painter known for incorporating insights into the horse’s personality in his portraits. He also worked as a regular correspondent for the newspapers *Turf, Field and Farm*, and the *Kentucky Livestock Record*. During the Civil War he served as a hospital steward in Company E, 21st Infantry Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers: 218 men from the regiment were lost; 152 died of disease. In Washington in 1878, Scott visited Lexington’s skeleton at the Smithsonian. He noted several anatomical inaccuracies and wrote: *For the benefit of Mr. A. H. Ward, of Rochester, N.Y., who prepared and mounted the skeleton of Lexington, I would suggest that, as a useful guide, he should always obtain an accurate description of the living animal from those familiar with the form.* Scott married late, in 1871. Though they had four children, Scott and his wife lived together only intermittently, as Scott resumed his itinerant career just three months after the wedding.

**EDWARD TROYE, BORN SWITZERLAND, 1808, DIED GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY,  
1874**

Troye, the preeminent horse portraitist of his era, taught Scott drawing and painting in the mid-1850s and the two remained close colleagues.

**WILLA VILEY, 1788–1865**

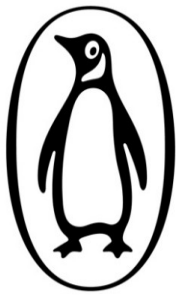
Viley was a captain in the War of 1812, a farmer, a thoroughbred breeder, and the first president of the Lexington Racing Association. With his brother-in-law, Junius Ward, he was part of the syndicate that purchased Darley from Dr. Warfield. His son Warren had a farm near Woodburn, and Viley was captured there by Quantrill's raiders and rescued only after a harrowing chase and gun battle.

**ELISHA WARFIELD JR., BORN ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY, MARYLAND, 1781,  
DIED LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, 1859**

Warfield was named by *Thoroughbred Heritage* as “one of the most important early figures in Kentucky racing and breeding” and was a founder of the Lexington Jockey Club. A businessman, farmer, medical practitioner, and professor of surgery and obstetrics, he delivered Mary Todd Lincoln. In 1945, his stud farm, the Meadows, became a residential subdivision of that name in the Lexington suburbs. His graceful sixteen-room brick mansion was razed in 1960.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Geraldine Brooks** is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *March* and the international bestsellers *The Secret Chord*, *Caleb's Crossing*, *People of the Book*, and *Year of Wonders*. She has also written the acclaimed nonfiction works *Nine Parts of Desire* and *Foreign Correspondence*. Born and raised in Australia, Brooks lives in Massachusetts.



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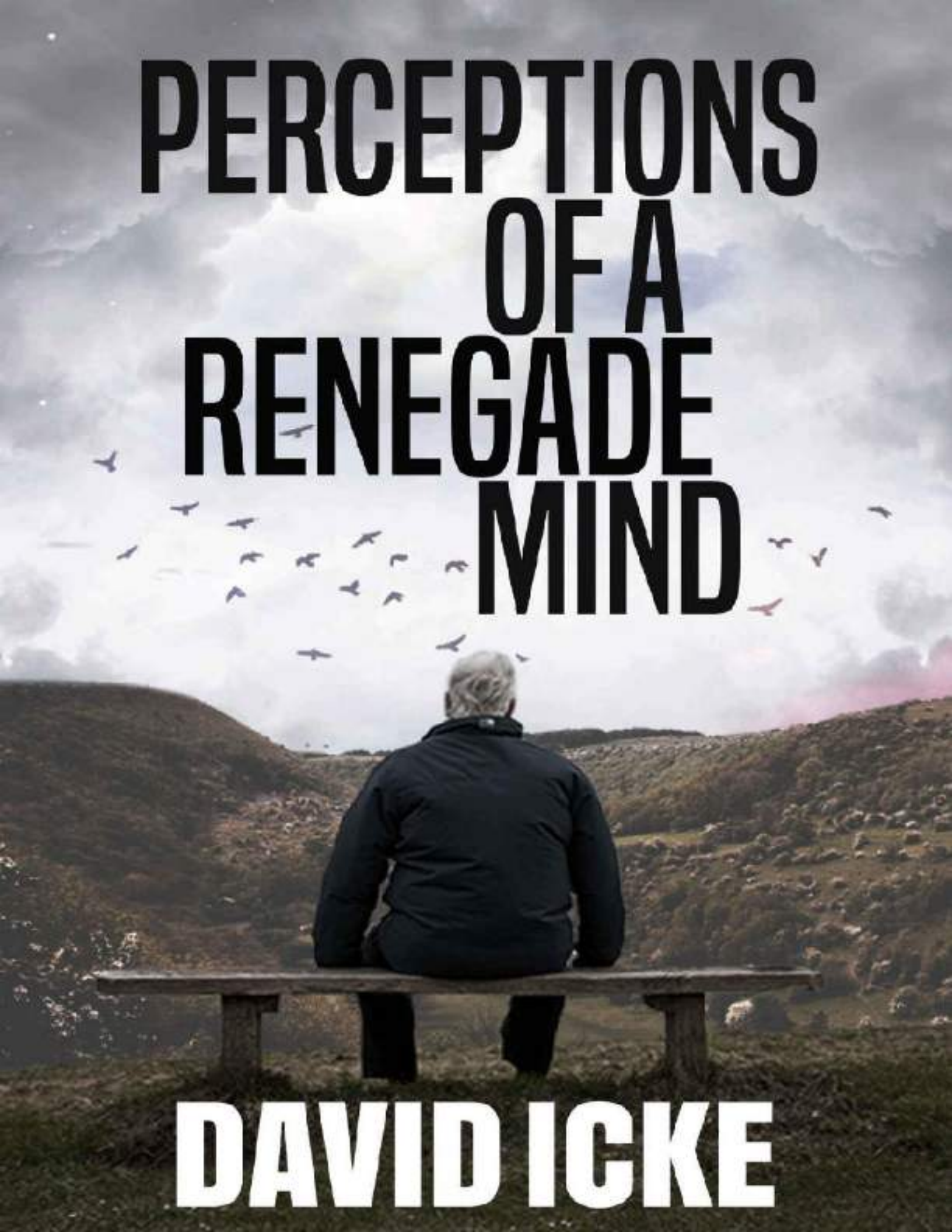
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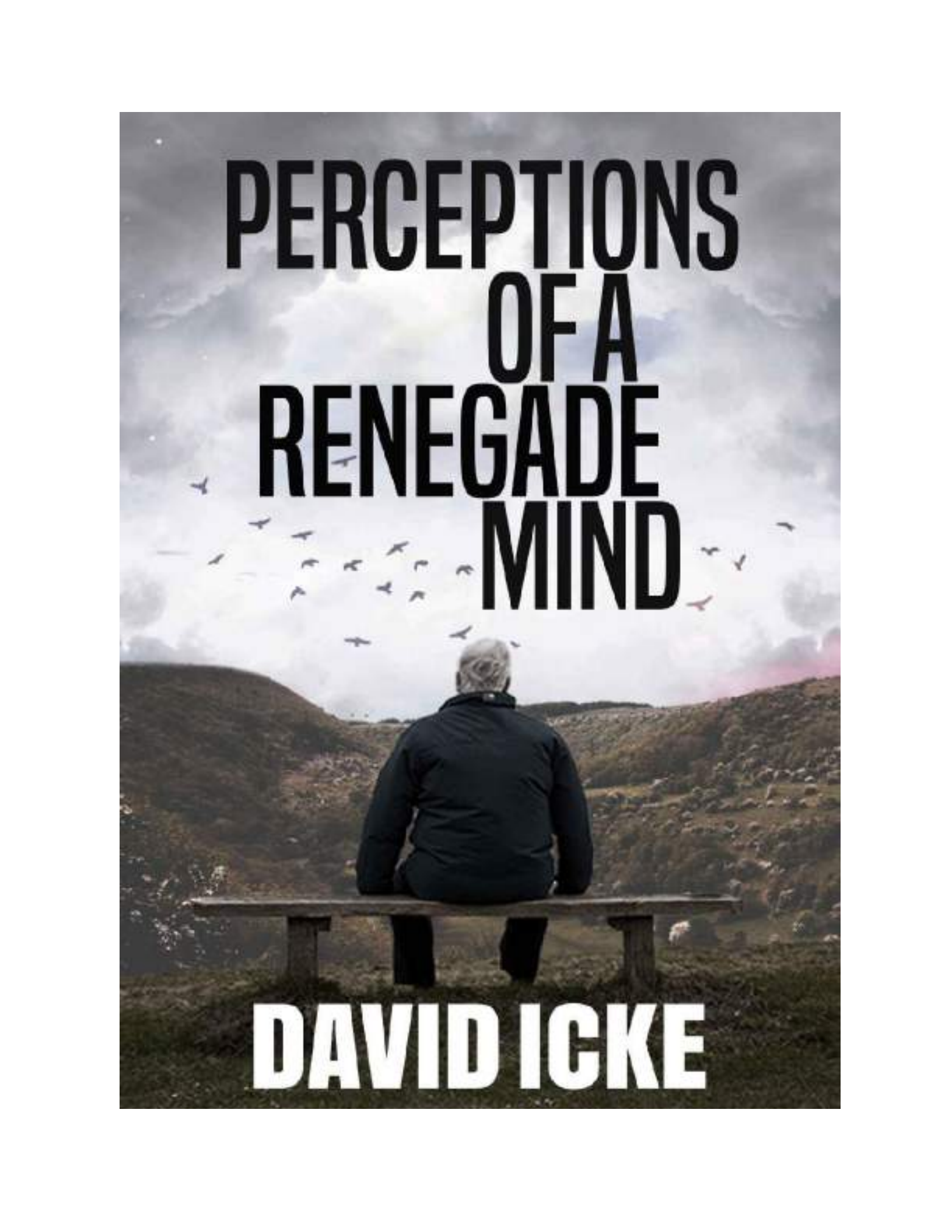
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A person with grey hair, seen from behind, sits on a wooden bench. They are wearing a dark jacket and looking out over a landscape of rolling hills. The sky is filled with a large flock of birds in flight, and the clouds are dramatic and grey.

# **PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND**


**DAVID ICKE**



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# PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND



**DAVID ICKE**

**Dedication:**

***To Freeeeedom!***

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# RENEGADE

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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**

# Contents

CHAPTER 1	'I'm thinking' – Oh, but <i>are</i> you?
CHAPTER 2	Renegade perception
CHAPTER 3	The Pushbacker sting
CHAPTER 4	'Covid': The calculated catastrophe
CHAPTER 5	There <i>is no</i> 'virus'
CHAPTER 6	Sequence of deceit
CHAPTER 7	War on your mind
CHAPTER 8	'Reframing' insanity
CHAPTER 9	We must have it? So what is it?
CHAPTER 10	Human 2.0
CHAPTER 11	Who controls the Cult?
CHAPTER 12	Escaping Wetiko
POSTSCRIPT	
APPENDIX	Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation
BIBLIOGRAPHY	
INDEX	

## CHAPTER ONE

### **I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?**

*Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too*  
Voltaire

**F**rench-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.

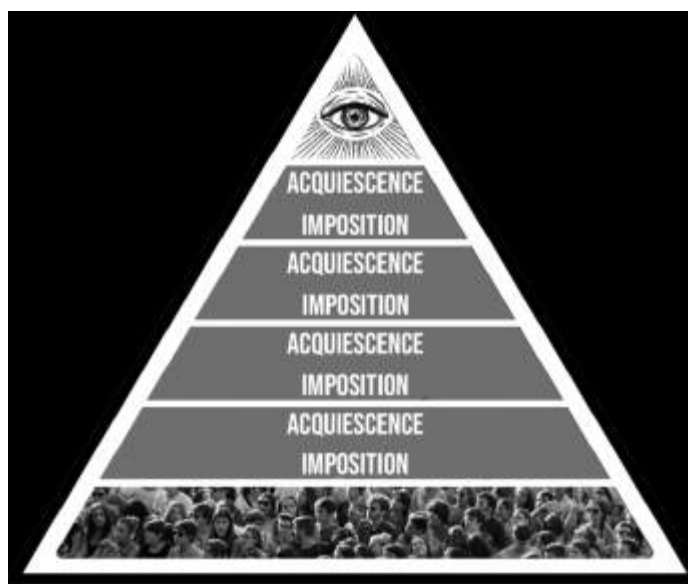
## **The 'Yessir' pyramid**

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](http://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 staff 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-tuos, 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 moto 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](http://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](http://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 Rockefellerers 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

**A**gainst 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](http://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.' Hyping 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 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* <sup>xiv</sup> 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 promotor 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 jab 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 gun sights. '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-quicken 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 Don'ts 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’. 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-feet 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](https://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](http://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 psycho-psychologists 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

**R**eframing' 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 adaption 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 'horrificed'. 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?

## **Wokers 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 Moulsecoomb (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 whiteness – 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

Workers to positions of power and battering non-Workers 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' Workers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Workers 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 Workers 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 Workers and non-Workers 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. Workers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Workers 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.

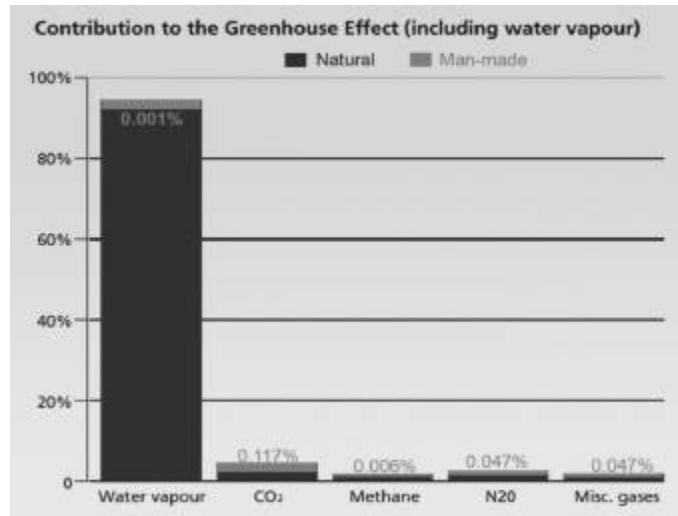
William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after 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 side-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-Covidors 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://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-quickenening 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](http://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

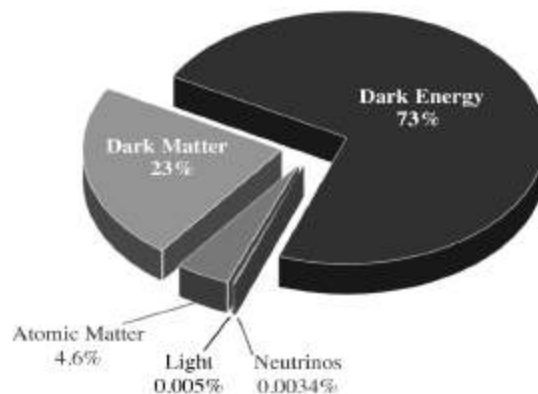
### Who controls the Cult?

*Awake, arise or be forever fall'n*  
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

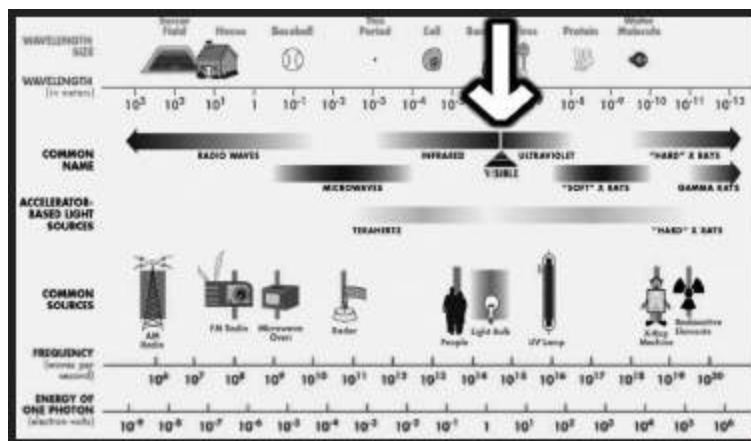
I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

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.

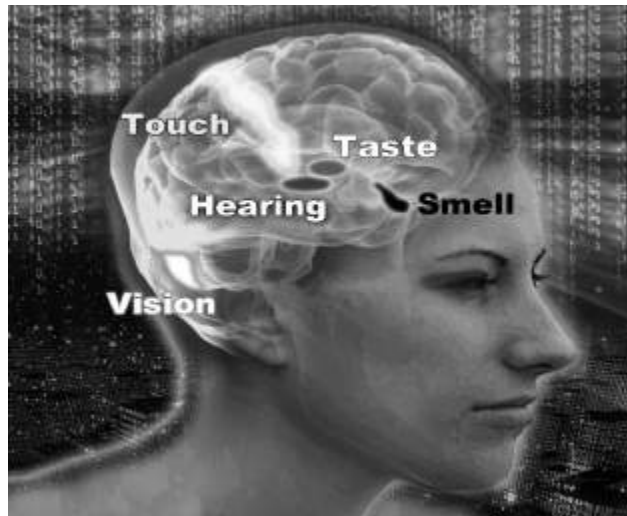
The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTTQQFAGPBDSM 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*.

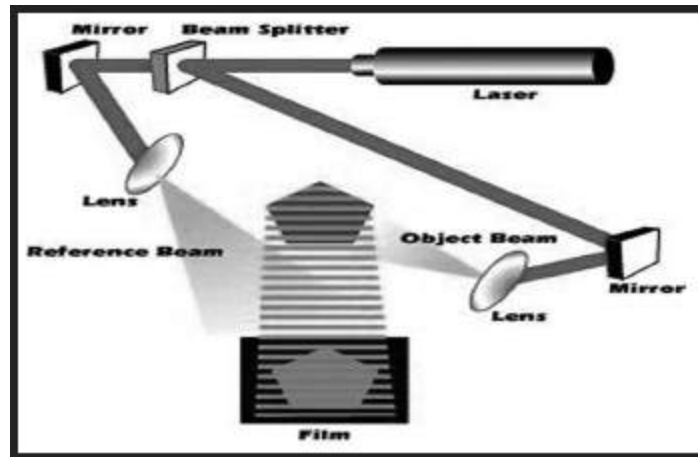
### **Illusory 'physical' reality**

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.

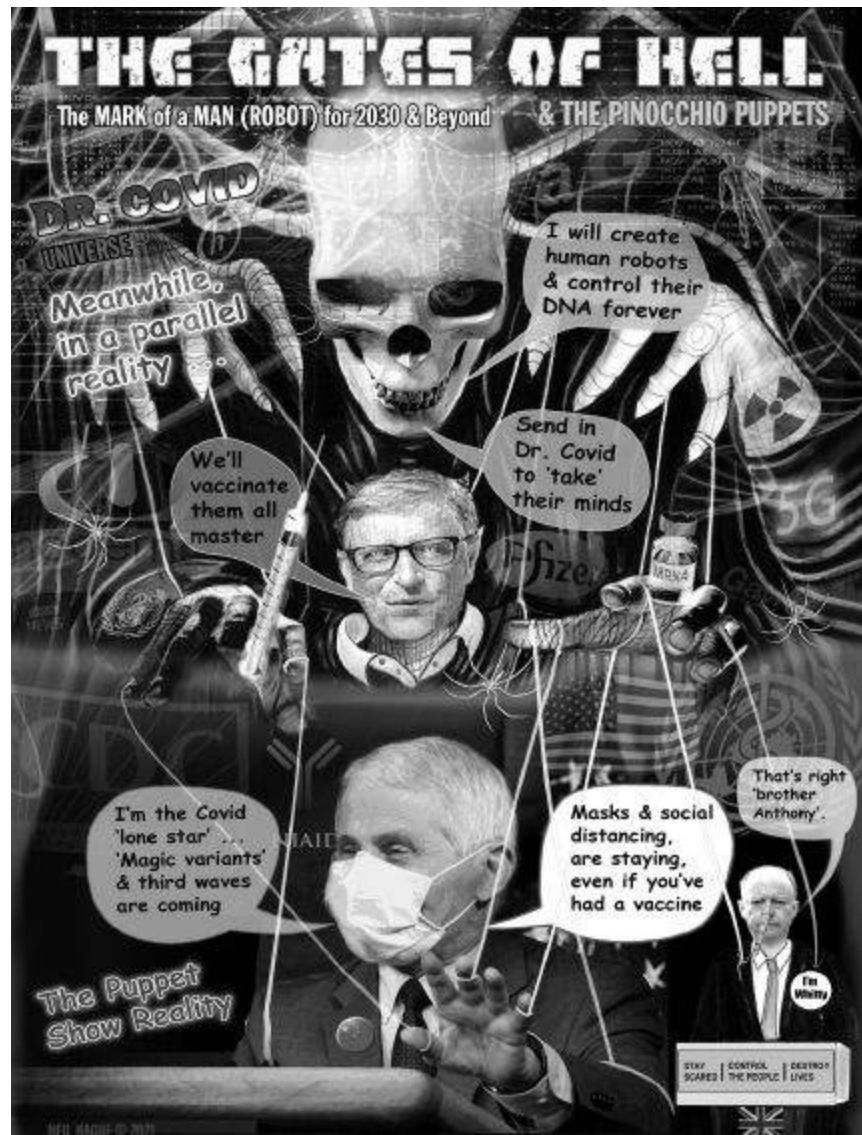
Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent 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

**R**enegade 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'.

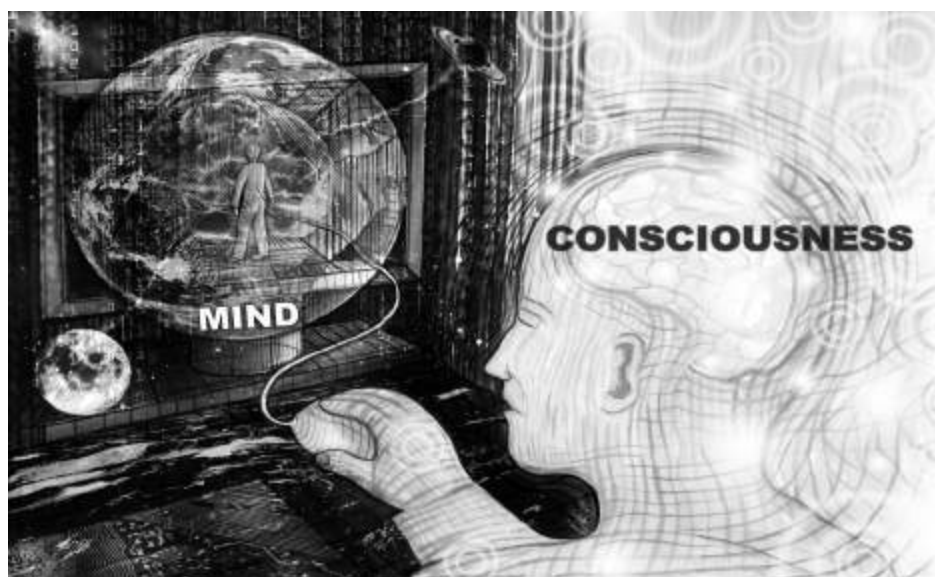
Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever 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

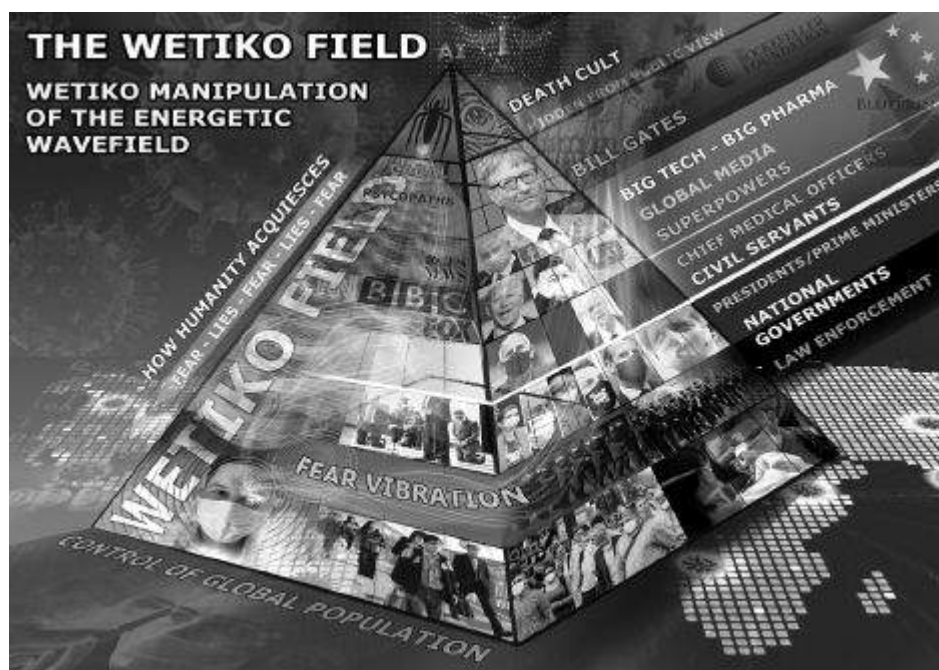
wetikoized mind.’ Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. ‘Anti-fascists’ act like fascists because fascists *and* ‘anti-fascists’ are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for 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.' *Yeeeeeees!* 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](http://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](http://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](http://Davidicke.com) and [Ickonic.com](http://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. Magnetism 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 jab 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 bacteriophages<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>2</sup> (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.)<sup>3</sup>

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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

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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.

Sally Fallon Morell, MA

Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD

Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

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# Index

## A

### **abusive relationships**

- blaming themselves, abused as [ref1](#)
- children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)
- conspiracy theories [ref1](#)
- domestic abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
- economic abuse and dependency [ref1](#)
- isolation [ref1](#)
- physical abuse [ref1](#)
- psychological abuse [ref1](#)
- signs of abuse [ref1](#)

### **addiction**

- alcoholism [ref1](#)
- frequencies [ref1](#)
- substance abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
- technology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Adelson, Sheldon** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Agenda 21/Agenda 2030 (UN)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**AIDs/HIV** [ref1](#)

- causal link between HIV and AIDs [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

retroviruses [ref1](#)

- testing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
- trial-run for Covid-19, as [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**aliens/extraterrestrials** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**aluminium** [ref1](#)

**Amazon** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**amplification cycles** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**anaphylactic shock** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**animals** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**antibodies** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
**Antifa** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**antigens** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**anti-Semitism** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Archons** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    ennoa [ref1](#)  
    genetic manipulation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    lockdowns [ref1](#)  
    money [ref1](#)  
    radiation [ref1](#)  
    religion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    technology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**artificial intelligence (AI)** [ref1](#)  
**army made up of robots** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    Internet [ref1](#)  
    MHRA [ref1](#)  
    Morgellons fibres [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    Smart Grid [ref1](#)  
    Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
**asymptomatic, Covid-19 as** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**aviation industry** [ref1](#)

## **B**

**banking, finance and money** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

2008 crisis [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

boom and bust [ref1](#)

cashless digital money systems [ref1](#)

central banks [ref1](#)

credit [ref1](#)

digital currency [ref1](#)

fractional reserve lending [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

guaranteed income [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

incomes, destruction of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

interest [ref1](#)

one per cent [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

scams [ref1](#)

**BBC** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

**Becker-Phelps, Leslie** [ref1](#)

**Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) (Nudge Unit)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**behavioural scientists *and* psychologists, advice from** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Bezos, Jeff** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**Biden, Hunter** [ref1](#)

**Biden, Joe** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#),  
[ref12](#), [ref13](#), [ref14](#), [ref15](#), [ref16](#), [ref17](#)

**Big Pharma**

cholesterol [ref1](#)

health professionals [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

immunity from prosecution in US [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#),  
[ref7](#)

**billionaires** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#) [ref10](#), [ref11](#)  
**bird flu (H5N1)** [ref1](#)  
**Black Lives Matter (BLM)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
**Blair, Tony** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**Brin, Sergei** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**British Empire** [ref1](#)  
**Bush, George HW** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Bush, George W** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Byrd, Robert** [ref1](#)

## **C**

### **Canada**

Global Cult [ref1](#)  
hate speech [ref1](#)  
internment [ref1](#)  
masks [ref1](#)  
old people [ref1](#)  
SARS-COV-2 [ref1](#)  
satellites [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
wearable technology [ref1](#)

### **Capitol Hill riot** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

agents provocateur [ref1](#)  
Antifa [ref1](#)  
Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
QAnon [ref1](#)  
security precautions, lack of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

### **carbon dioxide** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

### **care homes, deaths in** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

### **cashless digital money systems** [ref1](#)

### **censorship** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

fact-checkers [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

private messages [ref1](#)

social media [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

transgender persons [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

**Centers for Disease Control (CDC) (United States)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),  
[ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#), [ref13](#)

**centralisation** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

**chakras** [ref1](#)

**change agents** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**chemtrails** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**chief medical officers and scientific advisers** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#),  
[ref5](#), [ref6](#)

**children** *see also* **young people**

abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

care, taken into [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

education [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

energy [ref1](#)

family courts [ref1](#)

hand sanitisers [ref1](#)

human sacrifice [ref1](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

mental health [ref1](#)

old people [ref1](#)

parents, replacement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

reframing [ref1](#)

smartphone addiction [ref1](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)  
social media [ref1](#)  
transgender persons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
United States [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

## **China** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

anal swab tests [ref1](#)  
**Chinese Revolution** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
digital currency [ref1](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
guaranteed income [ref1](#)  
Imperial College [ref1](#)  
Israel [ref1](#)  
lockdown [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
masculinity crisis [ref1](#)  
masks [ref1](#)  
media [ref1](#)  
origins of virus in China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
pollution causing respiratory diseases [ref1](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Smart Grid [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
social credit system [ref1](#)  
testing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
wet market conspiracy [ref1](#)  
Wuhan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

## **cholesterol** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **Christianity** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

criticism [ref1](#)  
cross, inversion of the [ref1](#)

Nag Hammadi texts [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Roman Catholic Church [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Satan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

**class** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**climate change hoax** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Agenda 21/Agenda 2030 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

carbon dioxide [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Club of Rome [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

fear [ref1](#)

funding [ref1](#)

Global Cult [ref1](#)

green new deals [ref1](#)

green parties [ref1](#)

inversion [ref1](#)

perception, control of [ref1](#)

PICC [ref1](#)

reframing [ref1](#)

temperature, increases in [ref1](#)

United Nations [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wikipedia [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Clinton, Bill** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

**Clinton, Hillary** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**the cloud** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

**Club of Rome and climate change hoax** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**cognitive therapy** [ref1](#)

**Cohn, Roy** [ref1](#)

**Common Law** [ref1](#)

Admiralty Law [ref1](#)

arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

contractual law, Statute Law as [ref1](#)

corporate entities, people as [ref1](#)

legalese [ref1](#)

sea, law of the [ref1](#)

Statute Law [ref1](#)

**Common Purpose leadership programme** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**communism** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**co-morbidities** [ref1](#)

**computer-generated virus,**

**Covid-19** as [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**computer models** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**connections** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**consciousness** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

expanded [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

experience [ref1](#)

heart [ref1](#)

infinity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

religion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

self-identity [ref1](#)

simulation thesis [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**conspiracy theorists** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**contradictory rules** [ref1](#)

**contrails** [ref1](#)

**Corman-Drosten test** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**countermimicry** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Covid-19 vaccines** *see* vaccines

**Covidiots** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Cowan, Tom** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**crimes against humanity** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

cyber-operations [ref1](#)

cyberwarfare [ref1](#)

## **D**

DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) [ref1](#)

deaths

care homes [ref1](#)

certificates [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

mortality rate [ref1](#)

post-mortems/autopsies [ref1](#)

recording [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

deceit

pyramid of deceit [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

sequence of deceit [ref1](#)

decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

dehumanisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Delphi technique [ref1](#)

democracy [ref1](#)

dependency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Descartes, René [ref1](#)

DNA

numbers [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

DNR (do not resuscitate)

orders [ref1](#)

domestic abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

downgrading of Covid-19 [ref1](#)

Drosten, Christian [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Duesberg, Peter [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **E**

economic abuse [ref1](#)

Edmunds, John [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

education [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

electromagnetic spectrum [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Enders, John [ref1](#)

energy

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

children and young people [ref1](#)

consciousness [ref1](#)

decoding [ref1](#)

frequencies [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

heart [ref1](#)

human energy field [ref1](#)

source, humans as an energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

viruses [ref1](#)

ennoia [ref1](#)

Epstein, Jeffrey [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

eternal 'I' [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

ethylene oxide [ref1](#)

European Union [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Event [ref1](#) *and* Bill Gates [ref2](#)

exosomes, Covid-19 as natural defence mechanism called [ref1](#)

experience [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Extinction Rebellion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **F**

Facebook

addiction [ref1](#), 448–50

Facebook

Archons [ref1](#)

censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

hate speech [ref1](#)

monopoly, as [ref1](#)

private messages, censorship of [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#)

United States election fraud [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

**fact-checkers** [ref1](#)

**Fauci, Anthony** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),  
[ref11](#), [ref12](#)

**fear** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

climate change [ref1](#)

computer models [ref1](#)

conspiracy theories [ref1](#)

empty hospitals [ref1](#)

Italy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

medical staff [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**female infertility** [ref1](#)

**Fermi Paradox** [ref1](#)

**Ferguson, Neil** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

**fertility, decline in** [ref1](#)

**The Field** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

**finance** *see* **banking, finance and money**

**five-senses** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

censorship [ref1](#)  
consciousness, expansion of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
decoding [ref1](#)  
education [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
the Field [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
God, personification of [ref1](#)  
infinity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
media [ref1](#)  
paranormal [ref1](#)  
perceptual programming [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Phantom Self [ref1](#)  
pneuma not nous, using [ref1](#)  
reincarnation [ref1](#)  
self-identity [ref1](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
**5G** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
**Floyd, George and protests, killing of** [ref1](#)  
**flu, re-labelling of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**food and water, control of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Freemasons** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
**Frei, Rosemary** [ref1](#)  
**frequencies**  
addictions [ref1](#)  
Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
awareness [ref1](#)  
chanting and mantras [ref1](#)  
consciousness [ref1](#)  
decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
education [ref1](#)  
electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies [ref1](#)  
energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
fear [ref1](#)

the Field [ref1](#), [ref2](#) 5G [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)  
five-senses [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
ghosts [ref1](#)  
Gnostics [ref1](#)  
hive-minds [ref1](#)  
human, meaning of [ref1](#)  
light [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
love [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
magnetism [ref1](#)  
perception [ref1](#)  
reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
simulation [ref1](#)  
terror [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
Wetiko [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Fuellmich, Reiner** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
furlough/rescue payments [ref1](#)

## **G**

**Gallo, Robert** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Gates, Bill**

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
climate change [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Daily Pass tracking system [ref1](#)  
Epstein [ref1](#)  
fascism [ref1](#)  
five senses [ref1](#)  
GAVI [ref1](#)  
Great Reset [ref1](#)  
GSK [ref1](#)  
Imperial College [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Johns Hopkins University [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
masks [ref1](#)  
Nuremberg trial, proposal for [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Rockefellers [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)  
Sun, dimming the [ref1](#)  
synthetic meat [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
Wellcome Trust [ref1](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#)  
World Economic Forum [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Gates, Melinda** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**GAVI vaccine alliance** [ref1](#)  
**genetics, manipulation of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Germany** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also* **Nazi Germany**  
**Global Cult** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
anti-human, why Global Cult is [ref1](#)  
Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
climate change hoax [ref1](#)  
contradictory rules [ref1](#)  
Covid-19 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
fascism [ref1](#)  
geographical origins [ref1](#)  
immigration [ref1](#)  
Internet [ref1](#)  
mainstream media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
monarchy [ref1](#)  
non-human dimension [ref1](#)

perception [ref1](#)  
political parties [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
pyramidal hierarchy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
reframing [ref1](#)  
Sabbatian-Frankism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
science, manipulation of [ref1](#)  
spider and the web [ref1](#)  
transgender persons [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
who controls the Cult [ref1](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**globalisation** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Gnostics** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**Google** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**government**

behavioural scientists and psychologists, advice from [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

definition [ref1](#)

Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) [ref1](#)

people, abusive relationship with [ref1](#)

**Great Reset** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

fascism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

financial system [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

water and food, control of [ref1](#)

**green parties** [ref1](#)

**Griesz-Brisson, Margarite** [ref1](#)

**guaranteed income** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

## **H**

**Hancock, Matt** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**hand sanitisers** [ref1](#)

**heart** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**hive-minds/groupthink** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**holographs** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**hospitals, empty** [ref1](#)

**human, meaning of** [ref1](#)

**Human 2.0** [ref1](#)

addiction to technology [ref1](#)

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

elimination of Human 1.0 [ref1](#)

fertility, decline in [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

implantables [ref1](#)

money [ref1](#)

mRNA [ref1](#)

nanotechnology [ref1](#)

parents, replacement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Smart Grid, connection to [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

synthetic biology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

testosterone levels, decrease in [ref1](#)

transgender = transhumanism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**human sacrifice** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Hunger Games Society** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

**Huxley, Aldous** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**I**

**identity politics** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Illuminati** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**illusory physical reality** [ref1](#)

**immigration** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**Imperial College** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

**implantables** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**incomes, destruction of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Infinite Awareness** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**Internet** [ref1](#), [ref2](#) *see also* social media

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)

independent journalism, lack of [ref1](#)

Internet of Bodies (IoB) [ref1](#)

**Internet of Everything (IoE)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Internet of Things (IoT)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**lockdowns** [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)  
trolls [ref1](#)

**intersectionality** [ref1](#)

**inversion**

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#)

energy [ref1](#)

Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

symbolism [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Islam**

Archons [ref1](#)

crypto-Jews [ref1](#)

Islamic State [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Jinn and Djinn [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Ottoman Empire [ref1](#)

Wahhabism [ref1](#)

**isolation** *see* **social distancing** *and* **isolation**

**Israel**

China [ref1](#)

Cyber Intelligence Unit Beersheba complex [ref1](#)

expansion of illegal settlements [ref1](#)

formation [ref1](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#)  
Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
medical experiments, consent for [ref1](#)  
Mossad [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Palestine-Israel conflict [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
parents, replacement of [ref1](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on United States [ref1](#)  
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)  
Smart Grid [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

## **Italy**

fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Lombardy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)

## **J**

**Johns Hopkins University** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**Johnson, Boris** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
**Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC)** [ref1](#)

## **Judaism**

anti-Semitism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
crypto-Jews [ref1](#)  
inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Labour Party [ref1](#)  
Nazi Germany [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Silicon Valley [ref1](#)  
Torah [ref1](#)  
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Zionists [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

## **K**

Kaufman, Andrew [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
knowledge [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
Koch's postulates [ref1](#)  
Kurzweil, Ray [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
Kushner, Jared [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **L**

Labour Party [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Lanka, Stefan [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Lateral Flow Device (LFD) [ref1](#)  
Levy, Paul [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Life Program [ref1](#)  
lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    amplification tampering [ref1](#)  
    Archons [ref1](#)  
    Behavioural Insights Team [ref1](#)  
    Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#)  
    care homes, deaths in [ref1](#)  
    children  
abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
mental health [ref1](#)  
    China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    computer models [ref1](#)  
    consequences [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    dependency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

domestic abuse [ref1](#)  
fall in cases [ref1](#)  
fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
guaranteed income [ref1](#)  
Hunger Games Society [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
interaction, destroying [ref1](#)  
Internet [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
overdoses [ref1](#)  
perception [ref1](#)  
police-military state [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
protests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
reporting/snitching, encouragement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
testing [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
WHO [ref1](#)  
**love** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Lucifer** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

## **M**

**Madej, Carrie** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Magufuli, John** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**mainstream media** [ref1](#)  
BBC [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
China [ref1](#)  
climate change hoax [ref1](#)  
fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
independent journalism, lack of [ref1](#)  
Ofcom [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

perception [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

social disapproval [ref1](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**Mao Zedong** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Marx and Marxism** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

**masculinity** [ref1](#)

**masks/face coverings** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

    censorship [ref1](#)

    children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

    China, made in [ref1](#)

    dehumanisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

    fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

    flu [ref1](#)

    health professionals [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

    isolation [ref1](#)

    laughter [ref1](#)

**mass non-cooperation** [ref1](#)

**microplastics, risk of** [ref1](#)

**mind control** [ref1](#)

**multiple masks** [ref1](#)

oxygen deficiency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

pollution, as cause of plastic [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

reframing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

risk assessments, lack of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

self-respect [ref1](#)

surgeons [ref1](#)

United States [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
'worms' [ref1](#)  
*The Matrix* movies [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
measles [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
media see mainstream media  
Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)  
[ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Mesopotamia** [ref1](#)  
**messaging** [ref1](#)  
**military-police state** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**mind control** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also* MKUltra  
MKUltra [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**monarchy** [ref1](#)  
**money** *see* banking, finance and money  
**Montagnier, Luc** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Mooney, Bel** [ref1](#)  
**Morgellons disease** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**mortality rate** [ref1](#)  
**Mullis, Kary** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Musk, Elon** [ref1](#)

## **N**

**Nag Hammadi texts** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**nanotechnology** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**narcissism** [ref1](#)  
**Nazi Germany** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
**near-death experiences** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Neocons** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) and the Delphi technique  
[ref1](#)

NHS (National Health Service)

amplification cycles [ref1](#)

Common Purpose [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

mind control [ref1](#)

NHS England [ref1](#)

saving the NHS [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

whistle-blowers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

No-Problem-Reaction-Solution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

non-human dimension of Global Cult [ref1](#)

nous [ref1](#)

numbers, reality as [ref1](#)

Nuremberg Codes [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Nuremberg-like tribunal, proposal for [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#),  
[ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#)

## **O**

Obama, Barack [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

O'Brien, Cathy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Ochel, Evita [ref1](#)

Ofcom [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

old people [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Oneness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Open Society Foundations (Soros) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

oxygen 406, 528–34

## **P**

paedophilia [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Page, Larry [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

**Palestine-Israel conflict** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**pandemic, definition of** [ref1](#)

**pandemic and health crisis scenarios/simulations** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),  
[ref4](#)

**paranormal** [ref1](#)

**PCR tests** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

**Pearl Harbor attacks, prior knowledge of** [ref1](#)

**Pelosi, Nancy** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**perception** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#)

control [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

enslavement [ref1](#)

externally-delivered perceptions [ref1](#)

five senses [ref1](#)

human labels [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

political parties [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

sale of perception [ref1](#)

self-identity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

**Phantom Self** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**pharmaceutical industry** *see* **Big Pharma**

**phthalates** [ref1](#)

**Plato's Allegory of the Cave** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**pneuma** [ref1](#)

**police**

Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#)

brutality [ref1](#)

citizen's arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

common law arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Common Purpose [ref1](#)

defunding [ref1](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

police-military state [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

reframing [ref1](#)

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

**polio** [ref1](#)

**political correctness** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**political parties** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**political puppets** [ref1](#)

**pollution** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**post-mortems/autopsies** [ref1](#)

**Postage Stamp Consensus** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**pre-emptive programming** [ref1](#)

**Problem-Reaction-Solution** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

**Project for the New American Century** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**psychopathic personality** [ref1](#)

Archons [ref1](#)

heart energy [ref1](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

recruitment [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

wealth [ref1](#)

Wetiko [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**Pushbackers** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**pyramid structure** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

## Q

**QAnon Psyop** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

## R

**racism** *see also* **Black Lives**

Matter (BLM)

anti-racism industry [ref1](#)

class [ref1](#)

critical race theory [ref1](#)

culture [ref1](#)

intersectionality [ref1](#)

reverse racism [ref1](#)

white privilege [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

white supremacy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**radiation** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**randomness, illusion of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**reality** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**reframing** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

change agents [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

children [ref1](#)

climate change [ref1](#)

Common Purpose leadership programme [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

contradictory rules [ref1](#)

enforcers [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

NLP and the Delphi technique [ref1](#)

police [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

**religion** *see also* particular religions

alien invasions [ref1](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
control, system of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
criticism, prohibition on [ref1](#)  
five senses [ref1](#)  
good and evil, war between [ref1](#)  
hidden non-human forces [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#)  
save me syndrome [ref1](#)  
Wetiko [ref1](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#)  
**repetition and mind control** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**reporting/snitching, encouragement of** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Reptilians/Grey entities** [ref1](#)  
**rewiring the mind** [ref1](#)  
**Rivers, Thomas Milton** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Rockefeller family** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
**Rockefeller Foundation documents** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Roman Empire** [ref1](#)  
**Rothschild family** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
**RT-PCR tests** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
**Russia**  
    collusion inquiry in US [ref1](#)  
**Russian Revolution** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Sabbatians** [ref1](#)

## **S**

**Sabbatian-Frankism** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    anti-Semitism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    banking and finance [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
    China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Lucifer [ref1](#)  
media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Nazis [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
QAnon [ref1](#)  
Rothschilds [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
Russia [ref1](#)  
Saudi Arabia [ref1](#)  
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)  
Sumer [ref1](#)  
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**SAGE (Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),  
[ref4](#)  
**SARS-1** [ref1](#)  
**SARs-CoV-2** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)  
**Satan/Satanism** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**satellites in low-orbit** [ref1](#)  
**Saudi Arabia** [ref1](#)  
**Save Me Syndrome** [ref1](#)  
**scapegoating** [ref1](#)  
**Schwab, Klaus** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),  
[ref11](#), [ref12](#)  
**science, manipulation of** [ref1](#)  
**self-identity** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**self-respect, attacks on** [ref1](#)  
**September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on United States** [ref1](#), [ref2](#),  
[ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**77th Brigade of UK military** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Silicon Valley/tech giants** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also*  
**Facebook**

Israel [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#)

technocracy [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

**simulation hypothesis** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

**Smart Grid** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

control centres [ref1](#)

the Field [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

**social disapproval** [ref1](#)

**social distancing and isolation** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

abusive relationships [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

children [ref1](#)

flats and apartments [ref1](#)

heart issues [ref1](#)

hugs [ref1](#)

Internet [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#)

older people [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

one-metre (three feet) rule [ref1](#)

rewiring the mind [ref1](#)

**simulation, universe as a** [ref1](#)

**SPI-B** [ref1](#)

substance abuse [ref1](#)

suicide and self-harm [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
technology [ref1](#)  
torture, as [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
two-metre (six feet) rule [ref1](#)  
women [ref1](#)  
**social justice** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**social media** *see also* **Facebook bans on alternative views** [ref1](#)  
censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
children [ref1](#)  
emotion [ref1](#)  
perception [ref1](#)  
private messages [ref1](#)  
Twitter [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
YouTube [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
**Soros, George** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
**Spain** [ref1](#)  
**SPI-B (Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours)** [ref1](#),  
[ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
spider and the web [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Starmer, Keir** [ref1](#)  
**Statute Law** [ref1](#)  
**Steiner, Rudolf** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Stockholm syndrome** [ref1](#)  
**streptomycin** [ref1](#)  
suicide and self-harm [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
**Sumer** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Sunstein, Cass** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
swine flu (H1N1) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
synchronicity [ref1](#)  
synthetic biology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
synthetic meat [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## T

**technology** *see also* **artificial intelligence (AI); Internet;**

social media addiction [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

the cloud [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

cyber-operations [ref1](#)

cyberwarfare [ref1](#)

radiation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)

technocracy [ref1](#)

**Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#),  
[ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#), [ref13](#)

telepathy [ref1](#)

**Tenpenny, Sherri** [ref1](#)

**Tesla, Nikola** [ref1](#)

**testosterone levels, decrease in** [ref1](#)

**testing for Covid-19** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

anal swab tests [ref1](#)

cancer [ref1](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Corman-Drosten test [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

death certificates [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

fraudulent testing [ref1](#)

genetic material, amplification of [ref1](#)

Lateral Flow Device (LFD) [ref1](#)

PCR tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Thunberg, Greta** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

**Totalitarian Tiptoe** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

**transgender persons**

activism [ref1](#)

artificial wombs [ref1](#)

censorship [ref1](#)  
child abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
women, deletion of rights and status of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
young persons [ref1](#)  
**travel restrictions** [ref1](#)  
**Trudeau, Justin** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
**Trump, Donald** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),  
[ref11](#)  
**Twitter** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

## **U**

**UKColumn** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**United Nations (UN)** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#) *see also* **Agenda 21/Agenda 2030 (UN)**  
**United States** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
American Revolution [ref1](#)  
borders [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Capitol Hill riot [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
children [ref1](#)  
China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
CIA [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Daily Pass tracking system [ref1](#)  
demographics by immigration, changes in [ref1](#)  
Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
election fraud [ref1](#)  
far-right domestic terrorists, pushbackers as [ref1](#)  
Federal Reserve [ref1](#)  
flu/respiratory diseases statistics [ref1](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
hand sanitisers, FDA warnings on [ref1](#)

immigration, effects of illegal [ref1](#)  
impeachment [ref1](#)  
Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
lockdown [ref1](#)  
masks [ref1](#)  
mass media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
nursing homes [ref1](#)  
Pentagon [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
pushbackers [ref1](#)  
Republicans [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
borders [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Russia, inquiry into collusion with [ref1](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
UFO sightings, release of information on [ref1](#)  
vaccines [ref1](#)  
white supremacy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Woke Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **V**

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
adverse reactions [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Africa [ref1](#)  
anaphylactic shock [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
animals [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
anti-vax movement [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
AstraZeneca/Oxford [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
autoimmune diseases, rise in [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

bioweapon, as real [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
black and ethnic minority communities [ref1](#)  
blood clots [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Brain Computer Interface (BCI) [ref1](#)  
care homes, deaths in [ref1](#)  
censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
chief medical officers and scientific advisers, financial interests of  
[ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)  
China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
clinical trials [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
compensation [ref1](#)  
compulsory vaccinations [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
computer programs [ref1](#)  
consciousness [ref1](#)  
cover-ups [ref1](#)  
creation before Covid [ref1](#)  
cytokine storm [ref1](#)  
deaths and illnesses caused by vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
definition [ref1](#)  
developing countries [ref1](#)  
digital tattoos [ref1](#)  
DNA-manipulation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),  
[ref10](#)  
emergency approval [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
female infertility [ref1](#)  
funding [ref1](#)  
genetic suicide [ref1](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#)  
heart chakras [ref1](#)  
hesitancy [ref1](#)  
Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
immunity from prosecution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

implantable technology [ref1](#)  
Israel [ref1](#)  
Johnson & Johnson [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
lockdowns [ref1](#)  
long-term effects [ref1](#)  
mainstream media [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)  
[ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
messaging [ref1](#)  
Moderna [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)  
mRNA vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
nanotechnology [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
NHS [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
older people [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
operating system [ref1](#)  
passports [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Pfizer/BioNTech [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
polyethylene glycol [ref1](#)  
pregnant women [ref1](#)  
psychopathic personality [ref1](#)  
races, targeting different [ref1](#)  
reverse transcription [ref1](#)  
Smart Grid [ref1](#)  
social distancing [ref1](#)  
social media [ref1](#)  
sterility [ref1](#)  
synthetic material, introduction of [ref1](#)  
tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
travel restrictions [ref1](#)  
**variants** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**viruses, existence of** [ref1](#)  
whistle-blowing [ref1](#)

WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#)  
working, vaccine as [ref1](#)  
young people [ref1](#)  
Vallance, Patrick [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)  
variants [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
vegans [ref1](#)  
ventilators [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
virology [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
virtual reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
viruses, existence of [ref1](#)  
visual reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
vitamin D [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
von Braun, Wernher [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

## **W**

war-zone hospital myths [ref1](#)  
waveforms [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
wealth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#) [ref10](#), [ref11](#)  
wet market conspiracy [ref1](#)  
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)  
    alcoholism and drug addiction [ref1](#)  
    anti-human, why Global Cult is [ref1](#)  
    Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
    artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)  
    Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    children [ref1](#)  
    China [ref1](#)  
    consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
    education [ref1](#)  
    Facebook [ref1](#)

fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
frequency [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Gates [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
heart [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
lockdowns [ref1](#)  
masks [ref1](#)  
Native American concept [ref1](#)  
psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
reframing/retraining programmes [ref1](#)  
religion [ref1](#)  
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)  
Smart Grid [ref1](#)  
smartphone addiction [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
social media [ref1](#)  
war [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
WHO [ref1](#)  
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Yaldabaoth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**whistle-blowing** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**white privilege** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**white supremacy** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)  
**Whitty, Christopher** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),  
[ref10](#)  
**‘who benefits’** [ref1](#)  
**Wi-Fi** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
**Wikipedia** [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
**Wojcicki, Susan** [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)  
**Wokeness**  
    Antifa [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
    anti-Semitism [ref1](#)  
    billionaire social justice warriors [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Capitol Hill riot [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
censorship [ref1](#)  
Christianity [ref1](#)  
climate change hoax [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
culture [ref1](#)  
education, control of [ref1](#)  
emotion [ref1](#)  
facts [ref1](#)  
fascism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)  
group-think [ref1](#)  
immigration [ref1](#)  
indigenous people, solidarity with [ref1](#)  
inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
left, hijacking the [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
Marxism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
mind control [ref1](#)  
New Woke [ref1](#)  
Old Woke [ref1](#)  
Oneness [ref1](#)  
perceptual programming [ref1](#)  
    Phantom Self [ref1](#)  
police [ref1](#)  
defunding the [ref1](#)  
reframing [ref1](#)  
public institutions [ref1](#)  
Pushbackers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
racism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
reframing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)  
religion, as [ref1](#)  
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)  
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)  
social justice [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

transgender [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

young people [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

women, deletion of rights and status of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

World Economic Forum (WEF) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)

World Health Organization (WHO) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)

AIDs/HIV [ref1](#)

amplification cycles [ref1](#)

Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

cooperation in health emergencies [ref1](#)

creation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

fatality rate [ref1](#)

funding [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Gates [ref1](#)

Internet [ref1](#)

lockdown [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

world number 1 (masses) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

world number 2 [ref1](#)

Wuhan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#) [ref8](#)

## Y

Yaldabaoth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

Yeadon, Michael [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

young people *see also* children addiction to technology [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

YouTube [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

WHO 548

## **Z**

Zaks, Tal [ref1](#)

Zionism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Zuckerberg, Mark [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),  
[ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#)

Zulus [ref1](#)



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.

Across the range of subjects and positions of influence occupied mainly by people who don't strive to make things better it's the Media that I have always found the most frustrating and fascinating. Mainly because if the Media did their Jobs properly then so much of the negative things happening in the World simply would not be able to happen, because they would be exposed within a heartbeat.

Free Press and the Opportunities that the internet could have given would mean that the Media are able to expose things like never before and hold people to account for their actions. As we all know there are 'Untouchables' that walk among us, people the Media simply won't touch, expose or investigate and that leads to the dark underworlds that infest the establishment the World over. Well I say enough, it's time for something different, a different kind of Media, where no one is off limits from exposing and investigating. All we're interested in at Ickonic is the truth of what is really going on in the World on whichever subject we're covering.

We hope you enjoy what we have created and take something away from the platform, we aim to deliver information that's informative and most importantly self-empowering, you're not a little person, you're part of something much bigger than that and its time we as a collective race began to understand that and look to the future as ours to take.

It's time...

Jaymie Icke - Founder Ickonic Alternative Media.

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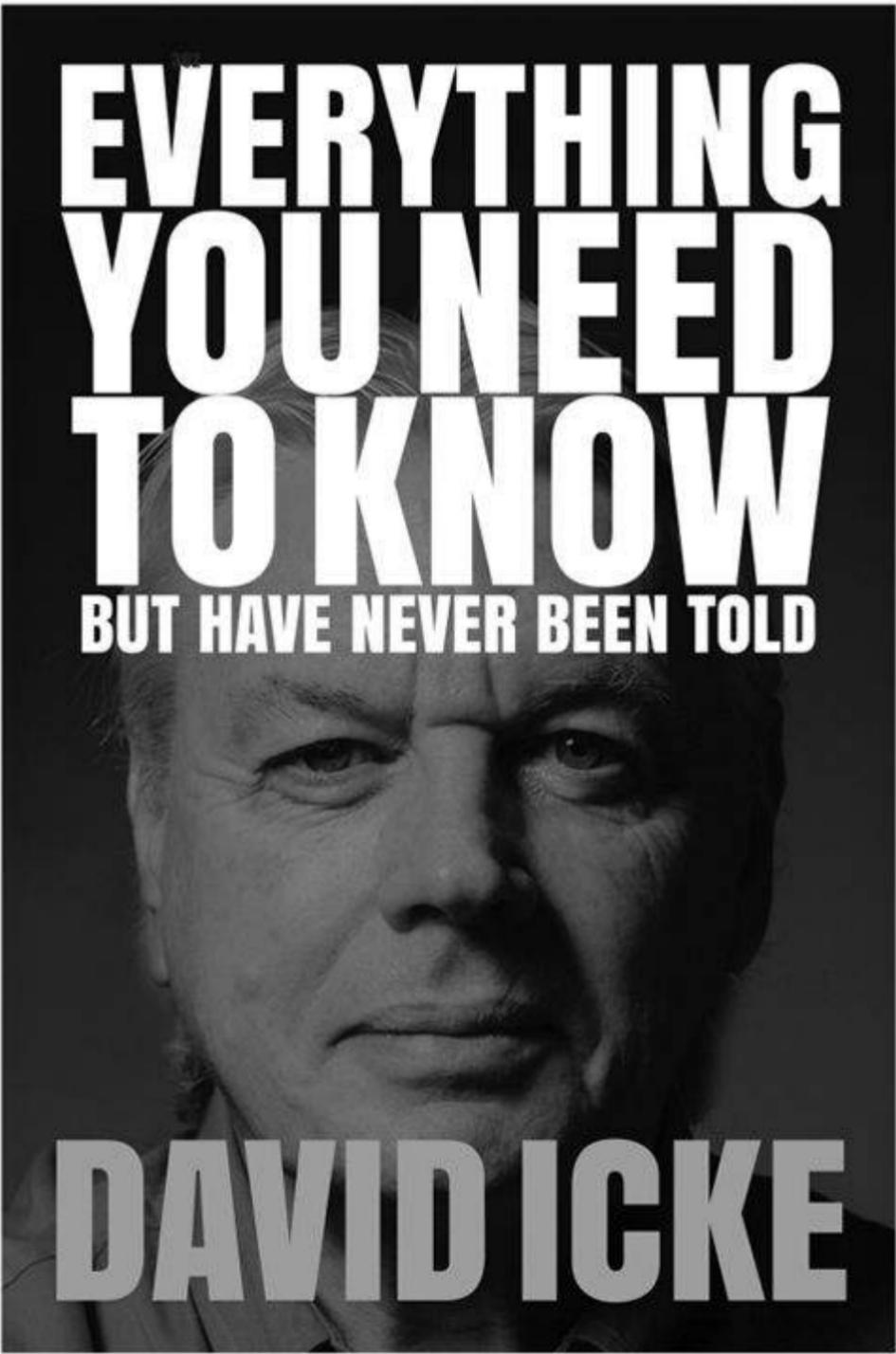
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# **TRIGGER**

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A black and white photograph of the World Trade Center towers on September 11, 2001. The towers are shown from a low angle, with a large, dark, billowing cloud of smoke and debris rising from the base of the tower on the right. The sky is a uniform grey. The image is framed by a black border at the top and bottom, which contains the title and author's name.

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# RENEGADE

/ren·i·geɪd/

**noun**

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## **Before you go ...**

For more detail, background and evidence about the subjects in *Perceptions of a Renegade Mind* – and so much more – see my others books including *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*; *The Biggest Secret*; *Children of the Matrix*; *The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy*; *Tales from the Time Loop*; *The Perception Deception*; *Remember Who You Are*; *Human Race Get Off Your Knees*; *Phantom Self*; *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, *The Trigger* and *The Answer*.

You can subscribe to the fantastic new Ickonic media platform where there are many hundreds of hours of cutting-edge information in videos, documentaries and series across a whole range of subjects which are added to every week. This includes my 90 minute breakdown of the week's news every Friday to explain *why* events are happening and to what end.